

continually uttering a feeble moan unlike an ordinary infant's cry, but which appealed to all hearts by its thrilling tones.

One day a little bundle was brought to the English Mission House at Fort Simpson, by Sinclia, daughter of Minnehà. The following message accompanied the bundle, which was none other than the poor little Owindia, smaller and more fragile-looking than ever: "I am sick; I cannot work for the child; *you* take her." And so it happened, that after all his horror of the white man, and his shrinking from intercourse with any of his kind, Michel should be destined by his own act, to have his child received into the white man's house, and to find there in all loving care and tender offices the home of which he had deprived her.

Owindia still lives, and is become a strong and active child, full of spirit and intelligence, with all the marvellous powers of observation which mark the Indian. She was baptized by the Bishop "Lucy May," but her name "Owindia" still clings to her, a fitting memorial of the sad episode in her infant life,