Everything was settled at last, and we sailed from Greenock in May, on the good ship Earl of Buckinghamshire. A number of ministers and friends stood on the wharf to bid us farewell, waving their handkerchiefs until the vessel was out of sight. There were sad partings, for all realized that few of us would ever again behold our native soil. Three or four hundred in the steerage, and twenty in the cabin, twelve of the score, our family, comprised tl : Earl's large list of passengers. Nothing especially eventful marked the tedious voyage. Each Sunday father preached on the deck to a crowd of attentive hearers. Thirty-eight days brought us to Quebec, where our real tribulations began. Part of the route was by water, and many a weary mile by land, over roads and through swamps almost impassable. Barges drawn by horses conveyed us and our goods through the canal. At Prescott the Rev. Mr. Boyd, who lived to a patriarchal age, invited us to his house, but we had to hasten forward. Rev. William Smart welcomed us at Brockville, showing great kindness. Next morning the fatiguing journey in waggons, heavily loaded with furniture and supplies, was begun. It lasted nearly a week, ending in August 10th at Franktown, three miles from our ultimate destination.

The first glimpse of Franktown dampened the ardor of the most sanguine of our party. M'Kim's log-tavern, and three shanties, in a patch of half-cleared ground, constituted the so-called village. Some of my sisters wept bitterly over the gloomy prospect, and begged piteously to be taken back to Scotland. Although not impressed favorably by the surroundings, father besought us to be patient, assured that '' all things would work together for our good." Yet we formed a sorrowful group, and ardently wished ourselves once more in Edinburgh. Certainly our faith was sorely tried. We sympathized heartily with the Jewish captives in their sad lament :

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"By Babel's streams we sat and wept, When Zion we thought on; Our harps we hanged upon the trees, The willow trees upon."