

A RIDE IN A DOG SLEIGH.

HOW OUR MISSIONARIES TRAVEL IN YUKON.

A ride in a dog-sleigh! How the boys would like to do some of the missionaries' work in Yukon, if they could be back again in their comfortable homes and beds at night.

Rev. J. Pringle, one of our missionaries in Yukon, tells how he went from one station to another, to preach, and away out to lonely camps to see sick men and try to help them.

"On Saturday night I gave an extra large feed to my dogs, and looked over my harness and sleigh to see that they were fit for the journey.

"As I am my own sexton, I was up early Sunday morning to put the kirk in order and light the fire.

"After service I took my dinner and harnessed my three dogs, Tahl-tan, leader; Telegraph next, and Teslin in the shafts, and off at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for Telegraph station, twelve miles distant.

"You would laugh to see the minister sitting on a roll of blankets, and shouting 'get there' to a train of dogs.

"Two or three hundred yards on the street, then over the bank onto the frozen river, and away, away over the smooth, level ice road.

"Hear the bells tinkling in the clear frosty air. I often sing

"The Gospel bells are ringing,"

as I drive along, with the bells of my dog train chiming an accompaniment. It is a favorite hymn out here. There is a lift in it for men who are down, and it reminds them of their Father's love and care.

"Two hours, and my dogs have covered the distance, twelve miles, between Glenora and Teslin, and I spend the two hours before tea in going around to get people out to evening service.

"How they listened! They need strength and courage and help, and there is none to offer these but Christ.

"Next morning off again, along a trail through the burnt woods. A doctor from Eastern Canada is with me now.

"We meet and pass scores and scores of men in the next ten miles, some of them tugging their own sleighs with two to four hundred pound of load. Poor fellows, we hope there is a claim for them somewhere.

"At noon we stop where there is a little tent 6 x 8 feet. We get the use of a little stove, and make

tea. This with some hard tack which we carry with us makes our dinner. The dogs get some too."

But I cannot here tell you all about the trip of that week holding meetings where he could get people together, visiting sick men, moving them with his dog team to where they could get better care, speaking words of cheer and help and hope, and home again, to his little log cabin where he lives alone, for services the following Sabbath; after a journey of over one hundred miles. But if you would like to read more about it read his long and interesting letter in the Presbyterian Record for this month.

TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A missionary from Uganda gives an amusing account of some of the difficulties, not to say dangers, he has experienced in some of his "journeys about" in that country. On one occasion he was travelling by night, and, in the semi-darkness, "some twenty feet of the canoe ran over a hippopotamus, causing the canoe-men, who were paddling leisurely, after a spell of six or seven hours, to paddle for dear life."

"Easter Sunday," he says, "I shall not soon forget. The path (?) led us through no less than seventy swamps and rivers. I got carried over three, but soon decided that wading was better. We marched on steadily from 9.30 a.m. till 6 p.m. with no food and hardly a moment's break. The last four miles we waded through the edge of the lake, the thick jungle coming down to the water's edge, and the waves breaking often up to our knees. At one river, black and almost waist-deep, I sent my boys one hundred yards up to find a better ford, but they came back saying they had seen five crocodiles plump into the water! However, at sunset I reached a friendly village where the people, heathen as they were, showed the utmost kindness."—*Children's World*.

A RABBIT IN THE MOON.

The old Aztecs of Mexico thought they saw one. How did he get there? This, too, they explained. They said that at a meeting of the gods one of them was angry at the moon for being so bright, and picked up a rabbit and threw it in the moon's face, where it has been ever since. See if you can find it.