

house to shelter them. But they felt that God would help them. They were struggling for the civil and religious institutions of a region of large extent and boundless fertility, and the cause was worth their lives. To avoid the Blackfeet Indians and the cold on the northern plains, they resolved to bear southeast from their starting point—Wauilatpu, Oregon, to Fort Hall, thence almost South to Taos and Santa Fe, in New Mexico, thence east to Bent's Fort in Indian Territory, on the Arkansas River, and thence northeast across Missouri to St. Louis.

General Lovejoy's brief notes of the trip show that the winter overtook them soon after they left Fort Hall. Their progress became very slow because of heavy snows. The snow covered the familiar landmarks so that the guide became uncertain of the way. In one instance they rode a week, supposing they were going east, and came back to the camp they had left seven days before. Again they started forward, and succeeded in reaching Grand river, 600 yards wide, and frozen on either side about 200 yards, but with a swift, dangerous current in the center. The weather was biting cold, and the guide declared the stream impassable. Dr. Whitman, however, determined to risk his life; and Gen. Lovejoy and the guide pushed the horse forward with poles until the ice broke, and both horse and rider disappeared in the rapid current. They rose far below, and Dr. Whitman guided his horse to the other shore, broke the ice with a pole for a distance, then dismounted and helped his horse out. Then the others took the fearful plunge. Their clothing was frozen before they could build a fire. Again, a few days later, they encountered a western blizzard. For ten days they were imprisoned in a cañon by the storm. They kept the horses alive on the bark of cottonwood trees, while they ate the faithful dog that had followed them. It was fast becoming, not a question of reaching Washington, but a question of life or death with the heroic travelers. On the eleventh day Dr. Whitman resolved to break the barricade of the storm, and they attempted to cross the mountains. But the storm blinded men and beasts; and after riding for hour they resolved to turn back to the cañon they had left in the morning. But alas! after riding back a short distance, they found that the storm had obliterated their tracks. At last the horses came to a standstill, and all were becoming rapidly chilled with cold and hunger. Dr. Whitman now gave up in despair. He dismounted, and, kneeling in the snow, commended themselves and the loved ones in Oregon and their beloved land to Almighty God. Just then the mule on which the guide sat began to prick up his ears. The guide gave him the rein. The mule started, then hesitated, and at last, by a strange instinct, started again and led the party back to the morning camp. The guide now refused to go farther east. One of the men must go back with him to the nearest friendly tribe and procure, if possible, another guide. As Gen. Lovejoy was beginning to fail, he was advised by Dr. Whit-