

Father and his interpreter, in the meanwhile, were making camp—this was no small job. First, they went to work, each with a snow-shoe as a shovel, to clear the snow away for a space about twelve feet square, down to the ground or moss; the snow forming the walls of our camp. These walls were then lined with pine boughs, and the bottom was floored with the same material; then the fire was made on the side away from the wind. This would occupy the whole length of one side; except in the case of a snow-storm, there would be no covering overhead.

If the snow was falling thick some small poles would be stuck in the snow-bank at the back of the camp, with a covering of canvas or blankets which would form the temporary roof of the camp.

At last we were done; that is, the camp was made, the wood was carried, the fire was blazing.

Our fire is a big one, but our room is a big one also, being all out of doors, and while your face and front are burning, your back is freezing, and you turn around every little while to equalize things.

While all this was going on, my legs, unused to the snow-shoes' strain and the long tramp, are every little while causing me great pain by taking cramps. I do not say anything about this, but I think a lot. I know father understands the case, but except a twinkle of his eye he does not say anything.

Presently we make up our beds, and sing a hymn, and have prayer.

We lie down as we travelled, except our belts—coats and caps all on—and in order to keep warm we should lay perfectly still. The least move will let the cold in.

But how was I to remain still when my legs refused to remain quiet. Every little while a cramp would take hold and the pain would be dreadful, but with desperation I would strive to keep still, for I was sleeping with father. I could not sleep, and when my legs ceased to pain, and I was about to fall asleep, father lit a match and looked at his watch, and said, "Hurrah, boys, it is time to get up."

There was no help for it, and up we got.

The extreme cold and the dire necessity there was to brace up kept me alive that morning.

It was now about three o'clock, and we made a slight breakfast on pemmican and tea, had a short prayer, and tied on our bedding and camp outfit and harnessed our dogs—and mind you, this lashing and tying of sleds, and catching and harnessing of dogs, was hard on the fingers, and often very trying to the temper, for those cunning dogs would hide away in the bush, and sometimes we had to catch and tie the worst ones up before we made any move towards a start, or else they would run away.

It was now about four o'clock or a little after, and we retraced our track to the river and again turned our faces northward.

My companions seemed to leave me almost at once.

The narrow, winding river, with its forest-clad banks, was dark and very cold and dreary. My legs were stiff, and my feet were already sore with the snow-shoe strings. My dogs were indifferent to my urging. They knew I would not run out of the trail to get at them with my whip. I verily believe each dog thought he had a soft thing in having this "tenderfoot" as a driver.

Many a time that cold, dark winter's morning I wished I was at home or in Ontario.

I became sleepy. Even my slow-going dogs would leave me, and I would make a desperate effort and come up again, and thus the hours passed, and we kept the river. After a long time, a terrible time to me, the day sky began to appear. Slowly the morning dawned, the cold intensified. I was in misery. I began to wonder where my friends would stop for breakfast.

Presently we came to a large lake. Out a mile or two I could discern an island. Oh! thought I, there is where they will stop. They were near it already, and I began to hope for transient help and rest. Again I looked, and straight past it William took his course, and away yonder, like a faint streak of blue, was a point he was making for.

How my hopes were dashed, and it seemed for a little I would have to give up.

I was now a considerable distance behind my dogs, when, all of a sudden, a feeling took hold of me, and I began to reason in this wise to myself. What is the matter with you? You are strong, you are capable. What are you doing behind here, ready to give up? Come! be a man. And I stepped out briskly, I began to run on those snow-shoes. I came up to those lazy dogs and gave them such a shout; "they thought a small cyclone had struck them." Soon I was up opposite the island, and I ran away to its shore and broke a long, dry pole, and after my dogs I went, and brought it down alongside of them with another shout, and made them bound off, and picking up the pieces of broken pole, I let them fly at those dogs, and away we went, and presently I was in a glow, and the stiffness in my limbs was gone, and soon I came up to my companions, and said, "Where are you going to have breakfast?" And they said, "Across yonder," pointing to the blue streak in the distance. "Well, then," said I, "why don't you travel faster, and let us get there?" William looked at me, and father turned round in his cariole to see if I was in earnest, and from thenceforth, on that trip, as ever since, I was all right.

I had found the secret. I had the capability to become a pioneer and frontiersman, and now I knew this; what a change came over me and has remained with me ever since.

No more whining and dragging behind after that. My place was to the front, and in all the tripping and hardship and travel of the years I have kept there.—*Rev. John McDougall, in "Forest, Lake and Prairie."*

The Origin of Two Old Sayings.

THE following account of the origin of two familiar expressions is from *Harper's Young People*:

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" was first used when Westminster Abbey was called St. Peter's Cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's Cathedral it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's, quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Over two hundred years afterward the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while Parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster Abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The Abbey very justly carried the day.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is a very old saying, and was first uttered to the King of Samos, an island in the Grecian Archipelago. This king, Anceus by name, planted a vineyard and treated the slaves who cultivated it so badly that one of them told him he would never live to taste the wine made from it. When the wine was ready, and a cup of it poured out for the king, he sent for the slave who had prophesied his death, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now. The slave replied, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and just as he had spoken the words Anceus received warning that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was ruining it. Putting down the wine untasted, he rushed out to attack the boar, and was killed.—*Sel.*

YOUR lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is and dies, although the slightest exertion would enable him to reach the waves, which are, perhaps, tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a tide of human affairs which casts men into "tight places," and leaves them there like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its big shoulder and carry them back to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes will never be realized.