

ship's lading overboard, in order to lighten her, as to pour gospel truths into the ears of men: to gather sticks for a fire, when the thing was called for, as to gather souls into the kingdom of Christ. And he did so like a man. He was always on hand to do whatever might be required of him—just as ready to be squeezed into a basket, when escaping from Damascus, as to make Felix tremble beneath the force of truth, or for making Mars Hill resound with Gospel tidings. When the time came for him to be scourged, and put into the stocks, he was on hand for that, too; and when the time came for being sent a prisoner from Judea to Rome, he was just the man to go, and without a murmur, thankful that Paganism was at the expense of transporting him to so fair a field of labour. If the great Apostle of the Gentiles thus acted, I do not consider that any act of mine during my subsequent journeyings may be regarded as at all derogatory to my high vocation. I have often been busily engaged in gathering sticks, &c., during our ramblings. However, I must resume. Our onward march for a short distance commenced—

On Sabbath July 1—Would gladly have rested on this day, but it was deemed advisable to travel on. I endeavoured to reconcile my mind to it, from the fact that we should be more free from company on the open plains than in a tavern, and have a better opportunity of improving the sacred hours beneath the vast canopy of heaven than amidst the din and bustle, and smoke of such a dwelling. Having more than 300 miles to travel, and being no longer able to look for shelter even in the most lonely cot, we at length halted, and began to plan about camping in the wilderness. To me the movements were "passing strange." I found, however, that Bro. S. was a second Hobab. He was to me, in the full sense of that term, "instead of eyes." Having partook of refreshment, and attended to devotional exercises, we ultimately laid down in our tent. To contrast our couch with a bed of down will give a distinction, *with a difference*. The night was beautifully serene, and the locality quite romantic. We had encountered difficulties in travelling, but felt thankful that

at the close of the day we were more highly favoured than our Lord, who "had not where to lay His head."

July 2—Journeyed slowly; roads bad; terrible thunder-storm from 2 to 3 P. M. Obtained fish from some Indians—greatly enjoyed our repasts. Had scarcely camped when the rain descended in torrents. Thankful that—

"We had a cell wherein to dwell,
Whose humble roof was water-proof."

Slept tolerably well, after having driven those marauders, the mosquitoes, from our dormitory, although a few of the more daring ones inflicted summary punishment.

July 3—Breakfasted before starting: broiled ham, pheasants, &c., constituted our morning meal. Been travelling hitherto due west: reached what is known as the Height of Land this evening: camped near Leaf Lake.

July 4—Commenced our journey north having to pass Otter Tail Lake, a locality of which strange reports had been circulated. However, the language of my heart was—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home."

Met with an Indian named As-ke-huge-goo-sha, (Green Leaf) with whom Brother S. entered into conversation very freely. He stated that more than twenty of his people (Chippewas) had been killed by Sioux Indians. He enquired of him as to whether they had ever been visited by Missionaries, and found they had not. Brother S. told him they came to receive them as their friends and attend to their instructions, informing him of the altered character of many of his own people in Canada and elsewhere. Bartered with him for some fine fish. The feathered and the finny tribe greatly added to our enjoyments. Towards the close of this day forded Otter Tail Lake River, but found ourselves in a strange fix when we neared the shore, the mire being so deep as to require us to abandon our vehicles, whilst the luggage was taken therefrom. The horses were then, with great difficulty got out. Camped rather late, but "slept in safety, for the Lord sustained us."

July 5—Saw several tents on the other side of Ross Lake. Fired a signal gun to