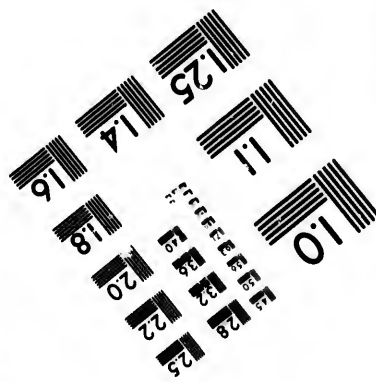
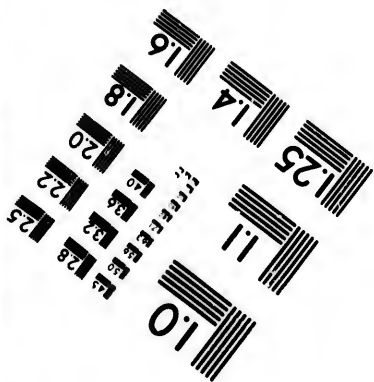
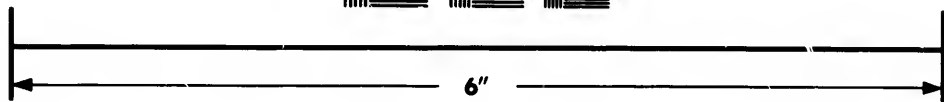
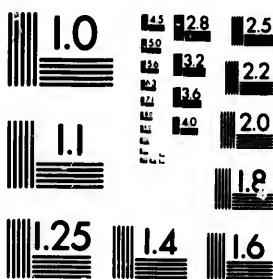


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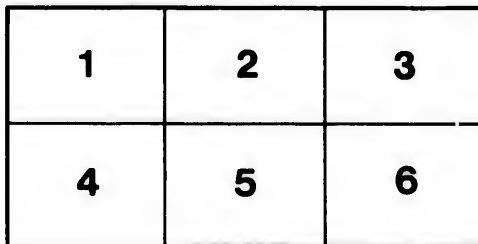
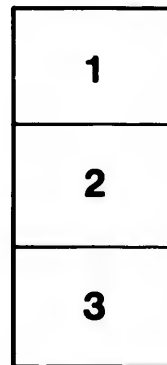
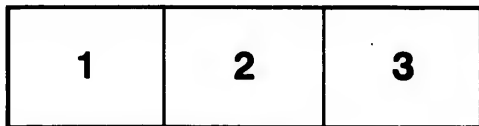
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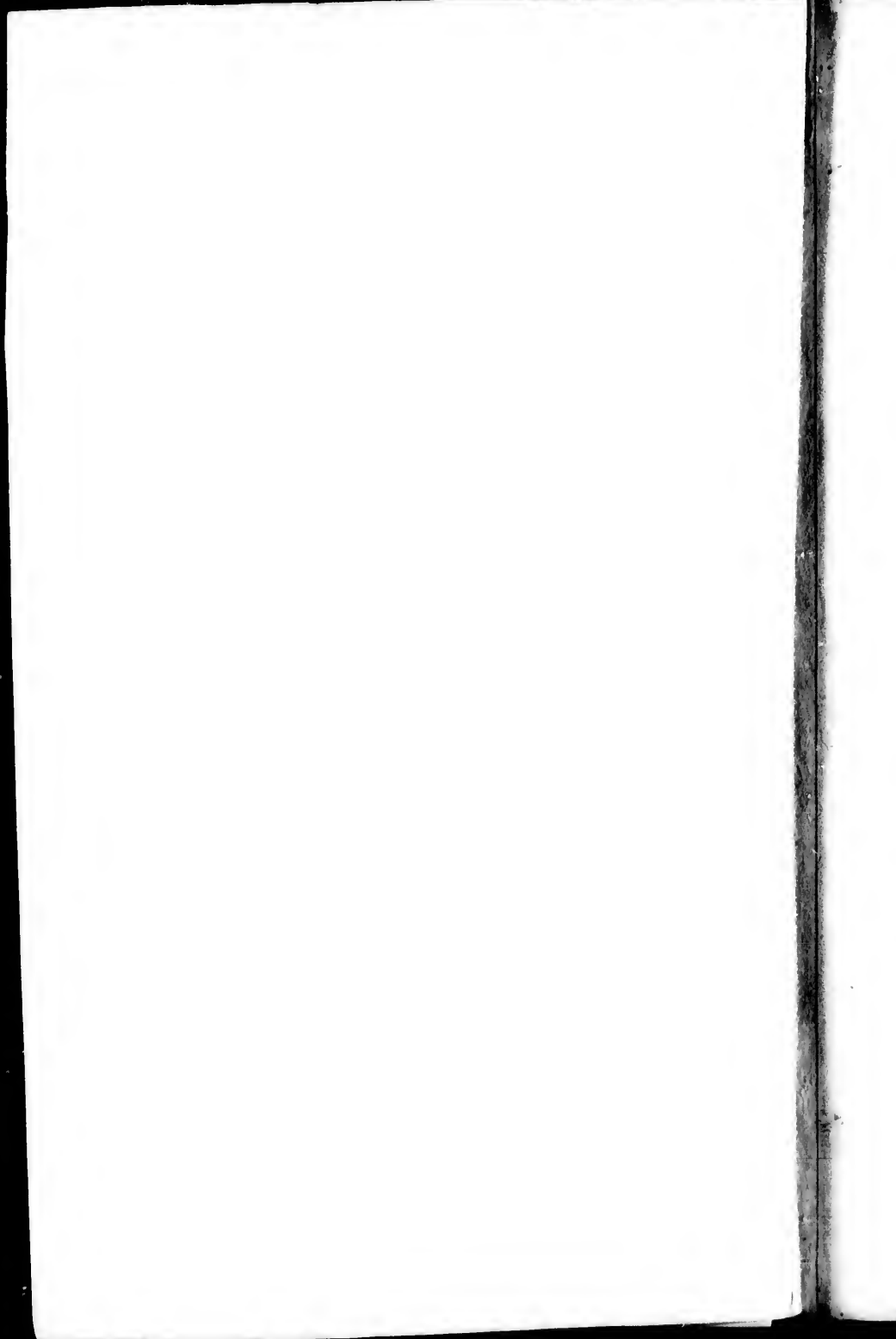
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THE  
NET IN THE BAY;

OR,

Journal of a Visit

TO

MOOSE AND ALBANY.

BY

THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND.

LONDON:  
THOMAS HATCHARD, 187, PICCADILLY.  
1854.

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LONDON  
G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

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TO  
AN ESTEEMED CHRISTIAN LADY,

AND

A BELOVED BROTHER,

*This Narrative*

OF

A VISIT TO OUR EASTERN MISSIONS,

FOSTERED BY THEIR LIBERALITY,

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.



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## P R E F A C E.

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It might, at first sight, appear that the narrative of a journey of two thousand four hundred miles, involving an absence from home of nearly sixteen weeks, through a country but rarely visited, must necessarily contain much of stirring incident. To those, however, who know anything of the solitariness of this wide territory, the difficulty will rather appear to be to vary the monotony of the detail of each passing day. Yet the scenes presented to the eye, the general method of travelling, and especially the first dawn of religious life, are so different from anything in other lands, that few days were altogether barren of some occurrences, trifling, perhaps, in themselves, but possessing interest to many at a distance, and especially to those kind Christian friends who trace with pleasure the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in Rupert's Land.

In order to clothe the account with full interest, descriptions ought to be given of the trees of the forest and its flowers, of the rocks and waterfalls, of the

varied birds and insects, as well as of the Indian roaming in his wild and untutored state, and of the Indian in his tent or cottage, the subject of Divine grace. For this it would be necessary to have the skill of the painter, the knowledge of the botanist and geologist, and an acquaintance with the various branches of natural history; now these I possess not—of these subjects I know but little, and often do I feel how much these accomplishments might benefit those engaged in Missionary labours. I am more and more sensible that no gift is in vain, if sanctified and consecrated to God's service. And here I would press upon all preparing for the work, not to neglect any branch within their reach, as they know not to what profit it may be turned in after life.

But these are, after all, only outward pictures, and our great concern is with that which is within. Often do I wish that I could sketch the Indian, with his bold and manly tread, as he walks over his native plains, or steps into his light canoe. Besides this, however, I should like to picture him also when a change has passed over the whole man, when he wonders at his former blindness and folly, and now delights in sounds before distasteful. For the inward acts upon the outward, and I always think that in the eye we can discern some indication of the changed emotions of the heart. In those only just emerging from a state of barbarism, this is very marked, nor can I imagine any example

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more striking than two brothers, the one of whom I met on the way, still in his natural condition, and the other of whom I saw soon after my return, talking regarding the education of his children, and the progress of the Gospel around. Could I place the portraits of the two before the reader, no stronger proof could be adduced of the advantages of civilization, and the change which even outwardly the Gospel effects.

Very different is the present narrative from the last transmitted home. The previous one was merely incidental, the detail of the month of suffering with which it pleased God to visit us. This is an account of what will be my life-long labour, for a journey similar to this, more or less distant, would be necessary almost every summer, at least in two out of three years. In each of these narratives many individuals, not very closely connected with the subject, have been mentioned by name, and for this, perhaps, some excuse ought to be offered. It has been a great delight to me to think of them, and to carry about with me the consciousness that I have their sympathy and prayers in my lonely wanderings; solitude was less solitary when I could pass, in imagination, over intervening distance, and place them by my side. And I thought it might tend to awaken sympathy in the breast of others, and to multiply the links which bind together the Church of Christ, however parted. That man is, in my opinion, the happiest who has the greatest number of points of

contact with his fellow-creatures ; his own sympathies are the liveliest, and he is the most likely to kindle in others a reciprocal sympathy. Blessed by God with a larger circle of Christian friends, I would not banish them from my mind here, but the recollection of past intercourse with them, and the thought of their work and labour of love, in many distant spheres, are still my companions in the wilderness.

