



SLEIGHS AND SLEIGH DOGS.

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It is not often that children of the far North have much to do with sleigh driving; their experience of that mode of travelling is mostly limited to the ten or twelve miles over which their friends may propose to take them, as a great treat, once or twice in the course of the winter. Yet the sleigh is part of the necessary equipment of every mission station, and forms an important agency in the work of the mission itself. Among the Indians there is always a rivalry in the get-up of their sleigh and dog harness—the latter, made by dint of immense labour, of moose leather, all the metal appendages of which are procured from the store of the Hudson's Bay Company. Each dog has also to be furnished with a gay "tapis" or saddle-cloth made by the Indian women, and in the production of which all the taste and skill and power of invention of which they are so capable is expended.

Some of the tapis are made of deer's skin, with quaint devices worked on them, but the most popular are of dark blue cloth, elaborately beaded and adorned with broad fringes of wool or leather. It is not often that our Indian silk or bead work finds its way into these more southern regions, but whenever it is seen it excites wonder and admiration from its delicate tracery and the effective mingling of the colours; they have an instinctive knowledge of perspective, too, which they often bring to bear upon a turned-back leaf or distant spray, and in bead-work their skill in fixing the beads firmly is well adapted to the rough usage their handiwork has to encounter in the long winter journeys.

Another necessary appendage to the dog harness is the chain of bells; this is fastened on the collar or across the gay tapis. Each dog should have six or eight bells, and the merry tinkle of these doubtless keeps up the spirit of both dogs and men, as surely as do the bagpipes in a Highland regiment. The sound of sleigh bells has a friendly, cheering effect upon all (dogs and men alike) as it is caught across the snowy plain or icebound river.

How the sleigh dogs manage to live is often a problem which is hard to solve. The greater part of their time, poor brutes, they are kept on the brink of starvation, for the Indians find it hard enough to feed themselves, and every morsel of meat being demolished, the bones are kept to break and boil down, and so converted into grease. At the mission stations part of the fall fishery is reserved for the dogs—fortune favours them some seasons when the frost does not come at the very nick of time, and so our hung fish is anything but savoury, and unless dire necessity compels us to make use of it (as is the case sometimes), it is reserved for the dogs' winter supply. One or two white fish per day will keep a dog in good working condition.

A well-equipped sleigh should have four dogs harnessed tandem fashion. The sleigh-driver, with reins and whip in hand, runs an easy, jaunty pace by the side—his whip, handle elaborately carved and ornamented—the lash of leather cleverly twisted, its efficiency tested on the backs of the poor brutes with but short inter-

ruptions. Our sleigh-driver is dressed in leather and well-worked moose skin, with fringed shirt, and cloth leggings profusely beaded down the side of each leg. His cap is of fur—marten, mink, or beaver—for Whutale is a good trapper, and has made quite a fortune of furs he has trapped and sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. His leather mittens, lined with duff, are slung round his neck with a twisted braid of many colours.

Now, with his handsomely beaded fire-bag at his side, and a good warm comforter which some kind, industrious friend to our mission has sent out from Canada or England, our good-looking driver's outfit is complete.

But the sleigh, or "sled," as it is called in the North, must now be loaded. First come our travelling blankets and pillow, then kettle and sauceman, an axe (without which no traveller would ever think of travelling), and lastly our "prey," consisting of a few ribs of dried moose or deer's meat, a few dried fish, a small bag of biscuits or a little flour to mix with water and fry in grease—a very favourite dish in the North, which goes by the name of "bangs," and which our sleigh-boy connects with great skill; another bag will contain tea, and of this we must 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 into 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 round him.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Dick drinks water, but Dad has gone into the saloon. I wish Dad'd drink the water and send Dick into the saloon. I wish men knew as much as animals about some things. Dick stands up straight and trots along on four legs. Dad can't manage two. Dick puts in a day's work, and keeps good hours at night. Dad sleeps half the day and I don't know when he comes in at night.

"Quiser what a difference there is."

DAILY BREAD.

