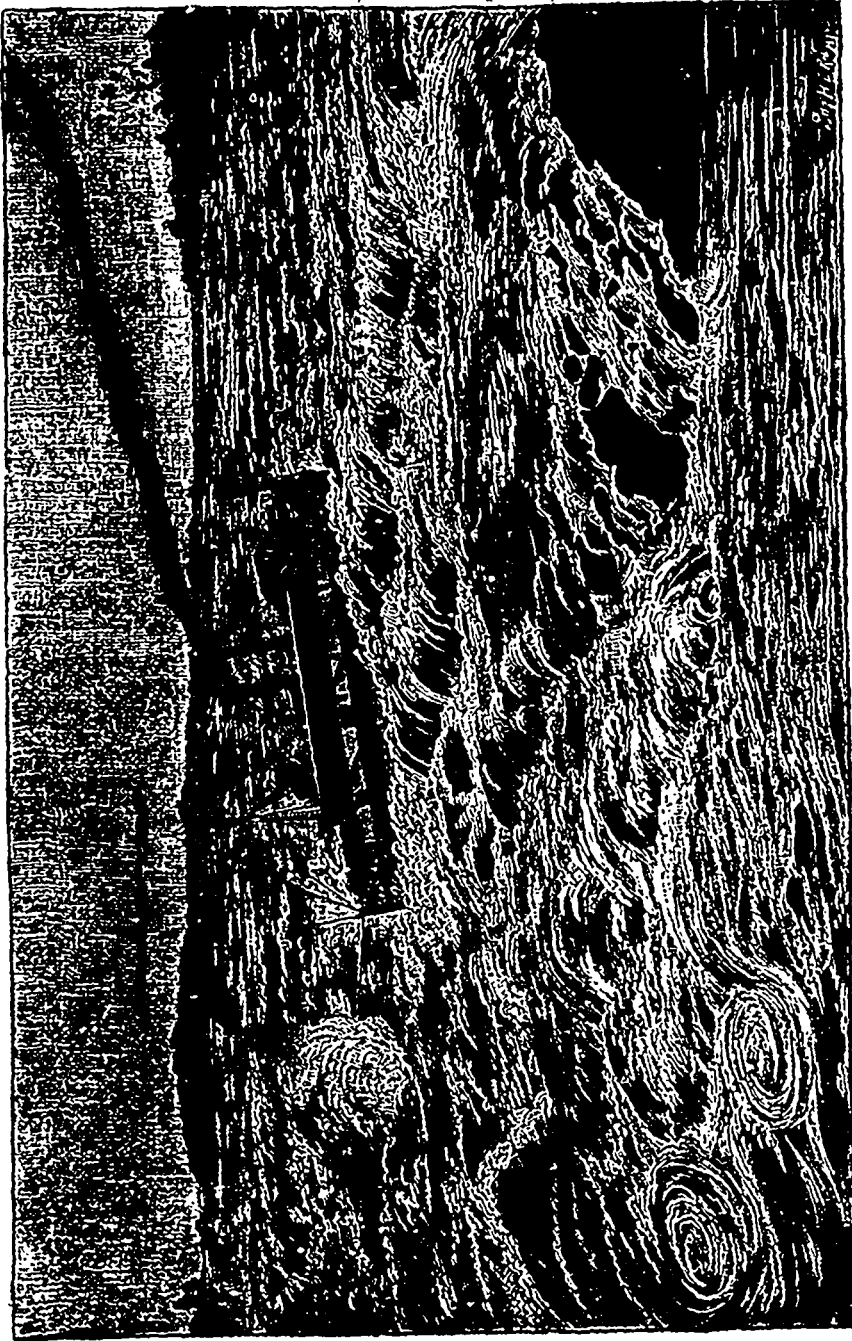




SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS.

I found myself in the midst of just such a scene as I have described, only we met with an accident which might easily have proved fatal. It was up in British Columbia. You know I was a missionary there, and I began to feel that I must face the "perils of the deep" as many heralds of the cross had done before me. So I found myself in my first rapids. Suddenly, at the moment of wildest excitement, the canoe came bump upon a rock, quivered for a moment, one long anxious moment as if in doubt what to do, and then jumped full six feet into the seething caldron below and we were saved. The men were wild with excitement and swore profane oaths."

"And you preached to them, I suppose."

"I did. I told them that they should thank God for His mercies instead of profane His name."

"Well, was not the canoe damaged?"

"Yes, and I will tell you what the men did. It is surprising how quickly they will repair a damage done to their canoe. They haul it ashore, examine the extent of the damage done, collect fresh bark and fasten it over the rent, and pour in their resin all

"I didn't at first. The first rapid I came to I begged the men not to attempt. They shrugged their shoulders and obeyed. The canoe was emptied of all luggage. Each man took his share. The canoe was shouldered and carried past the rapids and embarked again. But by the time we reached the second rapids I had got ashamed of myself and resolved to let the men go on, and soon

around it, and in a very brief space of time all is ready for the journey again."

"They work their canoe up a rapid sometimes, do they not?"

"They do, but it is slow work, as they bend every muscle to paddle their way up the seething waters, gaining slowly inch by inch, until they reach the smooth water at the top. If the rapid is