To the charge, that there is much of self in the journal, I must plead guilty. But of whom could I speak save of myself and crew, where, along three hundred miles, we only met a single Indian in his canoe? It is the record of my own work, and the object is to place myself before the reader in the midst of my people. I cannot give it the interest which the journals of my brethren of Colombo and Cape Town possess. I have nothing of the grandeur of Eastern scenery, none of the relics of a remote antiquity, none of the beauties of tropical vegetation. I have here nothing great, no cases of ripe and advanced believers—it is Christianity only in the bud. I have no cities along my path, there is not even what one may call a village ; indeed, the only spots where a few were congregated were at the extremity of the journey along the Bay. There the Net is cast, and gathering in, I doubt not, some immortal souls. At Islington, too, I still hope, that God may plant a light which may spread around. My endeavour, is not to over-colour anything which I

have witnessed, but to lead the reader to travel over my path, and, if he feels a measure of my own happiness in hearing of the simple faith of the children of the desert, if he has his heart more drawn out in prayer, that God might make this wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose, my object is gained, and a more abundant harvest of souls may await me, if I live to repeat the journey,

D. R.

*Red River.*

*April 30th. 1843.*

\*.\* It is right to state that these sheets have been carried through the press under the disadvantages which must always attend a work printed without the Author's final corrections. Many passages also, which might perhaps have been improved or corrected in point of style, have been left unaltered, as these serve to exhibit the Journal in its true light, of rough notes written during a tour in a birch-bark canoe.

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## Rupert's Land Diocesan Fund.

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No appeal has hitherto been made for a Diocesan Fund for the educational and religious benefit of the Diocese of Rupert's Land. The Bishop's appointment to his See took place only a short time before he set sail for the distant field of his labours. It was difficult also to foresee what might be the calls for such a Fund until the Bishop should ascertain by actual observation the extent and encouragement of the work before him, in the evangelization of the vast country forming his diocese.

The Church Missionary Society also supports several missions established among the Indians, as well as the church and minister at the Grand Rapids, and many of the schools in the Red River settlement. But beyond the work which that Society can undertake,



the Bishop has it in his power to open communications with many distant localities frequented by the Indians, which communications will be of little avail without a fund at his disposal, for sending Christian visitors to them, and encouraging them to prepare buildings for native teachers or for schools. Many such efforts must be in the first instance tentative, and may require the personal visits of the Bishop ; and the expensiveness of travelling in that country will sufficiently appear from the published Journal of the Bishop to Moose Fort. If such efforts succeed, the schools and the native teachers may, in a few years, derive their support from native converts, or, if directed to the remaining heathen population, may be transferred to the Church Missionary Society. But, in the meantime, the Bishop finds it best on many accounts to take measures upon his own responsibility. One obvious advantage of such a proceeding is, that the Bishop can urge with more effect upon the native converts the principle of self-support when he has only a limited fund to draw upon instead of the resources of a large Society. For these reasons the Bishop has already contributed largely out of his private means, and has undertaken heavy pecuniary responsibilities, while the endowment of the

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Bishopric is barely sufficient for the ordinary expenses of his family. Many other works, such as the building of churches, translational labours, and the education of native divinity students, not only press heavily upon the private resources of the Bishop, but might be enlarged with advantage if there were a Diocesan Fund at his disposal. Several friends in England have already sent the Bishop pecuniary aid, and have expressed their willingness to make further collections for such an object. The present appeal is, therefore, put forth for the formation of a Rupert's Land Diocesan Fund.

The Fund will be entirely at the disposal of the Bishop, but the Subscribers will be furnished annually with a statement of the expenditure.

Contributions to this Fund will be received either at the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 79, Pall Mall, or at the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, in which case the remittances must be specifically designated, "*For the Rupert's Land Diocesan Fund,*" or by the Treasurer of the Fund, T. D. Anderson, Esq., Everton, Liverpool.

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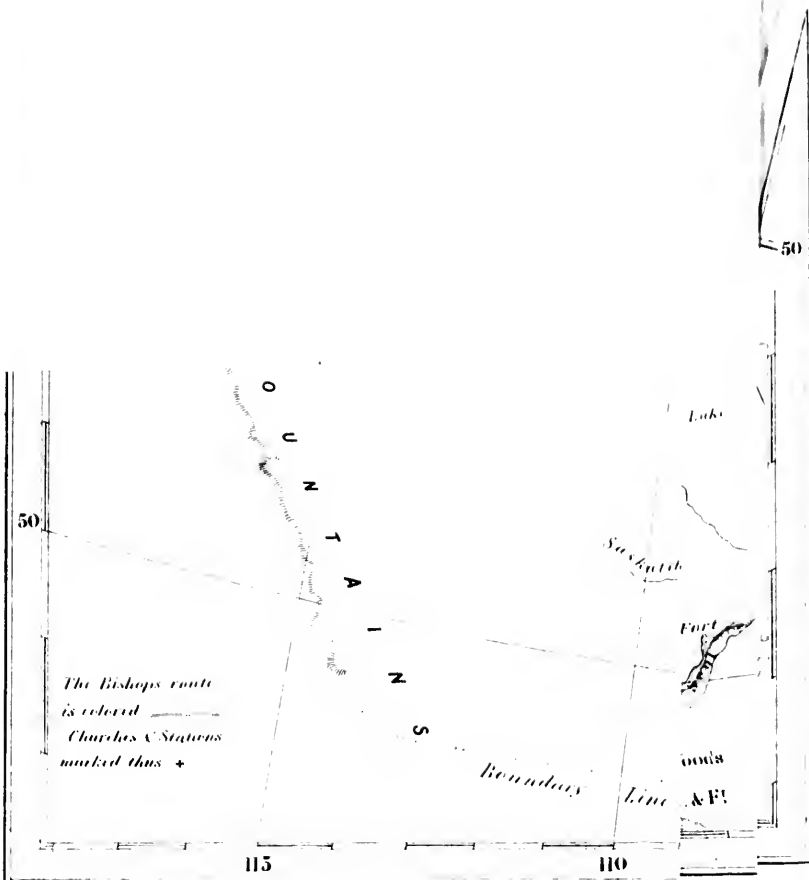
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# THE NET IN THE BAY.

## CHAPTER I.

“ Every thing shall live whither the river cometh.”

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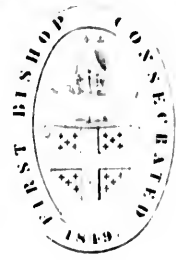
Start from Lower Fort—Reach Fort Alexander—First Sunday—  
Islington—Baptisms at English River.

HAVING made beforehand the necessary preparations, I started from St. Andrew's about half-past five on the morning of Monday, June 28, 1852. The waters had now subsided, and retreated almost to their accustomed channel. On the 20th I had re-opened the upper church, and on the 27th I had bidden farewell to the congregation of St. Andrew's, taking as my text and pattern the words, “ I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore am I sent.” I had taken refuge there owing to the rise of the waters, which made my own house uninhabitable, and there I left my family on my departure.

At a very early hour all was activity and bustle. Just before starting I received letters from England of a very late date, reaching to May 6th, having been little more than seven weeks on their way. They were forwarded to me during the night, through the kindness of Mr.

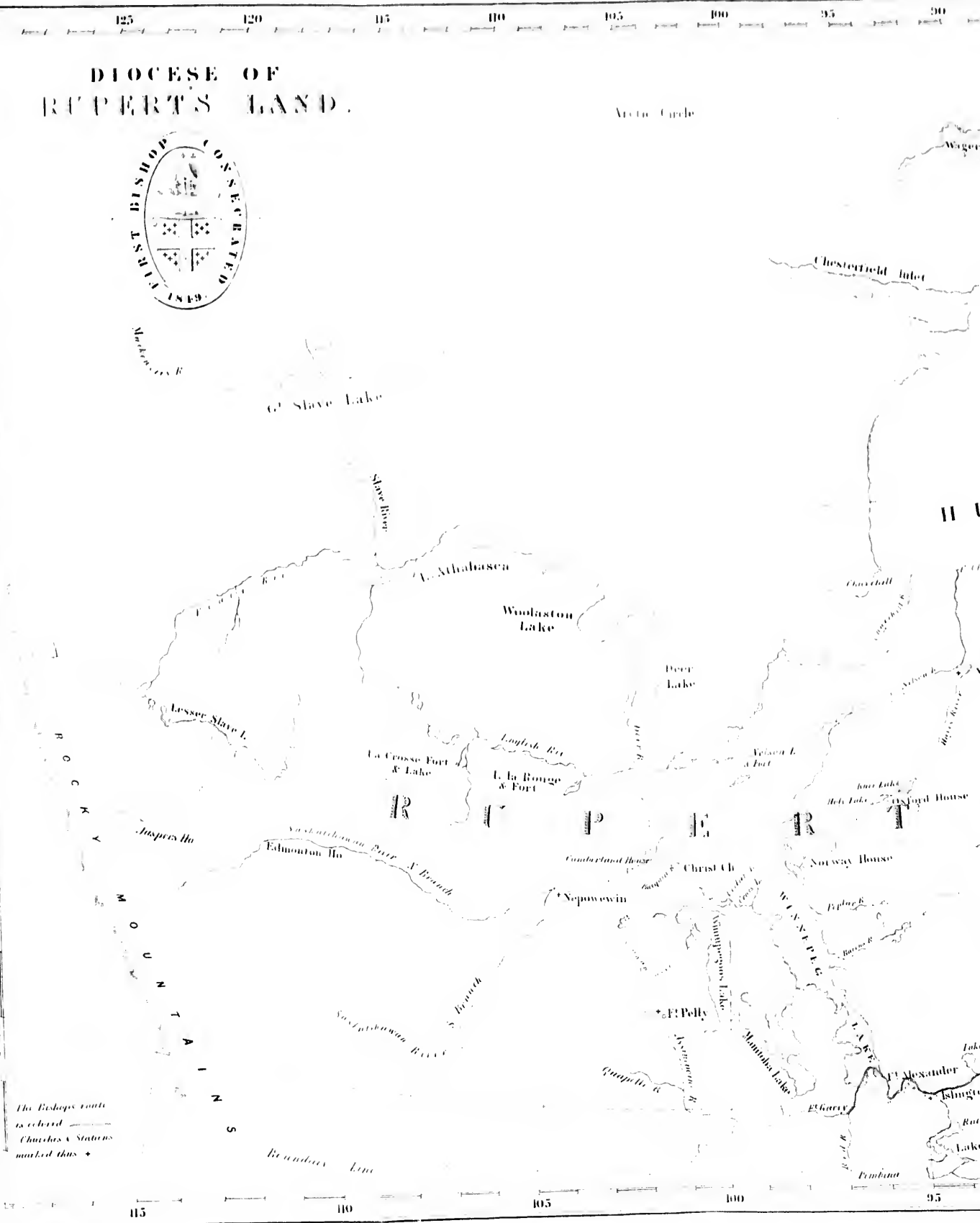


# DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.



Arctic Circle

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The Bishop's route is colored  
Churches & Stations marked thus +

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T. Hutchard 187 Piccadilly.

