

our Indians made our fire and pitched our tents, and then themselves lay down on the ground to rest. It was a delicious evening, we sat and talked for hours of old England and dear friends, and the work of our God, after which we awoke the solitude of nature by the Evening Hymn, in which our Indians devoutly joined.

LYTTON.

June 30.—Started at half-past seven. Our walk has been on the left or east bank since crossing at Spuzzim. We passed to-day Kanaker Bar and Hungarian Flat. At the latter place a store is kept by an intelligent Frenchman, Fontaine. He speaks English well. He has been twenty-seven years from home, and has an aged mother who writes kind, long letters. He was born at Havre. Next bar or flat: the store kept also by a Frenchman, who could not speak English. Soon after, met two fine-looking men, Germans, doing well. I practised German with them: one of them asked if I were a German!! We learnt that at Big Bar an ounce a day to the hand was being made (sixteen dollars).

We passed numerous blocks of conglomerate of trap and granite, moulded together evidently by the action of water.

Arrived at Lytton, half-past one; pitched tents on a flat, overlooking the rivers Fraser and Thompson, and looking up the valley of the Fraser.

Lytton (Koonitchin in the native) is situated on a bank or flat at the junction or forks of the Fraser and Thompson. The country is more open than lower down; and some small farms are here and there to be seen. The valley of the Fraser, looking north as I see from my tent-door, reminds me of Wharf Dale on a large scale. The immediate environs of Lytton are bare and dusty. The sappers are laying out a town. I was much disappointed at the appearance of it; not a tree near for some hundreds of yards.

After our meal we sallied forth; Mr. Crickmer and I, accompanied by Captain Ball, the magistrate. We went into all the stores and restaurants. The people were civil, and offered hospitality. There was but one Englishman; of French there were several: Jews and Americans predominate. I spoke to several miners and packers.

One man, the only Englishman I saw, was much excited by my call, or rather talk with him, for I met him in a store. He was born in Milk Street, in London. He spoke of his past life having been very wild: he had been wandering in all parts, and living an Indian life; spoke of having been at sea a good deal; had taken interest in my appointment, and read with eagerness the account of the Mansion House Meeting; now was overcome with joy to see the man actually at Lytton, who had come over the rugged paths of the mountain trails, whose words he had read as uttered at the Mansion House. "But, sir," he continued, "when I read your speech, I said, how little he knows what he is coming to and the kind of people we are. What a strange thing that a gentleman and a pious man should leave his home comforts and friends in England, to come out amongst us; he certainly had better stay there. I thought, sir, you were very foolish, and would repent of it, and that you had much better have left us as we are. But, sir, my heart is full; let me grasp your hand; it is all I can give you, but it is a rightdown welcome: this is the