

THE BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, RED RIVER.—*Page 2.*
(FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF THE INDIAN SCHOLARS.)

NOTES OF THE FLOOD

AT

THE RED RIVER,

1852.

BY THE

BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND.

LONDON:

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W. M. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.

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MANY things are here related, only remotely connected with the flood itself. The object is to give a picture of life—the outer life as affected by that visitation, and the inner current of daily thought, emotion, and feeling. I make no apology for the prominence of self, as I trust that the best interests of those committed to me, their advancement, temporal and spiritual, are the one subject around which my waking thoughts revolve. All was hastily compiled from the rough notes taken at the time, during the few days which preceded my departure for Moose. The manuscript was then committed to a sister's hand, to mature and complete. But as the diocese stands already so much indebted to a female pen for the interest excited in its favour at home, I need not hesitate to acknowledge a similar obligation now. As one has already become our historian, why should not another carry on the record? To these two must I not add a third, of whom we must ever think with gratitude—the benefactress who has so munificently founded the Mission of Islington, for which I am about to start?

D. R.

ST. ANDREW'S, RED RIVER,

June 14, 1852.

WHOSE LAND THE RIVERS HAVE SPOILED.

ISAIAH XVIII. 2.

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THIS little sketch does not profess to be a narrative of the late flood as a whole, but of its effects in that part of which I am the centre. Its effects were very different in different places: they varied almost with every reach of the river, and according to the level of the bank at each spot. It was perhaps the most disastrous among the Canadians, around and above the Upper Fort; it was very severe in the Upper and Middle Church Districts; it affected a good deal the lower part of the Assiniboine; while the upper part of the district of St. James on that river, and those of St. Andrew's and the Indian Settlement, were almost untouched.

My own suffering was greater from my having so much on my hands, and so many around me. Some have even called our buildings a village; and schools and households numbering sixty to provide for daily might almost be so termed. There was my own house, with the Collegiate School,

where all were boarders, chiefly from a distance; a little below us, the large house of St. Cross, a similar establishment for young ladies; across the creek, over which I had lately thrown a long bridge, was the farm-yard, stables, &c., and the parochial day-school attached to the Upper Church, at the further end of which some of my own servants lived.

This gave a large amount of care and anxiety. I had my own scholars and pupils to think of, and the young ladies, with their valued and excellent instructress, Mrs. Mills. My own house was a very old one, and there was a general impression that it could hardly stand. It consists of two wings and a central hall, with kitchens projecting behind. This made it impossible for us to remain throughout in the house: as the waters rose, the communication was cut off, and the upper rooms of the two wings became like two separate islands. The only part thus habitable was the large store-loft over the kitchen, a new building raised by myself the summer before last. Here we weathered it, my senior scholar and one pupil remaining there nearly the whole time, my poor servant, until his unfortunate death, and the Rev. W. H. Taylor, Mr. G. Pridham, master of the collegiate school, and myself, relieving each other by turns.

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To this present anxiety was added much thought for the future; the necessity, apparently urgent, of giving up one or other of the schools, and even, it might be, of changing our home. To these schools I had fondly looked, and the question, How shall I give them up? was a painful one to answer. The month had clouded the future; and for the following winter our residence and mode of life might be entirely different. All other things, too, seemed changed: God had in a manner touched the heart, from which the pulses vibrated in every direction: not a Mission which would not suffer in some measure; scarcely a family in which it would not make some alteration. And it was necessary to arrange every plan without delay, as all letters must be written before the departure of the spring boats, our mails throughout the country.

The thought sometimes crossed my mind, Have I attempted too much, and is God on that account checking and chastening? Doubtless, had I attempted less, my pain at the present moment would have been smaller. Had I not ventured on the academy, with a view to the gradual establishment of a collegiate school—had I not afterwards made the purchase of St. Cross, with a view to raise, at the same time, female education in the country—had we been merely as a private family—we might

have remained in a single dwelling throughout, and suffered comparatively little. But I trust the motive was, not seeking great things for oneself, but the desire to do good—to raise the young of both sexes intellectually and morally, while engaged in the higher work of spreading the gospel through the land.

The prospect of being obliged to give up what was thus undertaken in faith and prayer, was painful to contemplate. To give up the hall was in itself to break through many pleasant associations. This was the scene of our happy Sabbath-evening services, attended often by large numbers, and forming a little church—"the church in our house." Here the daily prayers, the daily praises, ascended; and I rejoiced in hearing the well-trained voices of the young, whom I regarded as my children. What foretastes of heaven many such Sabbath evenings gave! what thankfulness, what thoughts of distant friends, always specially remembered in our prayers that night!

To give up the schoolroom involved scarcely less. There, how many a pleasant hour had been spent! how much pleasant study of the gospels and the epistles had I enjoyed in the depth and fulness of the original, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual," and seeking from each verse and

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word to extract some hidden ore. Much advancement had been made in every branch of study, as the late examination had testified. In the classics, one had studied with me the whole of the ethics of Aristotle, never before perhaps perused in Rupert's Land; several had read in Herodotus of Cyrus and Babylon; and just as the calamity approached we had entered on Thucydides, and, in the introduction of the philosophical historian, had discovered many a parallel to our own condition. Were not the early inhabitants of Greece in some measure like ourselves, when it is said, "They readily moved from spot to spot, each thinking to gain anywhere the necessary means of subsistence;" and when it is added, "that, on account of such migrations, they did not in other respects increase and improve?" We had just been reading of the siege of Plataea, and the engines brought to bear upon its walls, when we were ourselves assailed by a power which no human skill could enable us to resist. We were reading of the plague at Athens, when we were obliged to give up, and ourselves to realize something of the despondency therein described—the neglect and disregard of all things compared with life.

To this study of the classics had been joined that of the modern languages. Four could read the

gospels in Italian, the greater part of the school could do so in French, and my senior scholar could read, in Luther's own translation, the German of the gospel of St. John. Combining thus the ancient with the modern tongues, and those of modern Europe with the two leading dialects of our own land, we recited at our last examination a psalm in the original Hebrew, and the Lord's Prayer in eight different languages, including that of the English version. My hope has been throughout, that, by training several to an acquaintance with the grammars of many different languages, they may at some future day be able to analyze more clearly the framework and structure of the Indian tongues, from a deeper insight into the principles of comparative grammar.

Nor was the severer training of mathematics neglected, to which, indeed, the youth of the country seem naturally more partial. In this branch, Euclid, and the whole of algebra and trigonometry, are thoroughly known; and some progress has been made in the elements of the differential calculus.

To give up such studies, which often withdrew my mind from passing trials, would be a bitter grief—to give up the hope of founding a collegiate school and college. I was glad, however, that I

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had not yet raised any more extensive buildings; that I had not applied the noble grant of the Christian-Knowledge Society, before expending which it would now be an obvious duty to consider whether a more eligible site might not be found.

Or to give up the female school, now scarcely formed a year, where habits of attention and study seemed to be advancing—where the characters of those who are, under God, to have the training of the next generation will be moulded—this would be an alternative no less distressing.

All these were trials, and one or other course was pressed upon me, according to the feelings of those with whom I conversed. Many friends would have had me spare myself the toil which this involved, and urged upon me how little scope there was in the land for the developement of the higher branches which were taught; but my object was to labour for all, and to scatter the seeds of knowledge, trusting that a wider field might, in the providence of God, be opened up at some future day.

Above all, it seemed hardly possible that I could carry out my intended visit to Moose; at least, how could I dare to think or speak of a distant journey, when none knew at what point the waters might stop, or what amount of destruction they might produce. I had perhaps calculated too

much on the future ; but this is in a manner necessary, where opportunities of communication are so limited. If I am to visit a distant spot in summer, I must give notice of my intention by the winter packet, that the necessary arrangements may be made. Now all seemed suspended, and I could only wait in silence, and commit the uncertainty of the future to Him who is the sovereign Disposer of all events.

That the outline here given is a melancholy one, any may judge: it seemed as if wave upon wave of trouble followed, for a time, in rapid succession. That it was sadder far to behold, is certain. Indeed, I could have wished that all throughout the settlement could have witnessed it, in order to learn the lesson and gain the improvement. I could have wished this, but for the pain they must have felt: this I could not desire for them, any more than the Apostle could wish for others his bonds, when desiring that they might be even as himself.

It is as a dream in looking at it, and will be more so when the grass grows and the corn waves where now the billows are swelling. Any one might have been deceived by a look from my own windows. Instead of the plain and prairie, there was the wide sea as far as the eye could reach, and here and there a pile of wood, adding to the illu-

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But it is God's will, and in due time the way will be made plain. Having chosen as my motto, "In Thy light shall we see light," even in darkness and gloom I must cling to it, and, when the cloud is over the path, pray for grace to "see the bright light which is in the cloud."

April 25: Sunday—The ice having partially broken up, rendered it unsafe to cross the river. A few, however, came over in the morning; more to the afternoon service. Large masses of ice passed during the evening and the following day. The water had risen much, even before the ice gave way, and continued doing so during the week, there being no outlet for it as yet towards the lake: the rise was sometimes a foot, or a foot and a half, in twenty-four hours. The winter had been unusually fine until the end of February; but through the whole of March a great deal of snow had fallen, which seemed sufficiently to account for the present rise.

May 2: Sunday—By this time the prospect became alarming. I determined, in consequence, to give notice of a day of prayer and humiliation, and preached in the morning from Amos ix. 5, 6:

“The Lord God of hosts is He that toucheth the land, and it shall melt, and all that dwell therein shall mourn: and it shall rise up wholly like a flood; and shall be drowned, as by the flood of Egypt. It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven, and hath founded His troop in the earth; He that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The Lord is His name.” We derived some comfort, at the conclusion, from the cheering and consolatory promises of the last three verses of this chapter and prophecy. In the afternoon our subject was Acts xxvii. 44: “The rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land:” St. Paul’s danger and deliverance, and the blessed consequences thereof. The evening was placid and calm, and every breast was still filled with hope.

May 3—These expectations were encouraged by the very slight rise during the night; but from 10 A.M. till 2 P.M. the waters gained so fast as to lead to very painful forebodings. Some houses opposite to us are already abandoned, their inmates tenting on the little knolls behind. We hear of one settler taking a bateau* right through his

* Appendix, No. I.

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house; another with a boat at his door, ready to carry off his goods: I saw this myself, during my walk, at one house on a low point near us. From the Fort we hear that more than fifty deserted houses may be seen. The owners of some, wholly reckless of the future, and regarding their return to them as uncertain, have in some cases offered them for sale, and some have changed hands in this way for 30s. or 2*l*. The brightest and most unclouded full moon: strange to look upon it, and reflect of how many diversified trials it may have been the witness during its course! How little absent friends know through what we are passing! To ourselves it seems marvellous. Since the melting of the snow, the weather has been remarkably fine, with strong drying winds; so that, with the sky bright overhead, and the ground firm and dry under our feet, the approach of evil in such a form seems almost beyond belief.

May 4—Rode up to the Fort: the sight very distressing. The bridges are all giving way, on which nearly 600*l*. had been expended by the Council last summer. Saw Major Caldwell and Mr. Black, and made application to the latter for a boat to remove my family and property, should it be rendered necessary. On starting, I had asked my servant if he wanted any thing. He said, "Only

powder and shot if we have to go to the Mountain." This showed at once the subject uppermost in the minds of all, and proved that it was now necessary to look the coming evil in the face.

May 5—This was the day appointed for our public humiliation. The service was nearly the same as on May 26, 1850: then it was a distant evil, now, one near and imminent. The chief addition was that of proper Lessons, Amos ix. and St. Luke xvii. The proper Psalms were, xxix., li., and xciii. The additional Prayers were, that for fair weather, with the substitution "a plague of floods and waters," and one of those to be used in storms at sea, slightly altered to suit the case,* with the last two in the Commination Service. The usual chants were read, not sung. A goodly number present, and all solemn and attentive. The Hymns sung on the occasion were—

God is our refuge, tried and proved
Amid a stormy world :
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake—
Our comforts shall not cease :
The Lord His saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace. &c.

* Appendix, No. II.

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And

With the following—

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thine hand ;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

If Thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine :
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely Thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word
Though the whole world were gone ;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found ;
The honey 's mixed with gall :
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends
Be Thou my all in all.

And also—

'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil:
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to His feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

These are from a collection of hymns which I found in use on my arrival here, and I had sometimes thought of changing it for another; but I was struck with the number of hymns in it applicable to our peculiar circumstances at this season.

I then preached from Jeremiah x. 19: "Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it."

I. On the nature of the affliction—as Sudden, Stealthy, Without remedy, and, Reaching far into the future.

II. The Scriptural examples most applicable to our case, those of Noah and Job.

III. The sins which may have brought it upon us—Copying the heathen, see v. 1, 2—Pride and independence of spirit—Want of gratitude for many privileges—Evil speaking, and a tendency to take up mere reports—The system of advances, and running into debt—and, Carelessness in time of plenty.

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Closing with the questions—

1. What shall be the end?—Good, if we improve it aright.

2. What shall be the fruits?—Patience, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

3. What the way to secure this?—Earnest and effectual prayer.

We did not again assemble, as there was so much necessary to be done: indeed, I told them that, as the observance of the day was only of human appointment, they need not feel it binding on their conscience to abstain from all labour during the rest of the day, after we had joined in supplication to God to avert the impending judgment. I could not but revert in thought to the services of the same day two years before: it was the day of my first Confirmation in the country, in this same Church. Notice was given during service, that any who chose might lodge wheat in the gallery of the Church for safety: thirty bushels were brought immediately after. Many besides deposited the articles they most valued with ourselves, as, clocks, saws, seed, &c. One individual brought as much as a hundred bushels of grain, of different kinds, for storage. All seemed strengthened by the service, and prepared to endure what might be before them. The remark of one was,

that he would not leave the settlement, even though the flood should recur often; for, if a judgment for his sins, they would be sure to find him out wherever he was. In this way some may be left around us, though I fear the issue may be a partial dispersion of this part of the settlement.

About 4 P.M. Governor Colvile passed down in a birch-rind canoe, borne rapidly along the stream. His cheerfulness was animating to us all, and it was some encouragement to hear that the Stone Fort was still forty feet above the water. He pressed us to go down, but I preferred remaining at this end, more amid my people. My books were this afternoon carried over to St. Cross, which, being a newer house, was thought safer; the folios of St. Augustine, presented to me by the Rector and Fellows of Exeter College, Oxford, having thus an unexpected removal. The task was cheerfully undertaken by the young ladies, with the assistance of some of my own pupils. It was well that no time was lost, as the water had spread itself between the two houses before morning. The evening was calm, and the rise from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. was barely three inches: for a time it appeared almost stationary. Towards night heavy rain commenced, the first since the breaking up of the ice: if it bring warm weather it may do good.

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An old Indian, who often works about the house, living on the opposite side, begged permission to tent on the ground, having moved to no purpose from knoll to knoll across.