Black, of the Upper Fort, who knew well the delight with which they would be hailed before leaving. I heard from them with much grief of the death of the esteemed and valued missionary, Mr. Weitbrecht, called very suddenly hence, but we doubt not that to him it was a call to sudden glory. This grief was qualified by the good tidings that a bishop was about to be consecrated for Sierra Leone, making the third in Africa, our own two at Cape Town and Sierra Leone, and Bishop Payne, of the American Church, at Cape Palmas. To these we may almost indeed add a fourth, as the congregations in Egypt and Abyssinia fall under the spiritual jurisdiction of our own bishop at Jerusalem, and it is strange to notice, in connexion with this, that the first bishop of that see should have died and been interred at Cairo. O that we might, ere long, see an opening for another on the eastern coast at Rabba, where Dr. Krapf has so assiduously laboured, or hear again of a bishop of Hippo in the north, as in the days of old!

I found many up at the Lower Fort to say farewell, and to see me off. After some little time had been spent in getting the supplies from the store, and other preliminaries, the canoe was at last launched into the water. It had been decorated, by the kindness of one of my scholars, with such colours as could be procured. It bore a mitre painted on the stern, and on the reverse side a representation of the union flag. At the bow there was, perhaps not in very strict keeping with the above, a rose and a duck: for the latter I might have substituted the dove with the olive-branch,

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had I known of it in time, but it was done to surprise me, and the more familiar object was naturally enough selected. We passed very quickly down to the Indian settlement, where I had promised to breakfast, and see some persons on business. We were very deep in the water, although, after all, we had left behind some bags of flour and pemmican. This of course somewhat retarded our progress, but it was necessary to carry supplies for the homeward journey, as no grain or other provision could be furnished along this comparatively unfrequented route, and for the same reason my own personal luggage was reduced within as small a compass as possible. A tin box, containing my robes and a few articles of clothing, a waterproof leathern bag with some other necessities, and a very small box with papers, letters, and two or three books; this was all that I could carry for so a long a journey. The buffalo-robe and blankets for my bedding were spread out in the centre of the canoe, and with a pillow at my back, formed my seat for the day. The canoe itself was a large one, a canoe du nord, as it is called, measuring twenty-nine and a half feet sur la planche—more than thirty feet all over. It had been built for me during the winter at Lac La Pluie, under the superintendence of Mr. W. Sinclair, chief factor there.

I spent upwards of an hour at the parsonage with Mr. and Mrs. Cochran; saw their son and my own pupils under his care in their asylum, to which they had fled for refuge from the waters. I was rejoiced to find them in good health, good order, and good spirits. Saw an invalid, apparently far gone in consumption, Samuel

Tate, who formerly superintended the mission farm at the settlement. Arranged for a supply of pemmican for him during my absence, but scarcely thought that I should ever see him again on earth. After joining in prayer with Mr. Cochran and family, we parted, and I left our kind friends. My good sister had accompanied me so far on my way, and I left her with more pain than usual, feeling that more anxiety than on any previous occasion would devolve on her, from the late flood and the dilapidated state of my own buildings. She is, however, willing to encounter all, and when she saw that the hand of God seemed to beckon me towards Moose, she never for a moment sought to stay me. Many followed me to the canoe; on the bank, Pigwys, the chief, and some of the other Indians, were assembled, to shake me by the hand and give me their best wishes, when I jumped in and took my seat, and we proceeded rapidly on our way.

The mouth of the river was soon reached. As we opened upon the lake, the heat was very intense, the sun beating upon our heads with great violence. There was every appearance of thunder all around. I had expected to meet Governor Colville on his return from the Council of Rupert's Land, which had been held at Norway House. We missed each other, as it turned out, by very little, as he must have entered the river by the northern branch, while I left it by the southern: he reached the Lower Fort that evening. We passed the mouth of Brokenhead River, but did not call in, as I was anxious to press on for Fort Alexander, fearing a change of weather. There is a school at Brokenhead

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River, supported entirely by the Rev. W. Cockran ; it has now eleven children, and a school-room nearly built. I wished much to visit it, but found it impracticable. As I passed, I was reading "Ryle's Sermons to Children," and felt the desire that something of this stamp might be translated into the Indian tongue, their simplicity and plainness seem so calculated for usefulness. But, alas ! they are still too advanced for the poor Indian—the bread must be broken into much smaller crumbs for them. I thought of and prayed for the little ones, when looking in the direction of the school. O that there may be children of the living God among them !

I was reading, during the rest of the day, an interesting lecture on New Zealand, by a young missionary and friend, the Rev. Ralph Barker. The substance of the lecture I had heard him deliver before his departure for New Zealand, when he was giving me some temporary assistance at All Saints' Church, Derby ; but the lecture, in its printed form, had only just reached me, and I perused it with deep pleasure. The words of the energetic bishop of that diocese, which he there quotes, struck me much : "The solitude of this country is one of its greatest charms—the solemnity of its forests." This I shall now feel for the next month increasingly.

I was glad that we had held on our way, for as the sun declined, the north wind increased, and we found it impossible to round the Point du Grand Marais, and enter the river Winnipeg. We had, therefore, to turn backwards a little, and chose a bay with a stony beach of a few yards breadth, and above us a wooded bank.

Here we had our first encampment—our first evening worship. We then retired to rest, grateful for having crossed so much of the lake. Soon after we came to our resting-place; a boat passed in the opposite direction, in full sail for the Red River, and encamped a little distance beyond. It proved afterwards to be that of Mr. R. Mackenzie, chief factor, on his way from Fort Alexander to the settlement, where he is now going to take up his residence. Singularly enough, we had once met before under almost the same circumstances, on the lake, when I was making for the mouth of the Saskatchewan, on my way to Cumberland, in 1850, and he had just come from that river, and was going to Norway House; on that occasion we crossed each other, and encamped not far apart.

*June 29th.*—The wind continued high during the night; the tent was on the beach, and the breakers came up close to it. To me it was delightful, reminding one of the sea-side at home. How different to hear the same sound in one's own house during the month of May! The naturalness of the plashing noise on this occasion, made all the difference. During the night I once or twice got up to be sure that the water had not really entered the tent; I was, perhaps, the more wakeful from the painful associations of the previous month; but it was not this alone, for the wind from its present quarter generally raises the water of the lake many feet, and the men expected that it might enter during the night. All, however, remained tight, and the morning was lovely, though the white waves were visible beyond the Point du Marais, plainly showing that it was impossible

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to proceed. This gave me a quiet day, and such a rest was no little pleasure after the uninterrupted business and some little anxiety, of the last few months.

I had, too, a companion along with me, whose name might almost have induced one to attempt a narrative in Homeric verse, Mr. Hector Æneas Mackenzie, who had asked permission to go with me to visit his father, at Lac Seul. From him I heard much of the scenes of Bear Lake, and the Coppermine River. He was one of Dr. Rae's late expedition to the north in search of Sir John Franklin, and wintered with him at Fort Confidence. Very different the degree of cold which they experienced, 72° below zero, from the intense heat of yesterday.

I had, besides, a pleasant crew. My own personal attendant among them was one accustomed to the route over the plains to St. Peter's, by Pembince; this journey he has accomplished very frequently and rapidly, and is one of the best travellers in the country. From him I heard much of that route, its dangers and difficulties. His father had been one of the Dease and Simpson Expedition in 1836-9, so I gathered up a little of the occurrences of that earlier trip to the Arctic regions. All my men are Protestants, including one of Canadian birth, who speaks French as his native tongue. All knelt with me on the shore this morning, after we had sung a hymn, and read the 19th Psalm, and bowed before that God whose arm is still over us, and whose glory the heavens are still declaring.

The wind remained in the same quarter all the day, so we kept in our shelter. I occupied myself with an



Ogibwa grammar and a little German, and the time passed rapidly on. A few Indians were at no great distance from us, and from them we obtained some sturgeon and catfish, which added a little to our supplies. They had a nice encampment on the other side of the bay, and had caught as many as thirty sturgeon in one day in a seine net.

*June 30.*—We started soon after three o'clock, the wind having fallen. After rounding the Point du Grand Marais, it again increased, and, with difficulty, we passed within the Red Deer Islands, and ran in upon a sandy bank, for breakfast. During this time it again moderated, and we made the mouth of the Winnipeg River, though it was still a head wind. We soon reached Fort Alexander, about a mile and a half up, where the Hudson Bay Company's flag was quickly raised in honour of our arrival. Mr. Isbister, who was in charge, was absent, having missed me the morning of my leaving the Red River. He had gone from the Lower Fort by canoe, in hopes of seeing me, while I had driven down by land to be in time for our early start. I saw, however, Mrs. I. and their family.

I heard from all a favourable account of the leading Indian, the brother of the late chief, Sheesheepens; the latter I knew well, and had formed a good opinion of him. The brother took me to his grave, near to the coffin of his father, which was elevated on a stage. The survivor has only one son, and he promised to give him up for education. I had some conversation with him, and undertook, if they could secure twenty children, to provide a teacher. His grand-daughter was in his

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arms, his daughter having married a baptized Indian. The baptism of mother and child, and the marriage of the parents, are mentioned by the Rev. R. James, in the narrative of his visit to Islington, in May, 1851.\* I was much more pleased than I expected with the place; I hear that potatoes, wheat, and barley, can be grown here, of good quality. Macdonald, one of the Company's servants, to whom I spoke on the subject, does not doubt that the Indians might cultivate to some extent. We had passed a large number of them assembled together at a point below the fort, on our way up, who had been engaged in a Metawin feast. How sad that this should still go on, when they are so near all the privileges of the Gospel at the Red River! I saw a number of children, amply sufficient for a large school. Sheesheepens (the Little Duck) is to give me a definite answer on my return; of him and his family I have good hope, and should they ultimately be brought in, the device of the duck on the canoe would appear almost emblematic and significant.†

Immediately after leaving the fort the scenery becomes pretty, and improves as you advance. We soon came to a lightening place, round a ledge of rocks, and, afterwards, two portages were made. To me, noticing it for the first time, the extreme ease with which two men carried the canoe across, was surprising; they rest it on their shoulders, but relieve themselves of a part of the weight by holding with their extended arms a string passed over the top of it. While this was going

\* Church Missionary Intelligencer, vol. iii., p. 66.

