THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

TO be in London is to be in society. Each invitation accepted brings two more, with an ultimate result like that of the old-fashioned "chain letter."

Having thoughtlessly begun a social career, I suddenly found my London carpeted with crimson velvet. And by insidious processes, and by reason of the advance of Summer, the velvet carpet magically transformed itself into country-house lawns, the only difference being that the green velvet carpet was of a richer pile.

I had determined to accept no country-house invitations. The somewhat ample length and breadth of London itself was all the England I desired, and this I absorbed as fast as I could; my only difficulty being that I could not live nimbly enough.

But, like the historic gentleman who "loved but was lured away," I was invited to a Sunday afternoon garden party in the country, and, under pressure of argument by some cherished friends, I consented to go.

The garden party, unlike Sheridan, was seventy miles away; but I learned that it would be a typical English garden party of the three-volume sort, and though it necessitated a week-end stay, and concomitant luggage bothers, I stoically prepared to see it through.

I was to meet my cherished friends, who were none other than the Wag O' The World and his Wife, at Victoria Station.

This, of itself, was a worth-while experience, for meeting friends at a London station is always exacting. To begin with, they are never there. You rush madly about from one ridiculous, inadequate ticket wicket to another—from one absurd, inadequate waiting-room to another—and then you think that after all they must have said Charing Cross.

Then you forget them, and become absorbed in watching the comic opera crowd of week-enders in their neat traveling suits of beflounced muslin, frilly lace scarfs and stout boots.

Wandering about in the luggage-room, I suddenly chanced upon my friends calmly sitting on their own boxes, and looking as if they had been evicted for not paying their rent.

And such a multiplicity of luggage as they had! I had contefited myself with one box of goodly proportions, but my cherished friends had no less than 12 pieces of the varying patterns of enameled blackness and pig-skinned brownness which only England knows.

"Why sit ye here idle?" I demanded.

"We await the psychical moment," responded the Wag O' The World; "you see they won't stick our luggage sooner than 10 minutes before train time, and they're not allowed to stick it later than five minutes before train time. The game is to catch a porter between those times."

The game seemed not only difficult, but impossible, for the porters were not only elusive, but for the most part invisible. Preoccupied - looking men strolled about with a handful of labels and a paste-pot, but could not be induced to decorate our luggage therewith. "The principle is all wrong!" I declared. "It is absurd for one to be such a slave to ones luggage. Somebody ought to invent a trunk with legs and intelligence, that would run after us, instead of our running after it."

"Even that would not be necessary," responded the Wag O' The World, in his mild way; "if somebody would only invent a porter with legs and intelligence, it would fulfill all requirements."

Now this is the strange part.

Though there were more than a thousand people waiting to have their luggage stuck (i. e., labeled), and though there were but few of the invisible porters, yet everybody was properly stuck, and started when the train did!

The next entertainment was the securing of an entire compartment for our party of three. This is always accomplished in England, but by many devious and often original devices.

"I've thought of a good plan, which I've never tried yet," observed the Wag O' The World, "to get a compartment to one's self. That is, to invent some collapsible rubber people—like balloon pigs, you know—that may be carried in the pocket, and blown up when necessary. Three or four of these, when blown up and placed in the various seats, would fool any guard. And if one were shaped like a baby, with a crying arrangement that would work mechanically, the others would not be needed."

This plan was ingenious, but, like everything else in England, unnecessary. It is one of the most striking characteristics of the English that nothing is absolutely necessary to their well-being or happiness. If anything is omitted or mislaid, it is not missed but promptly forgotten, and no harm done.

After an hour or two of pleasant travel through the hop-poled scenery of Southeastern England, we reached a place with one of those absurd names which always suggest Edward Lear's immortal lyrics, where we must needs change cars.

My cherished friends strolled along the length of the platform to the luggage van, and judiciously selected such boxes as they dared to claim; though I am sure they did not get all of their own, and acquired a few belonging to other passengers. I easily picked out my own American trunk, and, surrounded by our spoil, we stood on the platform while the train wandered on.

After a long, but by no means tedious, wait there appeared on the other side of the platform a toy railroad train, so amateurish that it looked like one drawn by a child on a slate.

We were put into a boxatall, and locked in. The ridiculous little contraption bobbled along its track, and finally stopped in the middle of a beautiful landscape, and we jumped out to become part of it.