May 6—The rain has cleared the air. Another Indian family take refuge near us. Four tents, with the cattle and little property around, now on the ground. A stirring scene to behold the cattle brought from the opposite side. A boat came to take away Mrs. Mills and her young ladies: a few also went from my own school: the relief was great to find but ten pupils remaining. Busy piling cordwood: the men occupied stacking some unthrashed wheat on the roof of one of the out-buildings. The cheerfulness of the children seems only to increase with the bustle: my youngest little boy on the top of the wheat stack, full of joy, and without thought for the future, imagined that we were only breaking up for the holidays. The work of dismantling proceeds in the house: all the servants most willing and active.

The chief features of a meteorological character which we noticed were, a halo or large circle round the sun, and the fleecy, feathery clouds commonly called, I believe, by sailors, mares' tails: these were observed for about a fortnight. The chief sounds were the croaking of the frogs and the piling of the

wood, as all were trying to secure that most essential article, and, on the rafts so formed, to save carts, carioles, sleighs, and any other property.

May 7—A morning of more wintry aspect. Sixteen hundredweight of flour, part of the collection at the Upper Church for the Mission at Fairford, lodged in the gallery of the church. Horses of the Company pass down, sent for security to the Stone Fort. They were seen fording and swimming the creeks, now swollen to rivers. In every direction there are processions of cattle, horses, and carts, going to the Little Mountain: the creaking sound of the wheels is melancholy to hear. One stable drifts down the river. Mrs. Taylor, who had been our inmate for nearly two years, left in a cart to take possession of their unfinished parsonage-house, and to prepare it, as far as might be, in case we should be obliged to leave our own for higher ground. The patriarch of our congregation, Mr. J. Spence, takes refuge with us: he had seen the previous flood, and had then been kindly sheltered on the same ground, in a part of the buildings which existed in those days, by the Rev. D. T. Jones. I could do but little for him; but, placing him by a comfortable stove, set him to read "Luther's Life" and "Adam's Private Thoughts," when he soon forgot all without. Mr. Cockran arrived late in the

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evening, and, by his appearance, cheered us all. It astonished us to hear that seed was sown at the Indian Settlement. We agreed to undertake together the Mission farm at St. Andrew's, for it seemed doubtful whether wheat could be raised on my own land this year. He was still full of hope that the waters would not rise to a flood, as before.

May 8—Mr. Cockran returns home, after visiting the Upper Fort. During the forenoon a little snow and sleet fell. This was the birthday of our old guest, who was to-day 85 years old. More of the pupils leave: engaged in removing wheat from the granary, at the door of which the water was now washing. All these were to me unusual employments, but all had now to take to active work, and turn every moment to account. I could not but think of David and the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, and offer up the prayer, "Stay now thine hand." In viewing and handling the grain more closely, I could not but feel that poetry spoke not in vain, in more senses than one, of the golden corn and golden harvest. As regarded the future subsistence of all in the settlement, here was the true gold, that which gold could not purchase, more valuable to us than the mines of California. The evening calm and beautiful: water still rising. To our surprise, a large boat was seen passing between

us and St. Cross, and we found it was to bring the people over to service next morning. The tents were visible on the Little Mountain, where the pensioners, and many of the settlers, were already encamped. The aurora borealis was brilliant at night, like a semicircular arch of tailed comets.

May 9: Sunday—Awoke by the sweet singing of the birds: a most gorgeous day, with bright sun and strong south wind. We had heard over night that the water was stationary at Pembina; but the great rise in the night dispelled such a pleasing idea. Many had hoped to defer the removal of their cattle till after the day of rest, but were forced to go off at once. I was myself obliged to give orders for my own cattle to be taken up to the higher banks of the Assiniboine, as the intervening ground was being fast covered. I prepared for service, but with a heavy heart. The pathway to the church was open, but only just so: the water had entered one corner of the churchyard, and, had the service been three hours later, we could not have gone over dry shod. The gathering of the congregation was very different from usual: some came over their corn-fields in the large boat,

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others were ferried across the creek, where my bridge was many feet under water. I expected but

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very few, but they gradually filled in, until we numbered more than a hundred. One of the Psalms for the day of the month was Luther's, the 46th; and for the second lesson came St. Matthew vii., the closing image of which, from the Redeemer's own lips, with the buildings floating around, admitted of application to all. We sang—

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions all be still;
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise:
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

In heaven and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed
That what He does is ever best.

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat:
Beneath the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

With the following—

When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.

O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide:
 Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear Thy name:
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

And this, so singularly appropriate, as if written
 for us—

See the gloomy gathering cloud,
 Hanging o'er a sinful land:
 Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
 Times of trouble are at hand.
 Happy they who love His name,
 They shall always find Him near;
 Though the earth were wrapped in flame,
 They have no just cause for fear.

Hark! His voice, in accents mild,
 (Oh, how comforting and sweet!)
 Speaks of every humble child,
 Pointing out a sure retreat.

"Come, and in my chambers hide,
 To my saints of old well known:
 There you safely may abide,
 Till the storm be overblown.

You have only to repose
 On my wisdom, love, and care:
 When my wrath consumes my foes,
 Mercy shall my children spare.

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While they perish in the flood,
 You that bear my holy mark,
 Sprinkled with atoning blood,
 Shall be safe within the ark."

Sinners, see the ark prepared;
 Haste to enter while there's room:
 Though the Lord His arm has bared,
 Mercy still retards your doom.
 Seek Him while there yet is hope,
 Ere the day of grace be past,
 Lest in wrath He give you up,
 And this call should prove your last.

I then preached from Nahum i. 7: "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him;" dwelling chiefly on the goodness of God, and His tender care of His people in trouble. I gave out that there would be no service in the afternoon, and that, if any looked for direction to satisfy their conscience, I thought a reference to St. Matthew xii. 11. would prove that they were justified in rescuing their cattle, and the means of life, even on the Lord's-day. My own cattle were, on this principle, removed out of danger during the hours of service. Coming out, I spoke to some who had the use of a boat, and offered them a sovereign if they would rescue the family and cattle of one man, who was

now surrounded on the spot to which he had fled for refuge on the other side of the river. They immediately manned the boat with a large crew, and with some difficulty crossed the rapid current, and in about two hours brought them off. The little child, one of them told me, was asleep on some hay, with the water nearly around it. They are now safely tented on the ground.

6 o'clock.—The greater portion of those in church in the morning have now moved out, and have gone, in a long line of carts, to the Mountain, with their cattle. My own servants have returned from Mr. Taylor's, where they left the cattle. The strength of the south wind is bringing down a prodigious volume of water. Our own family-prayers in the evening were different from aforesaid. Our numbers were reduced, and few could join us; yet the precious lesson occurred, Romans viii.—especially its closing verses, how full of comfort, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation . . . or famine,” &c. The most melancholy sight of the day had been, when those tented on my ground moved off, and passed over the swollen water to the north of the church. All walked right through the stream, men and women up to their waist: the cattle were swum over, and the carts with great difficulty got through. Others were

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housed by us for the night. The party from Portage-la-Prairie, who had come in for seed, left, as they could not be sure of crossing with their laden carts in the morning. It was thus a day of much secularity, but I hope not unnecessarily so. In rescuing the cattle one felt the luxury of doing good, for which alone life is worth living. Another day, and our dwelling will be touched with the waters. We had perhaps shared in the feeling, which all seemed in turn to experience, that it might yet stop ere it reached ourselves; but all around were suffering, and why should we expect to escape? We had, directly after service, removed the hangings, cushions, &c., from the church, which it now seemed likely the water would enter.

There had been to-day a peculiar noise, like the sound of many waters, such as one may imagine the first distant sound of Niagara: it was the pouring of the water over the plains. One told me he heard it commence in the morning: it was not the usual rush of the river, but the sound as of a waterfall; and we often heard it afterwards in places where the body of water, coming over the plains, rushed down from a higher level. None could tell whence all the water came. Some, as in the former flood, said that the waters of the Missouri were

coming down upon us;* others, that it was the breaking up of the Red Lake, or the melting of the snow at the Turtle Mountain. This was undoubted, that the Red River opened for itself fresh channels into the Assiniboine above the junction, so that from Pembina to our settlement was one broad lake. And it came down upon us—as an Indian, I believe, first expressed it—like a race-horse.

May 10—Another beautiful morning, but the rise in the night greater than any previous one. The water was now in the granary and store, and I was some time standing in the water, which had got into the ice-cellar, endeavouring to rescue some barrels of salted meat, which we had deferred doing on Saturday evening. Through the energy of those around me we succeeded in doing this, though the cold was intense. The provision was invaluable to us, as it constituted our summer stock, and main dependence during the warm weather. The loss of the ice, though in our climate a great luxury, and essential for the preservation of all fresh provisions, was, under the circumstances, scarcely felt or thought of.

This day the boat, which we expected for the

* "Missionary Register" for December 1826, p. 635.

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little boys, arrived about 11 A.M., with Mr. Black, the officer in charge of the Upper Fort, and Mrs. Black, who kindly came to see us. They were distressed at finding us so surrounded with the waters. Their accounts were most painful. The barn of Emilien, the largest farmer among the Canadians, had floated away: they reported also the loss of many other houses, carried down by the current. A little time was lost in collecting our pigs, poultry, &c., for transportation; and then the boat went off, taking my three dear little boys, and their invaluable nurse, to their spot of refuge on the higher ground of St. James's, to enjoy the kindness and attention of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. The water gained upon us all day. One of my servants brought tidings from Mr. Taylor of a rise of the Assiniboine of five inches and a half during the night. Another servant I sent down with the horses to the Rapids, to commence the ploughing of the Mission farm there. A poor Frenchman called on me, begging for a little relief: his house had been swept away, and, besides this, he was left without a bateau: he was houseless, and spoke of his seven children with tears in his eyes, but added, "C'est le bon Dieu qui afflige"—a lesson of patience to all.

The evening was bright and beautiful, the sunset brilliant, and the whole sky without a cloud. Yet

vegetation and death how near ! All was starting from its long winter, and springing into life, only to be swept over by the deadening tide. The maple-trees, now in full leaf, only served to make the desolation more palpable. There was the rich green foliage above, and the waste of waters all beneath. We ascended the high raft of wood, to take a prospect around. How desolate ! not a creature visible to the eye, save one neighbour, with his wife, on the top of their raft. Boats, too, were seen in unusual places, still carrying cattle over. On descending from the raft, and walking to the front of the house, I saw from the platform what I thought to be a full sail, beyond the church-yard, on what was the mainland. Those about me laughed at the idea, till I forced them to look again, when the boat sailed round, and approached the house, as a carriage might have done in summer. Wonderful as the look of the river is, more wonderful is the expanse of water towards the plains : it is indeed

Cœlum undique, et undique pontus.

The water this evening gained our platform, and washed the walls of the house : whether they may bear the shock is known only to our gracious Father, who guides and checks all by His sovereign will. All necessary preparations had been made

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during the day, by unhinging and removing the doors of the lower rooms, to allow free current for the waters. The furniture was either carried up stairs, or the heavier articles piled piece upon piece, so as to prevent their knocking about. In doing this, we had to attend to the two houses and school-buildings; and, as all around had now left, it was impossible to get any assistance. My sister and I now took up our quarters in the upper part of one wing of the house.

May 11—Lovely bright morning: rose before five, and had superintended the measuring of thirty bushels of wheat before six, for seed at the Rapids; also Indian corn and potatoes, to go by the boat which had arrived the previous evening. The rise in the night rather less: the platform was now floating: no water as yet in the house. My garden, the last dry spot, was now under water, and the churchyard, the seed-plot for eternity, was also covered. The surface of the water was beautifully calm, and the sun very powerful. Looking at the vegetation bursting forth on all sides, one could almost imagine that it would still outstrip and defy the progress of the waters. We prepared to send off the boat: our aged guest, too infirm to endure further hardship, was sent down by it to safe quarters below. Seed, plough, and harrows,

with the remainder of my young pupils, were also sent off. While thus occupied, the Governor and Mrs. Colvile, with Mrs. Mills, called, and were much shocked at the changed appearance of all around. They wished to send boats to take off property, but this I felt to be scarcely possible, as I had so much belonging to others in the house, nor was there time to pack sufficiently for a removal. I was content to leave all above, in the hope that a gracious God would preserve the dwelling, at least the upper part of it. Busy through the whole day in a thousand different ways, often in the water up to my knees, as all around the platforms were giving way, and afforded no secure footing. Friends can scarcely imagine our unspeakable gratitude at finding that no water had entered any of the rooms: the flood was still without, only in the cellars. Every stove in either house was now taken to pieces and carried up stairs: this, from their number and the weight of the iron, was in itself no inconsiderable labour. Heard with pain of Mr. Chapman: wished much to send to him, but could not. It was now "every family apart." It was painful to think how little one could do for others—how unavailing was the deepest sympathy. Heard also from Mr. Taylor. In his new unplastered dwelling twenty-seven were

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sheltered the previous night. What a privilege thus to be enabled to do good at a time of such wide-spread distress! My sister is cheerful and collected as ever, with the waters gaining inch by inch: here is moral courage and Christian heroism. One servant with me, who is deserving of all praise: the others, scattered with the cattle and the ploughing. My senior scholar returned to-day, and remains, with one of the elder pupils: this is our whole staff, with Mr. G. Pridham—few enough to overlook both houses.

May 12—Awoke at two in the morning, and went over the house, thankful to find that all was still dry. Slept till half-past four, and got up, having had a refreshing dream in the interval of the waters falling at Pembina; but awoke to find it only a pleasing vision. The water had now entered the hall, and was trickling into the sitting-rooms—a sad and heartrending spectacle. Let any at home picture to themselves their doors unhung, their grates removed (their only equivalent to our stove), their furniture piled to the ceiling in their rooms, or carried up stairs, and the water entering by the sides, oozing from under the boards, and secretly creeping along till it covers the flooring. The main door in the porch would no longer open, from the rising of the hall floor, and it had to be forcibly taken off.

The morning brought us a little mischance, trying to patience, though soon got over. My box, with the diocesan registers and my private papers, had been sent to the other house, and left in a room which it was not thought the water would reach so soon. It was found, however, an inch or two in the water, which had contrived to enter the tin safe, and damage a few of the papers. They were soon effectually dried, by the kind services of those about me. We had prayers as usual before breakfast, only a little band of six: sung good Bishop Ken's Morning Hymn, with but little between us and the water. Read as our portion Job i. May God give us a measure of his patience!

A birch-rind canoe arrived from Mr. Cockran, with two Indians, father and son, to remain with us for any emergency, and to carry us off if necessary. I went over with them to the church, and found the water had entered. It was a melancholy sight to look down from the gallery; and as I viewed the churchyard lying under water, I thought what could be done in case of death. There had been two funerals the day before at St. Andrew's: what could I do if death occurred in the Upper Settlement? The rise of the night had been very great, and the wind was strong from the south-east. This caused a violent current against the house,

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which we could hardly stem on our return from the church. As we crossed, the strong slab fence to the side of the house was giving way in large spaces. I listened for some time, not knowing whence the noise came: there was first the cracking sound, as the bands which connected the pickets were wrenched asunder, and then a loud splash, as they fell into the water. As I turned to see what it was, one of the Indians said, "Muskowichewun nippée"—the water is very strong—glancing significantly in the right direction.