A LITTLE girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said, slowly—"Give us this day our daily bread." Then she went into the street, and began to wonder where God kept his bread. She turned round the corner, and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

"This," thought Nottie, "is the place." So she entered confidently, and said to the stout baker, "I've come for it."

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said, pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for my mother and one for me."

"All right," said he, putting them into a bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said, roughly; "where is your money?"

"I haven't any," she said simply.

"Haven't any?" he repeated angrily; "you little thief, who brought you here, then?"

The hard words frightened the little girl, who, bursting into tears, said: "Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came."

The rough but kind-hearted baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and he sent her back to her mother with a well-filled basket.

Nettie had faith in God; she asked and expected to receive.

Perhaps if some older persons had more faith in their asking, they would have more joy in receiving. God is ready to fulfil his promises, but we must be in the appointed attitude of trusting expectation.

October.

'Tis a banner of gold and scarlet
October flings to the breeze,
And none other of all the twelvemonths
Can boast such colours as these.

For the trees that through all the summer
Have been dressed in the darkest green,
Now hanging with red and yellow
In most gorgeous gowns are seen.

The goldenrod flames by the roadside
And over the fences old,
Till each meadow is fast becoming
The field of the Cloth of Gold.

And even the sun in his setting,
When he slowly sinks from view,
And looks over the world of colour,
Has caught the golden hue.

SEA WORN SILVER.

An expedition has been sent out to find an English sloop-of-war which sank off the coast of Delaware nearly a century ago, and which is supposed to have had on board at the time several millions of dollars' worth of coin. The fascination of picking up or fishing up coin, as it may be in this case, is extremely great. But this expedition is not unlike one which was started several years ago on the coast of California. A Spanish treasure-ship, bound for California in the last century, was lost off the lower coast of the Golden State. Some capitalists put their heads together and jingled their money bags in union to devise some scheme of capturing the submarine wealth. The hulk was found after the supply in the aforesaid bags had been greatly reduced by the expensive search, and there was great rejoicing among the originators of the plan. But there came a melancholy end to these beautiful dreams. The sunken vessel was found and so was the money—what there was left of it. The coins, however, had been worn smooth and thin by the constant grinding of the tides and currents on the remorseless sand at the bottom of the blue Pacific. Some of the silver dollars and half dollars were mere wafers. Others had become so light that the tides had hurried them over the submarine continents until, like Cleopatra's pearls, they melted and vanished, lost in the salted waters. The silver in any coin was hardly worth the picking. The writer is in possession of one of the few coins rescued from their ocean grave. It was a Spanish half-dollar, coined some time in the early part of the

last century. Only the figure "7" is left, and that is dim and scarcely distinguishable with the naked eye. The shining bit of silver had been ground down to the thinnest plate by the ceaseless flow and ebb. It is as smooth and even as the softest velvet save for the spots whose corrosion has punctured it with a few fine pinholes. That search for gold, like many others, was a costly one—a dismal failure. Old ocean is no miser. He hoards not his wealth, but scatters it with a lavish hand.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Lament of a Missionary Box.

FORGOTTEN and forlorn I live,
Upon a dusty shelf,
And feel so downcast and so sad
I hardly know myself;
A missionary-box am I,
And better days have seen,
For copper, silver, and gold,
Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty—no, not quite,
For sometimes you may hear
A mournful jingle from my depths,
By pennies made, I fear;
I scorn not pennies—no, indeed!
Their worth too well I know,
But twopence only in a box
Does make one's spirits low!

The missionaries say, indeed,
That pence to pounds soon grow;
But older people ought to give,
We want our money so!
And thus, in emptiness, I wait,
And dustier grow each day,
While heedless of my silent plea
You round me work and play.

My words are poor and weak at best,
I know not how to plead,
But look upon the distant fields
"To harvests white" indeed;
The heathen be in thickest gloom:
Do you need a stronger plea?
Then listen to His voice who said:
"Ye did it unto me!"

The smallest offerings for his sake,
Into the treasure given,
He with an eye of love will note
And own one day in heaven;
And even here you'll have his smile
While you the words believe,
That far "more blessed 'tis to give"
Than only "to receive."

—The Juvenile.

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