

with the Edmonton folk, and thoroughly enjoyed the rest and fun of the holiday season in this far-away upland centre. Here was a small world in itself, isolated and alone. No mail, no telegraphs, only a few Hudson's Bay Company traders and missionaries and adventurers, and yet the Sabbath services and week-night entertainments of the winter of 1872-3 would do credit to many a larger place. Indeed, had these hardy pioneers not strained to keep up in those things which appeal to the mental and spiritual, there would have been a terrible lapsing into barbarism. Lectures and literary entertainments and concerts, as also a growing interest in church work, kept these men and women shoulder to shoulder with the best in any country. In all this father took the lead, and was much respected and revered by both the white and the red men.

Between Christmas and the New Year we pushed on to our own home, taking with us my two older girls, Flora and Ruth. Again we were facing the deep snow and extreme cold, and still Fort Pitt Brown was to the front, as strong and faithful as ever. Reaching Pigeon Lake without further adventure, we were at the end of our long journey. Two months and a half had elapsed since we left Portage la Prairie, and con-