

[Mission Life,
Oct. 1, 1866.]

As on the occasion alluded to above, the then Bishop of Rupert's Land, giving an account of a visitation tour through his diocese, described himself as travelling for weeks together, lying upon his back in a native canoe, and reviving old associations in the midst of the wild solitudes through which his weary journey lay, by conversing with one of his few *compagnons de voyage*, a pocket edition of Horace, his words left a vivid impression of the central figure of a picture, of which the fuller description of the work before supplies the details. Judging from our own experience in this instance, we believe that it will add considerably to the interest with which this book is perused, if the reader can be led more or less to identify any of the scenes described with the everyday life of the self-denying men who have voluntarily exchanged the comforts of English homes and the amenities of English life for the manifold hardships of this most trying of all the spheres of missionary labour. We shall, therefore, offer no apology for suggesting a subject for a companion picture to the above from the travels of the present Bishop of Rupert's Land:—

"The Bishop is off on a trip of two or three months. He thinks he may do it under that time, but I don't think he will; even with every advantage of men, weather, and dogs. He left this . . . stowed away in a dog-sleigh; he and his three men started for the Company's post on the Memitoban. He has sketched out for himself a great mass of work, and a long long trip for the severe winter months. May he be strong for it, and leave a blessing behind him in those remote places. What a change from college life! from the university to the wilderness, from every mode of agreeable travelling to the dog-sleigh, sleeping out in the bush, or on the plains, the canopy of heaven very often for his roof, bushes and boughs for his bed, carefully excluding every breath of air beneath his buffalo robes and blankets, shivering and shaking with cold in a morning when he opens up, *i.e.*, throws off his furs and blankets, making a poor meal, and again consigning himself to his coffin-like sleigh for the day, or occasionally running to get some warmth and circulation." *

But to our book. First for the authors, for it is a joint production—Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle. We may mention, as likely to establish in the minds of some of our readers a sort of brotherhood with them in their travels, that they are both Cambridge men; and if we are not mistaken, the stalwart figure of the latter has before now found an appropriate place in the centre of the University eight. The expedition was, to use a common euphemism, a pleasure-trip, a prolonged long-vacation ramble. The travellers left Liverpool in June 1862; Quebec—"with its bright white houses tricked out with green clinging to the sides of a commanding bluff, which appears to rise up in the middle of the St Lawrence, so as to bar all passage"—was reached on the 2d of July. The journey to Wisconsin, on the banks of the Mississippi, was performed by rail. The Mississippi was then ascended in a steamer. The steamer was again exchanged for the stage waggon running through the outsettlements of Minnesota. Arriving at the Red River, the question was, How to get to

* *The Mission Field*, Sept. 1866.