

**FARTHEST NORTH.****A Letter from Yukon.**

By Rev. J. J. Wright.

In this north country of magnificent distances, the man who "mushes" ten or twenty miles daily is not noted at all; when he does thirty or forty miles he is "skookum"; but when he has hit the trail for some hundreds of miles he has qualified as a "sour-dough-stiff," and these form the aristocracy in a mining camp.

Such a journey Rev. J. A. Sinclair made

For sixty-five miles over the "cut-off" there are many great hills to climb—the southern slopes of which are bare of snow as in summer. These sides he had to climb on the way north, so he conceived the plan of fitting a pair of wheels about the middle of the sled, just balancing it, and lifting it a couple of inches off the ground, enabling him to send his team over bare spots without that exasperating screech when iron strikes gravel. The wheels were so fixed that they could be removed or attached in a few seconds.



**Wheeling up a Bare Slope.**

this spring for the Home Mission Committee to find out something of the condition and needs of the mining population working the rich creeks of Klondyke. Should anyone think lightly of such a trip, let him start from Montreal to "count ties" on the Grand Trunk to Toronto. Then let him try to imagine what his feelings would be to be told by Dr. Warden that his walk is hardly three parts done and to report progress to Dr. Thompson in Sarnia.

It was Mr. Sinclair's own plan to house our work for this winter at White Horse, where he had secured a building lot and had some lumber to begin operations, but the Home Mission Committee's word must always go, and so he must make preparation at once for the journey.

He required an outfit, dog-team and sled. When we remember that the outfit must not much exceed one hundred pounds, and that it must include fish for dog-feed, a rubber blanket, an axe, an ice-pole, some hymn books and a camera, it will be seen that no great room was left for luxuries. In Bobs, Dewey and Bismarck he got together a good team, and in the fittings of the sled found a chance for his mechanical gift to show itself.

The White Pass and Yukon Railway men, from Mr. Heney down, all know Sinclair, and many ominous winks were exchanged as he fitted up his "automobile." "Little Willie," the construction boss, so called because he weighs nearly 300 pounds, confided his conclusion, long since come to, that "the parson had wheels in his head." However, on many a hard stretch of road afterward, as the nicely balanced sled rolled smoothly over the bare ground, dogs and men rejoiced in that teaching "the righteous man is merciful to his beast." Whether the plan commended itself because it was humane or because it made time, no matter, the lesson was taught.

It should be told that to these same railway men all along the line our missionaries are indebted for many kindnesses that make their work easier and pleasanter.

The time of year chosen for the trip was about the worst possible, the Yukon breaking up much earlier than usual. Every morning a start was made about three o'clock so as to take advantage of the night's frost, and the sensation of a traveller alone on these ice stretches as he heard the wolves howl in the black forests of the hill-sides, were none too comfortable.