

New Year's Day was one long to be remembered for its loneliness, weariness and sickness within—discord without. That night was a little better.

As early as possible the next morning we started on the final stage of our journey. The air was cold and some snow fell. We had no seat, but sat on the bottom of a large two-horse sled. Behind us was a large trunk on end. We were wedged in like sardines in a can, and then "tamped" with quilts and a rabbit robe till we could hardly move. Off we started, anxious to reach our new home in spite of the prospects. About noon we reached Carlton, our first stopping place. There we received a warm bachelor welcome, and were given the best to be had. A short rest and again we are on the way. It was dark long before we reached Muskeg Lake. There was another welcome and a good hot supper awaiting us. The Government Farm House was a veritable haven. We were told that we were expected at Mistawasis. We must not disappoint kind friends in a strange land, and we longed for the end of the drive. From the warm fireside—how bright it looked! We went out into the night, the bitter cold and the raging storm. Our driver was not anxious to go, even though he was going home. We were soon out of the road and the horses were "floundering" in the depths. What is wrong now? Something is broken. Patience. Off we go again. But how slowly! The weary hours rolled on until we were pointed out "The Mission" in the dim distance. The horses toiled up the hill. Is it home?

A Good Record.

FROM MR. SKENE.

File Hills, Assa., March 4th, 1898.

Though I know that the interest in our work is increased by a knowledge of our work, yet so many duties claim our attention that there seems to be no time left for letter-writing. I must