

lakes make no without; but in make a better stop our millers. The ans is the most , and where the finished—not a country abounds kill upwards of the skin of the as it used to be, a articles of food. t; and, as every d to eat, with the ell.

ie "Rock," while "acking," that is, ured, I observed hich I took to be etically as possible, nal saw me, and out to be a bear, ur is a great fish- s rather curious. ating himself on ing up to about s until the little his black shaggy es against him. ves them a nip, n over his left left paw is the shore part of his not sight. The when spawning hoal that their I know of his e suckers: these ng seasons, the akfasting about d supper of one thirty or forty ing months lie v minutes. As at number, he himself on the t part immedi- the rest away. hen engaged

pages as possible; eed. The por- arter of a mile a portage is a s may not know s the land that s from rivers, or y the bend of

a river, or the sweep of a lake, and the circuits voyagers have to make to avoid waterfalls and rapids. To save time, canoe and every thing else are carried on our shoulders across these. A man is not required to carry more than ninety pounds doubled. Ninely pounds weight is called a "piece." Over every portage I carried my two "pieces", and some notion of the toil may be had, when I say that the portages are crossed generally barefooted, and the paths are none of the smoothest. We are forced to go barefooted, because our feet are so frequently wet, that, did we wear boots, we would soon get so galled, that we probably would get so bad as to be unable to proceed. The clam-shells on the beach wound the feet more than any thing else does. At Knee Lake the portages are nearly all over, and it gave us great pleasure to see its blue waters stretching out before us. In this lake we met thirty or forty of the Red River boats, going their last trip this season, for their fall goods, brought out by the Prince Rupert. We spoke those we passed in day-light; but, as we pulled night and day, we passed many at night. There is pleasure in meeting with fellow creatures in the wilderness, even to those who have passed much of their lives there alone.

At Oxford House, Mr. Robertson, the gentleman in charge, received us kindly, and offered me any thing I wanted; but as I was well supplied already, I thanked him and accepted nothing.

We feared head winds more than any thing else, and when weather served, or the sky wore a threatening appearance, we pulled all night: always next day we felt wearied and stupid. Thus we got to the head of Oxford Lake. We did not call at Jackson's Bay Mission for the sake of time; it was late in the season, and we were going home. We pulled hard during the remainder of the week, that we might reach Norway House Mission to spend the Sabbath there. Saturday night came, and we expected to have got to the Mission for morning service, but we could not. We then attempted to get in time for evening service, but the winds would not let us cross the lake; and although, for the greater part of the day we were within sight of the Mission, we could not get there until ten o'clock, p.m. Mrs. Mason was in bed, and, not wishing to disturb her, I went up to my own old habitation, standing empty, and kindling a fire, lay down until morning. In the midst of friends I slept alone. I felt depressed; there was a sadness, a feeling of coming evil upon me, and to pass the night alone in my old house, where every thing spoke of those now far, far from me, was my choice, for it accorded with my own feelings.

At day-light the Class-Leaders came to welcome me, and, while breakfast was getting ready, we had a good Prayer-meeting. Mrs. Mason paid us every attention.

The whole of Monday, the 30th of August was spent in preparing for our voyage up Lake Winnipeg; gumming canoe, washing linen, &c.

On Tuesday, ten o'clock, a. m., the people assembled at our canoe, and we had a Prayer-meeting. Then parting with Mrs. Mason, and friends, we proceeded to Norway House, which is in sight of the Mission, and dined with the gentleman in charge. He was very kind to us, and gave me some things for the voyage. The afternoon was calm and beautiful, and, as we had had a good rest, and were apprehensive of head winds, we pulled all that night. At sunrise next morning we attempted to land and breakfast, but the water was so shoal we could not, without having to wade a distance. The beach was of bright sand, and the sun was about two hours up when I saw an object moving on shore; it appeared to be a man; and as we neared it, it appeared to make gestures to us. We were wearied and hungry, but, nevertheless, thinking the stranger was in danger, or suffering, we pulled on towards him. Judge of our surprise when we found him to be an enormous bear. He was seated on his hams; and what we thought his gestures, were his motions in raising himself on his hind legs to pull berries from a high bush, and with both his paws filled, sitting down again. Thus he continued, daintily enjoying his fresh fruit, in the position some of our lady's lap dogs are taught to assume, when asking a morsel from their mistress. On we pulled, and forgot our hunger and weariness. The bear still continued breakfasting. We got as close in shore as the shoal water would permit, and John taking my gun, a double-barrel, leaped into the water and gained the beach. Some dead brush-wood lay between John and the bear, hiding the bear from his sight. From our position off shore, we could see both John and the bear. He now discovered us, and advanced toward us; and John, not seeing him for the dead brush, ran along the beach towards him. The weariness from pulling all night, and being so long without breakfast, and the reaction produced at seeing the bear, probably destroyed my presence of mind, for I remembered, only now, that the gun was loaded with heavy duck-shot only, and you might as well with peas meet a bear. John was in danger, and we strained at our paddles; but as the bear was a very large one, and we had no other fire-arms than the gun John had, we would have been but poor help to John in the hug of a wounded bear. The bear was at the other side of the dry brush on the beach. John heard the dry branches