

would proceed from that abode of tortured and evil spirits. It was too dark to see anything but the glare of the flames, and I was glad to return to Mr. Tremblay's, where we passed the night. Malcolm tried to get some boots for me and stockings for himself, but I was glad to remain quietly in the house. He returned about midnight, bringing a pair of boots for me, and thus ended our first evening at Lake St. John.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

TUESDAY, September 5th.

Sumptuous Breakfast—Jennie in a Dying State—Good Roads—Cross the Metabetchouan—A Steamboat—Arrival at Mr. Charlton's—Hospitality—Return to Mr. Tremblay's—Start for Grande Baie—Arrival at a beautiful, clean home—Good Supper—We drive on—All asleep on the road.

A lovely day; up at six a.m. Malcolm had a sumptuous breakfast of tea and mutton fried in fat; notwithstanding our long fast I was not Sybarite enough to appreciate such delicate fare at such an early hour; and the bread, though newly baked, was of a very dusky hue. A screaming child enchanted us with its shrill voice, and the flies had not yet taken leave of us. After breakfast we went out to see the horses, who looked most wretched, although very well cared for, with plenty of clean straw and good hay. Jennie looked in a dying state, and we are much afraid she will not live. Our Indians and Ryan were lying on the ground fast asleep, too stiff and sore to move. Johnson, the only man awake, was complaining bitterly, and was scarcely able to stand. On our return from the stable we found Mr. Tremblay with his horse and "Buckboard" waiting to drive us to Mr. Charlton's, and to show us the lake and surrounding country. Malcolm's boots having been sent to be mended, he, being unable to procure others, was obliged to wear a pair of Mr. Tremblay's white woolen stockings, which gave his legs a comical look, though I don't think he thought it a joke to wear such warm stockings without boots on a broiling hot day. The roads we drove over were in excellent order, and many men were still at work on them. We ascended and descended many steep though short hills. The bush in many places being still on fire showed only too plainly the danger we should have been in from