



DOGS IN A SNOW STORM.

take a pretty liberal supply, as every grain which we do not need for our own use will be begged of us by the Indians. Thus our sled is made ready for the start, and next comes our cariole, which is only a sleigh with sides of parchment, painted and decorated according to Indian fancy and stocked with cushion and fur robe for the traveller's comfort. When the Bishop or any of his clergy go on a trip this is their usual style of equipage. In this way they are able to make long winter expeditions to visit the Indians in their camps, and being always sure of a kind welcome, they have camped among them and spent several days teaching them and holding services in the camps. Each night when they are on a trip a halt is made. The poor tired dogs are unharnessed. The axe is immediately in demand to hew down trees for fuel, and soon the pleasant sound of crackling wood meets the ear, and the travellers gather round the cheerful blaze. Supper is the next concern and then the short evening service, after which each one turns in to his bed, dug deep in the snow and well lined with boughs and brush wood and the good robe of musk-ox or buffalo wrapped closely around, and the faithful dogs acting as "couvre pieds."

I have said that ladies are not often permitted to attempt any long expedition by sleigh. An exception to this rule, however, occurred two years since when my dear brave hearted friend and compan-

ion, C. F. F. (now C. C.), was compelled to perform the last forty or fifty miles of her four thousand miles journey in a cariole. A true heroine was C. F. from the day she left her well loved Irish home till the one when amid tears and smiles she bade us farewell at Fort Simpson, being committed into strangers hands for the remainder of her journey. I never heard one murmur or complaint escape her lips,—not though on reaching Winnipeg the tidings met her of the Indian disturbances involving the delay of our mission party for one whole year and the great disappointment of *some one* in the far north who had been waiting patiently for his bride for more years than one already!—not though the arduous buckboard travelling across the prairies with roads so execrable that backs and sides and the patient endurance of each one of us were tried to their utmost limits,—not through the swarms of mosquitoes and the scorching heat which blistered hands and face completely!—not for the boat travelling with its many and varied discomforts, for the wearisome delays, for the running short of supplies when (you remember C.?) we were driven to fish for our dinners and had to be thankful for the small dish of suckers which, when eaten, had left us almost as hungry as ever!—no, nor yet for the final disappointment when on reaching the last stage of her journey it was found impossible to