



HARNESSING DOG-TEAMS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

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 occasions, 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 would be expected to eat it with them, and Indian etiquette expects you to eat all that is put on your plate.

The dogs are generally broken into work when about a year old. The breaking-in process is not always very pleasant. Some dogs take to the work naturally and quickly, while others stubbornly resist, and desperately refuse to submit to the loss of liberty.

It is really amazing what an amount of ferocity and vindictiveness some of them will develop, when they begin to realize the nature of the duties required of them. They will not hesitate to bite and cruelly mangle the hand that tries to harness them, even if it is the hand of their own master. See how cautious these two big stalwart dog-drivers are going to work to get the harness on that dog in the picture. They had better be careful, or in spite of their strength and knowledge of dog-nature, they will both get bitten, and he will slip away from them after all. The best way to break in a young, stubborn dog is with the aid of a good train of old experienced ones. Three of these are harnessed before

the one to be conquered, and a steady, strong one is put behind him. The harness must be securely fastened on him, for he will use the most desperate efforts to squeeze or wriggle himself out of it. If he does escape he is like a horse that has once run away, he will be apt to try it again and consequently is not so highly valued. When well harnessed in this way, the driver shouts first, the new dog is half frightened out of his wits, when he finds that his freedom is interfered with, and that he cannot romp and play around in the same independent way that he could in his happy puppyhood. So he pulls and jumps, and springs this way and that way, and makes the most frantic efforts to get out of his harness. When he finds this to be impossible, he sometimes stiffens out his legs and tries to stop and think a little, but the strong dogs ahead are not of his mind; just then, and they jerk him along in spite of his stiff legs. Then he tries another plan, and fancies that he would like to rest *just now*, so he throws himself down on the snow, but the steady dogs in front say, "No, you don't," and as they push on, he is obliged to keep on the move.

Poor brute, he is to be pitied, he cannot move sideways, for the strong dog and heavy sled behind keep him in line, and he is in a bad fix. Some dogs quickly accept the situation, and settle down to steady work, and give no more trouble. Some give a great deal of trouble, and often break out into stubborn rebellion. Some will shirk most cunningly, and while pretending to be tugging away, are not drawing a pound. Sometimes a dog will throw himself down, and submit to be jerked along for a great distance by the dog ahead of him, while the driver is most severely whipping him, and shouting at him to get up.

## DOG TRICKS.

At one place the people had a dog

so stubborn and obstinate that it seemed to be impossible to make him move when harnessed up. So one day they took him away a mile or so from the house and then securely harnessed him to an empty sled. Then they went away and left him, and waited to see how long it would be before he came home with the sled. He waited only until they were out of sight, and then with his teeth cut off his traces and ate up the greater part of them, and then deliberately walked home. I forget, just now, whether his flesh supplied the family that day with a capital dinner, or whether they made a pot of soft soap out of his fat.

The poor dog drivers have a hard time of it when they have a train of sulky, lazy dogs. Once, when I reproved a French half-breed for swearing, he replied, "Oh! missionary, don't you know that it is very hard work for a man to keep his temper, or keep from swearing, and drive dogs."

For years I travelled over my large circuit, in the winter time, with these dogs. How they used to amuse me with their tricks and antics, and sometimes what hardships and suffering they caused, by cunningly stealing and eating all our provisions in the night, when we were scores of miles from a human habitation. Sometimes, when the nights were bitterly cold, they would leave their beds in the woods, and come and crowd into our camp, where we were sleeping, and fight with each other over us, for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our heads.

## DOG TRAVELLING.

Travelling with dogs, in that cold, dreary North land, is more pleasant to read about than to actually endure. The bitter cold, that used to cause us the most intense anguish; the bruised limbs and bleeding feet; the long days of painful toiling along through the deep snow, in the pathless forests, where we had to go ahead on our snow shoes to pick a track for the poor dogs, that had all they could possibly do to

drag the loaded sleds after them, will never be forgotten.

Then, wearied as we were, when night came down upon us, instead of having a friendly home to shelter us, we had to go to work and dig out a place in the snow, and prepare our camp; and then how uncomfortable it was after all our toil. Here we had to prepare our food, and here we rested and slept. We had no roof above us but the star-decked vault of heaven, and yet it was often forty, and sometimes fifty degrees below zero.

We often suffered intensely on these long, toilsome journeys, but they were not in vain. The poor Indians received us so gladly, and treated us, in their simple way, so kindly, and listened to the Word of God with such rapt attention, and were so willing to learn all they could about the way of salvation, that we often forgot all about the frost-bites, and cramps, and bruises, and bleeding feet, and rejoiced that we were counted worthy to be permitted to undertake these journeys, for the sake of telling the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," to precious souls who were so very anxious to hear it.

## The Blessed Brood.

GATHER them close to your loving heart—  
Cradle them close to your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youths' topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,  
That their restless feet will run;  
There may come a time in the by-and-by  
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh

For a sound of childish fun.

When you long for a repetition sweet,  
That sounded through each room,  
Of "mother! mother!" the dear love calls  
That will echo long through the silent halls,  
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear

The eager, boyish tread,  
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,  
The busy bustle in and out,  
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up  
And scattered far and wide,  
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,  
Where youth and age come never more,  
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart,  
Cradle them on your breast,  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

—Good Housekeeping.

*My Mother, and our Old English Homes.* By Rev. SAMUEL MASSEY. Second Edition. Price 10 cents.

This neat little book, which contains a portrait of the author, who is a minister in Montreal, is full of incidents taken from the life of his mother, and abounds with practical suggestions for Christian mothers. The design of the author is to encourage mothers in the discharge of their maternal duties. They will be greatly encouraged by its perusal.