

very respectable fashion (as he afterwards remarked) bank, bush, and muddy creek beyond; at another time to see Bishop and horse rolling in a muskeg.

Later on in the day, it did not require any great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself in a cavalry charge, oneself in the third rank, the second-rank horse riderless, and Mr. H., with gun on shoulder, to the front charging at a gallop.

All at once there was a clatter and a crash, and down went Mr. H., man and horse. The cause, no bullet or lacerating shell, but a too intricate interlacing of fallen stems, even for a native horse to overcome, at the pace we were going. It was well that the upset called for nothing more than a hearty laugh.

Daylight disappeared two weary hours before we reached our destination. About half a mile from the mission we had to cross a river, and had been warned of a deep hole which would waylay the unwary traveller steering too straight a course over the ford. Cautiously we entered the river and made for the opposite bank; a gentle current broke in ripples that glinted in the moonlight against our horses' flanks.

It got deeper and deeper, until, to escape the water, we had to cross our legs over the necks of our horses and sit in true Turkish fashion; our anxiety being divided between the fear of a sudden plunge into the lurking depth, and being pitched off our perches by the stumbling of our horses. This safely passed, we saw some Indian tents to our right among the bushes. As we passed, the curtain of one was raised and a ruddy gleam shone out in relief against the cold moonlight, suggestive of warmth and rest. Two Indian boys came out to scan the passing travellers, and we heard them say, as they re-entered, "Unooch takusinwuk ayumehay wiyinewuk"—"The prayer men are arriving." A few minutes brought us to the little log shanty, then doing service for a mission house. It stood under the deep shadow of the trees in a small clearing facing the moonlit lake. The barking of the mission train dogs was our only welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson having already retired for the night. They were, however, soon up and busy preparing supper for the hungry and weary travellers.

Early the following morning the Indians began to drop in by twos and threes. Until about two p.m. we were engaged in talking with them, setting before them the truths of the Gospel, and urging them to make use of the mission we had been enabled to establish among them.

One middle-aged man, though present, stood aloof, and his whole bearing indicated no friendly feeling towards us. In fact, Mr. R. afterwards wrote that he opposed our work.

In 1893, however, he was able to write of him when referring to some other baptisms, "One family of four we baptized, also a little boy whom they had adopted. The father is a man of great influence among these people; he is the same man who opposed us when first we came here."

In another letter, after referring to a child whose baptism he had previously mentioned, he writes, "I have now had the pleasure of baptizing the mother. These six persons say they have now only commenced to pray. They had been coming to the services, but could not make up their minds to join us before."

Wednesday, July 11, we started for the Peace River. To appearance, our team might have been in harness for the first time. Fortunately, Charley, our driver, handled the reins as one to the manner born. Nor was he discomposed when one of the fore-horses threw himself on to his back and succeeded in tangling things up generally.

The road gradually ascends from the mission, more or less skirting the banks of the Hart River, glimpses of which are obtainable at points where the trees and bush have been cleared away, while good views are obtainable of the country lying to the west of Buffalo and Slave lakes.

The little log houses of Indians and half-breeds line the road at intervals for the first three miles, and then we are once more in the wilderness.

The trail crosses a series of small open prairies, rich in grass, and then plunges into an unbroken woodland, where the trees and bushes closely flank the road for about fifteen miles. In bad weather these wooded sections of road are somewhat trying.

Here and there, there has been a feeble attempt at corduroy, but, as a rule, tougher pieces of ground interlaced by roots are alternated with weaker bits, generally a mixture of mud and water, into which first one wheel and then another sinks at times almost to the hub, calling for great presence of mind, and sometimes some muscular effort, on the part of the passengers to maintain their seats. Jokes on each other's misfortunes, or a grim smile at one's own, serve, however, to enliven a journey much less tedious in this respect than a "Pullman."

Then, when "banks and braes" and woods glow in the rich hues of the setting sun, and the calm of evening rests on grass and tree and flower, and the wearied, foam-streaked horses are pulled up alongside a bit of grassy sward, it is a pleasant change to stretch cramped and wearied limbs, some busy in putting up the tents, others in getting a fire and preparing for the evening meal.

Three things are essential in choosing camp—water, dry wood, and grass. It is, however, not