

between the pine-clad hills, which ran up, at short intervals, with steep front towards the river. The horses mired, and were dragged out—walked into the river, and were hauled back—entangled themselves in fallen timber, and were chopped out—or hid themselves in the thick wood, and had to be sought."

On one occasion a raft, which had been laboriously made for one of the numerous crossings of the river, was upset, and one of the horses lost, and almost all their stores. Here is Mr O. B.'s commentary on the event:—

"I've had a terrible shock to-day—a terrible shock! *Mihi frigidus horror membra quatit.* I'm trembling with the recollection of it now. Ah! doctor, doctor, you don't know what I suffered. The sound of this dreadful water in my ears is more than I can bear. I want to know whether you think there will be any more rivers to cross. But please move on a few miles, please do—there's a good fellow, just to oblige me, out of hearing of this terrible noise. *Heu me miserum! iterum iterumque, strepitum fluminum audio!*"

However, Mr O. B. betook himself, as usual in such emergencies, to the study of a pocket edition of Paley's "Evidences," and soon regained his equanimity. But at the next river, nothing would induce him to attempt the passage "until, roused by the prospect of being left behind, just as the last horse left the bank, he rushed madly in, and grasping its flowing tail with both hands was towed triumphantly over. After this great success his anxiety about prospective rivers was greatly decreased."

On the 27th of July, some days after the descent of the western side of the mountains had been commenced, and when still more than one hundred miles from the nearest post, Kamloops, *the trail came to an end.* The emigrants had evidently given up the work of cutting their way by land in despair, had killed their horses, and made a raft, and committed themselves to the river. A council of war was now held—the river was known to abound with rapids—the requisites for making a suitable raft were wanting, it was therefore determined to persevere, and try to cut a way along the banks of the river. Terrible were the hardships endured, and it was only by killing and eating two of their horses—their selves reduced to skin and bone—that they escaped a miserable death by starvation. From two to five miles a day was the average progress made, and that only by the desperate exertions of men struggling for their lives. At last, however, at the end of August Kamloops was reached. Here tidings were first heard of the Canadian emigrants. Their raft had been upset at the "Grand Rapid," and a large number of them drowned. The others had reached Kamloops more dead than alive. Three of their number who had been separated from the rest had perished in the most horrible manner, two of them having murdered their companion, and one of the two having prolonged his life a few days by killing his fellow-murderer.

By the middle of September, *New Westminster* was safely reached.

We are sorry to say that throughout the book the only allusion to the efforts for the introduction of Christianity into the countries described is