

How grand and yet how sad are these aspects of nature. Into what reveries they plunge us; whether wandering among the northorn seas, amid frosts and tempest, or they land us upon southern isles, where all is serenely calm and beautiful. For what can be more *peacefully* sublime than the calm, gently heaving waters? or what more *terribly* sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? It speaks in a majestic voice, whether in the prolonged ripple or the stern music of its roar. But a voice louder than the roar of the fiercest tempest shall one day be heard, and the deep, even the lowest deep, shall yield up its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and there shall be no more sea.

This day, while reviewing the past, and pondering oger the great work to which we had been solemnly set apart, I was powerfully affected whilst perusing Mrs. Sigourney's Poem on the ordination service, especially that part referring to the awful possibility of a soul being lost through unfaithfulness on the part of the minister of Christ. I here transcribe it:—

"Give God the praise
That thou art counted worthy, and lay down
Thy life in dust. Bethink thee of its loss:
For He, whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs
On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,
Saith that it may be lost!

Should one of those lost souls,
Amid its tossings, utter forth thy name
As one who might have plucked it from the pit,
Thou man of God! would there not be a burst
Of tears in heaven?

Oh live the life of prayer—
The life of faith in the meek Son of God—
So may the Angel of the Covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow forever in thy Master's crown."

Our men being French half-breeds and all Romanists, we had to spend the day as we well could. Not one of these poor fellows could read, and yet their countenances bespoke minds capable of great expansion. Some of these expressed a desire to have their children learn to read, but said that they could not send them to the Romish schools as the charges were so high. One expressed his resolve to leave the holy mother church!

July 23.—Started at 4 A. M. Breakfasted at Pigeon Point. Were wind bound here until the following morning. During the day there were about 7 dozen pigeons shot.

July 24.—Morning cloudy. About 7 A. M. reached the Sand Bar, over which we ultimately got, though with considerable exertion. Almost becalmed towards the close of day. Our provision this day consisted of wild ducks, goose, sturgeon, &c. In conversation with Indians from Beerings River, found that they had been recently visited by the Rev. T. Hurlburt.

July 25.—Awoke by the mosquitoes about 3 A. M. Really such calls are irresistible. I have heard of a poor deluded Romanist (a French half-breed) who stopped in the very act of uttering the prayer which he had been taught, and cursed these enemies of man and beast. It certainly requires more than ordinary philosophy, to bear up amidst their torturous inflictions.

July 26.—Experienced a terrific thunder-storm from 1 to 3 A. M. Started at 4. Had scarcely done so when the wind changed, greatly alarming our steersman. Were in some peril in coasting along Montreal Point, in consequence of the great number of sunken rocks that abound in this locality. Shortly after met a brigade of 12 boats for the Saskatchewan, in charge of W. Sinclair, Esq., who informed us that we had better proceed to Norway House, and follow

him in the Cumberland boats, and that he would await our arrival. Reached Norway House at 5 P. M., where we met with G. Barnston, Esq., the gentleman in charge, who at once placed his own family boat at our command, to convey us to the Mission House, Rossville. Brother Hurlburt, his good lady, and Miss Adams welcomed our arrival most enthusiastically. Considering the comparatively isolated position of the missionary and his family, in the varied fields of labour, the sight of a fellow-labourer, from their own loved shores, must produce enjoyment of a very pleasing character. Truly—

We did recount the past,
Talked o'er the years to come;
Still on God's bounty cast,
Till He shall call us home.

Brother Steinhaur's good wife, of course, welcomed his return. If report be true, nearly the entire population of Rossville were in his domicile during the evening. I remained at the parsonage until Saturday morning. Dined this day at the Fort with G. Barnston, Esq., and other gentlemen. I found the gentleman in charge, a person of extensive information, most courteous and obliging, and a hearty well-wisher to our Missions. On leaving, he expressed himself strongly in reference to our work and personal preservation. "May bright days and tranquil nights" be the portion of this gentleman and his family. It was very affecting to witness the departure of brother S. and his family, in separating from their friends. Some persons talk about making sacrifices for the Minsionary cause when they give a few shillings; but they use unmeaning words when their sacrifices are contrasted with those of the heralds of the cross. Our brigade consisted of about 40 *voyageurs*, besides about 20 passengers. I was much pleased, at the close of this day, to hear brother S. propose family prayer in his tent, such to be continued every evening, and, when practicable, in the morning, during our journeyings. With this I at once coincided. Some of the Indians were members of our own Church, others of the Church of England, and some few Romanists, &c. He then read a portion of Scripture, gave out a hymn which they sang melodiously, and then engaged in prayer—all in Cree. I shall not soon forget my feelings on that occasion, witnessing a considerable number of once Pagan Indians now "clothed and in their right mind," attending most reverently to acts of worship, such as those in which we were engaged. There was evidently no fear of being reviled by the unrenewed, by whom they were surrounded. To them it was a duty and a privilege.

July 29.—*Sabbath*. Started at 7 A. M., with a design to rest as soon as possible. Overtook the Saskatchewan brigade at this place, 25 miles from Norway House. They were wind-bound. Our boats now numbered seventeen, with about 160 persons.—Shortly after landing, I was solicited to baptize the infant daughter of one Donald McLeod. This was speedily attended to, and being my first act, in the administering of the ordinances since my ordination, I refer to it, as being under peculiar circumstances. Met with two persons from Edmonton, one of whom assured us that the Indians were anxiously awaiting the arrival of a missionary amongst them, and stated that 30 camps of Sioux were very desirous of hearing the herald of Salvation, who should teach them the words of the Great Spirit. These latter Indians are said to number more than 350.

Thus far, I have detailed our proceedings. We are still wind-bound, and cannot say when we shall move on. I do not know when you shall hear from us again. I am afraid that I have more than ex-