This morning a great number of birds. some of a kind which neither my servant nor any around me knew—like a canary, but larger, and with more black on the wings. Swallows had been seen, for the first time, the day before. Afterwards, the birds not so numerous; probably unable to find their usual food. My own poor dog, "Watch," the only animal near, seemed to languish, wandering about the house in search of dry footing, and whining piteously. The weather still as bright over head as the brightest May-day in England. Heard from the party above: all well and happy: received letters from the two eldest little boys, busy in their new employments, and finding pleasure in all.

The Rev. J. Hunter came kindly from below to offer any assistance. Mr. Taylor arrived, also, in

the evening, from above: both much affected with the distressing sight and changed aspect of our dwelling. Their sympathy was cheering. The canoe which brought Mr. Taylor down had taken up Mr. Pridham. The continuance in such a scene was felt to be trying to the health and spirits, and we determined to relieve each other at intervals. I consented to accept Mr. Taylor's offer, and to leave, for a short time, on the morrow, while he remained to guard. That night there was a fearful thunder-storm, with much vivid lightning, and a high wind; but we were four of us together in one room, and felt it comparatively little. My sister was in the adjoining room. If the water increase, this part of the house would be no longer accessible: this, of itself, would be a reason for seeking a change. Read Job ii. for our evening portion.

March 13—After a most tempestuous night a bright morning: the wind falling, but still considerable. The rise much as before: not one dry spot left below: no resting-place for the sole of the foot. We had prayers in the kitchen, standing in the water three inches deep. What devastation this one night must have made! If we felt somewhat alarmed, what must it have been for those exposed to the severity of the weather! We thought much of women and children driven from their homes, and

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even, in many cases, without tents to shelter them. Wonderful, how God sustains! We were more cheerful throughout than any could imagine. It is only the meeting with friends, and their beholding one in changed apparel (barefoot, like David of old), and in a sadly altered home, that at all affected me: to all feelings about the loss and destruction of property one is comparatively callous.

The nearest resemblance to our condition might be found in a prolonged shipwreck, in which the waters are fast gaining on the vessel, and one knows not what to rescue and save, or whether the ship itself will hold out to the end. There was even the rocking sensation, as one passed over the floating platforms, or watched the swell of the current through the house. At other times one compared our position to that of a fortress under siege; the lines of the enemy approaching nearer and nearer, until but one solitary spot was left from which to look down. When I spoke, however, of this, my sister said hers would ever be David's choice—to fall into the hands of God, and not into those of men. In looking from without, and especially when viewing the settlement after the waters had begun to retire, it was exactly as if a fire had raged: every house looked a mere shell, the doors and window-sashes taken off, and the chimneys fallen in through the

roof, with the barns and out-houses often in ruins around.

Mr. Hunter left, having given much valuable aid: he and Mr. Taylor had taken off the window-sashes of both houses. He promised also to return the next day, with a large boat, to take off what could be removed of our property. It is grateful to hear of dry land below; but should the water continue to rise and sweep down the plains, Mr. Hunter fears that it may come upon them from behind, and that they may feel it eventually at the Rapids. My sister consented to go above, as then the party remaining could all be together in the kitchen loft. I was to accompany her for a day or two, to see the little ones, and enjoy a little change. I had also arranged to have service, if possible, on Sunday at the Little Mountain. The water was now knee-deep in the house, and, sitting still up stairs, the sound was like the dashing of the waves on the shore. All that was possible having now been effected, we felt our situation more depressing than when actively employed.

A boat from the Upper Fort called: it was taking down Mrs. Caldwell and family, Mrs. Pelly, and others, to remain at the Stone Fort till the waters subside. They were to have taken in our piano, and that of Mrs. Mills, but the waves were

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running too high for them to stop long, and the boat was taking in water. None of the party left the boat, and my sister could only speak to them from her upper room window. We were to have gone up to St. James's directly after, but the men deemed it too rough for the canoe, so we waited till morning.

May 14—Rose at half-past four: the weather still stormy. The men however said, "Keche nootin, mahgah kwiusketin"—it blows hard, but it is fair. We started soon after five. My sister was brought in a wooden bateau from the foot of the stairs through the hall and kitchen, and then got into the birch-rind canoe. It was very cold, and the paddles sometimes splashed the water over us; yet we could not but notice the dexterity of the Indians in the use of the paddle, and the variety of evolutions they performed with it. Sometimes it was the quick, hurried paddle; at other times the gentlest touch breaking the wave; again, they seemed to steady the canoe by merely drawing their paddle slowly through the water. Sometimes they cried out, "Pahkwon"—it is shoal—and then they struck it down to the bottom, so as partially to raise the canoe. We went right over the fields—nearly the line of our usual land road—to avoid the strong current and long bends of the river. The

chief danger was from the fencings which had divided the farms. These consist of two upright posts at certain intervals, between which cross poles are fixed: these latter were, for the most part, now washed away; but whenever we crossed where they had been, the man at the bow of the canoe felt his way very carefully with the paddle, as coming upon one of these concealed under the water would have damaged their frail bark. They always carry pitch with them to repair any injury; and it is the last thing before starting to examine the canoe, and see that all the seams are tight. They seldom venture far out in these, generally coasting along the lakes, where they may put to shore in case of storm or accident. But now there was no dry land on which they could have taken up the canoe for repair, had such been necessary, while there was more risk of injury than in open water.

After a hard paddle we reached our refuge at Mr. Taylor's, where many came out to welcome us. I believe we looked rather shivering and weather-beaten; but a warm in the house soon refreshed us, and not less a walk on dry ground. The sensation was like that of treading on the earth after a stormy passage. It seemed weeks since I had really had a walk, and I felt unwilling to remain in the house.

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After dinner I rode up to the encampment on the Little Mountain, where I saw Captain Hill and the pensioners. Found Mr. Black and Dr. Cowan there also, who confirmed the good tidings of a diminished rise. The pensioners had been so delighted to hear that it had only risen two inches during the night, that they had chaired the bearers of the good news on the spot. I saw other parishioners who were tented near, and announced, to their joy, the Sunday service. On my way back, visited the other tents nearer the river, chiefly those from the lower part of the Assiniboine district. How fortunate that Mr. Taylor had so far finished his house: it thus afforded a most seasonable refuge. As they have thus commenced by being blessings to many, may they continue to be so, leading many to the true city of refuge prepared for sinners. Nothing could exceed the kindness of their welcome. Here, all was activity and bustle: how different from the death-like stagnation below! On our way up we had seen but one individual: here were canoes, and carts, and cattle, and many moving about. But I found that, go where I might, some call of business would find me out. Soon after my arrival the schoolmaster from Portage la Prairie, and with him the Indian chief and his boys who had been at school there, paid me a visit.

May 15—The cold of the previous day had almost prepared us to expect the snow and sleet which fell this morning, and continued for some hours: a most wintry aspect for the middle of May. Nearly thirty had slept under the roof, females and children being taken in from the tents around: on one occasion as many as thirty-five. We were anxious to send the canoe for Mr. Taylor, but it was too rough till the afternoon, when the weather moderated, and the river resumed a placid appearance. An evident decrease in the rise of the water: a great mercy, for had it continued at the same rate, a very few days must have driven us from our present refuge; and tents were being prepared in the expectation that we would yet have to pitch out. Mr. Taylor arrived in the evening, and reported one boat-load of our property taken down to the Rapids: the boat to return on Monday for more, should the rise still continue. Prepared my sermon for next day: how changed from former Sabbaths!

May 16: Sunday — A fine cold morning. After breakfast proceeded on horseback to the Little Mountain, and found that Captain Hill had made the necessary preparations, and selected a spot sheltered, as much as possible, from the north wind. The situation and the whole assemblage

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were picturesque in the extreme, and I wish I could have had a sketch of the scene. Around were about four-and-twenty military tents with the ordnance mark, tipped with red. Before me was a table covered with a scarlet cariole cloth, by which I stood for service. The congregation formed in a semicircle around, consisting of pensioners, their families, and other settlers: about 100 in all. I preached from Genesis xix. 27—Abraham looking down on the cities of the plain. This seemed no unsuitable subject, as within a step or two we could command the prospect of the upper part of the settlement devastated by the swelling tide. I considered,

I. Abraham as a pattern of intercessory prayer and faith.

II. The destruction of the guilty cities. And then applied the subject by contrasting Lot and his wife, the one taken and the other left. I alluded also, in closing, to the churchyard, and those who had seen the previous flood, whose bodies now lay there covered with the waters. A few survived to see a second flood. I spoke of the two servants of God who, under similar circumstances in 1826, had preached but a little distance below us to the large encampment*—the one taken

* The late Rev. D. T. Jones and the Rev. W. Cockran.

hence, the other still spared in full vigour and strength. Encouraged them to look onwards through their trials in faith and patience, and upwards to that heaven to which we were all fast hastening.

I enjoyed the service extremely, and found, much to my joy, that many of my people were there from Sturgeon Creek, and some of my own pupils, so that we formed a good choir. We had our usual chaunts, and very beautiful was the melody of Spofforth's *Te Deum* under the open canopy of heaven. Left the spot filled with gratitude, and found that Mr. Taylor had enjoyed as fully his service with an attentive congregation at his own house. Very laudable was the desire manifested to be present, some having arrived soon after eight in the morning, although the service was not to begin till half-past ten. It was held within the house, some being in each of the four rooms. From the unfinished state of the house, the partitions not being yet plastered, Mr. Taylor, who took his place in the entrance hall, was perfectly audible to all. It was for the time our nave and transepts. It afforded a curious proof of the similarity of the expedients from necessity resorted to in colonial dioceses, to find, a few weeks after, in the journal of the Bishop of Quebec, that he had

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preached exactly in a similar way in his late visitation tour.*

In the evening there was service again in the house at five o'clock. After Mr. Taylor had read prayers, I preached from Genesis viii. 10, 11—the dove sent forth from the ark. This led me to contemplate the patriarchal sabbath, the messenger sent forth by Noah, and the gracious answer of God. As we stood by the spot where God seemed to have stayed the flood, I took occasion to observe that, as Noah raised an altar for a thank-offering to God, so there seemed a peculiar propriety in the consecration of this spot to God, which has twice been the Zoar of the settlement: surely, then, a fit place for the future church; and of it we in a manner took possession this day, which might be regarded as the sabbath of first-fruits—of consecration to the living God. So richly had God blessed us through the day! Had any one told me that I could have so enjoyed a Sabbath when banished from my own home, and cut off from God's house, I could not have believed it: so true is it that wherever His people worship, God fulfils to them His gracious promise—"I will be to them a little sanctuary."

* Appendix, No. III.

May 17—I started early in the canoe to visit my own house. In passing the Fort called to see the Major and Mr. Black. At the Fort gate the current was terrific, and we entered with difficulty. Instead of the usual bustle of May—the most active month of the year—all was desolate: boats were within the quadrangle, and one taking in cargo from the upper windows of the store. Breakfasted with Major Caldwell, after which the rapidity of the current soon carried me to my own house. But here melancholy tidings awaited me, as if wave upon wave of trouble were breaking over me. I heard that my faithful servant had left on Saturday evening, soon after Mr. Taylor had quitted the house, to visit his wife. As he started when it was dark and stormy, all alone in a wooden bateau, and had not since been heard of, there seemed great reason to fear the worst. I determined to start instantly to see his wife, twelve miles down the river, and if I should not find him there to break the sad tidings to her. I had read the day before, in the Epistle, that the essence of true religion is “to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;” but I had little idea then that the first duty of the morrow would be to break to a young widow the tidings of her husband’s death. I sailed down in much anxiety of mind, the waves

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being like a sea, and succeeded in reaching the Middle Church. Here I found Mr. Hunter and his brother-in-law, one of my scholars, with a large boat at the very door of the church, having come up to remove more of my property. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were living in the gallery of the church: the tower seemed almost to rock with the wind. Here Mr. Chapman had had service the previous day, with a congregation of five in the morning and three in the afternoon. I tried to persuade them to leave, and Mr. Hunter would have taken them down, but they declined doing so. Finding that my men pronounced it too rough to proceed further, I got into the larger boat to go up with Mr. Hunter, who kindly undertook to act as my substitute, and visit the widow on his return. Here one ray of hope for a moment appeared. I thought of questioning his crew what members of that family had been at St. Andrew's church the day before. One of them replied, "Your servant was there;" but with another question all hope vanished, and I found he meant the wife. On leaving the church tower, the boat went through the churchyard-gate, and for some distance kept its course over the plains; but on getting into the current of the river the tide was so strong against us that we made but little head: and after trying for some time to stem

it, to little purpose, I urged Mr. Hunter to return, and hailed my canoe, into which I jumped, and got up in safety, through God's blessing. The waves were so high as almost to threaten to swallow us up. At times we were nearly driving against the houses, or upon hidden fences ; but the dexterity of the men was admirable, and I felt throughout full confidence. We looked around eagerly, in every direction, and tried often to raise a shout, in case my poor servant might be anywhere on a raft, or in a barn, but all in vain. I had spoken the day before of the water washing over many who had seen the last flood. How little did I know that the tide then covered the remains of one who had been the mainspring of the house, not only in my own time, but for six years before my arrival in the country. The report of one of the congregation, which he had mentioned to many on the Mountain, seemed now to be too true, who said that during the night of Saturday he had heard the moaning as of a man far spent. He had tried to rouse the two by his side, but in the dark no effectual relief could be rendered, and the sound soon died away.

Soon after I reached home Mr. Cockran arrived. Singularly enough, he had by the way seen the widow, unconscious of her bereavement. This confirmed our worst apprehensions, and made the

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certainty almost beyond a doubt. Was it not strange, too, that he brought tidings of another death—that of the only child of the younger Indian in my canoe? The child had died and been committed to the earth without the father's presence. It was affecting to see him hide his face in his hands, and weep in bitterness of soul. He seemed to be comforted when I asked him whether it was not far better that the child should rest with God than remain in a world so full of sorrow. This would be a sufficient contradiction to the poetic fancy which has termed the Indian "the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear." He may not feel keenly much which affects us, but towards his family his heart is as warm as that of the white man, and his grief under bereavement is overwhelming; and not having our consolation, he often gives way, and sinks entirely under it. Of a father's love I had here sufficient proof: and of a mother's who could doubt, who sees the cradle, and the clothes of the babe which she has lost, carried about by her long after in unavailing sorrow?

