

Sunday, September 22nd, assisted by the Rev. G. Holmes, I ordained Mr. W. G. White, our missionary to White Fish Lake, a deacon. During morning service I baptized a young adult Cree who had been for some time desirous of baptism. I afterwards married him to a Cree woman, whom he had taken for his wife after the native fashion.

During last winter Mr. Holmes made a careful revision of St. John's Gospel, which I trust to be able to put through the press before long.

He has also translated some of the best of the Sankey hymns, which, with the accompanying tunes, are much liked by the Indians.

We spent a pleasant three weeks at St. Peter's, and then once more resumed our journey.

We on started the afternoon of one of those lovely Indian summer days, the perfection of North American weather. Towards evening the setting sun, cradled among dark and ominous clouds lying low on the western horizon, dyed the unruffled surface of the lake a rich crimson, while the moon, to borrow Milton's language, "in opposite aspect" drew a path of gold over the darkening water. It was late when our crew went ashore and camped. A strong head wind that threatened to carry off our tent got up in the night, and blew all next day, prevented our travelling. A few Indian families were near us engaged in fishing. A part of the day was spent with them in reading and instruction, also letter writing, but some of the time, perforce, had to be spent in idleness.

Mrs. Young watched the Indian boy who was cooking for the crew prepare to make up his bread. The preliminaries were amusing. Filling his mouth with water (Indians are addicted to chewing) he carefully blew a fine spray upon his hands, and so cleansed them from too palpable marks of dirt before plunging them into the flour. But these Indian boys are experts at making up the cakes known in the north as "bannocks" at the very shortest notice. Our friend was evidently a little more civilized than the traditional Indian cook of the Hudson Bay Company officer, who expressed to his confidants his wonder that the Okimow should be always at him to wash his hands before making the bread, a most unnecessary operation to his mind, as, however dirty his hands might be before he commenced operations, they were, he maintained, always quite clean when he had done.

The next morning was rainy, but with a fair wind that soon strengthened sufficiently to exhibit, not altogether agreeably, Lesser Slave Lake in one of its stormier moods. Our craft, short, high-sided, not even ballasted, and with yawning seams, appeared ill-fitted for a heavy sea. Our guide, too, had no previous experience, and evidently not much confidence in her sail-

ing capabilities. But provisions were not plentiful, and our guide decided on starting. Sail was hoisted, and for three hours we ran before a heavy sea. She lurched heavily as the high, short waves heaved up her stern. Not having a rudder, our steersman was in some danger of being thrust overboard by the heavy lurches of the long, clumsy steering oar. A second one was rigged at one of the side thwarts, which served to lighten the strain. The wind was cold, and the rain continuous. Our crew rolled themselves in their blankets and lay in the bottom of the boat. Puffs of tobacco smoke rising now and again from the silent heaps was the only evidence that they were not asleep. The only occupation was to watch the waves that broke into "white horses" before the wind, and surged under our counter, while the bilge water, liberally fed through the badly calked seams, swished backward and forward in sullen response; or to gaze on the distant hills blurred with the gusts of driving rain. With no shelter from the rain, it was impossible to read with any comfort, though I managed to while away an hour or so, till the pages of the magazine got soaked and pulpy. To prevent any disastrous effects from the incessant pitching and rolling of our cockle shell of a boat, that rose and fell like a huge cork on the waves, I extracted from our provision box some "hard tack" and slabs of dried moose meat. Washed down with lake water, it made a very acceptable meal in which our guide at the steering oar managed, notwithstanding the difficulty of his position, to partake, and for which, cold and wet though he was, he was very thankful. Mrs. Young nearly succumbed to the exigencies of the situation, but managed by an effort to pull herself together. The little son of our guide, a plucky little chap of about seven years, who was making the first journey of his life (who does not remember with pleasure his first journey?) did not just then find it so pleasurable. Wrapt up in his father's blanket, however, he soon forgot his troubles. After crossing a wide traverse we ran about a mile to half a mile off the shore, along a very rocky bit, and were thankful, on turning a projecting point, to land behind a sand bar, and, shivering with cold and wet, to seek the lee of some bushes, where a big fire and a hot meal soon raised the temperature. A white-fish broiled before the open fire requires no sauce on such an occasion.

Three hours more across the open, exposing us to the full sweep of the waves, and, passing the island, we were thankful to run into calmer water, and so gained the river.

On reaching the Athabasca we found it quite populous for this country. The gold-seekers were numerous, in all sorts and sizes of craft, from well-got-up skiffs down to a few rough boards nailed together. I conversed with