

First of all I left Red River Settlement on the 7th June, with all the company that were belonging to the Mission, with two others who were going to their friends hereabout.

All our goods were carried on carts—each cart was drawn by one ox, harnessed something like a horse. Mrs. N. and our little girl and a young woman rode in a light waggon with a canvas cover over it, such as you sometimes see in Canada. For myself, I was generally on horseback, but frequently walking, as the oxen do not go very fast.

We had tents such as soldiers use, which we pitched every night, and in them we were generally very comfortable. The sabbaths were delightful to us. Both men and animals were always prepared for the weekly rest. It was pleasant to see the poor oxen and horses evidently enjoying the rich pasture of the wilderness, and the rest they had from their daily toil. We had regular sabbath services, and in our prayers we did not forget the friends in Canada who had sent us on this Mission, nor the Sabbath School children who were weekly giving their little savings to help on the work.

We had a good many creeks and rivers to cross, and I daresay you would have been much amused had you seen the plans that were fallen upon for crossing such as were too deep for loaded carts. I suppose none of you ever saw a boat made with two cart wheels tied together and an oil cloth spread over them, or one made of ox hides sewed together and stretched on a rough frame that would take two carts and their loads at a time. Such were the contrivances for getting over streams where there are no bridges or large boats by which we could cross. We passed over a great deal of beautiful country, with hills and valleys, streams, lakes, and ponds. Hundreds of ducks were swimming about in the little lakes, and sometimes they furnished a dinner for us; cranes were also seen occasionally, and a few of them were shot for our sabbath dinners. Forty days after we left our Red River homes, we got to a place called Carleton House, on the north branch of the great Saskatchewan River, and there we camped for one week while I went to see some places that I might fix upon one for our future home. Then we came to this place as being the best on the whole that we could find. We did not see very many Indians on our way. They were gathering to one place to consult about going to war against a tribe called Blackfeet, for that tribe and the Crees are always stealing horses from each other, and that occasions war.

Since our settling here I have taken a journey of 500 miles up this river, with no one but my interpreter with me. We met a good many Indians on the way, to whom we talked about the Saviour, and we told them where our camp was and what we intended to do in the country as Missionaries. One night a small company of young men came to us where we were camped. Very likely they were on a horse-stealing expedition. We talked to them nearly all night, and they seemed somewhat interested. You can scarcely imagine the fantastic ways in which these Indians dress. You can scarcely find two dressed alike. They are very fond of ornaments, beads, brass rings, brass wire, &c. Sometimes you might see men with half a dozen pieces of brass wire bent like rings in each ear. It is common to see two locks of the hair with small brass wire twisted round them, which make them appear like two brass whip cords. Often you may see men with a square piece of moose leather covered with bead work hung before the breast. One of the company of young men I was speaking of had a sort of jacket of blue cloth and red stripes, with no fewer than three dozen of large brass buttons ornamenting the front of it, and I daresay he thought himself very grand. Earrings are common both with men and women, and bracelets of any kind. Instead of trousers the