

al blessing of Providence become when deprived of them for a season. I do not wonder at the Psalmist crying out, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Arrived opposite to the Upper Fort about 5, P. M.—Our perambulations for the present may be regarded as having come to a close. I will therefore finish this epistle by a few remarks relative to the country through which we passed. The scenery was indeed varied, forests and open plains, hill and dale; direct on the one hand, and circuitous on the other. In some cases it was beautifully studded with wild flowers, of varied form and hue. In others, one vast green sward. Prairie turnips and potatoes grow very profusely. Both are extensively used by the Indians for soup, &c. "Truly, O Lord, thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." Bones of the Buffaloes, Rein Deer, Moose, Elk, &c., lay bleaching in the summer's sun, as proofs that these stupendous works of an Almighty hand had once traversed these immense prairies. Taking the journey throughout from St. Paul, I do not expect ever to see its like again; and, to tell the truth, I am not very ambitious so to do, except by some other mode than the present.

We are both well, and desire our kind remembrances to yourself, Rev J. Ryerson, &c.

OLD FORT, *July 30th*, 1855.—Being wind bound at this point, I avail myself of the opportunity of again addressing you. By my last, you will perceive that I have chronicled our journeyings until we arrived opposite the Upper Fort, Red River. Mr. Jas. Ross had preceded us, being, doubtless, very desirous, after two years' absence, of visiting "the old house at home." His solicitude, in this particular, forcibly reminded me of the following lines, by Montgomery:—

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Belov'd by heaven, o'er all the world beside;  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

July 13.—We reached the Upper Fort about 6, P. M. Accompanied our friend to the paternal roof, where we were most

courteously received, and every attention paid to us that could possibly be shown. And what can be more grateful to the way-worn and weary traveller, than kind attentions, flowing from benevolent hearts? Our first impressions of this worthy family, were very favourable, and subsequent acts of kindness confirmed them. We found Alexander Ross, Esq., a very intelligent and interesting old gentleman, full of information as regards the North-west region and of his own locality in particular. In 1849, he wrote a work, of nearly 400 pages, entitled, "Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River," relative to the expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor, to establish the Pacific Fur Company. He has also written a Prize Essay on the Agriculture of Red River, &c., besides two other volumes that are now in the press.

July 14.—Paid a visit to the Upper Fort, saw J. Swanson, Esq., the gentleman in charge, who received us most courteously, promising to do everything within his power to facilitate our movements. Had an interview with J. Balenden, Esq., and Colonel Caldwell, both of whom gave us a most welcome reception. The former leaves by the Company's ship, in consequence of ill health, and the latter also having been called home. Received a call from the Rev. J. Black, who kindly invited me to be his guest during our stay; Bro. S. being solicited to remain with A. Ross, Esq. Favoured with an introduction to Sheriff Ross, eldest son of the last named gentleman. In the afternoon of this day met with the Rev. A. Barnard, of the American Missionary Association. He had fled from his Mission, in consequence of exposure to danger from the Sioux. He is, I am informed, master of the Chippewa language, having applied himself most studiously to it during his twelve years' residence among the Indians.

July 15.—Sabbath, in compliance with a request from the Rev. J. Black, I preached in his Church in the afternoon, having heard him in the morning, from the words, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." There is a Sabbath school here, averaging 100 scholars. I was remarkably struck with the regularity of attendance upon public worship. The language of the people