

woods, and the dogs trot along and the bells jingle merrily and the two Queen's men trot along behind the sleigh, one of them, despite the frost, with the perspiration dripping from his face, and he not the tender foot either.

Down Tahl-tan hill ! Ah ! I'd like to have some or you prairie men; or you accustomed to the 7th line of Equestrian or of Chinguncousy, with me, you would feel dizzy as you looked.

The doctor took the tail rope and snubbed the sleigh to stump or tree and so sliding and jerking and getting all snarled up we at last got to the bottom of the first Tahl-tan.

Three miles from our resting place now, so dogs "get there." They "get" for they know the place well and at about seven o'clock we halt amid the cabins of my old friends.

The dogs are out in a jiffy, get their evening meal of biscuits, and their master and his friend theirs presently of moose steak, evaporated potatoes, beans and bacon.

Hunger is the best sauce, Oh some of you dyspeptic ministers ! I wish you were here for a month; we'd cure you. Yes, you'd perspire, and perhaps fret, but we'd cure you and make you think the Yukon country the best you ever saw.

What a free glad life it is. I wonder if any of my old Georgetown people think I'm going to be flowery. They know I can't be if I try and I am not going to try.

Too late for service Monday evening. I therefore arrange for service the next evening after our return from the New York camp, seven miles west, at which I learn there are two sick men.

Go to sleep in a cabin in which are a Klondyker, the doctor, the minister, and six mules. We do not sleep very well for one of the mules has the tooth ache or some other ache, and gnaws the stable poles all night so that it is well nigh impossible to rest.

At 10.30 next morning we start on snowshoes for the N. Y. camp. We have to break trail about half the distance, but get there shortly after dinner, and before the coffee has got cold.

We hear of two sick men ten miles further west, one of whom, Chapman, is reported very ill; and of one three miles west on Solomon Creek, who is helpless.

The reports we have heard about the New Yorkers are true. Two men are sick, scurvy. gums swollen, teeth loose, legs useless from the knees down.

After we have thought the matter over, we decide to go on next morning to H. B. Post, and to send word to Tahl-tan of the consequent postponement of our meeting. The dogs are let loose,

but as we are sitting talking to the sick men and two or three wayfarers, another two or three men come in from the West, with Chapman lying on a dog-sleigh and looking like a mummy.

The men who brought him are exhausted. So I harness my dogs again, hitch them to the sick man's sleigh, put my sleigh on his friends' light one, and we start for the Tahl-tan again.

It is plain that scurvy is epidemic and that the Government agent will be compelled to make provision for the afflicted men.

Next morning Chapman's friends get him up the Tahl-tan hill, with the aid of some Indian dogs, and that night, Wednesday, they get into Telegraph.

Our meeting on Tuesday night was a good one. Only about ten people present, all who were in the valley save the sick man and his friends. But God was present, and our songs were from the heart, and our prayers were the expression of our needs, and our thoughts centred on Christ. What more could there be to make a meeting a blessing ?

But our tramp is not yet over. Two men are very sick 19 miles down (east) the Tahl-tan river. The doctor and I tie on our snowshoes, and, the dogs following, away we go to find them, and take one of them to one of the villages.

Half way down we meet a hunter who tells us that he was among the Tahl-tan ranchers three days before and that they are all well.

Of course we turn back; only to find on our return that the first report was true; that there are two men on the ranges sick, one of them too ill to be removed.

On Thursday evening we get back to Telegraph, where I remain till Sunday morning, have service, and then in the face of a blinding snow-storm, get to Glenora for service at 7.30.

They did not expect me, but it tones people up to have a disappointment like that occasionally.

I had done my work as a missionary, given my report to the Government agent, and was home after a journey of 102 miles.

It is good to get home, even to my shabby, charred, little cabin, after a tramp. My "charred" cabin, I said, for during my absence at Wrangel it took fire, and everything I possessed here, except my Home Mission Bible and a pair of boots, was either wholly or partially destroyed.

Twenty years ago in Georgetown I had a like experience.

"Home again !" And yet I feel at home on the glistening trail and amid the solitudes. The mountains are my companions and speak to me. The winds and trees whisper dialogues for me.