Our evening, though a sad one, was cheered by much social converse. We were a large party—thirteen in all—several being storm-stayed, and obliged to pass the night with us. We sang together in our "upper room," and offered up our

united prayers, after which Mr. Cockran gave us many tales of the former flood, and the earlier days of the settlement. Thus the night passed away, and we lay down to rest; but I could not sleep, my mind continually reverting to one so long a worshipper with us, and so suddenly taken away.

May 18—We arose betimes, and Mr. Cockran soon started on his way down, determined to take Mrs. Chapman and her baby from their watchtower to the Indian settlement. The night had been very tempestuous, which had, as we afterwards found, made her more willing to leave. They had even put out a signal of distress early in the morning, that those in the adjoining windmill might, according to agreement, come to take them off; but they had fared but little better, and would themselves have taken refuge in the church, but felt it unsafe to cross. In this way the signal was unheeded, and on Mr. Cockran's arrival he found little need to use much persuasion.

A boat came to take some provisions and seed for our use above; but little, comparatively, could be done while the waves were so high, and the house so deep in water and difficult to pass through. The heavy porch of oak had floated off, and the boat was now moored close by the front door. Near it was a bedstead, which had been borne

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thither on the waters, from whence we knew not, and all around was wreck of every description: each hour brought down fresh spoil—

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A large granary, full of wheat, had been driven by the current into the creek, and grounded on our lawn. I went up in the boat, having given my Indians permission to go down, owing to the death of the child. After a hard pull, we arrived in safety, but all were sadly afflicted at the loss of our valued and trusty cook. The rest of the day was spent in realizing the delight of being on dry land, and enjoying all the pleasures which the unwearied kindness of our friends could afford. I was much affected, at evening prayers, in seeing part of my household assembled around me, and thinking of him who had always delighted to join, with heart and voice, in our family service.

May 19—A bright and milder morning, with a westerly wind: water stationary, and very calm. Two men started, to endeavour to find the body near the spot where the sounds were heard—I fear, upon a hopeless search. I had brought up my poor dog the day before in the boat. It appeared to revive a little after being brought on dry land, but died during the night.

All was energy around: one seemed to have passed to another atmosphere. Ploughing was going on on both sides of the river. In a walk before breakfast, saw the seed being committed to the ground; while on the other side of the road the wheat was already up. Seven ploughs were at work in one field, and five or six in another, those whose land was dry feeling the necessity of cultivating on a larger scale. The children were engaged in clearing and preparing the little garden around the parsonage. In the forenoon the captain paid us a visit, and I was much pleased with his account of the attention of the men. After service they were grouped together, talking of what they had heard: Roman Catholics and Protestants joined. Strolled out after he left. The violets and buttercups, raspberry and strawberry blossoms, were grateful to the eye. Returning for dinner, I was agreeably surprised at finding Mr. Chapman had arrived. He had come over in a cart with a friend from the Stony Mountain. He gave us a lively description of the perils of Monday night. Soon after his wife had left with Mr. Cockran he had quitted the church for the hill, where many of his people are assembled. Each of our congregations and the Presbyterians have now their own clergyman; all, with the exception of those at the

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little hill on the opposite side of the river, called generally Mr. Bird's hill, which is more difficult to reach. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Black came up in a canoe, chiefly to inform us of the express, which was to leave for Canada at the end of the month. The intercourse of the day was thus very refreshing, and the extreme ends of the settlement seemed brought together.

Mr. Chapman's account of the losses in his own district was very appalling. The houses of two brothers had been entirely swept away, with their barns and wheat; while along a considerable space on the other side of the river there was not one house left standing. Others had placed their ploughs and stoves for safety upon rafts, and these floating off, all was lost. The mills, too, are reported to be much disabled, and unlikely to be at work for some time. Where artisans are few, this and the loss of a forge involves serious inconvenience. In the evening, the men returned from a vain search after the body. They report that the water is certainly now at a stand, to say the least; and, singularly enough, it is the very day on which in 1826 it began to decline. But for my recent loss, what joyful tidings! During the day there was the burial of an Indian woman I had seen on Monday, who died of dropsy. She was

buried without a coffin, wrapped merely in a blanket, with a bag at the head for a pillow, containing the articles she had used: a buffalo robe was laid beneath. No words were uttered, nor expressions of wailing, but in the evening there was the usual drumming. This was on the ground which I intended to offer to enclose with a fence, if the Indians themselves should be willing: it almost adjoins that fixed on for the church and school of St. James. O that they might be quickened by God's good Spirit! I felt the pain of being able to do less for them, in a temporal point of view, than usual. It was with grief that I was now obliged to deny them that which hitherto I had given freely and without stint; pahkwazhegun—flour—being their invariable demand. Those also who brought any article for sale always requested to be paid in food rather than money.

May 20—Wandered out into the wood with my little boys: it was the birthday of the youngest, six years old. He said, as we walked, "It does not seem like other birthdays; for below I know all the people, while here all are strange." He said his little presents were not to be given him till he returned home, as he called the old house, now almost a wreck. This, too, is Ascension Day: how different from the last! On that day I had full

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service in church, and afterwards dined with the clergy, scholars, and pupils, in hall. It fell then on the 29th of May, the anniversary of my consecration, and our election day. Saw many of the Canadians in the wood, and entered into conversation with them. I had lost, as I thought, in scrambling through the bushes, the little book in which, from day to day, I had inserted these rough notes, and offered them a reward should any find it. On my return, the Indian women were playing near the graves, at a game of their own, not far from the spot where their companion was buried yesterday; so thoughtless are the heathen, so little alive to death and eternity. They place, it appears, cross sticks over the grave, that the earth may not press on the dead, with something of that common feeling expressed in the words, *Sit tibi terra levis*. They do so in the hope that at the resurrection she may arise and clothe herself in the things placed around her; so little do they know that God has prepared for His people a house not made with hands—a body, unlike the frail earthly tabernacle, like unto Christ's glorified body.

After all, I found my missing book in the house, much to my own joy, the more so as the notes might be the source of pleasure to distant friends. Major Caldwell came up to-day to visit us: he is at pre-

sent in solitude, without any attendant, in Government house, Mrs. Caldwell and family being below. In the evening the mosquitos were as thick as midges.* The whip-poor-will, a sound to which we were unused at home, reminded us that we were nearer the extremity of the cultivated part of the settlement.

May 21—The river still stationary. The height, on the whole, is certainly not so great as in the former flood, perhaps by about eighteen inches; but as the channel of the river is deeper and broader, and the creeks very much enlarged, there may be an equal volume of water. My birch-rind canoe returned. I had expected it for two days, but found it had been upset by the force of the current, and was seen, bottom upwards, floating past the Stone Fort. Two sealed letters were found in it, directed for me, which fortunately dispelled all fear of my having been in it. The two men had swam to shore with great difficulty, the one having only just escaped a watery grave; but the tent they were bringing for Mr. Chapman was lost, besides their own gun and capotes. De-

* This was the only occasion on which they were very troublesome; but the mosquito hawk, a sort of large dragon fly, their merciless pursuer, was afterwards unusually numerous.

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lighted to find that the water had sunk an inch in my own house. I started to pass the night there. We had a most beautiful sail: the declining sun very glorious. The view was like that of a vast lake studded with houses, of many of which the projecting gable was the only part visible. With the Upper Church to the left, rising out of the water, with its little belfry, and the Roman-Catholic Church to the right, as I saw them from one spot, the whole would have formed a good subject for a sketch. Reached the house: glad to find all safe. The younger Indian, who had lost his child, had not returned with the canoe, and his substitute was scarcely so dexterous a paddler. He had promised to endeavour to persuade his wife to let him return to me; but the old man said, significantly accompanying it with a gesture, "Eskwayoo mechiminu" —his wife held him back. They brought tidings that the body of my poor servant had been found, clinging to the rope of the bateau, near Frog Plain, three miles below; but this proved a mere rumour.* Spent a pleasant evening in the upper room, with Mr. Pridham and the senior scholar. Experience

* We afterwards found that the bateau had been the means of saving the life of one man, who was upset in his own, and caught hold of this one, which was drifting by. How wonderful! death to one and life to another by it.

had accustomed them to their new mode of life: they cooked and baked for themselves, and drew up their water in buckets by the window. It was pleasing to notice the Indians say their grace, very devoutly, before and after each meal, in their own tongue. How much accomplished even in this—to be able to bless and thank God, “weyah ooche Jesus Christ”—for the sake of Jesus Christ. Those in the house had felt, more than we had done above, the short whirlwind the previous night. Such squalls are not unusual in this country in summer. Rising, for the most part, as in a moment, from a perfect calm, they are very violent while they last, but generally, after a short time, they subside as suddenly. They pronounced this to be the highest wind during the flood, and for a time they trembled for the stability of the houses.

I heard from Peter Jacobs, one of the scholars: he, while at the Indian Settlement, is trying to improve the singing. The natives are fond of singing, and the music has been good there for many years. He may be of much use in this way, as he is the chief dependence of my own choir. I had thus the pleasure of receiving letters from my scholars, a delight which I might not otherwise have experienced. I was glad to find the terms of affection in which they wrote, though pained to

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think of their dispersion. The calmness of the evening gave one increased hope: there was a young crescent moon, and the water was falling slightly in the house. It is now rising at the Indian settlement; but this is a good sign, as the waters are thus being carried off. Many houses, it appears, are lodged at the Sugar Point. On inquiring of the Indians, they answered, "Naywoo"—four. There is a great amount of *débris* accumulated there, and the Indians are collecting wheat, which they are endeavouring to dry and thrash. I was very comfortable at night, yet the murmuring of the waters, instead of the lashing waves of Monday night, reminded me where I was—that I had returned to the besieged castle, or, as a friend called it, to keep watch at the lighthouse.

May 22—A beautiful morning: saw the sun rise soon after three. It was like a sunrise at sea, only with the addition of the fresh green of the trees about the house. There was still a decrease in the water: a flag was hoisted at Oak Lodge (the residence of A. Thom, Esq.), a signal to give the good news, according to agreement, to those on the hill. Inspected the houses, and was fully satisfied that all was standing well. I also visited the church: the whole of the raised platform on which the communion-table was placed had been lifted up by the

waters, and the reading-desk and pulpit had fallen backwards, inclining now at an angle of about 75°. Started again at midday, on my return. There was now all the pleasurable feeling of the retiring of the waters, inspiriting to all. We saw the Canadians encamped near us, overhauling their nets. The fish was a great blessing at this time. A canoe arrived from Islington (White Dog). Accounts from Philip Kennedy, the Catechist there, not very favourable. They have had a trying winter, from scarcity of provisions, but we must still look forward in faith.

May 23: Sunday—Noticed the calmness and activity of the day. A large boat passed down for the French Roman-Catholic church. A canoe came up with some for the Presbyterian service. Our own flock began to collect early. At our family-prayers read Psalm lxiii., a favourite with me for the Sabbath morning. Many associations connected with it occurred to my mind, which carried my thoughts afar off. From verses 1, 2, I heard Bishop Perry preach at St. Augustine's Church, Liverpool, when about to proceed to his remote diocese. He spoke of the heathen world as the "dry and thirsty land where no water is." How little idea had I then that I should be similarly engaged ere many years should elapse. Mr. Taylor started for the Little Mountain, to take the service there, when he

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preached from Isaiah lix. 19—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." There was a better congregation, owing to the beauty of the day, and the service being more generally known: between 250 and 300 present. The day was intensely hot. Mr. Taylor suffered much from the sun beating on his head. I prepared for service at the house. The day being warmer than last Sunday, planks were arranged in front of the house, and a table in the porch formed the desk and pulpit. A few, who feared the exposure of sitting out, were accommodated within. My robes were, of course, dispensed with on these occasions. This the necessities of colonial work often require, as has been noticed in the journals of my brethren of New Zealand and Cape Town. A temporary rude bell (a metal basin used for the purpose) summoned the congregation. After prayers I preached from 1 Chron. xxi. 15, "And God sent an angel unto Jerusalem to destroy it: and as he was destroying, the Lord beheld, and He repented Him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed, It is enough, stay now thine hand." From which I considered,

I. The offer made to David, and his wise choice.

II. The secret method of the divine procedure, the agency of the destroying angel and Satan.

III. The evil stayed by the hand and word of God alone.

During the services, besides Doddridge's well-known hymn—

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love !

we sang the beautiful hymn—

Come, Thou mighty King of kings,
Rise with healing in Thy wings ;
Bare Thine arm and ride on high,
Glorious in Thy majesty !

Thou hast mercy still in store,
E'en for India's coral shore :
Afric's sable sons shall know
Thou hast mercy to bestow.

North and south, and east and west,
All are waiting to be blest ;
Come and bless them, Prince of peace,
Give their fettered souls release.

Thus shall earth's extended frame
Swell the trophies of Thy name ;
And redeemed souls confess,
" Jesus is our righteousness."

During service Mr. T. Cockran and P. Jacobs arrived, though I did not perceive till the close that they had joined our congregation. With the former I had afterwards some conversation, and arranged

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regarding his examination for orders on Wednesday and Thursday. All these plans had been broken in upon by the dispersion, and had now to be formed hastily, as the time admitted not of delay.

We had the evening service, as usual. Many came down from the Mountain. Mr. Taylor read prayers, and I preached from Psalm xxiv. 7, 8: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." On the subject of the day, the Ascension:

I. The nature of the heaven which the Saviour re-enters: it is within the everlasting gates.


II. The challenge and question from within.

III. The answer — "The Lord strong and mighty," &c.

In speaking of the everlasting gates, there was the ready and obvious contrast—the tent, a transitory dwelling; the house, to which one attached the idea of security, scarcely more enduring, as their floating dwellings now testified, and "the solid earth itself" crumbling away in large masses on the banks.

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The evening chants were sung: the effect pleasing by the river-side. One could almost imagine the stream of song passing from spot to spot, almost



audible from ridge to ridge. From the river, it ascended to the Little Mountain; thence to the bluffs beyond where the Presbyterians worshipped; and from them onwards to the Stony Mountain, where Mr. Chapman and a portion of his flock were. Nor was it far for thought to travel from them to St. Andrew's and the Indian Settlement, the two congregations still worshipping in the house of God, and swollen in numbers by many who had fled thither from above. Had to arrange in the evening for the departure of the Islington canoe next morning: glad that they had had the opportunity of worshipping with us.

May 24—My sister and I started for the Stone Fort at six A.M. It was necessary to see the Governor and Mrs. Mills, on business connected with the continuance of the schools. Breakfasted with Major Caldwell in passing. Changed for a larger canoe at the Upper Fort, and proceeded onwards. Called at my own house, from which we were three canoes in convoy. As it turned out, ours was the only one which escaped damage from the current. The day was very fine, nearly as warm as the preceding. It was like delicious lake scenery at home, but for the want of background. What we here call hills, the Little and Stony Mountain, are but very gentle eminences, of a few hundred feet, scarcely visible

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as heights, though all felt their value on this occasion. Strange sights met our eyes as we proceeded. Some of the bridges we saw four miles below their former locality, and on the opposite side of the river. The railing round some of the graves of the Upper Church had also been carried down as far. A barn had been tied to a strong tree, to secure it, but it eventually floated off. The houses, many of them standing up to the eaves in water, showed less the destructive effects of the water upon them than some weeks after, when the waters had retired. At all the points where the trees had caught the drift-wood it was collected in great quantities, and upon it was a motley assemblage of wheels, hay-carts, tables, doors, chairs, &c.

