

portunity of attending public worship, in consequence of the distance between settlements, and the vast portion of country over which the population is scattered. But though thus privileged, many feel it to be an intrusion to attend, unless specially invited. The time will come, however, if the church do her duty, when the word shall be dispensed regularly, and when neat and even tasteful buildings shall be erected and dedicated to the worship of the one living and only true God. Then regular service will induce regular attendance, and those who, for years, have been deprived partly of want of an opportunity, and partly from a desire of the ministration of the Gospel, as now dispensed in private dwellings, will regularly attend to the ministration of the divine truths. "O, that all who profess to love the Saviour, would rise up as one man, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that, at whatever cost, whether of personal sacrifice or sacrifice of substance, they would, in the name and strength of their living Head and King, go forth and rest not day nor night till the earth resounded with songs of deliverance! and thus speedily constitute a great army, before whose onward march the hosts of Satan, in every land, would be scattered as chaff before the whirlwind."

We left Sauk Rapids on the 28th of June, having remained there five days, awaiting the return of our guide, Mr. James McKay, who had gone to St. Paul on business. He is a Scotch half-breed, a well formed man, exceedingly muscular and very courageous. In order to facilitate our movements, and contribute to our comfort, he procured a buggy for us. The greater part of our luggage was at once placed in the carts, and a start made for Belle Prairie. At this stage, it may not be out of place to give some description of these Red river carts, as, in my opinion, they may be regarded as perfect nondescripts. They are made entirely of wood, in as plain a manner as possible. Not even an iron nail is used, wooden pins and thongs, and bands of hide being substituted.—The wheels are large and without tires. The only tools used in their construction are an axe, a hand saw, and an inch augur, with chisels of a similar size.

Although so grotesque in their style, yet they are very strong. We reached Belle Prairie on the 29th, where we remained until the afternoon of the following day, in consequence of a very heavy rain; receiving a shelter from the stormy blast, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Ayer. After traveling some distance, we at length arrived at Crow-Wing, drenched throughout. We were speedily ensconced in the tavern here, and after a change of raiment, partook of a very hearty supper, and ultimately retired to rest. At this stage of our proceedings, I felt somewhat strange. We were now 130 miles from St. Paul, and just on the "jumping off place," so to speak, of the "civilized world." After this, we were to sleep beneath the canopy of heaven, far from the comforts and enjoyments of domestic and civilized life. I now felt as though I were a solitary creature, a single note in the vast concert of life—an atom in the structure of humanity; expecting to travel far and long before seeing a white man or a white man's habitation. Whilst pondering over these as well as past events, and gazing into the unknown future, I sank into a deep sleep, and did not awake until the light of another Sabbath had again appeared.

Hitherto our movements had been uninterrupted, and I had no fearful forebodings as to the future. It was a worthy and no vain resolve of Oliver Cromwell, that the name of an Englishman should be as much respected all over the world, as that of an ancient Roman; but it is a higher and holier cause for exultation that, in the deserts of Arabia, and the wilds of North America, the British character should remain comparatively undeteriorated, and command the reverence of untutored tribes. And as we were all British subjects, I felt the greater confidence on that account.

Brother Steinbaur and myself are quite well.

*Red River, July 17th, 1855.*—It has been justly remarked that St. Paul's great calling, towering in grandeur above all others, and magnified by him as by no other man, was the preaching of the Gospel. But there were times when it was just as much Paul's business to make a tent as to preach a sermon; to lend a hand in pitching the