

reaching away to the north and west are the highlands so admired and so graphically described by the explorer Mackenzie toward the close of last century. His winter camp, a block-house, was constructed on a now poplar-covered flat near the junction of the Smoky and Peace Rivers, within range of the view just described. In his day these highlands were the pasture grounds of herds of buffalo, while the willow-grown creeks were tramped into mire by the hoofs of the moose. When bathed in the mellow light of a fall day it is a very attractive scene.

The morning we ascended the slopes we saw it under a new and no less pleasing aspect.

Emerging out of the heavy fog that filled the valleys of the three rivers we found a bright, cloudless sky overhead. The scene that presented itself was that of a far-reaching, white, billowy sea, losing itself in deep bays and fiords in the foreground, with one dark line of coast stretching away into distance till it ended in a bold, abrupt cape. I could only regret the absence of my camera, and my own probable inability, even if it had been at hand at the time, to secure a picture of so enchanting a scene. Our attention was soon claimed by less pleasant and more prosaic matters, viz., mud-holes, and broken corduroys, etc., that were too plentiful along our road, requiring some very fine steering with the reins to prevent our loose-jointed buck-board coming in collision with the intrusive trees, generally most intrusive just where the mud-holes were thickest. At one trying point a loose stick reared itself up out of the mire, as though by intention, planted its rough, jagged end in contact with our fore axle and, as one horse pulled on, neatly lifted up the buck-board, till, but for stopping the horse on the moment, Mrs. Young and I would have descended into a good mud bath that yawned for us on the off-side, and in which our hind wheel was immersed up to the axle.

Our travelling companions, mounted on a home-manufactured two-wheeled conveyance, for some occult reason termed a "jerushky," preceded us. Mr. Robinson is somewhat of a Jehu, and, certainly, considering the condition of the roads, drove furiously. We should never have kept up with them had not, fortunately for us, constant ruptures of harness and other gear compelled frequent halts on their part. It certainly afforded us some diversion from our own discomforts to watch them with first one wheel down in a mud-hole while the other, ascending some stump or unworn road, tilted their conveyance to one side, in the next moment reversing their several positions and mercilessly heaving it over to the other side, now bumping its passengers up in the air and catching them again as though having a game of ball. On our second night darkness came

upon us before we could make the next camping ground. While plunging through the mud and mire, among heavy woods, a break difficult to repair in the dark occurred, and so we had to camp where we were. It was raining, too. We were, however, too old stagers to remain in discomfort. A good fire soon gave light and warmth; space was cleared among the dripping bushes for the tents, and water taken from the cleanest mud-hole was filtered through a handkerchief, and a good hot cup of tea soon dispersed the last lingering feeling of discomfort.

Our third day, about 1 p.m., we arrived at St. Peter's Mission, Lesser Slave Lake. We found all well, but rather short of supplies. Fish, and then only an uncertain supply, had to be brought on horseback from a considerable distance. Ducks, usually plentiful in the fall, scarce, and difficult to get near on account of the low water in Buffalo Lake; supplies were, from the same cause, very difficult to get in.

School opened the week after our arrival, with fourteen children and others to come. Great improvements have been made in the building since my last visit. The several rooms have been ceiled with dressed pine. Some rearrangements of partitions have added to its commodiousness, and, under Miss Durtnall's (sent out by the Toronto branch of the Woman's Auxiliary) thoughtful and thorough management, cleanliness prevails throughout the building and in the persons of the scholars. A per capita grant by the Government of \$50 per head, up to twenty, lightens the working expenses of the institution, but does not cover all the outlay where provisions and labor are dearer than in places further south.

Mr. D. Currie, of Huron College, London, Ontario, has succeeded Mr. Muller as teacher. He is earnest and painstaking in everything he undertakes, and the school will, I am confident, not lose ground under his management.

The hospital room, for which the Toronto auxiliary voted a liberal grant, has been built over a substantial log building formerly the schoolhouse. The lower room could, in an emergency, soon be converted into a sick room. The upper room will, when the ceiling is finished, be a very comfortable and pleasant room. Both Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are anxious to have it completed, so that it may be ready at a moment's notice.

Our earnest and energetic missionary, the Rev. G. Holmes, continues the life and soul of the mission. His thorough knowledge of Cree, his fluency in speaking it, his earnest, heart-searching addresses pointed with illustrations borrowed from their own manner of life and surroundings, arrest attention and beget enquiry. Mrs. Holmes ably assists him, and it is very pleasant to see her with the women about her. After all, true-hearted women are the best missionaries to women.