The delight was great to reach the first spot where the banks were visible, at Park's Creek, half way between the Middle Church and the Rapids. Here the current, from being confined within narrower limits, became more impetuous, and we had been strongly advised to proceed by land; but not being timid on the water, and having confidence in the skill of our three men, we preferred going on to the Rapids, merely stopping to pay one sad visit to the widow of our poor servant. The sight of us, of course, renewed her grief: the little babe was in her arms, wholly unconscious of

its loss. At St. Andrew's we called to see Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, and from that drove our own horse down to the Lower Fort. This was the first drive we had had since the carioles were in use over the ice.

Here we found a changed scene. The Fort has been improved with much taste by Governor and Mrs. Colvile, and it began to wear much more of an English aspect: the annuals were above ground, and the lawn smooth and green. Its chief recommendation in our eyes, under the circumstances, was, that it still stood on a high bank, thirty feet above the river. The fishing was going on vigorously. We watched Indians taking the gold-eyes with a scoop, something like a shrimp net with a long handle. With it they caught a single fish, now and then three or four times in succession: at other times, they brought up as many as two or three at once. These the Indian threw over his head, and they were immediately killed by his wife, who sat higher up on the bank. They had, in this way, caught 300 in one day. A few sturgeon had been taken in the small creek at the side of the Fort. The rapidity of the current almost made one giddy to look at it: it was running at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Had some conversation with the Governor and Mrs. Mills about the schools. My

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fear was to collect a larger number than could be supported, in case of scarcity during the approaching winter, but the Governor, anxious that the female school should continue, as so great a benefit to the country, kindly offered, on the part of the Company, to supply it with provisions for the next year at the usual prices: and, being relieved from this part of my responsibility, I hope to be able to continue also the other, the collegiate school.

May 25—Started early to breakfast with Mr. Hunter. There I had many to see, and much business to transact. The canoe for Islington was here, and I had to send them on. As Mr. Hunter was now preparing to leave, I arranged to occupy the parsonage house with my family as a temporary home, and had to see some workmen and order some necessary repairs. We passed upward to Park's Creek in the Governor's carriage, the current, which had brought us down quickly, being too rapid to stem. There the canoe met us, and, to avoid the stream, the men lifted it up over the bank where the water was shallow; and we kept in the lake which now covered the plains. Here, looking inland, we could see only water: the river was hidden from us by the belt of trees and houses, which had a strange effect "standing in the water and out of the water." The breadth of the whole expanse

of water was supposed to be, in some places, twelve miles—this instead of our usual narrow river! It was as beautiful as the preceding day: over the still water on the plains more hot and scorching. The boundary of earth, or rather the water, and the heavens scarcely visible, and every thing was doubled in the reflection beneath. Called at the house: while there all changed, as in a moment: a sudden squall came on, and the waves were at once raised with the north wind. Being in our favour, we could drive before it; but it made our passage very different to the Upper Fort, where they were anxiously looking out for us, doubting if we could venture through the gale. We were glad of tea with Mr. and Mrs. Black, having travelled right on without dinner. When we started again, the wind was not quite so violent, though its effect on the water remained; but we found we were scarcely expected home that night. We were rather pleased to find the canoe almost ground in crossing one point over which we had been used to go freely, proving that the water was shallower. Higher up we saw a greater change, even since the previous morning, the dry land on the banks beginning to appear.

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strange coincidence, as we stepped ashore just below the parsonage, the Rev. A. Cowley stepped out of his boat just above, not twenty yards from us. He had come down the river, with Charles Pratt, the catechist from Fort Pelly, having visited Shoal River, Fort Pelly, and Beaver Creek. He had hurried in, anxious to see me before my departure for Moose. I had much to hear—of his journey, and the condition of the Indians in those quarters, and we talked over these and his own Station till a late hour.

May 26—Went down to the house in the morning: gratified to find only twenty inches of water, instead of forty, in our rooms. The deposit of mud under the water made our movements more difficult, especially across the hall, where, in addition to being slippery, the floor had started, and now sloped considerably. Found much wood drifted into many of the rooms: in one case, a piece of cord wood had inserted itself into a drawer, which the water had forced open. It seemed like a recurrence of the plagues of Egypt, as the frogs had entered our chambers with the water—no pleasant sight to behold. Brought up Mr. Thomas Cockran, that he might undergo his examination. His father, who had formerly, as chaplain, presented the candidates for ordination, had, from motives of deli-

cacy, expressed a wish that this might devolve on another in the case of his son; and I therefore asked Mr. Taylor to take his place, and be present at the examination, which, from the small numbers I have hitherto had, I can conduct more myself than is possible in such cases at home. The first paper was one in the afternoon on Church History: a second in the evening on the Articles. I was engaged during the time in preparing letters to England, for the express canoe by Canada. We did not lose much by being confined to in-door employments, as there was thunder and slight rain during the afternoon.

May 27—The birth-day of my eldest boy, now ten years old. In looking back, how much of vicissitude in the path by which God has led me. He was born at a period of grief, in the interval between the death and burial of my mother, and I learnt the tidings of his birth leaning over her coffin. And now he himself, at an early age, is left without a mother's care. How long a period the ten years! how large a portion of his life! how much larger of mine, for time surely is relative, and to be measured by its bearings and relations, rather than by its span. In consequence of the day, we had promised the children a little enjoyment, and had engaged a boat to take us up past Sturgeon Creek,

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a spot I had myself wished to visit, and see the settlers now spreading beyond it. Set Mr. T. Cockran to his work: left with him a paper on the Evidences, and another on the Old and New Testaments, with three texts, on one of which he was to sketch the outline of a sermon. Abundance of employment for the day. But the weather, after all, proving uncertain, the boat did not come, so we had a quiet morning for correspondence and paper work. There was, however, only a little refreshing rain and a fine evening, when I took a gallop up to the Little Mountain: had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Logan, and from them obtained, what I had much desired, a copy of the "Missionary Register" for December 1826, with Mr. Jones's account of the former flood. Had further conversation with them about the settlement and the prospects of rebuilding; and was leaving to visit the other tents when Mr. Hunter rode up with three others, having passed along the high ridge and visited the whole line of encampments. I gave him half-an-hour to rest, and then, as it was late, we rode down at a quick pace to Mr. Taylor's. Here he found Mr. Cowley: they had not met since at Islington together, where Mr. Cowley had told me he remembered Mr. Hunter as a stripling—a thin young man: now he is rather a Goliath in stature, being stout and

powerful. They enjoyed talking over their college recollections, reviewing their cotemporaries, scattered over the various fields of Missionary labour, and some gathered into eternity. We were all in one room, and a buffalo robe and blanket were all the accommodation that could be given, where so many arrived unexpectedly: but the ladies in the other rooms called us to order, as our talking to so late an hour, from the unfinished state of the house, interfered with their repose.

May 28—The morning being more promising the boat came, and we went up to survey the river above Sturgeon Creek, but a shower came on and prevented us from fully accomplishing our plan, and we returned home well drenched. We saw, however, some new spots, and to us almost new faces. Mr. Taylor and I visited one young man in decline, rapidly sinking; the son of one who, many years ago, had been killed by lightning on the plains: he had himself been a buffalo hunter, and from him I had before bought dried meat and tongues. From frequent absence from the settlement, and distance from the house of God, he had but little acquaintance with divine truth: indeed, the condition of those whom we this day visited led me to feel more how great a blessing St. James's Church, and the residence of a clergyman on the

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Assiniboine, would be to this remote end of the settlement. It convinced me how quickly manners and character decline, when only able occasionally to visit the house of God, and cut off from the benefit of schools.

I returned the sooner, having promised to go down to the house that evening. We had now looked over all the examination papers, and found them abundantly satisfactory, from their general accuracy, as well as their clearness of doctrinal statement. Mr. T. Cockran was now set at liberty, having a week's interval before his ordination: this I generally prefer, as it leaves the mind more at ease, after the anxiety of preparation is over, to contemplate the solemn obligations about to be undertaken. Had I known that it would prove so rough, I would hardly have ventured to go down. We had often difficulty in advancing, having a strong head wind, which caused the waves to beat into the canoe. The men acknowledged there was a measure of danger, and were very glad to land me in safety. I had taken Charles Pratt along with me, to leave there for a few days, and in our upper room I had time for a quiet conference with him on the Fort Pelly prospects. Heard of the Plain Chief and the Chief of the Sauteaux, both apparently willing to receive the gospel. "Send

me," the one had said, "a minister, and we shall give you a child from every family, as we feel that you wish to do us good." Heard of the death of Eessens—the Little Shell—while tenting out. He had said, on leaving, "Should I live, I shall come, with all my family, my wife and children, and join your religion." He was taken away. May we not entertain the hope that there was some good at work within his soul, and that God may say of him, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart?" Heard also of the White Horse—Wahpustim—as willing to build and settle. He is a relative of Charles Pratt. He told me that there were but few old men round Fort Pelly at present, only young and middle-aged. In the plains, on the contrary, there are many old men, the young men being continually cut down in war. He seems earnest, and anxious to be of use to his countrymen: indeed, several of his own brothers are leading an Indian life at this very moment. They had sent him messages, but had not been to the Fort: he expected, however, to see them in the fall. He even offered, when he thought there was some doubt about the Station being carried on, to continue his services if his salary were withdrawn.

May 29—A lovely morning after the storm. The first sound that greeted me on awaking was

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the pleasing word, "Pahstayoo"—it is dry—as the Indian looked down the hatchway to the floor beneath. After morning prayers, I read a portion of one of the tracts translated by Dr. O'Meara. This Charles Pratt considered the best translation of any he had seen in the Chippeway^a or Saulteaux tongue. I went over to the church, entering still by the window, and found that the pulpit and reading-desk had now regained their proper position.

I very soon left, wishing to prepare for the services of the Sunday, and to have a portion of the day for quiet and retirement. It was to me a day of solemn recollection, the anniversary of my own consecration three years before; this, in itself, a longer period than many bishops have been permitted to labour—longer than that of Heber, longer than that of his two successors at Calcutta. May the fourth year, though commencing in trial, be one of peculiar devotedness and more abundant blessing! It was also our election day, and generally observed with full service, as a kind of commemoration day. Robert M'Donald was elected scholar, the fifth so chosen, though without the usual formalities. He is one whom I hope, ere long, to admit to holy orders, having been with me now for two years. We have, as yet, no calendar—no fasti of the college. It is but a wild plant in a strange

soil: but this little record may be read by some, and in it the names of those who have already received the little distinction for scholarship which we can bestow, may appear.*

Wrote in the evening to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a short notice of our present situation. I was especially reminded, on this day, of him who had not only consecrated me, but also admitted me both to deacons' and priests' orders. Often do I think of the parting words of that good and humble-minded man. When the Bishop of Victoria and I were bidding him farewell on the evening as of this day, when I expressed our thanks for his good opinion of us, His Grace replied, "We are rather indebted to you, for those who are willing to go out to foreign labour strengthen our hands." May it ever prove so!

I had taken a short meditative walk, occupied with these and many such thoughts, when on my return my second little boy ran to meet me, to announce the arrival of English letters. I could scarcely believe it, but the large packet of letters was not the less welcome. It was a chance opportunity from Lake Superior. The most grateful intelligence, accidentally mentioned in a private letter,

* Appendix No. IV.

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was the announcement of a grant from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for a Clergyman at York Factory. The news reached on an auspicious day : every fresh labourer in prospect lightens our heart. Having read and spoken of Dr. O'Meara in the morning, it was strange to receive a long and interesting letter from him, bearing on his Indian translations, promising to send me copies of his Prayer Book and translation of the Gospels. He mentions that the Christian-Knowledge Society have authorised him to send me any that may be required for our work. The Fort Pelly boat passed down during the day, with Mr. Buchanan, the gentleman in charge there, and his family.

May 30 : Whit-sunday—A morning of very heavy rain. It was doubtful for some time whether I could start for service ; but the rain gradually lessened, and I determined to make the attempt, and, arriving at the Little Hill, I found that they hardly expected to see me : I therefore waited until all could be assembled. We had a goodly little band, considering the weather : it was as though the clouds were suspended over our heads—as if we could almost feel the drops, and yet God was preventing them from descending. I had nearly, during the week, selected as my text, “ They were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea :”

this would have been almost literally our case, with the cloud in which we seemed to be enveloped. I felt much the whole service, the Whitsunday Psalms and Lessons. I was grateful when the prayers were over without rain, when we joined, under the open heaven, in the noble Psalm, the 24th—

“The spacious earth is all the Lord’s,
The Lord’s her fulness is.”

Still more grateful for being able to continue to the end, and to preach from Exodus xxiv. 12: “Come up to me into the mount, and be there.” This was especially the Sabbath of the Mount—the giving of the law from Sinai. It appeared as if we might naturally seek to learn, on the mount, some of those things which Moses learned on Sinai. We contemplated thus—

I. The glory of the Lord, as seen by Moses on the mount.

II. The holiness of God, as taught him there in the law.

III. The change effected in him by his sojourn there.

In the application, we noticed—

1. That all by the mount were not necessarily improved: witness Israel’s sin at this time.

2. The similar change which ought to mark the believer: 2 Chron. iii. 18.

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3. That we are not to rest amid the terrors of Sinai, but pass, as on this day, to Zion's hill, and pray for the outpouring of that Spirit by which alone we can fulfil God's holy law.

In the course of the sermon we had incidentally glanced at other occasions on which the glory of God shone on the mount, as in our blessed Saviour's sermon on the mount, and in His transfiguration on one mount and ascension from another.

Rode home, without a drop of rain: left Robert M'Donald to teach the Sunday-school, and found Mr. Taylor assembling his. Prepared for evening service. Preached from Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." Before entering on the subject, adverted to the precious promises which follow the text, as not unsuitable to our peculiar position, and then considered the Holy Spirit in His emblems and in His power: in the former, as water, fire, and oil; under the latter, as softening, teaching, comforting, and making man the temple of God.

