

At Massey I left the railroad and boarded a lumber wagon for Spanish River. There were several others in the wagon, and as we wound and twisted our way up and down, around knolls, with a wheel dropping suddenly to the axle in a rut, or just as suddenly bumping up against a log, it was comforting to hear two men congratulating each other on having "the best road on the north shore."

At Spanish River the stage-driver had a new vehicle to convey us to Little Current—a one-horse edition of the front bob of a pair of sleighs. It was innocent of either box or seat, but that did not matter, because, as the snow was already gone from the woods and hills, we had to walk at any rate. The ice on the Spanish was already giving away, but we crossed in safety. Two small lakes, still bound in icy fetters, gave us a brief rest, for we were able to ride there. The driver then had leisure to tell how all winter he drove a stage over this route fifty miles every day, storm and shine. His stage was covered in, and there was a stove in it, so that passengers could sit and read their papers.

At La Cloche we came to the North Channel, and from there to Little Current there were twelve miles of ice, where, of course, we rode.

At Little Current I received a truly Christian welcome to the house of Rev. Mr. Wallace. He secured for me the services of a guide and dog-sled for my remaining trip of fifty miles on the ice. This guide, Jim May, is a notable character at almost every village on the North Shore. He was born on the Manitoulin fifty years ago. He is, I believe, married to an Indian woman, and lives very much an Indian life. He is one of the best runners and snow-shoers in Algoma, and on one occasion he ran a race with an Indian from Little Current to Sudbury, a distance of ninety miles, and back. Another time he carried the mail in the middle of winter, when the ice was deep with snow, the whole length of Georgian Bay, from Little Current to Penetang, and back again. However, I was told this was not remarkable, because another man made the same trip in winter to secure a marriage license!

Before setting out I watched the—to me—novel operation of putting mocassins on the dogs. The ice was so honey-combed by the spring sun that, without the mocassins, the feet of the dogs would soon be cut and bleeding. The ice was broken away at the Current, and Jim May's son undertook to row me and the baggage down to the solid ice, while Jim went over land with the dogs to meet us. Our boat was very leaky, and we had to put in boards on which to pile the baggage, while I mounted a seat, and with a bailing dish kept the vessel afloat.

It is remarkable what one pair of those dogs on the North Shore will draw. We had a box of eggs, a package of net-cord, a valise, and two men on the sleigh, and the dogs would gallop

along as if with no load. Jim May, true to his instincts, would run for miles beside the sleigh. He seemed absolutely tireless. At Killarney the Indians prophesied ruin, and, as the ice was already none too safe, Jim was anxious to return, especially since another dog-sleigh was available for the remainder of my journey. The next twenty-five miles were very much like the former, so far as travelling is concerned. We reached the mission field, the object of the journey late in the evening, pretty well tired.

This field is a lumbering village, situated on the North Shore about eighteen miles from Killarney. The village is entirely encircled by rocks, much higher and more rugged than those seen between Sudbury and Massey. Over these rocks a great fire swept years ago, and they are but now beginning to be clothed with birch and poplar.

In a lumbering village one finds a great variety of people. In most of these villages on the North Shore there are many French and half-breeds, while not a few Indians work in or about the mills. The half-breeds, with some exceptions, do not seem to be a very desirable class of people. As has been said so often, they seem to combine the vices of the white man with the faults of the red. With all their special evil habits they unite with the Indian and the Frenchman, and many of the Englishmen, in the great vice of whiskey drinking. At this village they could not procure liquor, but they made up for this when they got to Killarney. One man had the reputation of being able to get drunk fifteen minutes before reaching Killarney—merely from the anticipation.

In contrast with these, however, one will find some of the most intelligent, refined, and well-educated families that one could meet with in any part of Ontario. These are the missionary's stay and right hand support, next to God. Too much cannot be said in praise of those who strive not only in summer, but in winter as well, to keep the Gospel lamp burning in those distant places. Sometimes, too, among the transient inhabitants, those who come from all parts of Ontario to remain only during the milling season, there are those who try to exert an influence for good among their companions, and who do all they can in their own way to help the cause of our Master; but it must be admitted that these are the exceptions.

There is a great work to be done among these employees of the lumber companies, and it must be largely accomplished by quiet, earnest, personal conversation and influence. Would that I had done more of such work during the summer. May God give to all others who need it as well, greater zeal for His cause, more love for the souls of men, and that wisdom in winning souls that can come only from Him.—A. W. M. in *Knox College Journal*.