

to the ice-bound ocean which has baffled man for centuries, in a valley deep and wide enough to carry the mind back to a period when Time was young.

The smoke from the many Indian lodges, and the trading houses, calmly curling cloudward, the tinkling of many bells borne by the cattle and horses around the post,—what a change in our position! Verily life has some moments of joy and peace.

After silently gazing at this scene—even the Professor forgot for the time the glacial period—we descended to the post. Had we suddenly dropped from the clouds we could not have more surprised the Indians than we did. They were all in for their fall trade, preparatory to their winter hunt. Where had we come from?—for our clothing bore testimony to a long journey. How did we get here? They followed us in a body,—man, woman and child,—to the door of the clerk's residence.

Gladman and the Professor remained out of sight, while I summoned entrance by rapping at the door. Now, I had been acquainted with Mr. Gunn, the clerk in charge, for several years, and expected a Hudson's Bay Company welcome—which was all I desired—from him. But, lo! a white woman came to the door. I did not know that he had been married the previous summer to a braw Scotch lassie, who had braved an ocean voyage, and crossed a continent, to join

him here. Call me rude if you will, but I felt like flinging my arms around that kindly-faced woman, and kissing her there and then. I did not, but if the will goes for the deed, I owe my friend Gunn an apology. Her face might have been copied for an interrogation mark as she gazed at me. I asked for Mr. Gunn. He was very sick in bed. I was sorry, but could I see him? Then,

"Oh, you are Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Yes."

"Oh! come in! come in!"

"No, thank you, I would like to see Mr. Gunn first."

So my arrival was announced to him. I was ushered into his room, and found him unable, owing to quinsy, to speak. After a cordial greeting by hand, I told him our condition, which in my own case he could see; but the others, especially the Professor, were much worse. I don't think a company of Highlanders would have tolerated his costume. His only excuse for a pair of nether garments was the ragged, frayed remnants of a cotton sack, in which we had put our bread at the start.

The keys of the store-house were handed to me. I got the others, entered it, locked the door, and we proceeded to make ourselves as respectable as the wares on hand would permit. After this, and a good wash, we were at home with Mr and Mrs. Gunn.

*(To be continued.)*