Mr. and Mrs. Black joined us for evening ser-

vice. During it one or two canoes passed, and all stopped their paddles to listen to the music. I stood on the door-step while preaching; and pronouncing the final blessing, I felt sorry that these Sundays were over—peculiar Sundays in their trials, but very peculiar, also, in their comforts. This day a sixth service had been added; Mr. Cowley having taken, at my request, the Little Hill across the river, which we had not yet been able to overtake. In the afternoon Mr. Chapman, not knowing of his arrival, was there also, so they were able to give two services; and Mr. Cowley had one in the tent of Mr. Pritchard, who for many years had been debarred by infirmity from attendance on public worship. It was his account of the flood of 1826 which we had read before leaving England, little imagining that we should ever witness similar scenes. He is still cheerful and contented under the second, although he has lost much: his active family have ploughed and sown largely near the Hill, while their own land was under water. Different were the contrivances for desk and pulpit, as we afterwards found, in each spot: for Mr. Chapman, a screen of boughs like a little arbour was placed by his flock, while Mr. Cowley was under the shelter of a tent, from which he addressed the people. The day closed with bright sunshine.

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May 31—The closing day of another month, in the language of the country, the flower-month; to-morrow, the commencement of the heart-berry, or strawberry month. I finished my letters for the express, and re-perused those I had received. The greatest pain in the letters was to write to Mr. Horden, giving up my visit to Moose. I had heard from him, and the tidings had made me more than ever anxious to go, but I feared our present circumstances might make it necessary for me to remain here, where so many were in trouble and looking to me: if things brighten, I may yet go. I find many of my people are inclined to move higher up. This will alter the settlement, and make it more difficult to supply them with the means of grace. Spent some time in looking over the Ojibway Grammar of Barraga, Roman-Catholic priest, published at Detroit, which I had just received. Its great merit is the abundance of examples of familiar phrases: something of this sort is wanted in Cree. Perused the minutes of the conference of North-American Bishops at Quebec, in September last: much pleased with their tone of moderation and practical wisdom. Felt how entirely I am cut off from my brethren: no notice could be sent me of the meeting, from distance: the other bishops of

the North-American dioceses are all within a few days or hours of each other.

June 1—Rode up to the Mountain, to bid farewell. Found R. M'Donald busy teaching about thirty boys and girls. Was pleased to meet, on my way, many of the pensioners returning: they are accommodating each other: some who cannot sow on their own, sowing on their neighbours' ground. A few are leaving the settlement: three families go by the United States, two afterwards by the ship: forty of the remainder have signed a petition to be removed to some other part of Her Majesty's dominions: their chief motives are fear of a scarcity in winter, and the feeling that their prospects for themselves and their children are blighted by the flood. Through the whole of the afternoon, canoes were passing down laden with property to be replaced in their houses. Wrote to Bishop Kemper and some clergymen in Wisconsin: they were expecting me to visit them in autumn, to be present at the consecration of a church lately erected at Stillwater: much as I should have enjoyed this, it was manifestly impracticable. If I go in any direction it must be towards Moose, but I trust the communion between the two churches may now become closer and closer.

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Perused many of the newspapers received from Canada, especially the English news in them. Struck by new features in the church at home—the self-adaptation and pliancy manifested in many quarters at the same time.* The complaint has often been made of the unbending character of the church of England: now she seems to exhibit a very different spirit. Perhaps something of this concession at an earlier period might have prevented some of the separations which took place, as that of Wesley. Surely there is a large amount of energy and vitality through the whole body at present.

Beaver-Creek boats passed down to-day. Mr. Pridham arrived in the evening, by whom I received accounts from the Indian settlement. Heard of the sacrament there on Whit-sunday: 106 communicants. I was glad also to receive a letter from my senior scholar, of which I cannot forbear quoting the commencement.†

June 2—Rode up to Sturgeon Creek, to see those there before leaving: a pretty spot, and large

* I mean the willingness to modify and shorten the services, so as to meet the necessities of the times and condition of the people, as seen at Leeds and Birmingham—and, I may add, at Quebec.

† Appendix, No. V.

encampment. Many were out: all busy preparing for the departure of the boats, the females making the mocassins for their relatives, for the York trip. Conversed with many, and found that very few, either of our own people or the Canadians, are likely to leave the settlement. The freedom from taxes, and the power of readily gaining good wages, and raising a sufficiency for a family, are great inducements to remain. My move down below, I find, creates a little alarm: those of the Rapids are hoping to keep me there permanently, and those around my own dwelling begin to fear that I am going to abandon them. To be with all is manifestly impossible, however one might wish it. Walked with the children to several tents and houses in the afternoon. Saw one young man apparently in decline: calm and resigned, and able to feel enjoyment from reading.

June 3—Started from St. James's early with my family: left our kind friends with regret. Stopped at the house, now all dry within; but one can scarcely describe the desolation without. The garden had been a source of great enjoyment to us: its produce very delightful after our long winter, and the flowers which we had seen blooming at home seemed a link connecting us with distant friends, and days gone by. Some crocus and snow-drop

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bulbs, which we had out from England last autumn, were just appearing above ground when the waters rose: they were, I believe, the first ever grown in Rupert's Land, and would thus have been Midsummer flowers, had they not been destroyed. One which we had in bloom in the house, in winter, was exhibited as a curiosity to all my pupils, who had never seen any thing of the kind before. We had taken pleasure in saving seeds of various kinds, and giving them to many of the people around us, thinking that flowers have a humanizing effect on the mind; but now our garden, without a fence, was covered with a thick slimy mud, and all hope of cultivation this year gone. The water, when at its height, had overtopped the sun-dial which stands in the centre; yet, strange to say, when more substantial fabrics were swept away, a slight-looking arbour, and a triangle of poles placed for the hop-vines to twine upon, remained standing.

We had a quick run down: the land is fast re-appearing. The chief fear now is the slip of the bank: many houses are supported and propped up, lest the earth should launch forward and carry them away. Reached the parsonage at St. Andrew's about five, and Mr. Hunter called to deliver up his charge of the house. I shall now have lived in every parsonage-house in the country,

except at the Middle Church and Lac-la-Ronge, and think it tends to promote acquaintance with the people, and keep up good feeling. I do not mean to affirm that my removals during the late season have been upon principle or voluntary, though, under God, I trust they may be attended with a good effect. The only distress of the day was to find that my letters had not been forwarded to England: they reached the Stone Fort two hours after the express canoe had departed. At a time of trouble, when friends will hear of a flood and not have a single line from ourselves, this gave us no little uneasiness. Mr. Cowley came down with us to be present at the ordination: he had many associations connected with the house: he had lived in it with many different occupants: here, too, his eldest son was born.

June 4—Our things having been packed and removed so hastily, we had much to do in finding what we wanted, and arranging all for our temporary home, and preparing all necessary for Sunday. It has been my lot in life to move often: years ago my old master* pronounced us a migratory family. Should his eyes chance to fall on these pages, he may find his words were almost

* The Ven. John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan.

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prophetical: yet to be obliged to move from a flood never perhaps entered into his mind, as it certainly never did into my own. I was throughout the day much occupied with the final preparation of the ordination sermon for Sunday.

June 5—This morning we were surprised by Major Caldwell's arrival: his first visit down during the flood. The day was somewhat stormy, but he was anxious to be present at the services of Sunday, and the meeting of the Corresponding Committee of the Church Missionary Society, fixed for Monday. He passed on to join his family at the Stone Fort. Towards evening several arrived, and remained our guests for the night. I had luckily finished my preparation the evening before, as a severe headache incapacitated me for work, and forced me to lie down great part of the afternoon. This is, fortunately, with me a rare occurrence, and happens only at distant intervals, after any great anxiety of mind.

June 6: Trinity Sunday — The gathering for the ordination commenced at an early hour. Mr. Taylor arrived from the Assiniboine at half-past six, having started at three, and travelled a distance of more than twenty-five miles. He had intended coming the previous evening, but his men thought it too stormy. Mr. Chapman was not long behind

him, and soon after the family-party from the Indian Settlement by land. Mr. Black, as Registrar, arrived some time before service, in order that the necessary subscriptions might be made before him. One large boat brought down a considerable number from the Upper Church. The morning was unpropitious and showery, but we had, notwithstanding, an overflowing congregation. The morning prayers were read by the Rev. J. Hunter, after which I preached from Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The whole Psalm seemed beautifully descriptive of the affliction through which we had passed, and the tide of sorrow rolled back by God, and also to admit of an easy reference to the peculiar solemnity of the day. In considering the words, I noticed—

I. The prominent feature of the Missionary history of our day—that we are now in the second period. This exemplified in the case of Tinnevely, with the Devasagayams; in Madras, Rhenius, father and son; in the diocese of Calcutta, Wilkinson, father and sons; in the city of Calcutta, John Henry Pratt, son of one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society; and, at home, in the Parent

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Committee, Venn, the son of another, succeeding to his father's work. In the New-Zealand Mission, I had chanced to notice that the first application of the venerable Marsden for ministers there was made in the year 1814, the very year of my birth: while I am now called, in the providence of God, to preach and to plant the gospel in the distant west, thus marking strikingly a generation. And now here, also, father and son before our eyes—the son the child of the first deluge, and now to be sent forth into the Lord's vineyard with the second.

The first period in our own case may be from 1820 to 1850, from the arrival of Mr. West to the delivery, perhaps, of my first charge; the second may run from 1850 to 1880, for those who may live to see it. May we not be found degenerate, or inferior to those of the first period, and then I have little to fear.

Two there were present in the congregation, and a third closely treading on their age, who had nearly seen three such generations; yet how unusual such patriarchal years.

But in whatever period,

II. The ministry is a seed, a sowing of the word, and the text speaks of the peculiar blessedness of sowing in tears. It was so in the case of Eliot, of Brainerd, and of Martyn. It was so, ascending

higher, in the case of St. Paul—Philippians iii. 18 ; Acts xx. 19, 31. Higher still, above all human example, was not the ministry of Christ such, “ who first shed tears over Jerusalem, and then His blood ? ” * If purchased by the Redeemer’s tears, may not the proclamation of the message be often watered with tears ? tears because of the wicked ; tears because of the afflictions laid on us ; tears because of the heaven and hell which may hang upon our words ?

The early ministers of our own land have, to my certain knowledge, thus sown in tears : their sermons have cost them tears ; their prayers have cost them tears ; their longing for a deeper gratitude, a more earnest faith in those to whom they were sent. Many may call this weakness, but it would appear to be the secret of strength, carrying with it the divine blessing, the fulfilment of the promise of the text, and the very bond of union with that Saviour who was Himself “ a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

III. The time not far distant when such shall reap in joy. How lovely the figure ! The parent, scarcely able to spare the seed-corn, taking it from his children, from their tears, yet committing it to the ground, and reaping, in the end, an abundant

* George Herbert.

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harvest.* So with the spiritual sower: any present trial may be endured, with the glorious harvest in view. What a glorious prospect! instead of "the seed-basket" (margin) the full sheaf; instead of the little one, a thousand.

The application was directed,

1. To him about to be ordained.

Sow, my beloved brother, sow: in the morning sow thy seed; sow beside all waters. Sow deep, sow diligently, sow prayerfully, sow tenderly, and with tears. Preach, as one not of our own communion has said, "with the zeal of a friend, with the energy of a father, but with the exuberant affection of a mother." Sow, and may God bless His word, that it may pass from your lips to the hearts of many. Though a solitary candidate, many are this day being ordained with thee, many have prayed for thee this week.†

These poor northern lands may even now be coming up in remembrance before God. From a spot much further north, one has been taken to England, and is now under training, it may be, for

* Scott, *in loco*. Often had we heard Mr. Cockran describe the privations they endured after the former flood, in order to save the seed, when grain was scarce, in the infant days of the settlement.

† Appendix, No. VI.

usefulness as a herald of salvation to his countrymen. How marvellous, if the search for those we fear dead should thus prove the means of awakening the spiritually dead among his ice-bound countrymen.*

2. To all besides, not ministers alone.

Sow, it may be in affliction and in tears; but when would your ministers say they learnt most of God? When do they preach most effectually? It is when fresh from scenes of trial, recent bereavement, or personal sorrow. And thus, when you receive the word in much affliction, is it not often with joy in the Holy Ghost? Scripture is especially formed for those in grief. As the great philosopher of modern times has said, "If we listen to David's harp, we shall have as many hearse-like harmonies as carols; and the pencil of inspiration hath more laboured to describe the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon."†

3. Let us all think of the harvest. The day will try our work: it will test your faith. In tears now, in joy then. Blessed are they that mourn now, for they shall share in the everlasting harvest of joy.

The Litany then followed, after which Mr.

* Appendix, No. VII.

† Lord Bacon.

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Cowley read the Ante-Communion Service, Mr. Cockran taking the Epistle. His son, Mr. Thomas Cockran, B.A. of Durham, was then presented by Mr. Taylor, and, when the oath of supremacy had been administered by Mr. Black, was, after the usual questions, solemnly admitted to the order of deacon. He then, according to the prescribed order, read the gospel, after which we enjoyed together a happy communion—a communion of the churches, as many were with us from the Upper and Middle Churches, necessarily closed this day. All the six clergymen, including the one newly ordained, assisted in the distribution of the sacred elements, those partaking being, in all, 250.

A large party remained with us, to partake of some refreshment and await the evening service. As no unsuitable sequel to the sermon, and as bearing, in some measure, on the occasion which had brought us together, I took the opportunity of reading to those gathered around my table, and especially to him just sent forth, the following beautiful lines from Mrs. Sigourney's poem on the Ordination—

“ A noble field is thine—The soul! the soul!
That is thy province—that mysterious thing
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,
No chill from hoary time : with pale decay

No fellowship ; but shall stand forth unchanged,
 Unscathed, amid the resurrection fires,
 To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.
 And dost thou take authority to aid
 This pilgrim-essence to a throne in heaven
 Among the glorious harpers, and the ranks
 Of radiant seraphim and cherubim ?

Thy business is with that which cannot die—
 Whose subtle thought the untravelled universe
 Spans on swift wing ; from slumbering ages sweeps
 Their buried treasures ; scans the vault of heaven ;
 Poises the orbs of light ; points boldly out
 Their trackless pathway through the blue expanse ;
 Foils the red comet in its flaming speed ;
 And aims to read the secrets of its God.

—Yet thou, a son of clay, art privileged
 To make thy Saviour's image brighter still
 In this majestic soul !

Give God the praise
 That thou art counted worthy, and lay down
 Thy life in dust. Bethink thee of its loss :
 For He whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs
 On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,
 Saith that it may be lost.

Should one of those lost souls,
 Amid its tossings, utter forth thy name,
 As one who might have plucked it from the pit,
 Thou man of God ! would there not be a burst
 Of tears in heaven ?

Oh, live the life of prayer—
 The life of faith in the meek Son of God—

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The life of tireless labour for His sake !
So may the Angel of the Covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow for ever in thy Master's crown."

We re-assembled at half-past four. Although the rain had increased, the congregation was as large as before. I had asked the Rev. Thomas Cockran to read prayers, in order that he might at once commence his work. The sermon, a farewell one, was preached by the Rev. J. Hunter, who was now leaving the flock among whom he had laboured diligently for eight months, during the absence of their own pastor, the Rev. R. James. The text was 2 Cor. xiii. 11 : " Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace ; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." It was an earnest and faithful recapitulation of what he had pressed upon them in his teaching, with an affectionate commendation of them to the blessing and guidance of God.

