

would be expected to eat it with them, and Indian etiquette expects you to eat all that is put on your plate.

The dogs, are generally broken in to work, when about a year old. The breaking in process is not always very pleasant. Some dogs take to the work naturally and quickly, while others stubbornly resist, and desperately refuse, to submit to the loss of liberty.

It is really amazing what an amount of ferocity and vindictiveness some of them will develop, when they begin to realize the nature of the duties required of them. They will not hesitate to bite, and cruelly mangle, the hand that tries to harness them, even if it is the hand of their own master. See, how cautious, these two big stalwart dog-drivers are going to work to get the harness on that dog in the picture. They had better be careful, or in spite of their strength and knowledge of dog-nature, they will both get bitten, and he will slip away from them after all. The best way to break in a young, stubborn dog is with the aid of a good train of old experienced ones. Three of these are harnessed before the one to be conquered, and a steady strong one is put behind him. The harness must be securely fastened on him, for he will use the most desperate efforts to squeeze or wriggle himself out of it. If he does escape he is like a horse that has once run away, he will be apt to try it again and consequently is not so highly valued. When well harnessed in this way, the driver shouts "*Marche!*" the word used for "Go," and the well-trained three dogs ahead spring off on the jump. Generally at first, the new dog, is half frightened out of his wits, when he finds that his freedom is interfered with, and that he cannot romp and play around in the same independent way that he could in his happy puppyhood. So he pulls and jumps, and springs, this way, and that way, and makes the most frantic efforts to get out of his harness. When he finds this to be impossible, he sometimes stiffens out his legs and tries to stop and think a little, but the strong dogs ahead are not of his mind, just then, and they jerk him along in spite of his stiff legs. Then he tries another plan, and fancies that he would like to rest just now, so he throws himself down on the snow, but the steady dogs in front say, "No, you don't," and as they push on, he is obliged to keep on the move.

Poor brute, he is to be pitied, he cannot move sideways, for the strong dog, and heavy sled behind keep him in line, and he is in a bad fix. Some dogs quickly accept the situation, and settle down to steady work, and give no more trouble. Some give a great deal of trouble, and often break out into stubborn rebellion. Some will shirk most cunningly, and while pretending to be tugging away, are not drawing a pound. Sometimes a dog will throw himself down, and submit to be jerked along for a great distance by the dogs ahead of him, while the driver is most severely whipping him, and shouting at him to get up.

DOG TRICKS.

At one place the people had a dog so stubborn and obstinate that it seemed to be impossible to make him move when harnessed up. So one day they took him away a mile or so from the house and then securely harnessed him to an empty sled. Then they went away and left him, and waited to see

how long it would be before he came home with the sled. He waited only until they were out of sight, and then with his teeth cut off his traces and ate up the greater part of them, and then deliberately walked home. I forget, just now, whether his flesh supplied the family that day with a capital dinner, or whether they made a pot of soft soap out of his fat.

The poor dog drivers have a hard time of it, when they have a train of sulky, lazy dogs. Once, when I reproved a French half-breed for swearing, he replied, "Oh! missionary, don't you know that it is very hard work for a man to keep his temper, or keep from swearing, and drive dogs."

For years I travelled over my large circuit, in the winter time, with these dogs. How they used to amuse me with their tricks and antics, and sometimes what hardships and suffering they caused, by cunningly stealing and eating all our provisions in the night, when we were scores of miles from a human habitation. Sometimes, when the nights were bitterly cold, they would leave their beds in the woods, and come and crowd into our camp, where we were sleeping, and fight with each other over us, for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our heads.

DOG TRAVELLING.

Travelling with dogs, in that cold, dreary North land, is more pleasant to read about than to actually endure. The bitter cold, that used to cause us the most intense anguish; the bruised limbs and bleeding feet; the long days of painful toiling along through the deep snow, in the pathless forests, where we had to go ahead on our snow shoes to pick a track for the poor dogs, that had all they could possibly do to drag the loaded sleds after them, will never be forgotten.

Then, wearied as we were, when night came down upon us, instead of having a friendly home to shelter us, we had to go to work and dig out a place in the snow, and prepare our camp; and then, how uncomfortable it was after all our toil. Here we had to prepare our food, and here we rested and slept. We had no roof above us but the star-decked vault of heaven, and yet it was often forty, and sometimes fifty degrees below zero.

We often suffered intensely on these long, toilsome journeys, but they were not in vain. The poor Indians received us so gladly, and treated us, in their simple way, so kindly, and listened to the Word of God with such rapt attention, and were so willing to learn all they could about the way of salvation, that we often forgot all about the frost-bites, and cramps, and bruises, and bleeding feet, and rejoiced that we were counted worthy to be permitted to undertake these journeys, for the sake of telling the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," to precious souls who were so very anxious to hear it.

If I write again I must tell you about some better dogs than these Huskies.

*I serve is nobler than I rule,
Tho' men may not believe it;
And they stand first in Jesus' school
Who lovingly receive it.*

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at foot of his class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST.



