

shivering dog who may be forced from his lair in the snow to seek a few hours' sleep upon the outside of your blankets.

Yet do not imagine, reader, that all this is next to an impossibility, that men will perish under many nights of it. Men do not perish thus easily. Nay, even, when before dawn the fire has been set alight, and the tea swallowed hot and strong, the whole thing is nigh forgotten, not unfrequently forgotten in the anticipations of a cold still more trying in the day's journey which is before you.

AN HONEST INDIAN.

Here is the story of a trade made last summer by "the moose that walks."

"The moose that walks" arrived at Hudson's Hope early in the spring. He was sorely in want of gunpowder and shot, for it was the season when the beaver leave their winter houses, and when it is easy to shoot them. So he carried his thirty marten-skins to the fort, to barter them for shot, powder, and tobacco.

There was no person at the Hope. The dwelling-house was closed, the store shut up, the man in charge had not yet come up from St. John; now what was to be done? Inside that wooden house lay piles and piles of all that the walking moose most needed; there was a whole keg of powder; there were bags of shot and tobacco—there was as much as the moose could smoke in his whole life.

Through a rent in the parchment window the moose looked at all these wonderful things, and at the red flannel shirts, and at the four flint guns, and the spotted cotton handkerchiefs, each worth a sable skin at one end of the fur trade, half a sixpence at the other. There was tea, too—tea, that magic medicine before which life's cares vanished like snow in spring sunshine.

The moose sat down to think about all these things, but thinking only made matters worse. He was short of ammunition, therefore he had no food, and to think of food when one is very hungry is an unsatisfactory business. It is true that "the moose that walks" had only to walk in through that parchment window, and help himself till he was tired. But no, that would not do. "Ah!" my Christian friend will exclaim, "Ah! yes, the poor Indian had known the good missionary, and had learnt the lesson of honesty and respect for his neighbor's property."

Yes; he had learnt the lesson of honesty, but his teacher, my friend, had been other than human. The good missionary had never reached the Hope of Hudson, nor improved the morals of "the moose that walks."

But let us go on.

After waiting two days he determined to set off for St. John, two full days' travel. He set out, but his heart failed him, and he turned back again.

At last on the fourth day he entered the parchment window, leaving outside his comrade, to whom he jealously denied admittance. Then he took from the cask of powder three skins' worth, from the tobacco four skins' worth, from the shot the same; and sticking the requisite number of martens in the powder-barrel and the shot-bag and the tobacco-case, he hung up his remaining skins on a nail to the credit of his account, and departed from this El Dorado, this Bank of England of the Red man in the wilderness, this Hunt and Roskell of Peace River.

And when it was all over he went his way, thinking he had done a very reprehensible act, and one by no means to be proud of. Poor moose that walks! in this trade for skins you are but a small item!

Society muffles itself in your toil-worn sables in distant cities, while you starve and die out in the wilderness.

A GOOD DAY'S TRAMP.

The night of the 4th of March found us camped in a high wood, at a point where a "cache" of provisions had been made for ourselves and our dogs. More than a fortnight earlier these provisions had been sent from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, and had been deposited in the "cache" to await my companion's arrival. A bag of fish for the dogs, a small packet of letters, and a bag of good things for the master swung from a large tripod close to the shore. Some of these things were very necessary, all were welcome, and after a choice supper we turned in for the night.

At four o'clock next morning we were off. My friend led the march, and the day was to be a long one. For four hours we held on, and by an hour after sunrise we had reached a hut, where dwelt a Chipewyan named Echo. The house was deserted, and if anybody had felt inclined to ask. Where had Echo gone to? Echo was not there to answer where. Nobody, however, felt disposed to ask the question, but in lieu thereof dinner was being hastily got ready in Echo's abandoned fireplace. Dinner? Yes, our *first* dinner took place usually between seven and eight o'clock a.m. Nor were appetites ever wanting at that hour either.

Various mishaps, of broken snow-shoe and broken-down dog, had retarded my progress on this morning, and by the time the leading train had reached Echo's I was far behind. One of my dogs had totally given out, not *Cerf-vola*, but the *Ile à la Crosse* dog "Major." Poor brute! he had suddenly lain down, and refused to move. He was a willing, good hauler,