Thus ended a happy day, in which our only grief was, that many who had far to go would suffer from the heavy rain which had now set in and continued all the evening. May God's good Spirit water all that has been spoken and heard ! How blessed such seasons of refreshment and Christian intercourse ; such meetings by the way, to talk of

the loving-kindness of God. Our three senior Missionaries had never before all met, and now they assisted together at our communion, with others whom God had brought to share the burden and heat of the day.

June 7—This was the morning fixed for the meeting of the Corresponding Committee, while Messrs. Cowley and Hunter were on the spot. We met, accordingly, at ten o'clock, when Major Caldwell, long a member of the Parent Committee, joined us. Mr. Cockran was prevented doing so by the very wet drive he had had the previous evening. Our chief business was to hear from Mr. Cowley some details of his late Missionary circuit, and to bid Mr. Hunter farewell. The chief posts visited by Mr. Cowley had been Berens River, Shoal River, and Fort Pelly. At the two former, schools might be established, with a hope of about thirty children at each, for about 80% a year; but we felt unable to stretch further without authority from home. It was in vain we heard from Mr. Cowley how important it was to seize an opportunity while the Indian seemed willing: the insuperable barrier was, the want of means. Should the appeal reach the heart of any reader of these pages, how gladly would I receive the help which would enable me to send teachers to these spots! In the

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case of Fort Pelly, the provision is already made ; and we only await that without which all labour is in vain—the blessing and favour of God. Charles Pratt we determined to send back thither ; and the Rev. C. Hillyer having expressed his desire to be engaged there, was appointed to the charge of the Mission, in the prosecution of which he will, for the first winter, move about with the Indians, as the most effectual means of gaining access to them, and spreading among the largest number some knowledge of salvation. We then commended Mr. Hunter to the blessing of God, and urged him to carry on, as energetically as possible, the subordinate stations of Moose Lake and the Nepowewin, in addition to his own more settled and definite charge at Cumberland. The meeting was cordial and harmonious. Soon after we had dined together I started off by canoe for my own house, to see Mr. Pridham once more before leaving for England. We had said good-bye when I came down on Thursday ; but it was like ships speaking at sea, and I felt it to be scarcely a farewell, and a very poor acknowledgment of his kind services while among us for nearly two years. I went up therefore, at some personal inconvenience, as he was to start for Pembina early the next morning. The chief feature which I noticed as novel was the

pyramids of clay in front of the houses, as the people were shovelling out the mud left within from their chimneys having given way, and fallen in. The stove pipe often protruded through the window, where they were drying and airing their houses. We were late in reaching the Upper Settlement, but on getting near the house, we were so overjoyed at the sight of the stubble-fields, which appeared dry to the eye, that we determined to try the land and make a short cut across. We soon repented of our rashness, finding at each step that we sank deep in the treacherous mud. Around the house itself the water had subsided much, and the ground was comparatively dry. The short remainder of the evening was spent with Mr. Pridham in talking over his intended journey to St. Peter's by waggon, and his route through the United States.

June 8—Rose very early to see Mr. Pridham off. The morning was very stormy, but with a fair wind for carrying him on. Took another survey of the church, which is now being cleaned out. Fears had often been entertained regarding the stability of the building; but now that it has weathered this flood, little apprehension need be felt as to its safety. Noticed some graves which had fallen in from the pressure of the water. I arranged to

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re-commence service in it on the 20th. Heard with pleasure of one good old half-breed, formerly interpreter with Mr. Jones, who had lost his house and much besides. He was asked what he longed for most now he was without a home, when he said he thought little about the house, but he thought long for his church. His son was this morning married by licence. The church being scarcely in condition for such a ceremony, Mr. Taylor was to unite the couple in his own house, while the usual entertainments were to take place in their tents on the hill. This same son had tried to persuade his father to remove to Manitoba Lake, on account of the abundance of fish, but the bait did not take. The old man at once asked, "Is there a church there?" and, being answered in the negative,* said, "Then it is no place for me."

I was kept much longer than I wished, by the continuance of the gale. I questioned the Canadian who was with me this time, again and again, whether it was safe to proceed; and when, at last, he said, "Nous pouvons descendre," though the wind was strong against us we started. This was perhaps the most hazardous journey I had yet made: the current now pent up was stronger, and a violent

* Mr. Cowley's Station being at some distance from the proposed spot.—ED.

north wind from the lake brought up a heavy sea and foam. The chief risk was at Frog Plain, where there was a sort of eddy. To avoid this we tried to go out further, but were eventually caught in it, the canoe swung round, and we began to drift toward some broken drift wood. Had we got upon it, we must have suffered damage; and it was with great difficulty we got the head of the canoe round, and proceeded on our way. Having started on a broiling afternoon, we were not prepared to encounter the cold wind from the lake; and on seeing Mr. Chapman near his house at the Middle Church, we thought we could not do better than attempt a landing, in order to get a warm. Here, again, second thoughts made us almost retreat to the canoe, on account of the mud through which we had to plunge. We were, however, much refreshed by a cup of hot tea, and glad to find that his house had suffered comparatively little.

We had not proceeded much further when we were greeted by the sight of the "Irene," Mr. Cowley's boat. It had made a most rapid passage of four days from Fairford, and was now coming up the river full sail. Mr. Cowley, who had met it at the Indian Settlement, hailed us; but we had some difficulty in getting near enough to speak, from the strength of the current. On boarding her, all the

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crew approached me very eagerly, and I saw, with pleasure, John Sumner, Luke Caldwell, James Brooks, and others—names familiar to those who may have read the account of my winter trip to Fairford in 1851;* these three being among the number of those whom I then baptized. The only unbaptized one in the crew was Quonina, who, with his family, are shortly to be admitted to baptism, and for whom Mr. Cowley has asked that they should bear my own family name. They had scarcely expected me at home, owing to the strong head-wind, and indeed, except the "Irene," I saw nothing stirring on the river.

June 9—Heard, when I arose, that the first boats of the Long Portage brigade had passed down. These proceed up the Saskatchewan, and then along the English river to the height of land, where they meet those from the Mackenzie river, and the other northern districts, and exchange cargoes. These take upwards the supplies and outfits, and the others carry down to York the furs collected in the north. They make but one trip each summer, being absent about three months. In the forenoon five boats of the freighters, or private traders, passed down on their way to York. The river, at this time, pre-

* "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for Nov. and Dec. 1851.—ED.

sents a busy scene: afterwards, all is comparative stillness till their return in about six weeks, after which they make a second trip to meet the ship from England, returning about the end of September. Went to the Lower Fort to bid Mr. and Mrs. Hunter farewell: called on them, the Governor, and Major Caldwell. While with the latter, received another agreeable surprise in the arrival of English letters. Not yet the usual spring canoes from Canada, but the American mail, *via* St. Peter's and Pembina. Letters to the date of March 18th. What cause of gratitude to hear of three additional grants—a clergyman, a catechist, and a schoolmaster—besides that mentioned in our last letters. One of these was all the more welcome, as it was unasked, from the Colonial Church and School Society. How can we be sufficiently thankful to these noble Societies, which thus endeavour to strengthen our hands! How pleasing, too, to hear more frequently from friends and relatives. On coming out, we expected only to receive letters from home twice or thrice a year; but the facilities of communication have since increased, and we have now had regular arrivals every month for eight months in succession. This seems to diminish the distance, and bring us nearer to our native land. There was much to read on our return home, but I

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was obliged to forego the pleasure for a little, in order to make arrangements regarding supplies to be taken out by the boats for Mr. Hunt and Mr. Budd.

Struck, in reading some American papers, with the account of the destructive flood in the valley of Holmfirth in Yorkshire: there, fifty dead bodies found, and a loss, it was supposed, of from sixty to one hundred. How different here! how graciously God deals with us! In the midst of judgment, how much of mercy! Alluded to this at evening prayers, to excite thankfulness. And yet here, where all are known to each other, our one casualty was in every mouth and deeply felt by all; while in the mass of human life, and the busy whirl at home, this fearful catastrophe is probably forgotten by most ere these lines are penned. The promise of a new labourer at Moose revives my desire to go thither; but still the claims upon me are many at the present moment, and I almost shrink from the responsibility of leaving under such circumstances. I await, however, the arrival of the canoe, now daily and hourly expected, for further letters.

June 10—Roused at four o'clock by L'Esperance's brigade. A young man, who was going out to Mr. Hunt, wished to say good bye. I could only call him to my bedside and bid him farewell, not wishing to keep the boats. It was a lovely day, more like summer, and many boats were

passing by every half hour: nearly thirty passed during the day. It was thus an exciting day, for many in them brought messages, or called at the bank on business. Two of my own pupils took their departure, who are likely to pass over the Rocky Mountains, to rejoin their family there. Heard, this evening, that the canoe which the Hudson's-Bay Company had placed at my disposal had arrived at the mouth of the river. This fanned the flame, and kindled afresh my longing to be upon my Missionary tour. Indeed, I almost plead guilty to the universal Indian feeling, which, when lakes and rivers open in spring, causes a restless desire to be upon the waters. True, we had had rather too much of the canoe over our plains. But as the summer is our only season for distant travel, and years glide quickly on, I was unwilling to disarrange a plan once formed, lest the wished-for opportunity might never return. The "Irene" came down at night, having taken in her stores above. All the men were at prayers: though almost entirely a native crew they are a fine body of men, as respectable in appearance as any crew out of the river. Their manner at prayers was devotional and attentive.

June 11—Availed myself of Mr. Cowley's boat, and started with him to visit the Indian settlement, ordering my horse to meet me there in the evening.

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We were detained some time at the Stone Fort, as the crew of the boat had to make their purchases at the shop. I was astonished at the ease and accuracy with which they transacted their business: they asked the prices of each article, and handed the exact sum over the counter. Some had brought in a considerable number of skins with them, for which they received according to the customary tariff; and I was glad to observe that they all laid out the money so acquired on useful articles. They had the money paid them for the trip to lay out in the same way. Indeed, I felt convinced of two things: that the boat has already proved a gain to Mr. Cowley's station—it has made three trips to the Red River, and the money which he had before paid to others for the transportation of his goods is thus circulated among his own people—and also, that the use of money, instead of the system of barter, is beneficial to the Indian, in raising his character, giving him self-respect, and leading eventually to habits of economy.

We at last sailed down with a fair wind, which made Mr. Cowley anxious to proceed on his voyage with little delay. Two windmills now meet the eye on approaching the church below, no slight token of activity among the Indians. One is the property of the Church Missionary Society, the other has

been started by themselves. I saw, with great pleasure, my own pupils, under Mr. T. Cockran, with whom I feel confidence in leaving them for a time, until I can make arrangements for removing them nearer myself. Left at half-past six, and reached home soon after sunset.

June 12—My slumbers were agreeably broken in upon, at six in the morning, by the servant bringing in the packet box. From what he told me, the canoe must have arrived only an hour or two after my leaving the Indian settlement. While dressing I could not abstain from opening several letters, to examine their contents: all filled me with gratitude. I do not remember one week in which I ever received the same amount of good tidings, bearing on the advancement of the work committed to me. One great cause of joy was the confirmation of the tidings of the appointment of the Rev. E. A. Watkins to Moose Fort, James's Bay. This will tend to strengthen the Mission in the eastern part of the diocese. I received, at the same time, Mr. Horden's journal of his labours in that quarter during the winter. He will no longer be single-handed: in the mouth of two witnesses every word will be established. How strong this twofold cord! To go forth, as of old, two and two, preaching the glad tidings; and, even when separated, to have a

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brother within reach to look to for advice in case of difficulty or trial. But the question now is, Shall I go? They can do without me, from having one in full orders there; but can I, by a visit, strengthen their hands, and ought I to make the sacrifice? I need not now take with me a clergyman from this place, hoping to find one on the spot to assist, if I should wish to ordain there. I can leave the duty, therefore, more fully supplied here. I must, too, visit Islington during the autumn; and, by prolonging my absence, I could effect the two objects, and visit Moose at the same time. My sister does not hold me back, although much might be urged to detain me at this time. In which direction, then, is the path of duty?

I received kind letters from the Bishops of London and Quebec, and a beautiful and heart-stirring letter from the Venerable Dr. Macbride, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford.* From Sir George Simpson, at La Chine, I had a kind assurance that he had given orders for every possible accommodation to be given me at the Company's posts on the way to Moose. These, with many other public and private letters, formed a large budget, together with a supply of Ojibway Prayer Books from Dr. O'Meara.

* Appendix, No. VIII.

Heard soon after, with regret, that Governor and Mrs. Colville are likely to leave the country. We feel indebted to them for much personal kindness; and the settlement in general will, we are sure, feel the loss. The Governor is about to start for the Council at Norway House, and then only returns to take Mrs. Colville through Canada. I had just finished my annual letter to the Council, containing a summary of ecclesiastical matters in the diocese. This report marks the flight of time, and the increasing number of stations occupied throughout the country: that of the present year is, on the whole, satisfactory. In the evening I rode down to the Lower Fort, as the only opportunity I might have of bidding the Governor farewell, as I may probably have left before his return from Norway House. The last boat for York passed down: the men were all joining in one of their Canadian songs, and the effect was cheerful and pleasing to the ear. At the close of an eventful day, I read a portion of Mr. Horden's journal, and have not read one of a more interesting character while in the country. It gives a favourable impression of his fitness for the work in which he is engaged—of his discretion and wisdom in dealing with the Indian character.

June 13: Sunday—The excitement of the previous Sunday had prevented our noticing, so

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much as we did to-day, the home sound of the bells of St. Andrew's, the only chime amongst our churches. To-day I was alone for duty; indeed, it has been a rare exception, for the last year, when I have had any one officiating with me. In the morning I accordingly read prayers, and preached from Rev. iii. 21; on the subject of the Trinity, which we could not dwell upon the previous Sunday, owing to the special services of the day. I contemplated, therefore, this morning—

I. The Spirit's message to the churches.

II. The Father's exaltation of the Son to the mediatorial throne.

III. The Saviour's promise of a like exaltation to His people.

This message, like all the others, very striking; showing that there are the good and evil mingled in every church—showing that there are those who overcome in each. There is something, too, to my own mind impressive in the abrupt form in which the original Greek runs. It is as if the conqueror were addressed, and called forth, "Where is the victor? to him will I give."

Between services went to the Sunday-school: taught the senior class for a short time. In the afternoon, preached on the Gospel—the parable of the rich man and Lazarus—

I. The description of heaven, as Abraham's bosom.

II. Of hell, as beyond the impassable gulf.

III. The regrets that may fill the bosoms of the lost.

IV. The small importance of earthly distinctions in the prospect of eternity.

After service, remained to hear the choir sing some of their sacred music: this they do from note, and enter into and enjoy it much. It was a lovely, calm evening, and from the bank the church looked beautiful from every position, with the bright sunset playing on the spire.