The barouche of our hostess awaited us, with still life in the shape of liveried attendants. A huge wagon awaited our luggage, which had mysteriously dumped itself out of the train, and we were whisked away to the garden party.

Partly to be polite, and partly because I couldn't help it, I remarked on the marvelous beauty of the country.

The wag o' the world enthusiastically agreed with me. "But, Emily," he said, "if you could only see this same country in the Spring! These lanes are walled on either side with the pink bloom of the may,—and the wild flowers. . . . ."

Tears stood in the blue eyes of the Wag, at the mere thought of Spring in Kent, and I realized at last why English poets have sometimes written poems about Spring.

We passed through the village, one of those tiny hamlets which acquire merit only by age and local tradition. The happy villagers stared at us with just the correct degree of bucolic curiosity, and we rolled on through the lodge gates, and along the winding, beautiful avenue to the house. In every direction stretched wide lawns of perfect grass, that probably acquired its uppish look when William the conqueror told it.

We were met by no humanity of our own stamp, but were shown to our room by benevolent-minded factotums, and gently advised to prepare for the garden party.

With the exception of entertainments of a public nature, I have never seen so beautiful and elaborate an affair. The guests, to the number of 200, came from all the country round; some in equipages dripping with ancestral glory, and some in motor cars reeking with modern wealth.

The women's costumes were of themselves a study. The English woman's dress often inclines to the bizarre; and at a garden fete she lets herself loose in radiant absurdities, which she wears with the absolute self satisfaction born of the knowledge that in the matter of feminine adornment England is the land of the free and home of the brave.

The garden party proceeded with the regularity of clock-work. The invitations read from four till six, and promptly at four the whole 200 guests arrived. This occasioned no confusion, and the hostess greeted them with a neatness and despatch equaling that of our own Presidential receptions.

The guests then conversed in amiable groups on the lawn, while a band of musicians in scarlet and gold uniforms played popular airs.

All were then marshalled into a huge marquee, of dimensions exceeding our largest circus tent. Here, a Lucullian feast was served at small tables, and the country gentry, in their vague, involuntary way, amply satisfied their healthy English appetites.

After the feast, the assemblage was rounded up into a compact audience, to witness the performance of a troupe of Pierrots. The antics of the Mountebanks, with accompanying songs and dances, were appreciatively applauded, and then, as it was six o'clock, the assemblage dissolved and vanished, almost with the rapidity of a bursting bubble.

THE COMIC OPERA WEEK-ENDERS.

To my easily flustered American mentality, it all seemed like a feat of magic; and I looked in amazement at my hostess who, after departure of the last guest, was as composed and serene as if she had entertained but a single guest. And like the insubstantial pageant faded, it left not a track behind. More magic dissolved the tent, the bandstand, the Pierrots' platform, and all other incriminating evidence, and then, with true English forgetfulness, the garden party was a thing of the past, and dinner was toward.

The house party numbered 40, and, after exchanging the filmy finery of the garden garb for the more gorgeous regalia demanded by candle light, the guests repaired to the stately dining hall. Of course, repaired is the only verb of locomotion befitting the occasion.

Sunday passed like a beautiful day dream. The English have a great respect for the Sabbath day, and, perhaps as a reward for this, the weather on Sunday is usually perfect. It is not incumbent on guests to go to church, but it is considered rather nice of them to do so; especially if, as happended in this instance, the old church is on the estate where one is visiting. Nor is it any hardship to sit in an old carved high-backed pew, that has belonged to the family for ages.

Sabbath amusements are of mild nature, one of the favorites being photography. English people have original ideas of posing, and any one who can invent a new mode of grouping his subjects is looked upon as a hero.

Aside from Lord Nelson's declaration, if there is one thing that England expects, it is tea; and tea she gets every day. But of all the various modes of conducting the function, the out-of-door tea at a country house is probably the most delightful.

The appointments are the perfection of wicker, china, and silver, but it is the local color and surrounding that count most.

I cease to wonder that the English are only vaguely interested in their viands, for who could definitely consider the flavor of tea when in full view was a rising terrace leading to a magnificent old mansion of the correct and approved period of architecture, and covered with ivy that may have been planted by an historical character? or, looking in another direction, one could perceive a formal garden, with fountain and sundial; another turn of the head brought into view a unique rose orchard, unmatched even in England; while toward the only point of the compass left, rolled hills and dales that made many an English landscape painter famous.

