



B129

HARNESSING DOG TEAMS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

THE MORNING SONG.

SING, little daughter, sing ;  
Sing me your morning song,  
Thanking our Father for His love  
And care the whole night long.

Sing out with cheerful heart,  
Sing out with cheerful voice ;  
The tones of gratitude to God  
Will make my heart rejoice.

Thank Him for parents dear,  
Thy father and thy mother ;  
Thank Him for little Sister Bess,  
Thank Him for little brother.

Thank Him for pleasant home,  
Thank Him for many a friend,  
For mercies which we cannot count,  
For mercies without end.

Thank Him for health and strength,  
Thank Him for clothes and food,  
Thank Him for light and the fresh air,  
Thank Him for every good.

Thank Him for pleasant days,  
For sunshine and for showers,  
For the green grass and lofty trees,  
And for the fair wild flowers.

Thank Him, oh, most of all,  
For His most Holy Word,  
Wherein we read the wondrous love  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thank Him that Christ has died  
That we might die to sin ;  
Thank Him that Christ has risen again,  
That we in heaven may win.

Sing, little daughter, sing ;  
Sing forth with heart and voice,  
Thanking the Lord for all His gifts ;  
Rejoice, my child, rejoice.

THERE is a truth of great power and  
beauty in these simple lines :

"In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and hidden part ;  
For 'the gods see everywhere.'"

"Why do you spend so much time  
on that," inquired a friend of one of  
the old Greek sculptors, as he finished,  
with great care, the back of the head  
of a statue, designed for a niche in the  
Temple of Minerva ; "No one will see."  
"The gods will see," solemnly replied  
the sculptor.

Is it strange that these men attained  
such excellence in their art ? *The  
thought of God* allowed no careless  
work. They performed none, and their  
works and memory still remain.

May we not learn a lesson from  
them ?

THE WIDOWS INVESTMENT.

**A** LADY in Scotland, whose  
husband had left her a com-  
petence, had two profligate sons  
who wasted her substance in riotous  
living. When she saw that her prop-  
erty was being squandered, she deter-  
mined to make an offering unto the  
Lord. She took twenty pounds (\$100)  
and gave them to the Foreign Mission-  
ary Society. Her sons were very angry  
at this, and told her that she might as  
well cast her money into the sea.

"I will cast it into the sea," she re-  
plied, "and it shall be my bread upon  
the waters."

The sons, having spent all they could  
get, enlisted in a regiment and were  
sent to India. Their positions were far  
apart ; but God so ordered in his pro-  
vidence that both were stationed near  
the missionaries. The elder one was  
led to repent of sin and embrace Christ.  
He shortly afterward died. Mean-  
while the widowed mother was pray-  
ing for her boys. One evening as she  
was taking down her family Bible to  
read the door softly opened, and the  
younger son appeared to greet the aged  
mother. He told her that he had  
turned to God, and Christ had blotted  
out all his sins. Then he narrated his  
past history in connection with the  
influence the missionaries of the cross  
had on his mind, while his mother,  
with tears of overflowing gratitude, ex-  
claimed, "Oh, my twenty pounds ! my  
twenty pounds ! I cast my bread upon  
the waters, and now I have found it  
after many days."

UNREAD BIBLES.—A missionary of  
the American Sunday-school Union,  
writes : "At a certain place I asked the  
man of the house : 'Have you a Bible ?'  
In anger he replied : 'What, Mister !  
Do you s'pose I's a heathen ? I's been  
in the church ten years. Sally, git the  
Bible, and let this man see it.' After  
searching for some time, Sally finally  
found it ; and when the owner opened  
it, he exclaimed : 'Well, Mister, I'm  
glad you set us a-huntin' up the Bible,  
fur here's a letter I writ to my sister a  
year ago, and thought I'd sent it ; and  
I've wondered, time an' agin why she  
never writ back.' How much good  
was that Bible doing for that professor  
or his household during that year ?"—  
*Bible Society Record.*

We die that we may die no more.

DOG-TEAMS IN THE NORTH  
WEST.

BY THE REV. EGERTON BYERSON YOUNG.



HERE is the  
genuine noble  
boy, who does  
not love a  
splendid dog.  
Somebody has  
styled the dog  
man's most in-  
timate dumb  
companion,  
the first to wel-  
come, the fore-  
most to defend.

