

McCullough found gold on the streams which run into Dease Lake, having wandered thither from the Red River by way of the Liard, trusting for food principally to the fish in the lakes *en route*.

In two years from two to four thousand miners had joined Thibert and McCullough in their scramble for gold, and about two million dollars' worth of dust was sent down from Cassiar to the coast in that time; but McCullough got caught by winter on 'the desert' at the mouth of the Stikine, out of reach of help though in sight of home, and died there of cold or hunger, whilst the last time I met Thibert he was trying to make a dollar by his old trade of harness-maker. He was about equally anxious to sell dog-collars and to 'get a show' to go to the Jakon next spring. Like all the boys he is sanguine still, though he has seen several millions drop through his fingers without a dime of it sticking to them.

Since 1875 the Cassiar has gradually relapsed into its natural quiet. A few prospectors still crawl in and out, tattered, toil-bent men, mere ghosts of the past; but the darkest hour has come, and it will soon be dawn again on the Stikine.

We know so little nowadays of the meaning of hardship, that for the sake of education a few more men should visit our Nor'-West and see for themselves what a fisher's or hunter's life is in crank canoes amongst the islands of the North Pacific, or look on at, if they could not share, the lives of the gold-seekers.

They might then know what courage means; might even take a low degree in the art of travel, which has nothing to do with Pullman cars and Cunard steamers; might learn that though wet socks will give the townsman a cold in the head if he does not 'change as soon as ever he gets in,' a season of soaking *in the open air* will give neither cold nor rheumatism to a sixty-year-old trapper; might have some rough guess of what sixty degrees below zero means in pain and suffering, and be able to decide whether it is better to pack your blankets *and three months' provisions* on your own back, or to take with you a dried salmon and your rifle, trusting to the latter and some rabbit snares for food and to a blazing log for nightly warmth, when bedded down on a pile of pine boughs in the snow.

These are the things which pioneers and gold-seekers and Hudson Bay men know. When we read their dry old voyages, mere statements of how far they went and where they camped, we do not realise what these old heroes dared, what these hard,