Add to this the inconsequent and always delightful small-talk of English society, spiced here and there by their dreadful explentive, "My word!" and enlivened by the English humor, which is, to those who care for it, the most truly humorous thing on earth—and I, for one, am quite ready to concede that these conditions combine to make afternoon tea a spangle of Existence.

One Layman's Views on Missionary Work

Judge George H. Williams' Address Before Conference of Episcopal Delegates, on Problems of Diocese.

At the recent conference of the Episcopal delegates of the diocese of Oregon, among the papers read dealing with the missionary problem was the appended most interesting article submitted by George H. Williams, Oregon's "grand old man," who has long been prominent in the church in this state and city.

Mr. Williams talked on "The Layman's Share in the Enterprise," and gave his views on the important problems under consideration freely and frankly. Of special interest was his commendation of the labors of the Salvation Army, which he praised highly for its work among the poor and downtrodden. Following is the text of the paper:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I find upon the programme of today's proceedings that I have been selected to make an address upon a subject described as "The Layman's Share in the Enterprise," meaning as I suppose, by enterprise, the work of missions. I have very little practical knowledge on this subject, and therefore doubt my ability to say much of anything useful or instructive to the learned gentlemen here assembled. I know of but two things that laymen can do for the missionary cause. One is to contribute money to its support; the other is to engage personally in the work. Largely, if not altogether, money for the support of missions must come from laymen. There would be little difficulty in finding workers if means were forthcoming to defray the expenses and compensate them for their labors. The problem that confronts the church is the raising of these means.

There is no law compelling people to contribute to the support of missions, and therefore, they must depend for their existence and efficiency upon money or services voluntarily given. The chief obstacle missions have to encounter is the selfishness or sordid indifference of the people. To overcome this is the great, almost insurmountable difficulty.

Many notable contributions are made by rich people, but it frequently happens that those who are most able are least willing to give. The story of the widow's mite is sometimes illustrated in this, as in other things.

How to Arouse Interest.

The question is: Can any way be devised to induce people to take more interest in the work of missions? There are different kinds of missions and different kinds of people to be benefited by missionary work. There is no doubt that if people could be made to see that their business interests would be promoted by investing their money in missionary enterprises such investments would be made, but there is little room for the commercial spirit to work in the spread of the Christian religion, though it is probably true that the establishment of missions in foreign countries opens the door for the entrance of trade and commerce.

To preach the Gospel of our Lord is no doubt an essential part of the missionary work in the benighted regions of the world, but in my judgment, it is necessary that something else should be done to convert the votaries of idolatry and fetich-worship to the Christian religion. To substitute new thoughts for such thoughts as have come down to a people through numberless generations is exceedingly difficult if not impossible by means merely of oral advice or instruction. Any religion, however superstitious or repulsive it may seem to us, which is the growth of ages, becomes indurated in the affections of its inheritors and to supplant these affections with the sublime ideas and mystic rites of the Christian religion is more than a Herculean task. People with such a religion must have something which they can understand and appreciate in a religion which is proposed as a substitute for their long-cherished and ancestral worship.

Form of the Appeal.

The sermon of our Lord on the Mount, with its lofty ethics and rules for righteous living does not appear to have had any immediate effect upon its hearers otherwise than to excite their astonishment, but when He healed the sick, restored sight to the blind and did many other wonderful works of a like nature, the people believed in and followed Him. These were attestations of His divine power and goodness, which the people could understand—they were plain facts that could be seen by the people, and about which there could be no controversy. Moreover, these beneficent acts touched the hearts of the people. Physical infirmities and distress naturally awaken sympathy, and when our Lord administered relief to those suffering in that way this sympathy was turned into admiration and love for the dispenser of such benefactions.

Poor and ignorant people became the followers of our Lord because, by His acts of kindness He won a place in their affections. It was not necessary for them to reason about dogma or doctrine. It was simply a case of heart responding to heart.

We have Biblical authority for saying that religion, pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and keep himself unspotted from the world, which means, if I understand it, that charitable acts and right living are the essentials of religion, or in other words, religion is not an abstraction, a philosophy or a congeries of ceremonies, but a very practical thing.

Most Effective Plan.

