

its banks. Our provisions ran low, and we turned back disheartened, Haskins loading the forest gloom with endless imprecations. Meantime, the canoe had been slowly advancing, so that we met the party before our flour was quite run out. The dingy little tent and the brown faces of my partners were very welcome after the privation and wretchedness of our foot journey.

Once more on with the dug-out, Haskins, who was a skilful if reckless canoeeman, taking command. The river was falling, and slippery stretches of wet, mossy boulders, or sandbars, where the print of the lifted foot was quickly filled with water, afforded tracking ground. In other places the water was shallow enough for poling; and once or twice, as a blessed change, a great eddy bore us gently half a mile on our course, while the main stream rushed on its way a few rods off. The scenery grew even bolder than before. One towering summit, with a glacier gleaming blue and white on its flank, looked down on us more than half the way to Laporte. It seemed impossible to escape its silent presence, the embodiment of changeless dignity, compared with the fuming, muddy Columbia which nagged at its foot. At last, rounding a curve, Laporte was before us,—a ruined log-house or two, a shabby tent on the low, grassy beach, and that was all. I

confess to having been disappointed. However, it was truly "The Port," for navigation stops a mile or two above at the Dalles de Mort, where years ago sixteen miners met their end, giving the spot its ominous name of "Death Rapids."

A tramp of twenty miles over a fairly good trail brought us to the gold region, where a quarter of a century ago thousands of miners were at work, though now bushes and saplings have begun to hide the scars left on the landscape by their labours; and the lonely valleys are silent except for the sound of rain-swollen creeks. Eight million dollars in dust and nuggets are said to have found their way, in two or three summers, from this wild region into the great gold-loving world outside.

My holidays were nearly over, and after a few days of geological work, I made my way back to Laporte. Haskins was before me, however, and had coolly taken our canoe and slipped down to the Dalles on his way to Farwell. Fortunately for me the trail was nearly finished, and parties were beginning to come in with horses; so that in two or three days a dilapidated professor, with a heavy bag of specimens, rode a still more dilapidated pony safely into Farwell. Then good-bye to the Columbia, and whiz and rush across the continent to meet my classes in the East!

PILGRIM SONG.*

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY ROBERT WINTON.

ME receptet Zion illa
Zion David, urbs tranquilla :
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri.
Cujus cives semper laeti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus.

FAIR Zion reached, our wand'rings cease
In David's home of tranquil peace,
Whose builder is the Lord of light;
Whose gates are wood from Calvary's height;
Whose keys are turned at Peter's word;
Whose people's hymns of praise are heard;
Whose walls are built of living stones;
Whose Keeper is the Lord alone.

* From page 236 (March number, 1894). THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.