

are glad to get to bed, especially as we shall have to rise at four, or even half-past three, next morning.

When the time comes to get up, the foreman, or cook, or sometimes the missionary rouses the whole camp by shouting *live, live*, which is the *Benedicamus Domino* of the shanty. As a general rule, when a mission is given, all have to rise earlier than usual, so that the mission may not interfere with the regular hour for beginning work. Mass is said and communion given by one of the missionaries, and a short instruction preached by the other. Nothing could be more impressive, in a way, than this Mass said in the dark winter's morning within the sombre unpretentious log-walls of the shanty. And though the proximate preparation and immediate thanksgiving are both necessarily short, I doubt very much if a more perfect picture of devotion can be found than the rough unkempt group of shanty men kneeling upon the hard uneven log floor, or approaching the humble altar to receive Holy Communion. Breakfast follows, and soon the shanty-man has to shoulder his axe, and after once more grasping the hand of the missionary, starts out for another hard day's work; but this time fortified by the consciousness of having done his duty, and by the Bread of Life which he has received that morning. Then, the missionaries breakfast, and soon it is their turn to start for another field of labour, where similar experiences are to be repeated.

As a general rule, all the Catholics in a shanty make it a point to come to confession and communion when the priests visit the shanty. If any one should neglect his duty, he is looked upon with distrust by his companions, and nobody would be surprised to see him taken off by a sudden death, before spring. I must say that several remarkable facts justify such presentments about the negligent Christian. The very first winter I was on Black River, every man in a certain shanty came to his duty, except one. Three days afterwards, this very man was killed by a fall on the ice. One of the shanty-man's failings is blasphemy, though, when one is a very bad blasphemer, he is held in horror by his comrades. One very bad blasphemer who would never go to confession, went so far in his madness as to defy Almighty God to drown him. This

was on the drive. Shortly afterwards, he was drowned in the very spot where he had uttered his blasphemy, and in which, that the hand of God might be more manifest, there was not, humanly speaking, such a depth of water as would ordinarily suffice to drown a person.

From the mingling of French and English speaking nationalities in the shanties, some remarkable interchange of words take place between the two. A French shanty-man will tell you that, last spring *la drive était stucké dans la creek*; that he would go home now, only *il n'est pas capable de settler avec la consarn*. Likewise, the English speaking woodman will talk to you of a *traverse*, which is the French term for long spars that form the frame work of a crib of square timber; he will tell you that where he was working to-day, a *matelot* fell and nearly struck him. You don't know what he means until somebody tells you that *matelot* (French for a sailor) is a term applied by the bushmen to a large limb which, though detached from the trunk, is caught in the high branches of a tree, whence there is always danger that the wind, or some other cause, may cast it down suddenly upon the head of an unsuspecting passer-by. Men have often been killed or maimed by a falling *matelot*. The crane by which a pot is suspended over the camboose-fire is always termed a *crémaillère*, even by an Irishman; a tin pail or pot becomes a *chaudière*, which is, however, pronounced something like *sho-yare*. This is a living lesson in philology; a practical example of the manner in which language was formed in ages gone by. The transformation of *beuf* into *beef*, of *mouton* into *mutton*, of *guerre* into *war*, of *garantir* into *warrant*, were not a whit more remarkable, or, perhaps, in their day less ridiculous than the changes I have mentioned.

The student of nature, whether from a poetical or a scientific standpoint, would find much to interest him in a trip to the shanties; that is, if he had nothing else to do than to study the beauties and wonders of Nature. On our journey, we were sometimes on the summits of hills, driving along the edge of precipices; again, in the depth of valleys; now gliding along the sinuous and frozen bosom of the Black River or the Coulonge, with rocky cliffs towering up on either side, or over some