

searching of heart whilst reading over the quotations from *Baxter's Gildas Salvianus*, although I do not plead guilty of allowing people to go quietly to hell lest I should offend them.

Sept. 6th. To day nearly the whole of the brigade ran on a sand-bank. By a singular coincidence, the three boats, in which were myself, the Romish priest, and Brother S., all grounded together. Some of our friends would have been much amused in witnessing each doing something for the general weal.

Sept. 8th. Accompanied Messrs. Steinbaur, Mackenzie, and Finlayson, in their ramblings on shore. In so doing, ascended a very lofty mound, from the summit of which the objects beneath appeared exceedingly diminutive. Here my companions erected to my memory a somewhat grotesque monument, formed of stones, between two of which I placed a printed paper, descriptive of pulpit characters in the seventeenth century; so that if ever these stones are removed, and the paper remain uninjured, some one, perhaps yet unborn, may find how men of God spake in the ages gone by. We started a large wolfe, on the border of a beautiful lake, just as he was about to partake of duck, minus green peas. Glad to resume my seat in the boat in the after part of the day; for it was quite a task to follow the windings of the river through brushwood, and across hili and dale. Met a provision boat from Fort Pitt, which received a most hearty reception. An Indian, belonging to it, somewhat startled me by rushing into the water to shake hands. Bro. S., on returning from his shooting excursion, received a similar welcome. Such receptions as these have a tendency to incite to duty and to diligence; for they are evident proofs that the herald of the cross is not an unwelcome messenger in these wilds.

Sept. 9th, (Sabbath.) After breakfast conducted public worship on the plains with a greater number than ever. There is evidently a desire to attend upon devotional exercises. Arrived at Fort Pitt about mid-day, and was received most courteously by the gentleman in charge, as well as by the one from Lac la Biche, who was here awaiting the arrival of the brigade.

Fort Pitt is prettily situated on the

north or left bank of the river. It is frequented by the Crees, Assiniboines, and Black Feet. Though the fort is only about 25 years in existence, it still keeps up, both by day and night, the system of watch and ward, in consequence of the presence of the dangerous tribes who frequent that locality. John Rowand, Esq., Chief Factor, who had been in charge of Fort Edmonton for more than fifty years, died suddenly at this fort in June, 1854.

Here we met with Bro. B. Sinclair, from Lac la Biche, who has been some time there, acting as a sub-official, in the absence of a missionary. Language fails to describe the joyous manner in which he received us. He said that he had done his best to preserve Mr. Rundle's Indians from going over to the Romanists, as the priests had done their utmost to get them to apostatize. Had such been accomplished, they would no doubt have rejoiced more than had they brought over so many pagans; for, in perusing a journal, by one P.J. de Smet, a priest, written in 1841, I find that the writer most exultantly states, that "This spring Mr. Demers (a priest) *withdrew* from the *Methodists* a whole village of *savages* situate at the foot of the Wallamette Falls." Of course, these were *savages* so long as they were out of the pale of the Romish Church! What will half-hearted Protestants say to such movements as these, so far remote from the civilized world?

Brother Benj. S., said that the Indians had been expecting a missionary for seven years, and that some of them had of-times sat down and wept when they thought they might never again hear the herald of the cross. It is an affecting sight to see a man in tears, and especially so to find him weeping because deprived of that gospel which many, who are "at ease in Zion," do not sufficiently value. I baptized an infant at the fort during this day.

Sept. 10th. Solemnized a marriage at Fort Pitt. Conversed with some Indians, who were introduced as praying men. Had a somewhat restless night, in consequence of vast flocks of wild geese, &c., passing over our tents.

Sept. 11th. More than ever disturbed during the past night, by the howling of dogs in the neighbourhood.