

interruptions. Our sleigh-driver is dressed in leather and well-worked Moose skin, with fringed shirt, and cloth leggings profusely beaded down the side of each leg. His cap is of fur—marten, mink, or beaver—for Whutale is a good trapper, and has made quite a fortune of furs he has trapped and sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. His leather mittens, lined with duffle, are slung round his neck with a twisted braid of many colours.

Now, with his handsomely beaded fire-bag at his side, and a good warm comforter which some kind, industrious friend to our Mission has sent out from Canada or England, our good-looking driver's outfit is complete.

But the sleigh, or "sled," as it is called in the North, must now be loaded. First come our travelling blankets and pillow, then kettle and saucepan, an axe (without which no traveller would ever think of travelling), and lastly our "prey," consisting of a few ribs of dried moose or deer's meat, a few dried fish, a small bag of biscuits or a little flour to mix with water and fry in grease—a very favourite dish in the North, which goes by the name of "bangs," and which our sleigh-boy concocts with great skill; another bag will contain tea, and of this we must take a pretty liberal supply, as every grain which we do not need for our own use will be begged of us by the Indians.

Thus our sled is made ready for the start. And next comes our cariole, which is only a sleigh with sides of parchment, painted and decorated according to Indian fancy, and stocked with cushion and fur robe for the traveller's comfort. When the Bishop or any of his clergy go on a trip, this is their usual style of equipage. In this way they are able to make long winter expeditions to visit the Indians in their camps, and, being always sure of a kind welcome, they have camped among them and spent several days teaching them and holding services in the camps.

Each night, when they are on a trip, a halt is made. The poor, tired dogs are unharnessed. The axe is immediately in demand to hew down trees for fuel, and soon the pleasant sound of crackling wood meets the ear, and the travellers gather round the cheerful blaze.

Supper is the next concern, and then the short evening service, after which each one turns into his bed, dug deep in the snow and well lined with boughs and brushwood, and the good robe of musk ox or buffalo wrapped closely round him.

BENNY'S THANK-YOU BOX.

HEY were going to have a thank-offering meeting at Benny's church. He knew it, because his mamma was President of the big 'ciety, and sister Gertie attended the band. He "b'longed to bofe," he said, and

he had a mite-box with Luther's picture on it, and he put a cent in it whenever he found a white one in papa's pocket. Benny had one of the tenth-year envelopes, but it wasn't large enough to suit him, so he begged a box from Gertie, and he was happy.

That night when papa opened the door, a boy and a rattling box danced down stairs.

"Do you feel very thankful, papa?"

"What for?"

"'Cause you're home and I'm kissing you."

"Indeed I do," laughed papa.

"Then put a penny in my thank-you box," shouted Benny.

Mamma had to put one in because she said she was thankful the spring cleaning was done. Brother Tom put in five because his new suit came home just in time for the party. Bridget had it presented to her for an offering when she said she was glad Monday was such a fine drying day for her washing, and Gertie gave him pennies twice for two pleasant afternoons spent in gathering wild flowers. So many things to be thankful for seemed to happen that the little box grew heavy—it got so full it wouldn't rattle.

But one night, soon after, Tom and Gertie were creeping around with pale, frightened faces, and speaking in whispers; the little "thank-you boy," as Benny liked to be called, was very ill with croup. The doctor came and went and came again; but not till daylight broke could he give the comforting assurance, "He is safe now."

In the dim light Tom dropped something in the little box as he whispered, "Thank you, dear God." Somehow everybody seemed to feel as Tom did, and when Benny was propped up in bed next day and counted his "thank-you" money, there was \$2.50 in it, which papa changed into a gold-piece that very day.—*Lutheran Missionary Journal.*

SOKOMAH, THE AFRICAN DETECTIVE AND DOCTOR.



FEW weeks ago a Sierra Leone trader at a town called Rembee, in the Shain-gay District reported that money amounting to nearly \$100 was stolen from a box in his house. The landlord suspected the clerk, and the clerk suspected the landlord and his people. Something had to be done to find out the thief.

About this time there was in the neighbouring town a doctor, the noted Sokomah, famed for his knowledge and power in detecting witches and divulging the dark and secret doings of his fellow mortals. By his charms he claims to be able to see through the human system, so as to note the ravages of disease, and tell his fellow-men, even before they are themselves aware, of the presence of such disease. He claimed a