

burnt out. The direction maintained at first is mainly north with an easterly trend. "Calling Lake" is reached about the second or third day. This, during the open season, must be a fine sheet of water; it is flanked on its north and south sides by high well-timbered ground. Excellent white-fish may be obtained here, and there are good hay-swamps in the neighborhood.

The name of the lake, "Kitoo Sakahigun," is derived from an Indian legend, according to which its centre is haunted by a spirit whose wail is heard at "unco" hours. I have always crossed the lake on days when winter has assumed its most attractive aspect; on bright sunny afternoons when the wide expanse of dazzling snow, framed by the dark woods and backed by the lighter setting of a range of hills to the north, reflects in myriad prisms the brightness over-head, or softens under the golden tints of the setting sun, or takes a colder hue as the light, fleecy clouds grow grey and the stars shine out in the deep, clear blue of a northern night. Amid such scenes and under the bracing influence of the keen air, the pleasant jingle of the sleigh-bells and the shouts of the drivers, there is little room for weird and gruesome fancies.

It may be that, under a lowering sky, in the gathering gloom of a wild night, when the cloud-rack is flying, the wind is sighing among the pines and the breaking of the waves echoes drearily along the lonely shore, that the poor heathenish imagination, beset by undefined terrors, easily conjures up dim shapes driving onward amid the mist and storm and hears far out on the wind-lashed waters of the lake, the cry of some troubled spirit.

We spent a short time in visiting the few Indian families who occupy the northern boundary of the lake. In consequence of the sad events of last winter, the "Wetigoo" terror still lingers among them. I entered one of their miserable log shanties, here I found about ten people, men, women and children, some squatted on the floor, some seated on the rough wooden bedsteads. A little light found its way through the cotton cloth covering the narrow slit that did duty as a window, this was supplemented by the flickering gleams from an open, mud fire-place. On one side of the room sat a young man about three or four and twenty years of age who was blind. To him I spoke of Jesus the "true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and pointing to the hope of immortality brought to us in the Gospel, I tried to comfort the poor fellow with a brighter prospect than his sad, darkened life with its squalid surroundings could offer. Presently the women brought forward a boy of twelve years of age from one of the dim recesses of the shanty. They made

the astounding statement that he was conscious he would shortly become a "Wetigoo." Had they not been Indians and had I been without previous experience in such matters I should have laughed at the absurdity of the whole affair. But an Indian is not to be laughed or argued out of his belief in these things for he has been nurtured and brought up amid them. It is only by inculcating God's word, that these superstitious terrors can be rooted out. The rising sun alone can dispel the darkness and the shadows. There was an anxious look on the boy's face which served to disarm any suspicion that he was trying to deceive. He gave earnest attention while in simple language I explained to him that there is a spirit of evil and that he can enter and possess our hearts, but that Jesus has overcome him, and that those who trust in this Saviour can be kept from evil. They begged me to spend the night with them, but on returning to the Indian trader's house, I found that the men and dogs had already started with the intention of camping beyond the lake before darkness set in. I promised to visit them on my return.

Beyond "Calling Lake," less "Muskeg" exists, and higher land is traversed. Rather more than half a day's journey brings the traveller to "Stony Island Lake"; this is a gem in the midst of vast solitudes and must on a bright breezy day in summer be a very pretty spot. It lies near the foot of a range of hills which form the back-bone of the country and stretch from the north east of Pelican Lake far on toward the northern ridge above Lesser Slave Lake.

Gazing at these hills the Indians forecast the weather; when they stand out clear with a deep blue coloring expressed by the Indian word "waskatarkwatinow" they say it is going to be warm. A few hours beyond the above named lake, the trail begins to ascend a shoulder of this range, where the latter is broken by one of the Pelican Lakes. Steep banks caused by intersecting creeks break the easier gradients. The ravines are prolific in "broken heads" not "human"! but the abruptly curved heads of the flat sleighs.

The dogs tear down the sheer descent, fleeing from what is no longer an inert mass of some 400 lbs. weight hanging heavily on the traces, but has suddenly been transformed into a thing of life which in its wild downward career threatens to overwhelm them. On these Towatanow and Wapuskaw trains, the driver, brake's man and brake are rolled into one. At the signal "down-brakes," the driver throws himself full length on the snow, as much as possible at right angles with the loaded sleigh. Grasping this firmly, his body serves as a brake. Happy if he escapes collision with stump or tree and avoids landing at the