I have said all this to preface an opinion which I am about to express, which is this: That the more effective way to convert those ignorant of the Christian religion to its faith and practice is not only by preaching to them, but by establishing and maintaining among them hospitals, asylums, schools and such other provisions as are practicable for the relief of poor, sick and suffering humanity. This is the Gospel the most ignorant can understand.

Rev. J. L. Parrish came to Oregon in an early day with other Methodist ministers. They came to Christianize the Indians. Mr. Parrish visited the Siletz Indians and preached to them a sermon in which he depicted as well as he could through an interpreter the crucifixion of our Lord. When he concluded an old Indian remarked that, "If the white men had got into a quarrel and killed one of their number, he could not see what the Indians had to do with it." Such a sermon, of course, had no effect, but if Mr. Parrish had gone among the Indians and said to them: "I bring you a religion which teaches people to take care of the sick, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and, if adopted, will make you better men and women, happier and more comfortable," and had shown his faith by his works, he would have reached the understanding and the better instinct of these rude people.

Our Roman Catholic brethren generally have been more successful in civilizing and christianizing savages than Protestants because their missionaries go among such people and stay with them and, being free from family and business cares, devote their whole time to the interests of their church. My point is that missionaries to savage or unchristian people must associate with their religious teaching some work that is helpful to the physical needs and wants of such people before they can make much headway in bringing them into the fold of a Christian church. I am of the opinion that if those who solicit aid for foreign missions would make the support of such institutions as I have named the most prominent features of their appeals, it is quite probable that laymen would be more influenced than they otherwise would be to give their money for missionary work.

The willingness to give for charitable purposes is not confined to church membership. There are thousands of people outside of the churches who will give their money when they are satisfied that it will be expended to alleviate the sufferings and sorrows of mankind. Human sympathy is as broad and as deep as human nature. With suitable efforts laymen may be induced to engage in educational and charitable works in foreign lands, and in that way contribute to the spread of the Christian religion. Self-sacrificing, kind-hearted Christian women are among the best missionaries in the world. There is in their ministration to poor children and sick persons much of the beauty and sweetness of that song which the angels sang to the shepherds of Bethlehem.

Need Is Everywhere.

Everywhere there is need of missionary work, especially in the new and sparsely settled parts of our country, including the State of Oregon. Vigorous and active young men are needful for such work. To go about and occasionally to preach a sermon will not meet the exigencies of the case. The visitation of families in their homes is indispensable. People are pleased and flattered by such visits. This is the only way, in many instances, by which they can be reached. If a clergyman takes an interest in a family, the chances are that he can influence such family to take an interest in church matters. Affability, with Christian zeal, tempered by gentleness in personal intercourse with frontier people will be more likely to advance the interests of the church than any amount of pulpit oratory.

Nowhere is there more necessity for missionary work than in our great cities. Wickedness, vice and crime make their haunts in these places. To successfully contend with these is one of the great religious and moral problems of the day. Laymen and clergy are alike interested in this work. Prevention and repression are the two ways of dealing with the difficulty. The most potent factor for prevention is the influence of religious and moral parents over their children. That many such parents are neglectful of their duty in this respect must be admitted.

This is one of the most grievous sins of the sociological world. It is hard to devise a remedy. I can think of nothing better than for the pulpit and the press to thunder continually into the ears of these delinquent parents the old and never-to-be-forgotten maxim, "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Many Parents Depraved.

Many parents in our cities are themselves vicious and depraved. God pity the children of such parents. Nothing is more distressing than to see these poor little creatures, with capabilities for good, growing up demoralized and debauched by their immoral surroundings. Of all charitable institutions, those looking to the welfare of such children are most deserving of public sympathy and support. Children's homes and juvenile courts are helpful in saving such children from a downward career.

I want to say a word here in commendation of the societies known as the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America. I believe they are doing a great and good work in providing for the poor and in rescuing the drunken and depraved from the slums of our cities. My opinion is that the strength and success of the Roman Catholic Church is largely due to its excellent educational and charitable institutions, and if there are any persons on the face of the earth who are doing God's work they are the Sisters of that venerable church. As a member of the Episcopal church I am pleased with what that church has done and is doing in the same direction, but it can do more, and the more it multiplies its charities the more it will grow and the more it will earn and deserve the blessing of the good God the father of us all. Schools, churches, fraternal and charitable societies are working together for the uplifting, improvement and happiness of the people, and to a certain extent are missionaries for religion and morality.

