

N.A.D.A.

high, and when he finally pulled up at sight of us, within forty yards, with his neck slightly arched and a gleam of sunshine lighting up the huge white boss formed by the junction of the horns, he presented a most formidable appearance."

This first success was followed up by a winter expedition of five weeks' duration. Mr. Pike then returned to Fort Resolution for Christmas; but in the following summer he made a third expedition to the Barren Ground, in which he was accompanied by Mr. MacKinlay, who was in charge of the Fort, and some other white men. In both of these latter expeditions the hunting of the musk-ox and caribou was conducted on a very handsome scale. Satiated by these victories over his "horned foes," late in the autumn of 1890 Mr. Pike formed the intention of crossing the Rockies, and so making his way to the Pacific. It was in carrying out this intention that Mr. Pike met with an experience which threatened to be deeply tragic, and which forms the culminating adventure of the narrative.

For the moment the interest I have felt in the matter of Mr. Pike's book has prevented me from noticing his manner. It is difficult to praise too much the brevity and strength of Mr. Pike's work. There is something Homeric in the directness and simplicity of his style. At the same time, by eschewing the pernicious habit of breaking up the narrative by the insertion of dates, he has avoided making his book a mere diary. I have already mentioned, as constituting, in my opinion, the chief merit of the book, the vivid pictures of hunting life which it contains. These descriptions are admirable. They are not mere exhibitions of skilful word-painting, though they are excellent as such; they reveal a singular capacity to seize and express in words the aspects of a scene that are essentially dramatic. To begin with we will take that in which Mr. Pike looks forth for the first time upon his strange Canaan:—

"We sat down for a smoke at the top of the hill, and took our last view of the Great Slave Lake. Looking southward we could see the far shore and the unknown land beyond rising in terraces to a considerable height, and very similar in appearance to the range we were on. Ahead of us, to the north, lay a broken rocky country sparsely timbered and dotted with lakes, the nearest of which, a couple of miles away, was the end of our portage; a bleak and desolate country, already white with snow, and with a film of ice over the smaller ponds. Three hundred miles in the heart of this wilderness, far beyond the line where timber ceased, lies the land of the musk-ox, to which we were about to force our way, depending entirely on our guns for food and for clothing to withstand the intense cold that would soon be upon us. A pair of hawks hovering overhead furnished the only signs of life, and the outlook was by no means cheerful. As I was sitting on a rock meditating upon these things old King [a half-breed] came up and said: 'Let us finish the portage quickly; it is dinner-time.'"

Mr. Pike has much to say about the half-breed Indians with whom he was so largely associated, and in particular of a certain King Beaulieu (mentioned above), who acted as his chief guide. Of the half-breed in general, Mr. Pike writes: "He is not a nice man to

I with a curious long hair on the the legs such an could declare the head was carried