WE have pleasure in giving another extract from a letter from the Rev. John McLean, at Fort McLeod, in the Northwest:

"Many children have died during the year in the camp, and it is a sad sight to see the women go out as the sun is setting, and sit by the graves of their children, or stand under a tree, where in the branches children have been laid, and there mourn for the departed ones. The sad wail goes out on the still air, and the Blackfoot mothers, calling their children by name, cry, "Come back, come back to me." I have thought that if a few of our Methodist mothers were to hear that wail, it should never be forgotten, and then many, who have done little for missions, would think they could not do too much. As I was going through the camp, I heard that a young woman had died. I went into a lodge and there found the mother with one hand all covered with blood and ashes. She had

CUT OFF HER LITTLE FINGER,

in token of respect for the dead. She held a small stick in her hand, to keep the bleeding stump in its place. In front of the house I am building I saw a woman, with a three-year-old child playing by her side. I noticed that she was mourning, and that one of her legs was covered with blood, and badly swollen up to the knee. On looking at it I saw that she had made deep gashes in it with a knife. On asking her the reason for so doing, she told me her baby was dead, and she showed me the little one, laid in the branches of a tree. Oh! that I could tell the members of the Woman's Missionary Society the scenes I have witnessed, and what I have heard; then would they feel their work was a noble one, of seeking to elevate Indian womanhood, and tell them of pardon and grace.

I am working, praying, and hoping for glorious things in the future. If only I had some help now I could go on with the mission-house, erect a teacher's house, and have the school in full working order. I am praying and waiting for help. While at my work I can hear the

JINGLING OF BELLS OR THE ROLL OF A DRUM.

I ask what is the matter, and I am told very seriously that it is the medicine-man making medicine. By-and-by, through the influence of the Gospel, their faith in such forms and superstitions will cease, and many will thereby be blessed, physically and spiritually. It is cheering to see the Indians using their money in buying stoves, doors, and windows for their houses, besides wearing apparel, whereas formerly it was squandered in useless ornaments. My Bloods are rejoicing in prospect of having a school. I told them that I was going to ask a teacher for them, to teach their children, and whilst I was showing them how to build, fence, and garden, my wife would teach their women how to make dresses, bake bread, and attend to household matters. They were delighted with what I told them, and all of them said, "That is

good." I am encouraged in our Indian work, and look for grand results. In this connection read the following poem:

TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

Oh! pale-faced daughters of a favored land,
On whom life's sunshine lingers day by day;
Ye are so blest, ye scarce can understand
How dark the clouds that gather o'er our [way.

Ye fold your little ones to nightly rest,
Secure and warm; no thought of future pain
To spoil your tender hopes; we are distressed
Because our mother-love seems all in vain.

We know not how to save from want and woe
Our wee brown darlings, dear as yours to us;
Life is so dark, we only seem to know [you;
Our wretched lot will be their portion too.

We know—we feel it with a bitter pain—
Your knowledge of us only makes you shrink
From our wild ways with loathing and disdain,
Nor care to know of depths to which we sink.

But had we shared your blessings might not we
Be true, and pure, and happy, too, to-day?
Might not our homes as fair and sunny be?
Might not our lives like yours be bright and gay?

Oh! give us light—the beams ye well can spare
Oh! send us help—ye are so strong and glad;
It will but make your noon-day sky more fair
To chase the shadows that have made us sad.

KE-SHE-GO-QUA.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. CHARADE.—Hatchway.

II. DECAPITATIONS.—1. Flay, lay.
2. Truth, ruth. Trip, rip. 4. Wrote, rote.

III. Square—A Y E
S E A
S A R

I. CHARADE.

My first denotes consequences; my second is an abode; my whole is a song.

II. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Names of three cities in the following letters.

L I H. A. J. P. D. O. I. R. M. U. A. N.
S. A. P. E. H. A. L. E. L. C. H. E. T. I.

Names of three rivers.

B. U. V. R. E. S. D. N. A. E. D. V. A. E. A.

Names of three mountains.

Z. G. R. S. C. P. T. B. G. E. A. H. I. R. N.
A. B. A. R. G. I. N. G. I. E. R. E. I. E. R.
E. E.

III. DECAPITATION.

1. Behead a jewel, and leave a title.
2. Behead an animal production, and leave vocal.
3. Behead a pronoun, and leave an article of dress.
4. Behead to entreat, and leave a metal.
5. Behead a pledge, and leave what we all need.
6. Behead a curve, and leave a terminus.
7. Behead a quadruped, and a part of his head will remain.
8. Behead a part of the body, and leave a tree.
9. Behead a vegetable production, and leave a place of deposit.
10. Behead nothing, and leave something.

IV. WORD-SQUARE.

1. The alleged residence of pagan gods.
2. A small animal.
3. Filled with wonder.
4. Part of a helmet.
5. A word formerly used in the sense of weakened.
6. The old name for a common serpent.