

terminated, one or two of them could repeat the Lord's Prayer in Cree. They learnt it from hearing me repeat it daily.

We passed our first night very comfortably.

When we awoke the next morning a very unpromising aspect met our view. The sky was thick with dark clouds, which made us quite sure that we should have an unpleasant day. Nothing daunted, we embarked in our canoe and proceeded on our journey. During the day there were occasional showers of rain, and as the evening approached it grew worse; finally, about 5.30 p.m. it broke out into a terrific storm, which compelled us to put ashore before we had intended. We encamped under some large fir trees, the overspreading branches of which afforded us good shelter from the rain. Having built a fire, we began to dry our clothes round it, for we were completely drenched, having been exposed to the rain so long. For a moment, I wished myself in my comfortable home at Moose; but the next, I reproached myself for giving way to such feelings so soon, and hardened myself to the fact that this was only the beginning of many such experiences which I must yet go through before I would arrive at my "desired haven." For the next two days, travelling was rather unpleasant, for it continued to rain during that time without the slightest cessation.

On our sixth day from Moose we came to the Long Portage, which, I think, is a very appropriate name for it, as it is the longest portage in the river. Its length is two miles, and over these two miles we had to carry our canoe and property. Four of the men generally carried the canoe over first; then they returned for the cargo. In carrying the cargo over the portage, each man is supplied with a strap, with which he binds as many things together as he thinks he is capable of carrying. The weight is all carried on the head. A beginner will find it very hard work, and very often his neck will be swollen and stiff; at least that was exactly my case, but after a few days I became accustomed to it and did not mind it. The Long Portage is one long continual ascent, which, of course, makes it very tiresome for the carrier. From this place, until we came to Brunswick Post, we were troubled with rapids and portages; sometimes passing 25 rapids, and going over four portages, in one day. No wonder that one should feel tired in the evening, after such a day's work as that. Going through a rapid against the stream is extremely hard, and also very exciting. On each side are the angry waves, threatening to dash the frail canoe down the stream, or against the bits of rock projecting out of the water. Sometimes it seemed impossible for us to make any progress against the strong current, but, little by little, we would reach the top at last. It requires well-skilled men to manage a canoe in a rapid, men who do not lose their presence of mind in any