

next Saturday came the canoe returned for me, and I was ready on the shore for home. I found that in Canadian clay and swamps for days together I could not like my tough British Walking-Stick the less; and artless as the statement is, I ought to say, that I carried an ivory whistle to sound a shrill alarm in danger, and a long-bladed knife I bought in Liverpool to defend myself in attack of bear and wolf: but though I have seen and heard them, and been in the woods long, and at all hours, neither knife nor whistle has been needed; and when now I handle these unique Liverpool purchases, I smile at the fears of a valiant Englishman!

Another step in simplicity. After walking for weeks through the indescribable mud (Bunyan's "slough" modernized,) of the townships of ————, and sleeping I don't now know how, I thought I would dispense with my Walking-Stick, and I purchased a horse—my first horse in Canada, and as I conscientiously determined not to waste the Lord's money (for I reckoned all a Missionary had the Lord's) gave \$8 or \$9 for my Bucephalus; and then, I well remember, as I came near a settlement the people had full time for humorous observations, I was so deliberate! This was a losing speculation, and I fancy I gave my steed away, and with new zest again took my unspavined Walking-Stick from its resting-place.

Then winter came—new to me on foot—and I had twelve miles of ice to cross, and deep snows to get through, and I hired an Indian horse and cutter; but as I came to Canada to establish "*English usages*," I resolved to travel in hat and a ponderous coat I had brought, and eschew buffalo and cap. I had left my dear wife extremely ill on the Saturday to go to a week's appointments, but on Monday morning started on the ice to see her before my afternoon appointment, and in the middle of the bay down we went into a covered crack to the shoulders in ice and water; but the Preserver having provided a lower flooring of ice, I got out of the cutter, the horse sprang up with it empty, and made his way to the Island, leaving me to extricate myself. I struggled after many trials on to the surface, my clothes dripping and freezing, but could not walk the glassy ice: and I had not my Walking-Stick. Just then a stranger on shore with a sleigh, two miles off, saw me, and I saw him with eyes as wishful as a mariner's in distress. He came nearer and nearer, as if from the "horses and chariots of fire," and drove me home: I changed my clothes, saw my shocked wife, dined, and at half-past two I had recrossed the bay to my appointment, and was at the published time giving out my first hymn of *praise* in a shanty. The Lord knew what I was about, and I had neither bruise nor cold. On a Circuit, I had been visiting for the last time, a holy, exultant Local Preacher, and was on the way in my carriage to a coun-