† *Τάχ ἂν γένοιτο μάρτυς ἐννοία τιμή.*—Æsch. Sep. Cont. Theb. 398.

on, the others were carrying over the pieces, more than twenty in all, with the paddles and tackling, each having for the most part, his accustomed load, and vying with each other in speed. Their pace is generally a gentle trot, which they esteem easier for themselves. We then drew up for the night on a beautiful granite rock, but my own tent was by a bed of roses, with a carpet of grass. We did not encamp till after eight, having had a long rest at midday at the fort. It was an exquisite evening, and the water silvery around us.

*July 1st.*—We are now entered upon another month; the Miskwi-minigisis, the raspberry, or redberry moon, that from which we had passed being the strawberry, or heartberry, moon, Otei-mini-gisis. On rising, I found that a mist was going up from the river to water the earth; this was in itself refreshing after the late heat. We soon came to the Silver Falls, which are surpassingly beautiful, and made two portages. We breakfasted at a lovely spot, the mosquitoes were rather more numerous here; as yet they had been comparatively innocent, but now they began to force more on our recollection the closing words of Horace,

“Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.”

We passed one fall and then came to the two of the Great and Little Bonnet, after which we reached the Lac du Bonnet. We made seven portages during the day; how laborious for the men! The longest, Le Grand Bonnet, was between half and three-quarters of a mile, and was made at midday, with the sun directly over our heads. While waiting for the men, I contemplated

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one of the falls for a long time, very beautiful it appeared to the eye, but, as one gazed at the volume of water and the granite rock, one could not separate from it the idea of danger. One wonders at first to find that poetry seems scarcely associated with this scenery, one feels the country not to be poetical, yet the question occurs, Why not? In natural objects the river Winnipeg often presents scenes which equal those of the Rhine, yet what is it which clothes the one with interest, which the other lacks? Is it that human elements are necessary for the creation of poetry? that we must have man and society in some shape, or if not these, the remains of man? something to tell that life has once been there, the ruined chapel, or the old castle walls? An exception to this may be found in the Songs of the Wilderness, written by the Bishop of Quebec, to beguile his solitary journey to these parts; but the Bishop himself acknowledges the paucity of materials, and has increased the difficulty to any who came after, having exhausted the few subjects which present themselves, the rose, the falls, the water-fowl, the voyageur, and the Indian.

In the evening it was full moon; this adds much to the beauty of any spot. Its effect in increasing natural beauties, we had experienced some years ago in visiting Baden; it seemed to invest with double beauty the amphitheatre of hills, in which the town lies embosomed, and, with the music around as the day declined, the scene remains imprinted on the memory almost as one of enchantment. Here we had something of a similar pleasure, though with none of the objects and associa-

tions, which cluster around almost every spot in the Old World, nor any melody except the scanty music of the birds; but the delight was the extreme stillness of nature, which rather turned the mind inwards or upwards to God.

We had the noise of the cataract on the ear all night. We had still the oaks with us, but shall soon lose them, and only have the fir, pine, and poplar. We saw during the day some gier falcon and owls. Some ripe strawberries were brought to me at the portages by the men. We had only seen one stray Indian fishing since leaving Fort Alexander.

*July 2nd.*—We passed along a small lake with some picturesque islands. On leaving it we had two routes practicable; the one chosen was that by the Pinawa River, as having two portages less than the other, and also as having less of current against us. (The name Pinawa, is derived from a verb, which means it is slow, calm, or gentle.) The two first falls on this route were pretty but small, not above twenty feet wide, and perhaps, twelve high. The third was a continuous succession of cascades, and altogether a long portage. We had then a beautiful gorge, not above six feet wide, through which the water passed over the solid rock. The luggage was removed, and the canoe taken up with great care by the men, some tracking with a line, others pushing it up from behind. It was one of our pleasantest days and very exciting. The course of the river was very meandering and narrow throughout, in some places a mere opening between rocks; all this made the scenery extremely pretty.

Our encampment was in the day. I saw a defile where the water fell over a ledge of rock, and a bubbling in appearance not a drop rounded by buzzing around tent, but in men declare. It was a scene, had I

*July 3rd.*—The day was than usual, early start. We went into the White portage, an seven to local portages, with Slave Fall, carried off. I escaped and presents he took it from a n roses, wild of the port tiger lily, wild flower.

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Our encampment for the night was in keeping with the day. It was at what might be called the Trosachs, a defile where three different channels met, falling down over a ledge of rocks. We were perched up on a high rock, and all around a circle of wood; the water was bubbling into the basin beneath. There was a slight appearance of approaching rain, but it happily kept off, not a drop has yet fallen since we left. Being so surrounded by trees, we had a great number of mosquitoes buzzing around; we tried to smoke them out of the tent, but in vain, and all suffered much; some of the men declared they had not slept more than half an hour. It was a spot to be remembered for the beauty of the scene, had it not been so full of our tormentors.

*July 3rd.*—As my slumber was a little more disturbed than usual, I awoke the men myself, and we made an early start. We had one small portage, and then fell into the White River from the Pinawa. Made another portage, and breakfasted at its extremity; we have now seven to look forward to. After making two beautiful portages, we reached the largest and noblest fall, the Slave Fall, so called from a Sioux woman who had been carried off by one of the *Saulteaux*, and is said to have escaped and drowned herself here; another account represents her to have been thrown in. I passed to view it from a nearer point, through a tangled wilderness of roses, wild pea, raspberries, and strawberries. At many of the portages we had seen large beds of the orange tiger lily, with columbine, Solomon's seal, and other wild flowers.

The scenery is here very noble, the river broad, and

only in places contracted, where it draws near to a fall; it is thus like a succession of lakes. We kept our course onwards until very late, but were at last obliged to put in. The sun set very brilliantly, a rainbow had given warning in the morning, yet there had been no rain, and it still looked as settled as ever. We had not been long ashore, before we saw the curling smoke on the opposite side, where we descried some Indian tents. The air was so clear that though it was like a broad lake, the call of our men was heard across, and almost directly the shrill voice of the Indian sounded in reply. A canoe soon made for our side, and the Indians brought us five sturgeons, after which they sat round the fire to chat with the men. On finding out who my companion was, there was a general shout of recognition, as they all traded with his father, and had of course seen him often as a boy. On returning after many years, changed in appearance, having been within the Arctic circle, their wonder and admiration were much raised. Many an Indian interjection was uttered, and they seemed scarcely able to satisfy their eyes, as they gazed upon him.

We were still a considerable distance from Islington, much more than a Sabbath day's journey, and I determined, therefore, to give up all idea of reaching it even for a later service, and to enjoy a quiet Sabbath here.

*July 4th.—Sunday.*—A lovely morning of great heat. After breakfast we prepared for service; a large oil-cloth was stretched across the trees behind, so as to form a partial shelter from the rays of the sun. Here we were ten in number—my eight men, my companion and myself. Robes were of course dispensed with in our

open air service. We were travelling attending the bands. That the revival that the revival of our circumstances had come on was gazing in view of the General were disturbed after the and, on my dogs which lying down tented.

What a wood and water, of many of the on a rocky singing was "Frequent reign where and this heavenly. then faith of God. their sound the ends of in the Psalm which faith as in grace.

open air services. All I could do was to make my travelling attire a little more episcopal with apron and bands. The men also were in their best capotes, so that the reverence due to the day was marked, as far as our circumstances would admit. Some of the Indians had come over, and remained close to us throughout, gazing in wonder; it almost reminded one of the court of the Gentiles. At the commencement of service we were disturbed by the dogs in the tents opposite, barking after their masters, but after a time this ceased, and, on my looking around during the lessons, I saw two dogs which had swum across the whole width, and, lying down at their master's feet, now perfectly contented.

What a noble temple! In front, an amphitheatre of wood and rock; with the exquisite foreground of still water, of which there was a large expanse, larger than many of the smaller English lakes. We were ourselves on a rocky eminence, under a thickly wooded bank. Our singing was good—almost every voice joined. We sang, "Frequent the day of God returns," and "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." All joined in the responses, and this made a delightful service, very happy and heavenly. I preached from Romans x. 17, 18: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. But I say, have they not heard? Yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." The latter verse we had had in the Psalms for the day. I dwelt on the manner in which faith grows by hearing, in natural things as well as in grace, and on the word of God as the food of faith.



I pressed upon my men the necessity of their labour and co-operation: they could often speak to the ear more than I could. I also begged them to tell the Indians that we had all the service in which we had joined in their own tongue, that the Prayer Book was now completed, and many hymns appended to it, besides which, we had the greater part of the Gospels. I asked them especially to bless God for the unnumbered mercies of the week, and to pray for the good work. What myriads of creatures tenanted the water around? what swarms of insects in the air overhead? what thousands of animals that roam over this vast country! Now surely it was the wish of that great and good God who upheld all, that it should be trodden also by the foot of His redeemed people—that the spiritual seed should multiply therein, and cover the land? Let us pray that the Indian might worship with us, not alone in the outer court, but brought within the fold, uniting with us in heart and voice.

I expressed my wish that our little canoe should be called the Rose, the emblem which she bears on the bow. With the profusion of that flower scattered all around I had been much struck, yet there is the absence of the delicacy and rich fragrance of our own graceful varieties; and it occurred to me, that such is the Indian still—roaming over the land, and numerous in particular spots, yet still the wild rose. O may we not hope to introduce the beauty and bloom of the flower, when cultivated and placed in the “garden enclosed?” may we not hope that they may yet become as the rose of Sharon or Damascus of old, bearing the bud, and blossom, and

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full flower of abundant grace! May the little trip of the "swift messenger" hasten on this blessed consummation, that "the wilderness and solitary place may be glad for it, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

After service we parted into groups. I gave my own men some tracts and books. H. A. Mackenzie read some passages, in Ogibwa, to the Indians; James M'Kay read to me some hymns with which he was familiar, from Dr. O'Meara's Prayer Book, and, after leaving me, I heard him soon singing with the Indians, one of the hymns which we had sung in their own tongue. I heard also a little girl say her alphabet and read; she was one of the children who had received some teaching at the White Dog. While I wrote and filled up my journal, these varied sounds were going on around: the hymn in Ogibwa, some hymns of our own, and the reading in groups. Among the females, who had come over and remained near us during service, one was mentioned to me as ill, with the request that I would see her, and, if possible, prescribe. It was, I fear, a case of internal abscess of the breast, and I felt I could do nothing towards her cure; a little food was given her, being all that was in my power. We also heard that a little girl lay dead in their encampment over the water. So much need have they here, as everywhere else (if they but knew their need), of comfort, and the visits of the minister of God.

I had full evening service, about half-past five o'clock, with my own little party and three or four Indians near us. Having the two beautiful psalms in the service,

"The Saviour on the Cross," and "The Shepherd Saviour," I took the latter and lectured on it. For profit and growth in grace and scriptural knowledge, this, in my opinion, is the most useful employment of a double service: to preach on the one occasion a direct textual sermon, and on the other to lecture or expound. More of scripture is thus brought successively before the congregation. It was a refreshing subject to look at the good Shepherd, as guiding us even in the wilderness.

After service I went over in one of their small canoes to visit the encampment, and to bid farewell to them all. There were two or three tents. I entered the largest, and there found the son of Wassacheese, sitting in solitary state. I was about to sit down where I saw some articles expanded, and where at first I thought he had prepared a seat for me, but I found, on a second look, that these were the idols of the chambers of imagery, the instruments of his art as conjuror, and the feast spread out for the spirits. I asked him to explain his magic art, which he said he would if I would give him some flour. I gave him instead a little tobacco, and then heard his tale. He showed me, as a special favour, that which gave him his power—a bag with some reddish powder in it; he allowed me to handle and smell this mysterious stuff, and pointed out two little dolls or images, which, he said, gave him authority over the souls of others; it was for their support that flour and water were placed in small birch-rind saucers in front. I said I hoped he would, ere long, give all this up; that I had baptized already Jummin, as noted a conjuror as himself, now John Sumner, at Fairford, and I hoped

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he would soon follow his example. He said he might, if in his power, but that it was a trust delegated to him by others, and therefore he could not relinquish it at will, and spoke on in a rambling and mysterious strain. He acknowledged that he was continually the victim of fear; he dreaded the influence which others might have over him even at a distance; a like influence he imagined he could exert over others, by means of his conjurations. I told him that we knew not what fear was, and, through the interpreter, besought him not to reject the offer of the Gospel. It was a sickening sight, and proves how low man may fall, when left to grope in the dark. What a debasing picture! to see him, otherwise a good-looking man, sitting on the left side of his little altar, pride and fear apparently his predominant passions! The altar was raised a little on some Indian matting, and on it, ranged in order, the bags and images, and all the instruments of his craft. O, what is man without the grace of God!

I then left him with some sadness, and turned to the females outside, endeavouring to arrest their attention, by telling them that it was to the benevolence of a Christian lady in a far distant land, that they were indebted for the offer of instruction at Islington, and that on her account I was peculiarly anxious that females should be taught and embrace the Gospel. I saw very many children; one little child, who had been at the school, showed by her manner, in her eye and countenance, that education had done something for her. When I asked her by what name she was known, she said at once, Elizabeth; she was then absent from the

school for a little, but was to be returned, they said, in winter. On my way back we saw the ground where the conjuror professed that they wanted to sow and cultivate; it was indeed a very small garden (kitigan) for agricultural purposes, and I rather fear that he had retired hither, and artfully professed a desire to plough and settle, that he might be removed from the sight of religion, and establish himself at a distance from Islington.

We then paddled back, the remembrance of the conjuror and his arts being the only painful incidents in the day. It recalled to mind a powerful sermon, by the Rev. H. Melvill, on the Ephesians burning their books of magic. When will such a day arrive in our own land, when those who "use curious arts will come and confess and show their deeds." Their natural fears, regarding the state after death, and the confidence which they repose in the European, betrayed themselves in their earnest desire that we should undertake the interment of the dead child, which they were willing should take place either on the spot or at Islington. I represented the difficulty of removing the body to such a distance, and recommended them to select a spot at hand, assuring them that we would readily have given them any assistance in our power, had it not been that we must start at an early hour on the morrow. As the sun declined the mosquitoes again came out in clouds; we tried the effect of a little gunpowder in my tent, but in vain, and there was little sleep for myself or any of the men.

*July 5th.*—Arose early, at four o'clock; a little cloud

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was rising opposite the sun, which the men said must be watched. It mounted very rapidly, and soon ended in a heavy but short thunder-storm. On its clearing off we started, a little before six, and proceeded on our way, delighted to find it cooler than for many days. We reached the large falls called Les Chutes de Jacob, where the Indians came up with us, and assisted us across. We kept onwards and made another portage, the last but one, and passed the mouth of the English river. This would have been our direct route to Lac Seul, but we kept onwards to reach Islington, our course in this way forming a sort of delta. The scenery was here very pretty, increasingly so as we neared White Dog. We were in great hopes of reaching it this evening, and from the last portage, where the water was beautifully still, we started, paddling at a very rapid rate. We kept on until after three o'clock, when the darkness compelled us to look round. Heavy clouds were rising behind, but we hoped to keep ahead of the thunder-storm which was following close upon us, or that it might pass to the side. But it seemed to take, on a sudden, another course, and, as it were, to meet and encircle us. We had the choice of running to the side, where the ground seemed bad, or of crossing an opening which lay before us. We thought we could do this, but it proved rather a bold venture, as the wind caught us suddenly, and placed us in great jeopardy. The men paddled as for their lives, but the storm was so loud that they could not hear any word of command, nor could the guide pass any direction to the steersman. There was no direct swell or wave, but the canoe rocked and plunged, and

the paddles could not catch the water; at times they struck the air, at others were too deep in the wave. They stretched the tarpawling over the canoe, and under it I lay, with my companion, as flat as possible; but the wind managed to insert itself underneath, and caught it like a sail, so as nearly to capsize us. We then held it down as tightly as we could with our hands, and quietly awaited the issue of the storm, which was almost like a whirlwind. The men acted nobly, and exhibited great presence of mind; to paddle in time, with measured stroke, was vain,—it was a stroke at a venture as they could, the water reaching continually to the very gunwale of the canoe. The pitching was very great, and the fear was that the wind would overset us. We might have made the land when the storm was just coming on in its violence, but they feared to turn the bow ever so little, lest the storm should take us broadside, and the canoe become unmanageable. We had sometimes wished to sail before the wind, when the weather was calm through the previous week; here we were indeed running before it, but much faster than we desired. We kept as straight a course as we could, and flew over the boiling surface, and our delight was extreme when able to reach the shore. It was the only occasion, throughout the whole journey, on which I had the impression of danger, and the men acknowledged that they had themselves shared in the same feeling. The joy of the evening was in proportion to the peril of the afternoon; the rain continued for a time, but all was forgotten when, standing beside the blazing fire under the tall pines and poplars, we talked over the deliverance and traced it

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throughout, and then joined at prayers in ascribing praise and blessing to God for preserving us, for keeping us under the shadow of His wing, in the hollow of His hand, in the hour of danger.

*July 6th.*—I never enjoyed a night more; no mosquitoes, and, in consequence, after the fatigue and peril of the day, and as we had but a short distance to go, no arousing until six o'clock, when we found it a beautiful morning, with a cleared atmosphere. All were in spirits, the stroke of the paddle went on well, and after a few points we could discern the buildings in the distance. A little more brought us to the bank, where the good catechist was waiting to receive and welcome us. I do not wonder at Mr. James calling it pretty—it is so indeed; a grassy slope and eminence, with beautiful and picturesque openings around; more of the scenery of the Rhine than anything we had seen by the way.

The details of the first formation of the Mission are already before the public, in the narrative of Mr. James.\* That the Indian promised more at that time than he has since performed will not appear surprising to those who know the Indian character, and therefore all would stand prepared for some little disappointment in the carrying out of the plan. Allowing for this, I see little more than might have been anticipated. It may not have answered every expectation, but I cannot think of giving it up. It is the only spot for the purpose on the route, and must always be a great rendezvous for the Indians. It is a beautiful position for a church, and a tower or spire here would itself be a kind of beacon, and might

\* Church Missionary Intelligencer, vol. iii. p. 62.



serve to attract souls to the sound of the Gospel. If a few are gained here, the work will spread. It is on the high road to Canada, and that is a great advantage. It has the munificent support of that Christian lady, whose heart has been stirred up to care for the poor Indian—it has her fervent prayers, and those of many Christian friends at home.

I found the Rat Portage chief here; he had been awaiting my arrival for some days, and was on the point of leaving. He will not join the new way himself, but will encourage the Indians to settle and cultivate. He expressed his sorrow, that the Indians had promised too much last year, and feared lest we should relinquish it in consequence. I told him that we should still proceed on though with few; that I hoped yet to see a church and a spire, and trusted he would aid in building it. He left soon after with his son; he is a fine looking man, with a good and masculine manner. He had his flag flying on my arrival at his tent below.

I saw afterwards Wassacheese and an old Indian, and talked with them for some time, but I am most hopeful of Littleboy, who is not here at present, but whom we shall see by the way. The following is the touching account of him given me by our catechist. On paying him a visit the other day at his encampment some way off, and speaking in his tent, Philip had said that he would tell them something of God's word, and then pray; that, although with those who never prayed, he must pray; that he would not think it safe to pass a night without prayer; and that God was indeed good

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who preserved those who prayed not to him. A little after this, Philip overheard the wife of Gwiwisens (Littleboy) saying to her husband, "We must really think of this way, and be baptized soon, as the time is very short!" Such was their conversation, and from it I look forward with much pleasant anticipation to seeing them.

I determined to remain a full day here, and to start on Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning. This will give me time to confer with Philip Kennedy, whose labours have been very praiseworthy. My hope is to build a church soon, and to offer to take the wood of the old Roman Catholic building at a valuation.\* Twice already has the place been attempted by the Roman Catholics and Wesleyans; this would make me more anxious to give it a fair trial. Philip must have laboured much to get the house ready; an additional room had been prepared for my reception. It is this which often causes me pain, the fear that I give trouble in my visits. Thus Mr. Hunter had carried out some improvements just before my arrival at Cumberland, in 1850; Mr. Cowley had just finished a new room in the winter of that year, and here much time and labour had been given to the completion of an apartment. I was glad of the opportunity of examining my things, fearing some damage from the rain yesterday. I found that the wet had got into the box containing my robes, so that they had to be spread out and dried. A few of my papers had also suffered a little, but all was soon set to rights and repacked. While

\* This wood has since been purchased from the R. C. Bishop at Red River.

occupied in my room, I heard the children, through the wall, singing the airs of Helmsley and Aston Sandford, and I felt at once as if I were at the Red River, among those who pray to God and love the Saviour.

I wrote home, giving the account of our safe arrival, as I was anxious to leave the letters with Philip to be forwarded to the Red River. This consumed some little time, and I then went to hear the children read and sing. They sang Bedford, the Old Hundredth, St. Augustine, and others, to Salteaux words—the hymns at the end of Dr. O'Meara's Prayer Book. We then mustered for evening prayers, and we sang the 23rd Psalm to Bedford. I did not think when lecturing on it on Sunday, that I should hear it so soon from the lips of Indian children. The translation of the verse, "Though I walk through the valley," &c., is very simple and happy :—

" Neboowen nengah kuhbekaun  
Kah nengah kootunseen,  
Jesus oo shahwanjegawen  
Nengah wahsashkahgoon."

And the last verse is equally expressive :—

" Mahnedoo ne shahwanemek  
Akoo bemahdezyaun ;  
Kagate, nengah buhmeetahwah  
Peenesh koo nebooyaun."

The version of the Advent Hymn, "Lo ! He comes," is not inferior, the first stanza ending very beautifully,

" Hallelujah !  
Oogemah pe tuhgweshen."

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I am glad that the word "hallelujah" is thus retained, and rendered familiar to the Indian ear. I hope also that the word "Jehovah," which occurs at the commencement of the 23rd Psalm, will take root in the same way; they are words which ought to be incorporated into every tongue. We then sang a hymn in English, and joined in prayer in that tongue, closing with the Lord's prayer and the benediction, in Salteaux, which I could just pronounce, the children following and taking up the words of the former. It was a pleasing scene, and gave me a lively hope that a good work was rooting here, the fruits of which might appear at the last day. I do not feel anxious to encourage them in immediate profession or promise. The one couple so often referred to in Mr. James's journal, Wassacheese and his wife, have applied for marriage and baptism, and, as they have been anxious for a year, I scarcely feel justified in declining. The other case will meet us by the way, perhaps the more hopeful, Littleboy with his wife; they have a fine family of sons; may their progeny become the nucleus of a future church.

*July 7th.*—After a delightful night's rest under a roof, I arose for the morning's work. Held morning prayers, and then, in presence of those assembled, baptized Wassacheese and his wife, by the names of Abraham and Sarah, with James as their surname, after him who laid the foundation of the mission. I also united them together in marriage, I spoke to them afterwards in private, urging them to build and farm, and have a settled habitation. By this they may gain an influence over other members of their family, which is a

large one. I spoke next to the five girls of their kind benefactress over the sea, and asked them if they had any message to send by me. They sent their thanks and promised to pray for her. Distributed among them some Sunday clothing, with a handkerchief and comb each, in the name of their kind friend. I next saw the seven boys, and gave them some clothing, with a red belt for Sunday wear.

I then conversed with the catechist regarding the affairs of the station. Its distance from the settlement, and inability to support itself by fishing, have led to a much larger outlay than could have been anticipated; but all would be abundantly repaid, if it might become ultimately a centre of light and civilization. It was now arranged to take Philip with me as far as the encampment on English River, where we expect to find the Indian party awaiting us. We therefore prepared to start soon after midday, taking some refreshment at a very early hour, so as to secure a long afternoon.

We started soon after one o'clock; Philip Kennedy in one canoe, with three of Littleboy's sons, and another Indian to paddle him. The scenery was beautiful around, indeed the situation of Islington is just what would be chosen at home for a romantic country-seat; the walks cut through the woods would be picturesque, and the boating in every direction would afford constant amusement and variety.

We soon arrived at one portage, and that a long and tangled one. It would have required the sappers and miners to clear a pathway, and open up sufficient room for my large canoe. One of our men preceded with an

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axe, cutting to the right and left, both the overtopping branches and the smaller trees. One thought at once of the highway of the Lord—of the method in which the path of the conqueror was opened of old, and the call to the messengers of the cross, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The Indians helped vigorously in carrying our pieces, which expedited us greatly. At the farther extremity we entered upon a little river, with a very narrow channel. On getting to a wider spot, emerging into something of a small lake, the canoes being near, the men began, almost involuntarily, to race against each other, becoming as they proceeded, very eager in it. It was animating to us all; for a time we kept up and had hopes of victory, but the Indians on their own element at last prevailed. They were, however, light with only five, while we were heavy with ten and a full cargo. We had soon the current with us, descending a tributary of the English River into that river itself, which we crossed, and arrived, about seven, P. M., at the encampment, where Littleboy was, with a large party around him.

The cheerful old man soon descended the bank to welcome us; I had seen him several times at the Red River, but his good natured and lively countenance is always refreshing. He was at the time engaged in preparing a canoe for the settlement. We were soon ashore, when I at once proceeded to their tent, a very large one, roofed over with boughs, and bearing an appearance of much comfort within. I entered with Philip, but the interview was not very satisfactory; there was an air of constraint about the old man,

very different from the spirit in which he had hitherto spoken to Philip. Our only way of accounting for it was from the number assembled, and the fear of speaking openly before those who still opposed Christianity. Here were six or eight families all under one roof; each had a sort of allotted portion of the long tent. I spoke to them, after Philip had endeavoured to draw them out, and said how eagerly would they have received me, if bringing tidings regarding their bodies, that henceforth they could be fed and clothed without fear or want of any kind; how much more gladly ought they to receive one, with tidings for their immortal souls.

I then returned to my own quarters, perhaps a little disappointed; but I had not been long there, when David, one of the sons, followed, and begged me not to think anything of what had passed; that he had been urging his father to accept the offer, and embrace the present opportunity. I had, in consequence, another interview with them, when all was more open, and without disguise; some of the others had left, and we were now more alone with those willing to listen. I wish I could describe the scene; there was the old couple and their four sons; in addition, there was an old Canadian, Baptiste Cameron, a grey-haired old man, very shrivelled, and with but scanty clothing. He had been taken to Canada when young, and had the offer of education there, but had requested to be allowed to return to this territory, to bid farewell to his friends, and see once more his old haunts. It was then, he said, a fine country, with abundance of the larger animals, and he

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preferred remaining amidst plenty, with the excitement of a hunter's life, to returning to civilization. As life ebbed he had repented, when too late, of his choice. The old man was anxious about himself, and had freely given up to Philip the badges of his former faith as Roman Catholic, some relics and crosses which had been given him by the priests. There was, besides, a tall old man, who goes by the name of Rabbitskin, and who seemed disposed to embrace the truth. David now pressed the matter much on his father, and all took a different course; he urged the shortness of life, and said that for himself he wished to be baptized, but would rather await my return, that he and his wife might at the same time be married and baptized. We talked to them for some time, and prayed with them.

I then determined to baptize on the morrow the three, the father and mother, and Rabbitskin, to leave David and his wife for my return, hoping to find them either here or at Islington. I was pleased to find that Mr. Mackenzie, of Rat Portage, had urged David to become a Christian, and also that Mr. Sinclair had addressed them on his way, advising them to settle and pray.

*July 8th.*—Awoke very early, but found that Philip was stirring before me. I dressed, and we then went down to the Indian tent; they were only just getting up; told the candidates for baptism to come to me in a little time. The morning was rather threatening, with high wind, and it almost disconcerted my plan of baptizing them, as in early times, by the river side. But, on hinting this to my men, they pointed at once to the lee-side of the promontory where we were. I stepped



down, and there found it without a ripple, with a beautiful ledge of rock. I then assembled them, that we might have prayers, and, in presence of them all, prepared to administer the rite of baptism.

The three had come over neatly dressed, partly in some clothing which I had brought them. Littleboy in a new capote, Rabbitskin in a new shirt and handkerchief. They stood by my side. We sang together, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs." After which I read Acts x. 25, to the end, and then joined in prayer, especially for those to be baptized. I next explained to my own party what was about to be done; that I had purposely read the chapter of Philip and the Eunuch, that they might see how similar God's Church and people are in all times. The Eunuch's knowledge was probably not great, but the Spirit had touched his heart, and he was baptized on the river side, and went on his way rejoicing. So the knowledge of those before me might not be great, but they seemed to have a sense of sin and weakness, and a desire for the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

I then put the questions to the candidates themselves in a short and simple form, whether they would give up the devil and all his works; whether they believed in the great and good God—in His having sent His Son to die for us—in His having given His Holy Spirit to put into our hearts new thoughts and desires. Philip then offered up a short prayer in Salteaux, giving the substance of our baptismal prayers. After this, taking Littleboy by the right hand, I led him to the river's brink, and, with its water, baptized him Adam, in the

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name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Next his wife, Elizabeth, and then taking the tall old man in the same way, I baptized him Philip. The two former will be henceforth Adam and Elizabeth Landon, after the name of our generous and large-hearted benefactress; the latter, Philip Kennedy, after our worthy catechist, to whose simple faith and earnestness some souls will, I doubt not, trace (under God) their everlasting happiness.

Such was the simple, yet impressive, rite on the banks of the English River: do I err in calling it an apostolic and spiritual service? What could be nearer to the circumstances in the Acts? Here were two, with whom Philip had often talked of a Saviour; their sons had joined him often in his canoe, and gone with him to Red River, and the one son urges the father, the wife urges the husband not to delay, but to seek now admission to the fold. There is the rock on which we stand and the water of their own stream, with which I sprinkle their heads. Yet the very stream bears a foreign name, and is called by them the English River—telling whence come to them the life-giving tidings of the Gospel. Applying this in a heavenly and spiritual sense, may we not pray that “all things may live whither the river cometh?” We have the river of the name here, and our remotest missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, is on an English River in the north. Bearing the two in mind, may we not pray that, wherever commerce leads our countrymen in this land, the river may not only carry the traffic of the country, but also that more precious freight, the enduring riches that fade not away; that

the rivers of the land may not only bear the name of Britain, but may possess something upon them to remind all of Britain's glory, the word and worship of the living God.

Enjoyed afterwards our morning meal, and ordered some pemmican to be given to the Indians near us. I arranged, finally, all matters with Mr. Kennedy, and went to the large tent to say farewell. There I received the grateful thanks of poor old blind Baptiste Cameron, for the little supply sent to him; he lay with but a scanty covering, a little rabbit-skin coverlet spread over him. I then inspected the canoe which was being built for Mr. Mowat, of the Red River, himself a very liberal contributor to this Mission; he has already given thirty pounds towards it, and this by way of instalment on fifty pounds promised. His anxiety was that it should have been farther off, at the Three Rivers: of the advantage, or the contrary, of that position, we shall have better means of judging as we proceed.

I then found my men ready for a start; the wind had moderated, but it looked very moist, and we had only advanced a few miles, when rain compelled us to put ashore and raise our tent. Here we rested for the day, and I did not much regret it, as it gave the opportunity of reviewing the evening and morning's work in quiet and silence, and of completing the journal up to this point.

Amongst those we had just left, one Indian was very desirous to have his child buried at Islington: the child was already interred, but he wished it in our keeping in death, as it had been partly under our training in

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life. I promised that it might be transferred there when the spot for a burying-ground was selected and fenced.

I cannot but regard all this as settling the mission at Islington. It will give us several families for it ultimately, with, we may hope, in time, houses and farms there; it will give many children for the school, and therefore I hardly look upon its continuance as a doubtful subject, yet all in dependence on the good hand of God. In addition to our own flock, there are some of Roman Catholic baptism; these, as baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, we must accept. A few know something of the distinctive points of the two systems, and, convinced of their previous errors, have given up their crosses and relics, as in the case of Baptiste Cameron. To the children we would not yet say much on the subject, until they gain knowledge, and come forward at a future time for confirmation. I have told Philip to prepare a list for me of the baptized persons, marking those of each class, against my return, on which occasion I shall look forward with much interest to the baptism of David and his wife, and the two orphan children who are under the guardianship of the old Pelican, now Philip Kennedy, and who are to be committed at once to our entire care. Is there not here a little to encourage hope? A school at Fort Alexander, and a strong missionary station at Islington, would mark out the country as Christian; they would be landmarks on the way from Canada, and at the entrance to the lake and the Red River. The Indian may still pass to his hunting ground, but he would look to these as his

centres of rest and peace ; he would leave his wife and children there, near the water of life and the ordinances of God : he would look for his autumn crop and harvest there, to add to the rice which he might find elsewhere. It would become his farm, his settlement, and village.

Bearing on this, I have often wondered what is the Indian idea of an oténa or village, and have obtained but little satisfaction. In Canada they may understand the term, but not here. As illustration of the inadequacy of their ideas of it, I may give the case of the son of Adam Landon, who visited the Red River lately for the first time. On seeing the old Salteaux school (now abandoned) below the Indian settlement, he thought it must be the mission station ; in passing and seeing the houses of the Indian village, he concluded this must be all ; but on seeing the spire of St. Andrew's, and the large population, the tower of the Middle Church (now St. Paul's), and still higher up my own buildings, the schools and Upper Church, his astonishment was unbounded. He was taken up higher still to the Upper Fort, where, from the walls, he could command a view of the country. He commenced counting the houses visible from that spot ; he declared that he counted up as far as one hundred, and then gave up in despair. This was, of course, before the late flood, which swept away so many of the dwellings of the French Canadians and other settlers. This may show how large the Red River, or, as I always feel we should call it, Selkirk, appears to their eyes ; how it is to them a very metropolis, as large as London might appear to

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We found the totem gradually more prevalent as we advanced. Adam Landon, to whom reference has often been made, was of the Sturgeon totem, while Philip Kennedy, the old Rabbitskin, was of the Pelican tribe, and another who had arrived belonged to the Kingfishers. In the sequel, the Suckers and the Cranes will appear. These badges are used almost like the heraldic emblems on the shields of the Crusaders. In sketching their route, and marking it out for those who may be desirous of following them, they would represent a sturgeon on the bark, with smaller sturgeon around to mark out the whole family.

I would only add, that the name English River was given because this was the original line of approach for the Hudson's Bay Company; they passed by it from James's Bay, when there was opposition in the country, while those of the North-West Company came by the other route along the Canadian lakes. On this account the names along the latter to Lake Winnipeg are mostly of French origin. Perhaps the same reason may account also for the name of English River in the north, where Mr. Hunt now is, as it is the same with the Churchill River, and would form the direct line from York or Churchill to those penetrating the country.

One curious link connecting distant points: I afterwards ascertained, that while we were enjoying our first Sunday services in the open air, the Rev. R. Hunt was similarly employed in the north with the few travelling with him. He mentions in his journal having met some

who knew the hymn tunes, having learned them at Red River from others. Thus the same melody was rising up from spots several hundred miles apart. Has not this in itself a hallowing and consecrating influence on the land?

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## CHAPTER II.

“ Rose of the wilderness—an emblem choice  
Be thou, the rose of Sharon to present :  
O could this desert as the rose rejoice,  
Spread sacred bloom and breathe immortal scent !”

SONGS OF THE WILDERNESS, BISHOP MOUNTAIN.

Second Sunday—Lac Seul—Height of Land—Third Sunday—  
Osnaburgh—Arrival at Martin’s Falls.

*July 9th.*—A doubtful morning, yet after breakfast we prepared to make a start, and were cheered at intervals by a little sunshine. Advanced to the first portage, which we found a perfect bush ; the two next rather shorter ; at their extremity we dined. Delighted to think no more portages for the day, all was plain sailing. We were now four canoes in all, the Landons having overtaken us. The eldest son of old Adam, and his boy, were in one small Indian canoe, his wife and another female in a second, and old Philip Kennedy in a third.

Many eagles were seen during the day, and large flocks of pigeons. Regarding the former, my companion gave me some accounts from his own personal observation. In the neighbourhood of Peel’s River,



the numbers of them are very great. At some spots on that river there are fish, which spring up at intervals and appear on the surface; these the eagles devour, pouncing upon them from above. He also said that when out shooting, if the geese happened to fall at a little distance, or on the opposite side of the river, five or six eagles would in a moment collect around the prey to feast upon it. So true is it that "wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

The dragon-fly, too, was numerous where we dined. I had noticed it on Sunday morning, in the little pools near the tent, but I had not fully understood its nature. I had watched it for some time toiling and labouring, I scarcely knew why; this was while occupied in disengaging itself from its *pupa* case, the forepart was free, but the case still enveloped the hinder part of the body. At last it gained the day, and, emerging in its new life,

"Positis novis exuviis nitidusque juvenatâ,"

it flew aloft into the air. The rocks are often covered with the old cases, from which they have escaped, the coffins, as it were, from which they have passed to a resurrection life.\*

There was, also, a smaller fly of a similar descrip-

\* For a very accurate representation of such an escape from the pupa case, and a description of the phenomena of the change in the dragon-fly, quoted from Reaumur, the reader is referred to two very interesting volumes on "The Life of an Insect," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, especially vol. i. from p. 294—308.

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tion, very numerous, with six small feet and beautifully long antennæ.

We reached our destination with the clouds gathering around; the fire was scarcely kindled, and the tent pitched, when heavy rain set in, and continued uninterruptedly all night.

*July 10th.*—Another variable morning, yet we left our encampment before breakfast. We were able to carry a little sail at intervals, almost the first time; often had we cut a mast, but as often had to throw it away, the wind falling off; now we really raised the mast in its place, after Homeric fashion, and went before the wind. We had some heavy showers, but we made, notwithstanding, good progress. The three canoes were in company, with their little birchbark sails; they carry a roll of the material with them, like a roll of carpeting, and of this they expand as much as suits their purpose, and they can pull it in according to their wishes. No other proof of living beings along the road, yet a few memorials of the dead. We passed two graves, or dead-lodges, as they sometimes call them. These are, at times, large, and full of bones and remains of the departed. The two we passed were such, one on each side of the river; their shape was that of a triangular pyramid of wood, around the grave; some times they are of this shape, at others, oblong.

We made one remarkable portage, called the Skah-beechewun; shortly before we had passed the spot where formerly stood a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, called by the same name, and in which several at the Red river had spent their time of service. The fall

is so called from the rapid raising and falling of the wave, which extends to some distance around it, and causes an unpleasant motion of the canoe. It has a pretty portage through a tangled bush ; we found a few strawberries, which were refreshing. We were soon off again, and made one of our best runs afterwards ; the men were in full force, the prospect of the Sabbath's rest gave them spirit ; the varied nature of the route the last few days had been a relief. We had had clouds and sunshine, some heavy showers, a rough sea, and then a glassy stillness, the sail for a few hours, and then the paddles. All too, knew their work by this time ; Linklater was our active bowsman, behind him Caleb Anderson and Robert Peebles, were ready to watch the sail, and hoist it up if we could catch a breath of wind to help us onward ; behind them was my place and that of my companion ; next to us were James Mackay and James Wishart, my own immediate attendants ; they, with David Halero, were the three on whom, as the strongest and ablest, devolved the carrying of the canoe ; with the last-named sat Pierre Robillard, our Canadian, whose especial task was to look to, and gum, if necessary, our little bark each night ; and last, not least, was our steersman, old Jacob Daniel, who received from all the praise of the greatest knowledge of the route, the greatest skill in rapids and falls ; this praise he fully justified, though now in declining years.

Reach after reach we now passed with fresh beauties ; at times we were land-locked, and no power of divination could imagine how we were to find an outlet ; then we opened suddenly upon a little lake, then, perhaps, a

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narrow river passage with abrupt rocks on either side. The men, when all paddling together, sometimes called for one of the boat songs, challenging the Canadian to raise it, but his answer was generally "Les avirons chantent assez;"—the paddles make music enough; and so it was; when the water was deep and calm, there is a pleasing sound in the full well-measured stroke, which makes the canoe bound, as with a spring, over the surface, like a steed over a level plain.

We saw this day higher ground, with more of gentle hill and undulation. The wood too, was very varied; at one time we had in view, willow, poplar, fir, pine, oak, cedar, juniper, and birch. On we passed in search of an encampment, as we had now become somewhat fastidious. We wanted a nice spot for the approaching Sunday; our bowsman scarcely seemed inclined to stop at all; spot after spot was passed and rejected; the sun was already below the horizon, but the sky was still gilded with his beams. At last one spot was selected as suitable for our Sabbath rest, and near half-an-hour, or more, after sundown, we brought up. Thankfulness filled every heart in looking back on the week, the deliverance of the Monday, and the mercies of the other days. It had been a light week for the men from occasional rest, so that none were at all over done; it had been refreshing to me from the interest of the baptisms. Where we landed there was a little moss covering parts of the rock; among it the men eagerly selected each his couch, and my own tent backed the whole under a tree. It was a lovely cloudless night, and gave promise of a fine day.

