

MORE LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SHANTY MISSIONARY.

DEC. 30th.—My drive through the woods, to-day, has been as though I were passing through fairy land. I wish I had the pen of a Scott or a Dickens that I might do justice to its description. And yet I do believe it would be beyond even their power to present to their readers' eyes things as they really were. For several days, there has been a steady fall of light, soft snow in large flakes. In consequence of this, every twig of every tree is fringed on the top with a border of white. The spruce and balsam trees are particularly beautiful. In some cases, they are vast pyramids of lovely white; in others, they remind me of pictures I have seen of Esquimaux huts. *Then, the vast number of stumps reminded me of so many tombstones.* In only a few of them was any of the wood to be seen at all. Some were no larger than my fur cap, or an inverted pot, others were six or eight feet high. Now, on *any* kind of a day this would be a beautiful sight, but, to-day, the sun came out bright and strong, and made the beauty dazzling. One little lake I had to cross was perfectly round, and had the appearance of being densely strewn with white sparkling diamonds. No wonder I burst into a song, and made the woods ring and echo back the melody of "O think of the home over there."

JAN. 3rd.—I had an experience, last night, which was anything but pleasant, and now, as I look back, I feel that I acted the part of a coward. I was on my way down to Desert, and hoped to reach the village the same night. It began to storm about noon, however, and the roads got very heavy. At dark, I reached a shanty, and it was still twelve miles from Desert. From all I could learn concerning this shanty, there was not a Protestant in it. The majority were Irish Roman Catholics, the rest were French Roman Catholics. Knowing this, I had made up my mind to give it the go by. "Man proposes, and God disposes," however, and I had to put up where I was. I got a very cool reception. The foreman was not in. No person asked me to take off my fur coat, or if I would have my horse put in. Had I told them I was a Roman Catholic priest instead of