

it was scalded so that the hair all came out easily. Happy accident! in this way we had the squirrel cleaned, and we saved the skin for food. This one gave us twice as much food as the other, and anything tasted well in those days.

If our provisions were reduced to a minimum, so were our loads, which were now about fifty pounds apiece, and though we were down to fighting weight, but not conditions, we were now accustomed to carrying and did not feel so badly as we did during some of the days at the start. We found ourselves weak in the legs, when making our way through windfalls, or attempting to rise from a sitting posture, but otherwise we did not suffer noticeably.

Subsisting on homœopathic meals, we arrived at St. John in the early evening of the 21st of October. We ate our last crumbs of bread at dinner, and along with it we had a boiled muskrat, which I shot in the morning.

During the last three or four days, we passed through much better country than previously. The timber was larger and more open, and the herbage richer. About half of the time we had a trail to walk on; but at several points we had much rank grass to make way through, and the march was excessively fatiguing.

At noon of the last day we ran onto a broad, well-marked, recently travelled trail, which rejoiced us; but you could not fancy our disappointment when we saw the valley of "Pine River of the South," some twenty miles ahead, and fancied it the valley of the Peace, which at the time was only about one mile away, though we could not see it.

The last two miles we travelled over north of the Peace, was fine prairie land with a rich, black loam soil equal to anything I have ever seen. Now this prairie, instead of falling towards the Peace, rose towards it, being drained by a creek some five miles north of the river. In this way the valley of the Peace is hidden until you are on

the edge of it; and the descent to it is as abrupt and well defined as a flight of stairs.

I was a few hundred yards in advance here, and in no very pleasant humor, for I looked on the Peace as being another day's march distant, when I saw a break in the prairie ahead. I quickened my walk, and a few hundred yards further on there opened on my sight the magnificent river rolling nearly a thousand feet below me. A few steps more, and I saw the buildings of St. John, a mile away, but apparently only a stone's throw.

"Hurrah!" Up went my hat into the air.

"What's that?"

"St. John."

"No!"

"Yes?"

"Thank God! We'll have our supper."

Very few times have I been affected as I was then. Here we were at our journey's end, after fifteen days' wandering through a tangled wilderness, aiming for a point none of us had ever seen, nor been near; whose position on the maps showing it, might be correct or might be many miles astray. What mysterious intelligence guided and decided us to take the path we did, for we afterwards found that we could have followed a trail that would have brought us out twenty-five miles below St. John, in which case we would have been a hundred miles above Dunvegan, to which we would have to go on a raft, involving three or four more days without food! But by following many paths, and losing or leaving them, here we were *at home*; my mission successfully accomplished; my instructions carried out; and no mar to my pleasant reflections, as we sat on the top of the lofty bank and surveyed with pleasure, quickened by the certainty of creature comforts, the marvellously beautiful scene before us—the mighty river rolling placidly on its way, more than two thousand miles,