In the Wild North Land, the dogs  
are much more to the inhabitants than  
mere companions and guardians. In  
those vast dreary regions, where there  
are no railroads, or street cars ; no  
horses or carriages or waggons ; no  
roads, or paths of any description, the  
dogs, with their long, narrow sleds,  
supply the place of all the other modes  
of travel and traffic in winter. The  
picture given above is a common  
every-day scene, in the regions of  
lying away north of the fertile prairies  
our own great western country.

See how contentedly the "boss" sits  
on the dog sled, smoking and watching  
the cautious Indians trying to harness  
up that vicious wolfish Huskie dog.  
They have need of caution, for he  
seems bound to make a stubborn fight  
for his liberty, even if the odds are  
against him.

THE SLED.

The sled upon which the men are  
sitting, will give you a fair idea of the  
ones used in that country. It is made  
of two oak boards, each about twelve  
feet long, eight inches wide and one inch  
thick. These two boards are strongly  
fastened together by cross-bars, then  
one end is planed down thin, and after  
being well steamed is bent up to form  
the front end. A good train of four

\*We take the liberty to give part of a note  
from Bro. Young accompanying his MS.—ED.

MY DEAR BRO.—Your commands and  
demands, for "Copy" came at noon to-day,  
and here it is : I am in the midst of special  
services, I attended a prayer-meeting in the  
afternoon, another from 7 to 7.30 ; then  
preached and led my revival services until a  
quarter to ten ; then rushed home, and now  
at midnight have finished my scribbling, so  
you have it red-hot. Our special services are  
prospering very much indeed.

dogs is supposed to be able to draw  
about five hundred pounds on one of  
these sleds. The speed at which they  
travel, of course depends very much  
upon the nature of the country, and  
the character of the dogs and drivers.  
I have travelled through some wild  
rough regions where the high rocks  
were so numerous, or the forests so ob-  
structed with dense underbrush or  
fallen trees, that after toiling along as  
hard as we could all day, we did not  
make more than twenty five miles.  
Then, to make up for this slow rate, I  
once went ninety miles in a day, but  
this was on the frozen surface of Lake  
Winnipeg with a "lizzard," a North  
West storm, blowing us on.

THE DOGS.

The dogs of that land are called  
Huskies or Esquimo. They are a wild  
wollish lot of fellows, good to work, if  
well broken in, but they are terrible  
thieves. They have warm, furry coats  
of hair, sharp, pointed ears, sharp  
muzzles, and very bushy, curly tails.  
They sometimes say in fun, out there,  
that if you want to get a real, genuine  
Huskie dog, you must get one with  
his tail curled up so tightly, that it  
lifts his hind feet from the ground.  
They have wonderful endurance, and  
will tug and pull away at the heavy  
loads long after horses would have been  
worn out. Like their masters they  
are exposed to many hardships, and  
often suffer from starvation and the  
bitter cold.

GREAT THIEVES.

These dogs are great thieves, and it  
seems to be natural to them. Poor  
fellows, they are often so sadly ne-  
glected by their owners that they must  
either steal, or die of hunger. And  
like the ostrich it does not seem to  
make much difference what they make  
their meal out of. I have known them  
to eat the harness from each other's  
backs, and the leather fastenings from  
the sleds. Some of them think a whip  
is a dainty morsel, and others delight  
to steal and eat leather mits or gloves.  
I knew some of them that found a  
drunken Indian asleep one day, and  
they eat the moccasins off his feet  
without waking him up. They share  
the fortunes of their poor Indian  
masters, and are fat or lean just as  
their owners are, and that is according  
to the abundance or scarcity of fish  
or game.

THEIR HARSHIPS.

When a company of Indians re-  
turned to a Trading Post, or Mission,  
after a long winter's absence, we could  
always tell by the appearance, of the  
dogs, how they had prospered during  
the winter. If the dogs were fat and  
numerous, we knew, at once, that all,  
both Indians and dogs, had a good  
time, and plenty to eat. If the dogs  
were thin and poor, we knew the times  
had not been extra good, or game  
plentiful. If the dogs were not to be  
seen, we knew that the times had been  
very bad, and the poor Indians, not  
succeeding in getting enough food to  
eat in hunting, had killed and eaten  
their dogs. Boiled, or roasted dog is  
not very bad eating when you have  
nothing else. Among some of the  
tribes, dog feasts are great state oc-  
casions, and it is considered a great  
boon to be invited. If you should  
visit some of those Indians, and they  
wished to treat you with honour, they  
would kill and roast one of their  
favourite dogs, and, of course, you