

his master's position, and himself, and in the snow-laden branches of the dwarf pines till they glittered like so many Christmas-trees; overhead the full moon shone down on us, and every star glowed like a lamp hung in the sky; at times the Northern Lights would flash out, but the brilliancy of the moon seemed too strong for even this wondrous foe to rival. It was pleasant to lie once again on the yielding pine-branch instead of the hard snow, and to stretch one's legs at full length, as we could never stretch them in the lodge; pleasant, too, to look back at the long struggle we had gone through, and to contrast our present condition with that of the last month."

On all points the reader who desires to be informed on the subjects of "portages," "caches," and "lodges," and generally to become acquainted with the rites of hunting in this strange country, is referred to the narrative, but Mr. Pike's last adventure was of so special a character as to be fitly discussed in a paper which is mainly literary in its scope. As regards the question of moral responsibility, Mr. Pike, while frankly admitting that he was guilty of a "stupid act" in attempting to cross the Rockies so late in the year, claims to be acquitted of any errors of judgment in the actual conduct of the expedition which so nearly terminated in his death and that of his four companions.

On December 12th the party were on the banks of the Parsnip river, within forty miles of Fort Macleod and safety. Six weeks before the native guides had passed this very spot on their way from Macleod; and across the river was a certain "high-cut bank of yellow clay, a mark that any one should recognize who had ever seen it before." Yet these same guides now declared that they had never seen the place before in their lives. "These men," Mr. Pike adds, "were a half-breed and an Indian, supposed to be gifted with that extraordinary instinct of finding their way in all circumstances which is denied to the white man." Mr. Pike maintains that he was justified in assuming that native guides would not make such a mistake as this: and most people will agree with him.

The result of the blunder was that the party had to retrace their steps. Struggling against extreme cold, starvation, and fatigue, all five men ultimately succeeded, on December 27th, in reaching an inhabited cabin *alive*. I finish the story in Mr. Pike's words—

"I pushed open the door, and shall never forget the expression of horror that came over the faces of the occupants when they recognized us. We had become used to the hungry eyes and wasted forms, as our misery had come on us gradually, but to a man who had seen us starting out thirty-two days before in full health the change in our appearance must have been terrible. There was no doubt we were very near the point of death."

The narrative of this adventure is most exciting throughout, but the climax is reached when Mr. Pike debates with himself, while a few spoonfuls of flour are boiling for dinner, whether or not he shall put an end to the two guides. Not content with jeopardising the lives of the party, these two greedy wretches had stealthily con-