I have seen some statistics in the newspapers to the effect that the churches were in a state of decadence or in other words not so many people in proportion to the population go to church now as in former times. I do not know what the facts are but whatever the attendance upon the churches may indicate it is evident to my mind that the religion of Jesus Christ is not in a state of decadence. There are millions of people who do not go to church whose lives are more or less influenced and moulded by their religion.

Much is said to the prejudice of rich people with more or less of truth, but after all there never was a time in the history of the world when rich men were so liberal in their gifts to educational and charitable institutions as the present time. When earthquakes, floods and fires devastate towns and cities, men who have accumulated their millions pour out their riches with a lavish hand for the relief of the afflicted and suffering, and whether these men go to church or not these facts show that the spirit of the Christ is working in the hearts of men.

I am optimistic in this matter, I believe the world is growing better as the years roll on. Evolution is a slow process—In it 1000 years are as one day. Evolution exists in the spiritual world and it can no more be stopped than evolution in the physical world. The spirit of man is aspiring, developing and ascending—I know there appears to be much to challenge these ideas. Our newspapers teem with accounts of all sorts of offenses against the laws of God and man, and for these reasons some people think that mankind is on a descending grade but they forget that while these individual instances of criminal conduct are blazoned to the world there are millions of people who have no newspaper notoriety and are leading quiet, peaceful and moral lives. These are the ones who will save society from decay and degeneration.

In a World of Thought.

I have formed an opinion about spiritual inferences that may appear fanciful to others but is quite real to me. I hold that we live in a world of thought as unified and universal as the world of ether—Science has demfontrated the existence of ether which is a refinement or rarification of the atmosphere we breathe. It is the medium through which light and heat passes, and is subject to the laws of wave motion. Similarly to this the world of thought is subject to the laws of wave motion. I could cite numerous instances from history illustrative of this fact but one within our personal knowledge will suffice.

Everywhere there is a sudden and surprising opposition to the use of alcoholic drinks and the existence of saloons. This is the effect of a great wave of thought that has overspread the country. Starting in one locality it spreads to another and so from county to county and state to state, until the thought world of the country is thrown into commotion upon the subject. My belief is that the vibration or undulations of the thought would closely resemble those of the ethereal world, when a thought is committed to the wireless telegraph it goes by, or through, the vibration of the world of ether thousands of miles to its destination. It is as invisible and impenetrable as the thoughts of men. If there is anything in this, there is much in it to encourage those who are devoting their lives to the spread of the Christian religion.

Clergymen need not be disheartened by a small attendance upon their churches for by a deep strong spiritual sermon they may set in motion a wave of spiritual thought that may reach the sensibilities of many who never hear the sound of a clergyman's voice and so the devoted missionary though he may speak to a few uncultured people in a log cabin or in the shade of a tree may start a thought wave that the frigid winds of Alaska cannot freeze up, or the spicy breezes of India blow out of existence.

Everybody and especially Christian ministers should look cheerfully and hopefully into the future. To every cloud there is a silver lining and behind every sorrow a smiling providence. Everything is under the guidance of him who "doeth all things well." Though the difficulties are great they are not insurmountable. It is possible that the time may come when the saving influence of our blessed Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

A Jaunt to the Land of the Midnight Sun

Most Picturesque and Newest Route Is Up Through Canada, on the Great McKenzie.

THE midnight sun—though it looks like any sun hovering towards evening—has a fascination for the people of the temperate zones. From our own country and others it draws its thousands to or beyond the circle every year, and yearly draws more and more.

The Summer arctic has its recognized avenues of approach. The broadest highway, the most orthodox, the most hackneyed, is the beautiful coast route past the mouths of the fjords of Norway to Tromso, and perhaps beyond. A less vulgar, more romantic sea route is that leading from some European port (these journeys are becoming diligently advertised), past the Orkneys, through the Shetlands and Faroes to Iceland and perhaps Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen. Either route accomplishes the desired result; the edified tourist sees the sun look at 12, midnight, exactly as it does an hour before it sets in any temperate latitude. He takes photographs of the "midnight sun" (that are a blur over the whole plate) and goes home to recite and show the wonders he has seen.

