

a range of hills, which, seen from a distance, during the summer months, seem like a garden full of trees. The approach by land has been described as very different. For some distance before reaching the fort, the country appears to have been the bed of some large lake, and many spots of several miles in area, are as smooth and flat as if they had been levelled by artificial means. The whole plain produces a luxuriant crop of the vetch or wild pea, almost as nutritious a food for cattle and horses as oats. In approaching Edmonton by this route, travellers have to cross five creeks with steep and lofty banks, the last being a stream of scarcely 20 feet in span, between rugged declivities about two hundred feet in height. Immediately on arriving opposite the fort travellers notify their approach by a volley of musketry, which is returned in special cases by the cannon of the fort. A boat is then despatched across for the cavalcade; the persons and baggage being thus disposed of, the horses swim over. The gentleman in charge had taken the above route some five days before the boats, so that when the brigade arrived due preparations had been made for the rest. The reception I can assure you, was very grateful to my feelings. The discharge of cannon startled me; but a kind and hearty welcome *affected* me.

Thus through a kind Providence I was brought to my allotted field of labour, having been 13 weeks and five days in travelling from London, C. W., to this place. When I remembered the enjoyments of the past three years in Canada, and considered that, in all probability, I should never realize such again, my feelings overcame me; but, with the Psalmist, I could say, in my approach to your God and my God—"From the *end of the earth* will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

I must now close. Upon re-perusing my Journal from June 16th to the present I am, astonished that I have written so extensively. It appears like a pleasant dream that fills the mind when slumber steals over the senses. True it is, that that there are enjoyments connected with the past, but the Christian can look into a world beyond, and the prospect

is pleasant to the sight. Although his course here may be over a desert, yet every bud of promise—every opening flour serve but as a source of new excitement, and from them he gathers strength to press on his onward march amid the many thorns that beset his path. While you worship in your stately churches, and have all the privileges of Christian and social intercourse with each other, I have no doubt you will remember, in your prayers, your fellow labourers in the wilderness, whose intercourse with their fellow men is limited indeed, and whose ministrations are frequently made to a people of a strange speech. If the comparison might be allowed, I would indulge in the sentiment so beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

"Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!  
How can my tongue, O Salem, fail  
To bless thy joy'd abode?  
How cease the zeal that in me glows,  
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose  
The mansion of my God."

December 4th, 1856.—My arrival here and the grateful reception experienced, have been already adverted to. Soon after I proceeded towards the Cree Indians, who literally lined the beach, there being not less than 400 encamped near the Fort. Judging from my garb that the long looked for Missionary had come, the countenances of many brightened up. By means of an interpreter I made myself known, which spread like electricity amongst them, and one continuous shake of the hand, with certain expressions of delight, at once bespoke the joy they felt on seeing one for whom they had so long waited. They then assembled around me, apparently desirous of entering into conversation. It was indeed a *Missionary Meeting*, such as I shall not soon forget.

Some eleven days after I received letters from Brother Steinhaur, Lac-la-Biche, informing me that he reached there on the 20th, of September. I believe he found a house ready built, the same having been erected by Brother B. Sinclair. I had no other alternative, however, than to adopt the language of the illustrious Wesley—

"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness;  
A poor way-faring man,  
I lodge with him in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain."