

burn within us while He expounds to us "in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself." His Spirit is ever ready to reveal them unto us.

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A THOUSAND MILES ON SNOW-SHOES.

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Feb. 12th, 1896.—At nine o'clock this morning I started from Churchill to cross an almost unknown country to Split Lake on the Nelson River, a journey of between four and five hundred miles. From there I hope to make my way to York Factory, another three hundred miles at least, and then back to my own work at Churchill, thus completing the one thousand miles on snow-shoes. May God enable me to carry it through to His glory!

Joseph Kitchekechik, our catechist from York Factory, was my guide. Besides him we had my boy, Sammy, and five dogs hauling a flat sled with blankets, &c., and provisions for twelve days for men and dogs, so that we had a very heavy load, and from the first I saw there was little hope of my getting a chance to ride. For some time I had been far from well and feared the trip somewhat, but went forward trusting in the promise: "As thy day so shall thy strength be." The day was beautifully fine, with the thermometer about zero. Nearly all our small population came down to the Mission to see us start, and joined us at family prayers. Our first day's march was up the Churchill River. This being deep in snow, made it hard work for the dogs, and travelling was very slow, so that we only made about twenty miles. Camp was made about 5 p. m. on the bank of the river. After supper and prayers we turned in with no shelter but God's beautiful sky, which was studded with millions of stars, and the "Grand Aurora" lighting up the heavens with great brilliancy.

13th.—Churchill-like, a change took place in the night, the wind changed and snow fell heavily, we had to "shift camp" and for an hour had a miserable time; fortunately, it was not very cold. Rose at 6 a. m., and after prayers got away at 7.30, still up the Churchill. At eleven we came to Dzer River, which flows into the Churchill from the south-east; here we saw the last house we can hope to meet with, for some three hundred miles. Going up this river about a mile we got on to the plains, and here we met our first blizzard: it was bitterly cold and Husky coats were the only things to keep out "Jack Frost." We were truly thankful when we came to a chump of trees where we were able to camp for the night.