These two routes to the North may be called European. A third one, more recent than the others, is known as the "American" or "Alaska" route. It has many advantages.

But there is still another way to the gates of the North, with all the variety of curving rivers and storm-swept, inland seas—not a route for the invalid or timid, though it has its comforts and entitles no one to hero medals. This route is the Mackenzie River with its branches—so fresh that the best guide book to it is the journal of the Scotchman whose name it bears, so unhackneyed that the travelers down it for a hundred years could be counted on one's fingers and toes. Its claims are not exaggerated or fraudulent—it takes you to the real Arctic Sea; its mouth lies where the midsummer sun does not even coquette with the horizon for 11 weeks. And for all the 2000 miles of the journey you are in the land of the fur trader and Indian, till at the last you leave both behind when you cross the frontier of the Eskimo's country, where the white man (who has lived with the Indian for centuries) is an itinerant, a newcomer of 20 years.

At the beginning of the northward river journey one has, in a measure, the choice of routes. The present railway terminus is Edmonton, Alberta, 36 hours by Pullman from Winnipeg, or about four days and a hundred dollars from New York or Boston. For this year and perhaps the next, the Athabasca is the river on which to commence one's journey, but in a little while the transcontinental lines of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific will penetrate the Peace Valley. Thereafter the swift and smooth Peace River will be the logical highway to the North.

But let us say we plan our Summer outing poleward by the more readily accessible Athabasca. The map will make it clear (and in so strange a country as Central and Arctic Canada geographic allusions are not clear without occasional glances into an atlas) that this is a more direct route than that by the Peace.

The Athabasca is, however, a "bad" river—shallow, swift, and full of stony rapids, with many a place of difficulty and a few channels of danger. From Edmonton one reaches the river at Athabasca Landing, after 90 miles by stage route horse conveyance. Here there is a steamer, the "Midnight Sun," of about 18-inch draught, but many years the water is so low that even this chip of a steamer cannot navigate and one has ta take at once to "scows" little flat-bottomed, blunt-prowed, oar-rigged craft carrying eight tons of freight for some fur-trading post in the North. Here, and for the rest of the journey, one should be under the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company, which once owned the North literally and still do so figuratively speaking. They are not common carriers of passengers, but if they agree to pilot you northward they will take excellent care for your comfort.

Wheather you travel at first by steamer or scow, a break in the journey comes after 165 miles at the Grand Rapids. From there for over 100 miles to McMurray the river is possible for only the small, light-draught scow carefully steered and well manned by the river Crees, who are learned in the reading of jagged rapids and are marvels in river craft. The river, up to this point, is narrow—not much larger, perhaps, than the Connecticut—and flows between high, evergreen-covered and poplar-sprinkled banks. Here and there you pass an Indian camp with Remington-like tepees and spiral smoke wreaths; here and there also the cabin of a "free trader" (as the small competitors of the Hudson Bay Company are called). Perhaps you see an occasional lynx swimming the river, or one of the many moose hidden in the forest may come out to the water front and be seen for a moment. If one of the boats of your fleet has been sunk in a rapid, or your steamer damaged on a rock, you man go into the woods in search of moose or bear and come back with new and lucid ideas concerning the abode of the damned.

From the Grand Rapids to Fort McMurray there is constant excitement to keep the nerves tingling. It is 100 miles series of rapids with placid stretches between. Now and then a scow strikes a rock and occasionally sinks with its load of tea, sugar, copper kettles, bundles of gaudy calico and ribbons, whose colors are wonderfully blended if some of the goods can be recovered from the river. The passengers (when passengers there are) ride in the best boats with the best oarsmen and steersmen, so one has the exhilaration of being in the midst of some real and much apparent danger, and still feeling reasonably secure. On this stretch of the journey one goes through the best bear country in America—perhaps in the world—and can amuse himself with occasional pot shots at the clumsy brown things prowling along the hillside. Apparently, bagging one should be a simple thing, but the fur transports have a long journey before them and no time to stop for such frivolity.

At McMurray the Athabasca widens into placid stream and there the steamer Grahame waits for us to take another lap farther into the wilderness. Although we have left farms and such things several hundred miles behind us, it is only here we bid good-bye to the last of the commercial activities other than the fur trade, for the tar and asphalt which soak the river banks and fill the air with their not unpleasant smell have led various men and corporations of enterprise to drill for petroleum. At Pelican Portage, south of the Grand Rapids, they struck a flow of gas some years ago, and the torch they lit at the mouth of the well has since then burned steadily through the Summer storms and Winter blizzards, flaring to the treetops day and night. At McMurray itself the success of the work is still undecided.

