

cracking before the brute, and he dodged into a hollow, under a thick bush. The bear passed the dry brush, and was coursing along the sand, but as he passed by where John lay, bang! went the gun. The bear was struck. We saw him leap through the smoke on to the very spot where we saw John last. We held our breath; but, instead of the cry of agony we expected, bang! went the gun again! John is not yet caught! Our canoe rushed through the water. We might yet be in time; but my paddle fell from my hand as I saw John pop head and shoulders above a bush, and with a shout, point to the side of the log he stood upon. "There he lies—dead enough!" We were indeed thankful to the Preserver! The man who was somewhat scared at a corked bottle of ginger-beer could meet alone, with duck-shot only, a large, old bear, and kill him, too.

Here I learned, for the first time, how to preserve meat, without salt, for a month, and have it then good and fresh as when killed. The men having to return to Norway House, their home, dug a hole in the swamp, about two and a half feet deep, put in the bottom a few dry boughs, then, putting in the bear's skin and about half the meat, covered all up. When they returned they would take it home with them. We took about half the bear along with us—all the canoe would carry.

We were now in Lake Winnipeg. None of us will ever forget it. Again and again were we wind-bound at its many points, and several times were we nearly swamped. My department of the labour was bailing; this I performed with a small kettle. No accident had ever occurred to me on the water, and apprehensive of delay permitting the frost from the north to overtake us, we were, perhaps, too venturesome. During the 6th and 7th of September, we were wind-bound. On the 8th the wind abated, and we again put out to the lake. The waves were high, but as the wind had gone down, we thought they also would fall. It was morning; we had not as yet taken breakfast, and were about an hour and a half from our encampment, doubling a point, when a wave struck us and half filled the canoe. We ran into the bay, bailed out, and again turned to the lake. A point lay about a mile and a half ahead. Round this point and the wind would be almost fair. On we pulled, wet and cold.

Now uncertain is the future! We were nearly 30 miles from shore when a wave struck us and we went. When I rose to the surface, I found the canoe bottom up, and John astride on its stern. I struck for the stern, and grasping it in my arms hung on. The old man, my bowsman, hung on somewhere about the midships. He had the worst hold of us three, and, from his

being more frequently under the waves than John or I, he would be the first to give out. I said to John, "We die now." "Yes," John replied, "we certainly die now." I advised the men not to attempt swimming to shore, as the water was so cold they would get faint and drown, but to hold on to the canoe and we would drift ashore some time. They promised to do so.

I now saw that the bows-man was getting exhausted; his efforts to resist and rise with the heave of the wave, appeared to be more and more feeble. I asked him if he were prepared to meet his God? He said, "I have prayed to him long, long ago." He was ready to die. Both the men were good Christians, members of the Norway House Mission. The old man's eyes were closing when John reached forward his hand, and taking him by the hair, at the risk of losing his own hold, placed the old man's chin upon his knee, and kept it there, thus keeping his mouth out of the water. We thought that the old man was dead; but John, a hero, would not let his head drop, determined if we should get to shore to bury his companion on the beach.

I now felt getting weak, and that all hope was over. I committed my soul and my family to God. I told John that I felt I was drowning, and that he must, if he could, save his own life. He replied that he had no wish to live; if we were drowned that he would drown too. The poor fellow's heart was like to burst, not for himself, but for the old man and me. When I thought of home, and the wants of the work, I did wish to live. If my work was done I would die, if not, all the water in the lake could not drown me. God's will be done. I was perfectly resigned. I prayed, and as I prayed, suddenly hope of being saved, hitherto lost, filled my mind. I felt by an irresistible impression that we would not drown, that we would all be saved. Nothing, that I saw, had occurred to cause this, but I felt assured of its truth. The wind blew, the waves heaved, and we, like floating leaves, were tossed about as the storm willed. It was He who rules the winds, the waves, and the hearts and strength of men—from him did we get our hope, and our strength. I felt so much revived that I began to paddle with my arm, and just as the waves threw a paddle almost into John's hand, the bows-man's eyes opened. I now felt merry, not that I could laugh, but very, very happy—thankfulness to God being the upmost feeling.

We neared the shore, and several times I let my feet drop to sound; but no bottom. Still we neared the shore, and again and again did I sound, and at last found the bottom, but a few yards from the beach.