

making his book a mere diary. These descriptions are admirable. To begin with, we will take that in which Mr. Pike looks forth for the first time upon his strange Canaan :

"We sat down at the top of the hill and took our last view of the Great Slave Lake. Looking southward we could see the far shore and the unknown land beyond rising in terraces to a considerable height, and very similar in appearance to the range we were on. Ahead of us, to the north, lay a broken, rocky country, sparsely timbered and dotted with lakes, the nearest of which, a couple of miles away, was the end of our portage; a bleak and desolate country, already white with snow, and with a film of ice over the smaller ponds. Three hundred miles in the heart of this wilderness, far beyond the line where timber ceases, lies the land of the musk-ox, to which we were about to force our way, depending entirely on our guns for food and for clothing to withstand the intense cold that would soon be upon us. A pair of hawks overhead furnished the only signs of life, and the outlook was by no means cheerful."

Mr. Pike has much to say about the half-breed Indians with whom he was largely associated, and in particular of a certain King Beaulieu who acted as his chief guide. The fact that his relations with these people were, on the whole, amicable, says much for Mr. Pike's tact and courage. But the character of these strange beings is relieved at times by a quaint humour and an unexpected sentiment. When they sat smoking over the camp-fire King showed himself curious about the Grand Pays (as he called the outside world) and its ways; but, while listening to all that was said, he held his own views all the same. In particular he refused to believe that the Queen was a greater person than the governor

of the Hudson's Bay Company. "No," he said; "she may be your Queen, as she gives you everything you want, good rifles and plenty of ammunition, and you say that you eat flour at every meal in your own country. If she were my queen, surely she would send me sometimes half a sack of flour, a little tea, or perhaps a little sugar, and then I should say she was indeed my queen."

One opinion which he held was ingenious but peculiar. He maintained that the habit of eating three regular meals—eating by the clock instead of by the stomach, as he called it—was much more greedy than gorging when meat was plentiful and starving at other times, as he and his people did.

Mr. Pike, while frankly admitting that he was guilty of a "stupid act" in attempting to cross the Rockies so late in the year, claims to be acquitted of any errors of judgment in the actual conduct of the expedition which so nearly terminated in his death and that of his four companions.

On December 12th the party were on the banks of the Parsnip River, within forty miles of Fort Macleod and safety. Struggling against extreme cold, starvation and fatigue, all five men ultimately succeeded, on December 27th, in reaching an inhabited cabin *alive*. I finish the story in Mr. Pike's words:

"I pushed open the door, and shall never forget the expression of horror that came over the faces of the occupants when they recognized us. We had become used to the hungry eyes and wasted forms, as our misery had come on us gradually, but to a man who had seen us starting out thirty-two days before in full health the change in our appearance must have been terrible. There was no doubt we were very near the point of death."—*Fortnightly Review*.

AFTER the rock-strewn steep of earth,
 The "pastures green" in heaven;
 For every joy denied us here,
 Eternal pleasures given.

—*Parkinson*.