

bottom a confused mass of man, sleigh and tangled dogs. Not minding so much to escape the peals of laughter with which his companions greet any little eccentricity in his downward career. Some of our young Missionaries who are gaining their first experience in "running the dogs" are a frequent source of merriment. But "pluck," whether English, Scotch or Canadian—it is one and the same—soon tells. Both here and constantly throughout the journey, springs are encountered forcing their way up through snow and ice even in the mid-winter months of January and February. Sealed up for a while when the thermometer sinks to 20 or 30 deg. below zero, but flowing again whenever it rises above zero. These afford most refreshing drinks to the traveller, for running with the dogs in the dry cold air is very provocative of thirst. As we continue ascending we catch glimpses through the heavy timber of one of the Pelican Lakes away to the right. Large Pines crown the summit. From numerous signs we gather that this is a favorite Indian camping ground during the heat of summer. Berries grow among the glades and game must be fairly numerous in the surrounding valleys.

A long descent brings us, toward the close of the forth day, to a creek whose even surface affords a welcome relief to the broken and rugged trail with its stumps and fallen timber. Two or three miles of quick running along its sinuous course opens out the wider expanse of "Sandy Lake," one of the larger of the group of lakes that stud the interior of the country. This and "Big Lake" to the north and west of the Wapuskaw Lakes are considered to have the best white-fish in this section of the country. Night set in while yet rounding the points and fathoming the depths of the bay at whose remotest point the houses were situated at which we were to camp. As we had commenced our travelling some two hours before day-break it was very pardonable when a stout built young Englishman somewhat footsore, going out to his new missionary sphere, did not relish the round trip on the lake our guide seemed bent on treating us to. This guide, a short sturdy Indian from Wapuskaw was an interesting study. As driver, he had a high moral standard for hauling dogs and when they fell short, it was very grievous to him. The way in which he appealed to their moral feelings ought to have sufficed, if any sense of right hauling lingered in their canine minds. The scathing tones in which he would inform "Warpikwaryes" (White-neck) that he was "muchustim" (bad dog); or "Karkargu" (Crow) that he was "pewartim" (vile dog). Some sense of how very far short they were coming seemed to be aroused, when dropping his voice to a falsetto, in a querying tone, but

with a ring of menace and possible contingencies in it, he uttered "aryewarkakinookee"; a word somewhat difficult to render into English. Having reached this point, he would end up with a heart-piercing groan which seemed to rend the very cavities of his chest. Other and more convincing appeals that went straight to their feelings were, of course, never lacking (no dog-driver carries the whip in vain), these evoking sounds of wailing and of woe as only an Indian hauling-dog can perfect. Colin Thunder, for such is his Anglicised name was apparently incapable of fatigue. Rising about 4.30 a.m. to put on fire, cook the breakfast, fasten up the load, catch and harness the dogs, he would run from before daylight to dark, no small tax on one's power besides guiding the Cariole or loaded sleigh through the narrow intricacies of the trail or lifting the whole affair over the stems of fallen trees that often fairly barricaded the road; not to speak of the above named vocal exercises which were in constant requisition. No sooner was some suitable spot reached at dusk, than he was off into the deep snow cutting pine brush for the camp and wood for the night's fire; this done, he set to work to cook supper over a roasting fire. He threw himself with equal zest into the services I held in Indian houses or tents. The night we spent at "Sandy Lake," men and women gathered in for this purpose. I had only one book in the Syllabic characters at hand. Every stool and box being occupied, Colin perched himself on the table by my side (he is very proud of being able to read and start hymns) and looking over with me, took a hearty share in the proceedings listening afterwards without a yawn or one restless movement to the address which I am afraid lasted more than half an hour. But one feels that these are opportunities which may not offer again and one longs to make known to these poor souls the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

A portage broken by the windings of a connecting channel and a small lake leads from "Sandy Lake" to "Wapuskaw Lake"; as we emerged from the screen of woods we encountered a rising wind and falling snow (weather almost identical to that we experienced last year), this increased to a gale as we reached the widest traverse. The heavy drift blotted out from our view the opposite shore towards which we were making our way and obliterated almost every trace of what an hour or two previously had been a well defined trail.

We reached the Mission about 4 p.m. This is in charge of the Rev. C. Weaver, a former student of Wycliffe College, Toronto. His assistants are J. A. Bruce from St. John's College, Winnipeg, and H. A. George, my travelling companions to this point (Mr. Bruce having driven a team of dogs and successfully