

are quickly brought up to his pretty little home, where his kind wife provides them with a refreshing supper, with milk in the tea, and real bread and butter again! (How good it is!) A bath is provided—the first for how long? and a beautiful clean bed with real white sheets! We seemed to have fallen into the hands of ministering angels.

It must sadly be confessed that the first thing to attract our eyes on the wall opposite the front door was the year-text, "open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," and allowance must be made if we read it in a somewhat literal and profane manner for the moment—for some of the reasons above stated.

There was no spare room at the Fort, we were unexpected, and the wife of the master was ill and confined to bed at the time, so Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse decided to keep us both, without a second thought or consideration. Housekeeping at Churchill is a very heavy task, and it meant a very great sacrifice.

They had sent their servant home this last summer for she could not stand the strain of the isolated existence longer. She went with their only little girl, whom they also parted with, sending her home to school in England. So, in the first place there was only a raw Indian girl to be got occasionally from the Fort to help, who had a family of ten small brothers and sisters already to look after—to mend and wash and keep in some kind of order (their mother being dead). Then there was the inroad upon supplies that our wretched wolfish appetites were bound to make—and supplies are very precious in Churchill, and can only be replaced once a year, or in two years—unless a letter is written (ordering them) about six months before the steamer actually leaves London.

The extra washing up, cleaning and tidying and cooking and providing for two great, hungry travellers is no small undertaking under these circumstances.

But we are given everything—much more than should ever have been wasted upon anybody who was so soon to return to real civilization, much less upon two sturdy vagabonds like ourselves.

One positively blushes for shame to think of the sacrifices these kind, good people made for us. But we promised not to speak much of our sojourn with them for other reasons beside that of their