

minds of those benighted Indians. In one *Barrabarra* a man bent down by the weight of years addressed me as follows, making a marked impression of surprise on the traders whom I accompanied : « You have spoken well » said he with all the appearance of sincere conviction « all you have told us is true, we all believe it. My heart has thought on all this a long time ; I have even endeavored to do what you teach us to do, but there is one thing which, I confess, I have never done : I have never prayed to God. »

The Kyoukoug country is almost an unbroken succession of lakes and rives. On one of the latter the crust of ice was not solid enough to carry our sleighs and we took a cold water bath. At another place we glided down the bank of the Kyoukoug river with a velocity hardly inferior to that of railroad cars. Our sleigh was upset and broken, I was flung into the air and fell on a soft bed of snow, and my Russian companions came down the bank in a recumbent position. Nobody was hurt.

But one narrowest escape was at the farthest point we reached on the Kyoukoug river : there I was quickly advancing with the first sleigh of our Canadian trader when we heard loud shouts behind us : « *Skora ! skora ! uprod !* » (Hurry up ! Go ahead !) looking back we saw the Russian in the greatest excitement, making sign for us to advance : he had seen the crust of ice slowly bending under the weight of our sleigh. Then there was a cracking of the ice ; the sleigh that followed ours was pushed to the right, and we beheld the crust over which we had just passed disappear in four pieces off the current of the river, which at that place must be more than 30 feet deep. But, thanks to the prayers so