

## INTRODUCTION.

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### NIGHT VISIONS AND HEART MUSINGS IN THE WILD NORTH LAND.

SO short are the wintry days in those "high latitudes" where for years we toiled that on our long trips with our dogs and Indians we were obliged to rouse ourselves up from our snowy beds in the cold and dreary forests, hours before day. Aided by the light of our camp-fire we cooked our morning meal, packed up our robes and blankets, and tied them, with our provisions and kettles, on our dog-sleds. Before starting we sang, in the Cree Indian language, one of the sweet songs of Zion, and then, bowing at the mercy-seat, with grateful hearts we offered up our prayers to the loving Protector who had watched over and shielded us from all harm, although our lodging-place was in the "forest primeval" and our bed was in the snow, with the temperature from forty to sixty degrees below zero. Our last camp duty was the capturing and harnessing of our dogs, which was an easy or difficult task according to their nature and training.

As much snow had recently fallen we all tied on our snow-shoes; then, starting our dogs, we wended our way out from the light of the camp-fire and through the weird shadows of the fir and birch and juniper trees to the vast expanse of Lake Winnipeg, across which our journey lay. The stars shone down upon us with a clearness and brilliancy unknown in lands of mists and fogs. At times meteors blazed along the star-decked vault of heaven, leaving behind them for a few seconds lines of silvery light that soon faded away. The Northern Lights flashed, danced, and