

was decidedly strained, one room and a leaky roof.

This became painfully apparent when arrangements for the night had to be made. Our host, his wife, an eight days' old baby, two other children, the grandmother, and our party of six! However, the night was got through; farewells were said, and we commenced our up-river journey. About twenty miles up the river the last outlying point of settlement was passed, and except for a group of Indians' houses, some one hundred miles away, our only prospect of seeing the face of our fellow-beings would be the chance of camps pitched for a while on the banks of the river, or some trader floating down stream on raft or scow.

Starting on such a journey one feels the only thing is to surrender oneself to to-day. The spell of the broad, strong river is upon one. To be eager to reach one's destination only exposes the fretting navigator to the torment of those interminable reaches that follow one after another in a seeming endless succession. Let this for a while, at least, be your life, with its interchange of rests and meals, with hard bodily exercise, until, wearied, you look forward to the night's camp, and the ruddy gleam of the camp fire casting a cheerful glow on the rough stems of the encircling pine trees, no poor substitute for the "single nook"; a glow which the thick darkness of the deep, silent woods beyond serves but to enhance.

Two previous hours, for getting up, for an early breakfast and repacking our canoe, and usually 6.30 to 7 a.m. . . w us on the river. Allowing about three hours for meals during the day, sunset bid us again seek the most favorable site available for the next night's camp.

The method of our journey had to be determined by our surroundings. Sometimes the tracking line was used, the pilot alternating with his bow's man a stout lad of almost sixteen, son of Mr. Henry Laurence. For this mode of progression the difficulty did not consist so much in the weight of the canoe, or even in the resistance of the current, though this at times was very strong, but in the character of the tow-path. This undisturbed nature, liberally diversified with muddy creeks and land slides, leaving the surface at every conceivable angle, sheer banks more adapted for flies than human beings: tangles of fallen trees or water-washed debris, rounded boulders offering when wet a slippery foothold, long bars of stones hard on moccasined feet; the most awkward points generally bristling with crooked and hooked branches, which, dried and gaunt, yet to the poor, hot, perspiring tracker, seemed instinct with a tormenting ingenuity for catching and holding fast the tow-line; often just at the moment when, sheering out into the strong current, the steersman was calling strenuously to go ahead.

The sail offered a restful change, but with so small and heavy-laden a craft, requiring great care and watchfulness, our main reliance was the paddle, which often bridged miles of banks that would have tired out the most patient of trackers.

Our second day out Mrs. Young picked up a light Indian paddle that had washed ashore, in the use of which she soon became expert, and ceased to be a passenger. At some points it required the full strength of the three paddles barely to hold our own. At other points a thrill of excitement, with an underlying sense of danger, enlivened a dash up an eddy, to breast with the added momentum the strong rapid at its head; sometimes a little too exciting for Mrs. Young's nerves. On one rapid we failed at the critical moment, barely escaping an upset, the next moment bumping on the stones. On such an occasion we lost a paddle, and, what was more trying, our hitherto staunch canoe began to leak, causing us much delay and inconvenience for the rest of our trip. The following morning we met an Indian, with his son, hunting up the river. As his canoe lay alongside ours for a chat, I spied a spare paddle in the bottom of his canoe. I became the purchaser for some tobacco. Very thankful we were, as a reduction from three paddles to two was a serious decrease in our power of propulsion. And my wife always said she felt less nervous and conscious of the seeming tendency to upset of our small craft when plying the paddle herself.

The weather during our voyage, with the exception of some very fine days, was wet and stormy. Wet or dry we had to travel.

At times nature would compensate us for her ugly moods by bright gleams. One afternoon—working slowly up one of the long interminable reaches, under the depressing influence of rain, while the drizzling clouds cast a sombre hue over everything—we were cheered by a wonderful picture of nature, sun-setting. A bright, stationary gleam, i.e., not, as is so often the case, caused by a rift in the driving clouds, and so transitory, lit up a section of woods and glades high up on the slopes ahead of us. Our eyes feasted on the sun-lit scene framed in "sepia," in which the surrounding heights were steeped: a hue slightly relieved by the steely blue river, but intensified again by the underlying promontory, whose pine-covered slope in "silhouette" framed the near foreground.

Our journey afforded the usual opportunities, in solitary tents or groups of families, for Christian teaching. The Gospels in Cree, Cree hymns and prayers, are made use of to set before these Indian hunters and their families the glad tidings of salvation. A little friendly barter at times puts us *en rapport* with those we thus come in contact with.