With this Sabbath evening I would close this little sketch, as the employments of each day are now beginning to fall into something of their usual routine. Next Sunday, if God permit, I shall reopen the Upper Church, which has been closed for five weeks, and preach from the words, "We have thought of (Prayer Book, "We have waited for") Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple:" Psalm xlviii. 9. In the afternoon I shall take the service at the Fort, preaching from the words, "Whose land the rivers have spoiled:" Isaiah xviii. 2. Whether we take the passage as in the authorized translation, or, with Gesenius and Henderson, render, "Whose land the rivers

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divide," how strikingly applicable they appear to this country. In the former sense, the Mississippi and other large rivers of this continent, as well as our own, frequently cause devastation; and the extent of water surface in this land prevents much the progress of agriculture, and checks advancement in many ways. This view may fill the mind with despondency, especially in the retrospect of the past season. But, in the latter sense, it affords much encouragement. The river and the lake, as means of communication, are the source of the wealth and prosperity of the mighty states to the south, and the pathway is thereby opened for the more rapid propagation of the gospel. And here also, intersected as the land is by rivers, they may effect their gracious purpose in the economy of God, carrying "the swift messengers"—the light canoe, like "the vessels of bulrushes" in the chapter—to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, or to the borders of the Arctic Seas.

On the following Sunday I hope to return and preach once more at St. Andrew's, taking, as our subject, the Redeemer's words and pattern, "I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore am I sent:" St. Luke iv. 43. Early on the Monday morning, the 28th, I intend (D.V.), to start for Moose.

To enumerate all the reasons which have influenced my final decision, would here be out of place. Many may have been gathered from what has been said, as something of the bias of my own inclination has almost involuntarily dropped from me as I proceeded. By declining to go, I may disappoint many, and disarrange much which the providence of God seems to have prepared for me. By going, I may endure a little more temporary anxiety on account of the state of things left behind, and cause a beloved family and household somewhat more toil and labour. My mind seems lightened, and my conscience easier, since I have taken my determination. May the God who has graciously delivered from the flood, guide and protect me still on the water, the river, the lake, and the rapid, and bless me, as heretofore, in my going out and my coming in!*

If it be asked, What are the effects of the flood, compared with that which occurred six and twenty years ago? the answer would certainly be, The loss is very much greater. There is now much more property accumulated in the settlement, and there has, consequently, been a larger amount destroyed.

* The Bishop's account of his visit to Moose is printed in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for Dec. 1852.
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One estimates his loss at £ 500, another at £ 300 : these are examples of those of the better class. There is, too, a large extent of injury, a heavy expense incurred, which it is impossible to state ; and which will only be fully known when the houses are re-inhabited, and things which have been lost or damaged have to be replaced. It is not, however, these larger losses which are the most touching and affecting : it is the little dwelling, raised with difficulty, to be a refuge in declining years : it is the dwelling and its furniture where these were the all, swept off by the flood—these, perhaps, with the little stock of grain which was fondly looked to for the support of a family. When these have all been swallowed up, who shall estimate the loss ? It may appear little when the articles are valued ; but when it is really the loss of all that they had, even all their living, the loss to the individual is as great as the hundreds of the rich. Many such cases are already known, and for them the heart bleeds. They may go to the lake to endeavour to procure a supply of fish, but where will be the shelter for the winter, where the accustomed comfort of home during its long and bitter nights ?

Taking it, however, in another light, and asking, How will the flood be generally felt ? and the answer is very different. The distress will, we think,

be small compared with that on the former occasion. Much has been taken, but much more has been left. We arise from the flood in a very different condition from before. The settlement was then in its infancy; there were but few cattle; a single boat is said to have transported all in the Middle District in one forenoon. Now, each settler of a better stamp has a large stock of cattle: the one whose record of the first flood we had read at home, had then but one cow; he has now, after all his losses in other ways, fifty or sixty head of cattle. Before, too, there was but little grain, and the pressure of want was felt even while the waters were rising. Their dependence throughout was on the scanty supply of fish, or what might be procured by the gun. Now, there is a large amount of grain in private hands, and, even with the deduction of the land which is this year rendered useless, a far larger number of acres under cultivation. In this light it is comparatively less severe: the whole of the cultivated land was then under water: nearly all the houses were carried off by it. It was, as many have called it, a cleaner sweep; but there were then few houses or farms below the Middle Church, or on the Assiniboine above the Upper Fort. The districts of the Rapids and Indian settlement were still in the wildness of nature.

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Though there is, therefore, greater suffering and loss, there is greater elasticity and power to bear, and larger means to meet it.

All this may be attributed to the progress of civilization, and the advancement of the people, in the interval. Of this, a single visit to any of the encampments might have afforded sufficient proof. Instead of the bare, unfurnished tent, there was one supplied with every necessary, and generally with the stove to afford its warmth, with a large stock of domestic cattle feeding around. There was cooking, baking, and churning going on. Boat after boat was required to carry off the property; whereas before, nearly all might have been carried on their persons. The return, too, seems more hopeful. Before, a large number left, of those unattached to the soil, without any tie to the country. In the interval, a large population has sprung up, who are by birth bound to the land, and look to it as their home. Many are so connected that they feel it impossible to leave. Their family ties are here, the family branches are spread over the land, and root themselves in its very soil. Now to this we look as the strength and sinew of the country: a population contented and happy I had almost said proud of their land. The increased facilities of intercourse are also adding to this gradual improvement.

To be brought more before the eyes of others will inevitably have a beneficial tendency. The flood of 1852 will occupy a far larger space in the public mind than that of 1826. Instead of a few solitary settlers, unknown and almost forgotten by their fellow men, they are now parts of a mighty system, linked more closely by sympathy and interest to other lands.

Other causes, too, operate to prevent the dispersion of which, at the commencement, we expressed a fear. The threatening of war on the borders, and the duty exacted on the frontier, have withheld some from passing to the south. The Crees, the Saulteaux, and the Stone Indians are said to be encamped in 700 tents on the Great Plains, five days' journey from the settlement, prepared for war with the Sioux. If these and other causes combine to check any sudden removals, to which the impulse of present feeling might have led, may we not hope that, as things resume more of their wonted appearance, the very inclination to migrate may be no longer felt? None are so sensible of the advantages they enjoy here, as those who know the sufferings experienced by the agricultural population at home.

The dream is thus passing away—for to what else than a dream can we compare it? To tread

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the very floors over which you have passed in a bateau—to behold the walls of your sitting-rooms, and notice that so high the waters prevailed—to think of nights passed in one's dwelling, when the waves were lashing through beneath with a wintry sound—to worship in a church into which the floods have entered—these are unusual things, and may seem to some to savour of dream-land; but they are stern realities with us.

To pass, too, along the river, and see the water-marks on the trees many feet over head; a fencing-pole lodged across the branches, or the tufts of hay and straw left by the current at its height; to see a land-slip from the bank, and houses formerly far from the river now on its very brink—many of them so dangerously near to the slippery margin, as to require to be removed further back—these are abiding marks of that which we ourselves might almost, after a time, have disbelieved. And even these things, perhaps, would scarcely suffice to convince one who only saw the river at its usual level.

But confidence revives; and the same Hand which has smitten is also supplying our need. Fish is becoming more abundant, and in many places the fishing-rods are thickly hung along the banks, and the canoe passes over the nets. What assistance is in our power will be rendered to many, to

enable them to raise, not perhaps a house, for the material cannot be so quickly procured, but some temporary hut or building, before the severity of the winter sets in. Relief must be promptly rendered, and we would meanwhile do what we can, relying on the sympathy which may be felt at home in such a cause.

All seem now glad to return to their homes, naked and bare though they be outside, and much spoilt and defaced within. The schools will ere long be re-opened. A part of the buildings which have stood a second flood will require considerable repair, but the whole will, we hope, be in order by my return the beginning of October, and the busy work proceed as before—the toil of the mind and the body—man's appointed preparation for heaven. The melody of former times may be renewed; and, if I should be brought to my home again in safety by the hand of God; if I should be permitted to take my accustomed seat in that hall where our daily worship is held; there will be behind me the same engraving as before, that from the original of Andrea Sacchi, of Noah rearing his altar of thank-offering, when saved from the waters of the flood. It has hung there almost unnoticed by us for years: it will now be a memorial of the past never to be forgotten.

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APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE use of the words boat, bateau, and canoe may cause some confusion. A boat is like those at home, about thirty feet long, and is rowed by eight or ten men. A bateau is merely the trunk of a tree hollowed out, paddled by one or two; while the canoe is of birch-rind, so light that it is carried across points of land by one or two men. The two former are always called by the Indian, "Mistikoo Chemahn," a wooden canoe. The canoes, according to their size, are termed—north canoes, the largest; half-sized canoe, in which my trip to Moose will be made; and the smallest, the Indian canoe, in one of which we passed up and down at the time of the flood.

No. II.

THE prayer, as used, is here subjoined—

O most powerful and glorious Lord God, at whose command the waters arise and pass over the earth, so as to overflow it, we Thy creatures, but miserable sin-

ners, do in this our great distress cry unto Thee for help: save, Lord, or else we perish. We confess that when we have been safe, and seen all things quiet and plentiful about us, we have forgotten Thee our God, and refused to hear the still voice of Thy word, and to obey Thy commandments: but now we see how terrible Thou art in all Thy works of wonder, and the great God to be feared above all: and therefore we adore Thy divine majesty, acknowledging Thy power, and imploring Thy goodness. We are a little flock, far removed from the habitations of our fellow-men; and very dependent are we on Thy fatherly hand, O our God. Help us then, Lord, in this our hour of need, and save us for Thy mercy's sake in Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

No. III.

THE following extract is from the Church Newspaper—

“On the 29th of January, at a place nine or ten miles from Melbourne village, upon the borders of Ely, a congregation, to the number of about fifty persons, met in a decent frame house, the dwelling of an Irish farmer of the name of Armstrong, which afforded a convenience from its unfinished state; for although they were in three different rooms, and the staircase was occupied besides, the bishop was audible to all,

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and visible to most of them, from the want of the plastering upon the laths of the partitions.

No. IV.

LIST of scholars, with date of their appointment—

1850. I. Colin Campbell	1851. I. Peter Jacobs.
M'Kenzie.	II. James Ross.
II. Roderick Ross.	
1852. Robert M'Donald.	

The scholarships are 30*l.* a year, and are held for three years.

No. V.

THE simplicity and naturalness of the following speaks for itself—

INDIAN SETTLEMENT,
May 29, 1852.

MY DEAR LORD—I had intended to postpone my writing to you till Monday, but after consideration I thought no day more worthy of a letter than that on which your Lordship was consecrated Bishop of Rupert's Land; that day which is also dear to me, as being the day on which I was elected scholar of St. John's Collegiate School. You may be assured I did not forget the day: how much more would I have enjoyed it, had we been around the large table all congregated to receive your blessing. Still I find that there are many, many things, calculated to make one thank-

ful. Glad am I to hear that the water is falling, and the floors beginning to appear * * *

Your Lordship's affectionate Pupil,

COLIN CAMPBELL M'KENZIE.



No. VI.

I CANNOT but subjoin the following beautiful passage from Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, which I quoted at the time—

“For the last week, from hearts that you know not, and that never in this world will know you—from hearts that beat in all the lands of earth, prayer has been made to God in your behalf. From the high cathedrals of the mother land; from among the palms of the Eastern Indies; from the far-off islands of the ocean; from the ice-bound regions of the north; from the wide prairies and deep forests of our western world; one mighty, wrestling prayer has been sent up to God, for His blessing upon those who are this day to be ordained to holy functions in His church.”



No. VII.

I HAD just seen during the week, in the Church Newspaper, the application of Captain Ommaney to the Christian-Knowledge Society, on behalf of Erasmus York, or Kalabierna, taken home in the “Assistance”

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from Wolstenholme Sound, Baffin's Bay, and now under tuition at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

No. VIII.

THE letter entered into much detail regarding the progress of the gospel in China, Borneo, and New Zealand. In China, of course, one must ever feel a peculiar interest: it is, in a manner, the nearest to one's heart, though the most distant in position. In reference to that, the following sentence seems worthy of record—

“I have often thought of your consecration day, when, if Archbishop Chichele could have looked up from his grand tomb in Canterbury choir, he would have witnessed, in simpler form than he would have approved, if he could understand it, the solemn setting apart of two English prelates to the extreme north west and extreme east—to countries, of the existence of which he had never dreamed.”

Speaking of him who was then consecrated with me, he writes—“Bishop Smith seems actively engaged, chiefly as a schoolmaster; but was looking forward to a very small ordination.” It was some comfort to hear that, with the whole world between us, there was still so much of similarity in our position.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING transcribed these records, one short note may be appended, with a few expressions which were noted down at the time, and in which those who have known the bishop in former days, will at once recognise the voice of him they were wont to hear and love.

On the 25th of April, the day with which this journal commences, as we were standing just before church, looking at the masses of ice crashing past, which prevented some of the congregation from coming across, the bishop said, "Well, there is a very good sermon here." Oh, that all who could not join us thought thus of the power of God!

As the waters rose, his tender spirit felt deeply for those driven from their homes; his prayers for them, and his thanksgivings, night and morning, that we had still a roof over our heads, while others had not, were very touching. Both on the Fast-day and the last Sunday in church, he said, "If there be aught that we can do for any of you, I affectionately entreat you, one and all, to com-

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mand my services." All, even the school-boys, remarked, that the bishop was trying to save every body's property, and thought nothing of his own.

His Sundays out he enjoyed very much, and on the last of the three said in preaching, with very marked emphasis, "God may have taught us things better far for us to know than if we had had our ordinary quiet worship in His sanctuary."

He seemed to look upon the next Sabbath—that of the ordination—as beginning afresh, and his fervently-expressed wish was, "O that we may spring up as from the waters, with a fresh and vigorous growth!"

On the 20th of June, when re-opening his own church, and saying "that few had ever been permitted to worship in a church through which the waters had passed," he spoke of the flood having entered our sanctuary as "teaching us, that there is no ark on earth where God shuts in His saints; that the true ark is in heaven; and if in it with Christ, we need not fear." He spoke of the pulpit and desk raised by the waters from their position, as "the shaking of things that are made, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain." He seems ever to feel himself a debtor to all, and almost to apologize to those here, when about to leave them for a time. He noticed that day "how

the services seemed to point him on." The text which he had before selected for the following Sabbath, the last before his long journey, came in the morning lesson, "I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore am I sent;" while in the gospel for the day was the command, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges," and the encouragement, "Yet there is room." He had spoken to many of his intended journey and long absence, and now, in bidding them farewell, he said, "I bless you, my dear friends, for the affection which you have expressed towards myself; but I bless you still more, for the willingness which many of you have also expressed that I should go to carry to others the privileges which you so richly enjoy."

The prayer is now used in all our churches, for "those that travel by land or by water, especially the bishop of this diocese, that Thou wouldest guide, protect, and bless him, in his going out and in his coming in."