

keeping up Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings. Such in proportion will be missionaries at home and on the other side of the globe.

### IN THE GREAT LONE LAND.

In the *Methodist Missionary Notices* for April, we find an interesting report of a mission journey by the Rev. G. Young, in the north-west country far beyond the bounds of civilization. The report shews Mr. Young to be not only an energetic missionary but a graphic writer of very superior powers.

#### THE JOURNEY

extended to a distance of well nigh one thousand two hundred miles, occupied twenty-eight travelling days, and was performed by some walking, and a good deal of riding in dog sleds. The sixteen dogs, four sleds, four Indians, and two missionaries made up such a procession, as we left in the early morn of December 9th, as would have brought to the front a crowd of spectators had it appeared on King Street, Toronto, instead of the Red River of the North. Let me describe. Foremost of all was "the runner," Jake Savanas, o Southwind, a fat, young Indian, a good runner, a still better feeder. Then came the Rev. E. F. Young with his valuable train of dogs; and a sled heavily laden with supplies needed at home. Next in order, my cariole, with its one hundred and eighty pounds, more or less, of humanity; and how much of bedding, clothing, pemmican, etc., etc., I know not; and then two other trains, loaded with flour, pork, and fish, either for use on the trip or to meet the wants of the people at Beren's River. Two of the four teams of dogs and sleds were required for my use, other two were independent, though "attached," for reasons sufficiently apparent. The dog sled, used as a

cariole, is made of thin oak, about an inch thick; fourteen or eighteen inches wide, and about ten or twelve feet long; with the front end turned up like a skate, while the sides and back are made of parchment drawn tightly around a framework, and so hinged to the bottom of the sled as to yield a little when it runs against blocks of ice or trees, and thereby escape being wrecked, even though the passenger experiences an unpleasant squeeze from the collision. The whole thing is very light, and runs easily and rides smoothly on smooth ice, or a well-beaten road; otherwise, not. My experience in dog sledding was of the following order.—First period,—quite amusing; the thinness of the oak bottom and the pliability of the sides render it a springy sort of thing; and as it runs over an uneven surface, the bottom changing quickly from the straight to the convex, and then to the concave, and back to the straight again—the sides meanwhile working like the leather sides of a bellows, it seems almost like a thing of life, and might easily suggest to a half-awake passenger the idea of its being a sort of second Jonah, who by some hook or crook had got inside some monster, who, though on the ice, was making desperate strides toward an opening, through which to plunge with his victim into his native element, the "vasty deep." Two months before this, to a day, I was enjoying a ride on one of the beautiful and comfortable Pulman cars, between Chicago and St. Paul. Between that ride and this there was but little resemblance save that in each, one is conscious of being strangely jerked, feet foremost, toward some place, he scarcely knows where. The second period,—barely enjoyable, with interruptions; sitting for hours, not as in a chair, but after the fashion of a Jack-knife half open, with an occasional let down, when the sled drops from a cake of ice or log, while the