

McDougall, gives in painful detail, an account of the death of his father, by which the Society has lost one of its most eminent and successful labourers :—

Yours of the 11th April came to hand May 14th, this being the quickest time in the matter of mail ever experienced by us in this country. You cannot tell how your letters encouraged and cheered us. At any time they would be welcome, but just now we seemed to feel our isolation and responsibility more than usual, owing in a great measure to the ever-present remembrance of the great loss we have sustained in the mysterious visitation of Providence brought upon us by our all-wise Heavenly Parent.

You wonder why we did not write sooner; the fact is, we wrote as soon as we possibly could after the burial of our dear father's mortal remains. You also mention the lack of particulars. The circumstances in my case were so hard to bear, and the fearful strain of anxiety for the fourteen days we were in search, connected with the fearful state of the weather at that time, almost prostrated me, and for some time I did not feel either mentally or physically the same man. I will now try and send you the particulars.

In January last we found we had to try and obtain a supply of meat for ourselves and party; without it we could not carry on our work. This we had to do ourselves, for which fact I will state the reasons: 1st. If we hired any one the expense would be great, and we always have other more necessitous parts of our work to meet with any available means we may have at our disposal. 2nd. At that time there were no men to be secured for any service; consequently the duty devolved upon me, and I accordingly made preparations for starting to the plains. Father said, "In case no one turns up for you to hire to accompany you, I will go;" and on my part, while I knew I could not have a better companion to aid in the object in view, I told him, that, only in the event of their being no one to go with me, would I be glad to have him come along. The result was there were no men to be had, and father and I started, (Moses, father's nephew who came out to Canada last fall, accompanying us). We had with us five flat sleds drawn by one horse each, and one large double sleigh drawn by four horses. When we had gone about forty-five miles from home, we came to buffalo, but there being no wood near, and the weather being very cold, we could not stay out on the plains until we might load our sleighs; however, I killed two cows, and taking these we went back to where we could obtain wood for the camp fire. On the morning previous to father's disappearance we went from our tent out to where the buffalo were, and took with us four sleds. Father and I going without Moses, who, being unwell, remained in camp. After travelling seven or eight miles we came close to buffalo, and I prepared to run, father remaining with the horses and sleds. After some time, and no little difficulty, owing to the nature of the ground, I succeeded in killing six very good animals, and we felt very much encouraged, and set