The northward continuation of the journey with the Grahame is placid, but picturesque. We cross Athabasca Lake, in itself a large sheet of water, but narrow where we cross it to the bright little house-village of Fort Chippewyan, whose 20 or 30 houses make the largest town in the fur country. Here is one of the schools of the Catholic Church, whose activity for the good of the Indian and the advancement of the agricultural empire of Canada cannot be praised in a few words, nor summarized in a newspaper column or a magazine article. Some missions do harm where they are planted; of others the good and evil results come near or balance, but the Angelican Church has done some praiseworthy work in Canada and the Roman Catholic Church much—almost beyond computation. The truth of this should be evident to the partisans of either and the antagonists of both. Salvation is of speculative importance, but moral and physical well-being, now and here, are outside the field of the theorist. While the Catholic Church is concerned about the Indian's soul, it forgets his body less often than other religions. Catholics erect churches, but they plant grain and build flour mills also.

On the "Grahame" we passed the mouth of the Peace, which enters the Slave River with the sweep and volume of the Missouri joining the Mississippi, and the two flow on with a steady current between banks a mile to three miles apart. These streams that are so faint in your mind and so slender on the map are no rivulets when you see them between their own banks.

To add to its picturesqueness (but not its usefulness for man), this great river plunges at Smith's Landing into a series of cataracts 16 miles long. This ends the voyage of the Grahame, and we go by wagons over the "portage" to Fort Smith. The horses and oxen here are the only ones north of Fort McMurray, and rather difficult to keep alive on account of the flies and mosquitoes. Just west of Fort Smith is the only herd of wild buffalo now in existence, perhaps 300 all told. They occupy a definite range and may be seen by any traveller who will brave the heat and mosquitoes for a 30 or 40-mile walk. But the mosquitoes are almost unbearable and the heat not infrequently approaches 100 degrees in the shade. It is a mistake to leave behind your Summer garments if you go overland and down the river to the Arctic.

At Fort Smith we got the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Wrigley, screw-propelled and ocean-built, for she has to cross stormy Slave Lake, a body of water larger than Lake Erie or Ontario, and on which this slow steamer often is a day out of sight of land. The Wrigley is old and has sleeping accommodations for only eight passengers, though, counting the company's servants, she often carries 20. In a year more a better steamer, now being built at Fort Smith (from logs sawed in a mill built last year), will be on the river service. The Catholic Church is also building a steamer at Fort Smith, and Hyslop & Nagle, the Hudson's Bay chief competitor in the Mackenzie fur trade, also have a steamer crossing Slave Lake.

After crossing Slake Lake and touching at the two posts of Fort Providence and Hay River (where the Church of England has an admirable school) we enter the part of the river system which bears the name "Mackenzie," after Alexander Mackenzie, who went down it in a bark canoe in George Washington's time. Now we are on a stream that impresses one as about the size of the Mississippi, with a sweep from three to seven miles wide.

Aboard the Wrigley the journey goes fast. At Fort Simpson, where the Liard (about the size of the Ohio) enters from the west, is the headquarters of the Mackenzie district of the Hudson's Bay Company. A few days later, near Fort Good Hope, we cross the Artic Circle and are in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Some three hundred miles farther, and we are at Fort Macpherson, near the mouth of the Peel—the most northerly fur post in Canada.

Beyond this the fur transports do not carry us, but if we must see the "frozen ocean" itself, an Eskimo boat could take us the remaining 200 miles in, say five days, but in that case we could not come home the way we went north. To get back with the fur transports one must be content with a day at Macpherson and a rapid return with the Wrigley. If one stays by the company's boats, the journey that was begun at Athabasca Landing, Alberta, in the latter part of May, ends there again early in September—a round distance by river of 3708 miles, according to the company's reckoning.

To reach the "midnight sun" this is the most unspoilt of the feasible routes. It leads through the wild and romantic country of the trader and trapper, across lakes as yet not fully mapped, through limitless forests abundant with game and many surprises. But it also leads through tumbling rapids and fogs of mosquitoes—Boston Transcript.