*July 11th.—Sunday.* We were not deceived in our expectation; it was, indeed, a beautiful day, more pleasant to the feelings than the previous Sunday, the heat being less intense, and tempered by a gentle breeze. Of the two scenes that of the last Sunday was, perhaps, rather the prettier, the view being more extensive; but though the area now before us was a little smaller, and the foreground nearer, yet the position of the encampment itself was much prettier. We were, too, more quiet; the three canoes had come up; Landon and old Philip joined our service, the latter in his clean blue shirt and handkerchief, and the bright scarlet leggings which I had given him at the time of his baptism. They were the only individuals near us; old Philip is remarkably still, and his voice you never hear; he appears to be of a singularly quiet and guileless disposition. Landon, his wife, and boy, and his wife's niece, are on their way to join her father, a great canoe builder beyond Mac Seul, and pass the winter in that quarter.

Our number was thus twelve, the females not attending. There was a rise, or step, in the rock, on it I placed my audience, and stood myself between them and the water. While I preached, they were thus provided with "vivo sedilia saxo." Our hymns were nicely sung, as before; the verse which I most felt was that,

"His voice commands the tempest forth  
And stills the stormy wave," &c.,

in the recollection of Monday's peril. My friend Mackenzie acted as clerk, yet this was scarcely necessary, as every voice responded. Much I could have

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wished to transfer some of the scenes through which we passed to some more durable shape—the baptisms on the banks of the English River, and the scene in the Long Tent the night before ; and of sketches, though we cannot boast of architecture or of decorated churches, in the land, I could have wished engravings of the two cathedrals under the open heavens, in which we worshipped on these two Sabbaths.

I lectured on the history of Jacob, taking those three events in his life ; the vision at Bethel, when he slept with the stones as his pillow ; the angels at Mahanaim ; and the angel of the covenant at Peniel ; concluding with the application, that the essence of religion is to realize the presence of God ; to see and behold him by faith here, and face to face in heaven ; that the life of faith is prayer, such as that of Jacob, when he exclaimed, “ I will not let thee go except thou bless me.” I trust that we had the manifested presence of him, of whom we heard in the Gospel for the day, as appearing by the lake, to his disciples, encouraging them by the miraculous draught of fishes after a long night of toil, and saying to them, “ Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.” I thought much during the collect of the blessing of peace,\* for the advancement, especially of an infant Church. Had we lived during the troubles of the North West and Hudson’s Bay Companies, how little could then have been done, or had we war raging around us, as in South Africa, how would it be possible for me to travel in security as now ? How thankful ought we to feel that no such barriers exist among the

\* The fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Indians, to prevent one from passing through the land. During the afternoon I had a delightful ramble on the height above us, covered with a profusion of wild roses; there was almost a garden on the top. Here, with the bright sun overhead, and the beauties of nature so sweetly spread out at one's feet, I could scarcely refrain from singing, "Let the wilderness and solitary place rejoice." I have a vague impression that there is an anthem on these words and the adjoining verses of the chapter; it seemed only to require the inspiration of the scene to have composed one; I felt as if I could sing on, verse by verse, to music of my own, in what Tupper would have called "the ecstasy of being."

In the evening we had service again on our rock, when I preached on the subject of Prayer, as the mark of the true Israel of God; considering why, when, and for what we ought to pray. The gentle breeze had now given way to an appearance of rain, but it kept off, and we closed our happy day. I talked with W. Landon and P. Kennedy afterwards, through the interpreter, and trust there may be the germ of life in them, the longing for better things, which may lead them onward.

*July 12th.*—We were off in good time; much helped at intervals by favourable winds. Showers throughout the day. We made, however, rapid progress, and passed over four portages, and then the longest in this stage, at the end of which we encamped in very heavy rain, with deep meadow grass between us and the water.

*July 13th.*—This morning the weather had a good deal improved. We were somewhat delayed, as the

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men had to carry the luggage a long way through the grass and rushes; one had to transport me the same distance; to my weight, fortunately not very great, they had now become quite accustomed, as very often the canoe could not be brought quite up to the landing-place. We advanced, with help of the sailwind; still heavy clouds around. We soon reached the spot called the "Three Rivers," where some had urged that the Station should be planted, instead of at White Dog. I did not, after seeing it, feel at all disposed to change, had it been possible. The situation here is pretty and riant; it may have more ground adapted for cultivation, and would admit of a larger settlement, and may also command a better supply of fish; but being off the main line of communication would be, with myself, an almost insuperable objection; the outlay would be much larger. It is difficult enough at present to convey what is necessary from Red River, the centre of supplies; if removed any farther it would be almost entirely beyond my own supervision. The Indians, too, prefer the other spot, and are much drawn to it. The old Indian, Philip, here left us, having attended us so far on our way. Often we had missed him for some hours, but we soon discerned him again, either perched upon a rock, or stepping down with stately tread with his canoe into the water. Indeed, the country is so covered with water, that he could generally find out some shorter cut, and, as his bar<sup>d</sup> was no weight upon his shoulder, he did not mind walking with it over a neck of land, which would have been to us a long and heavy portage. He asked me at parting for a letter to his namesake at



Islington, that he might obtain some ammunition on his return, which I readily granted. One now remembers, almost with a smile, how, on first coming up the country, we offered the Indians money; I had now learnt that this is to them practically useless. Thus the purse is left behind on starting for a journey, but instead of this you are obliged to carry a supply of more cumbrous articles, tobacco, powder and shot, with cotton and clothing, wherewith to repay any little service rendered by the way. These constitute, in fact, the exchange of the country, and are the only acceptable gifts.

The other Indians continued with us; one does not wonder that the young boy prefers this free life to school—very attractive to one who does not know the blessings of learning. They often brought us some young ducks, or other game. Their dogs, of which I imagined the Indians had sadly too many around their tents, were, I found, of more use than I was aware of, in scenting out the furs; yesterday, while we were resting for dinner, they brought them three minks, and even this would, in itself, be something for them.

We made our two last portages, not by any means heavy ones. This completes the number of fourteen between Wahpahsemong (White Dog) and Lac Seul Fort, three before we entered the English River and eleven since.

We soon after entered on the lake, somewhere about midday; the weather had now become very beautiful, and we enjoyed the day's sail more than any of the preceding. The views are pretty, the lake being in every direction studded with islands of picturesque appearance and outline. Whether the true name may be Lac Sal

or Lac Seul would I know, and I imagine may have some name, that might easily be Dirty Water lake, or one of the many is the name. May bring us to

At dinner one of the advancing individuals, and of the dogs behind, in or taking masters, and the sail.

our canoe, pleased with paddle in the perfect beds nearly so that all as on bed rest necessary, formerly say when, as covering, the frame is in

or Lac Seul, seems yet an open question. Far rather would I have the latter, the solitary or lonely lake, and I imagine that a misunderstanding of the French may have led to the former name. From the Indian name, that of Lac Seul, would come at once, and this might easily be corrupted into Lac Sale, or, the Lake of Dirty Water. I was little prepared for so beautiful a lake, or one so large or so diversified. A little way on is the Manitoba, and then a run of a few hours will bring us to the Fort, our second stage.

At dinner we found that our friends had abandoned one of their canoes, as being old and unsafe, and were advancing in a single one, in which were four individuals, and four young dogs, rather a large cargo. Two of the dogs were sitting erect in the front, and two behind, indeed, they understand jumping on shore, or taking their places at starting, as well as their masters, and seem to look around them as if enjoying the sail. We now offered to take their little boy into our canoe, as they were so heavy; he seemed quite pleased with his promotion, and commenced using his paddle in his best style. Our evening encampment was the perfection of a resting-place, a rocky island, but beds nearly for each and all of us, of soft white moss, so that all had themselves to blame if they did not sleep as on beds of down. Not that a soft bed affords the rest necessary after a hard day's labour; the men uniformly say that they get up from such unrefreshed, but when, as here, the hard rock is underneath the mossy covering, then the back is well supported, and the whole frame is invigorated by the repose.

On the island, I noticed to the men, the mountain ash, which does not grow at the Red River, but which Mackay said was abundant on the Mississippi. It reminded me of early days, and of its more common name in Scotland, the Rowan; the berries were already formed, but colourless; one can imagine their beauty on the trees amid the snow of winter, and the plentiful food which it must afford the birds.\*

*July 14th.*—I was up before the dawn, and witnessed a glorious sunrise from the canoe. The wind was too scanty to fill the sails, and fell as the sun rose; all were in good spirits at getting near the post. We passed through the Manitoba here, as on Manitoba Lake, a narrow pass connected in former times with their superstitions, and called the Spirit's Pass. Near it an island was pointed out, where an Indian was hung for stabbing his master in charge of the post. Such occurrences are very rare, the Indians being for the most part much attached to those with whom they are connected. I only remember hearing of one other such case, the father of one of my own pupils, killed at Fort *Kamploops*, over the Rocky Mountains: the murder at Hannah Bay, to which reference will afterwards be made, was of quite a different nature.

We breakfasted on one of the islands, which dot the surface of the lake. From it, one of the men counted, without any effort, thirty-nine visible to the eye. The total number on the lake must be very large; reminding one of the Lake (towards Canada) of the Thousand Isles.

\* See the tree described in the *Songs of the Wilderness*, p. 27.

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Some, which lie across the more direct route, have names given them, but old Pierre, who professed to know them all, after for a time enumerating them to us as we passed, was at last compelled to give in: we were half inclined to suspect that his powers of invention, rather than of memory, failed.

From continued expectation, the fort seemed to recede in the distance. We threaded our way among the islands, changing our course at every turn. The paddling was very heavy from the intense heat; we could scarcely catch a breath of air, but as we opened on each fresh islet, the cedars wafted their fragrance towards us. The Fort is so well concealed that one does not see it until within a few hundred yards of the house. We saw beforehand, where the old house had stood, the inmates of which had been almost starved out many years ago. Brought to the last extremity, they were about to draw lots for each other, when an Indian providentially arrived with supplies. Nothing of the kind need now be feared. Mr. Mackenzie has a good garden, and raises a large quantity of potatoes, besides other vegetables, turnips, cabbages, &c. There are also eighteen or twenty head of domestic cattle, and all has thus a home look.

We arrived before midday, and the flag was in a moment hoisted. Mr. Mackenzie was not himself at home, having left with his boats for Albany. From my being later in starting, he thought I might have gone by Lake Superior, and should return this way. I hope, however, to meet him, *en route*. Mrs. Mackenzie was here, and it was pleasing to see the meeting

of mother and son after a separation of thirteen years. She still felt as if she would have known him, although that length of time must have produced a great change at his age. I had one additional reason for surveying all at Lac Seul with interest, from hearing that Mr. Leith, I may say "my founder and benefactor," had been here for some years, before entering on his longer period of service at Cumberland.\* The men had some idea of repairing the canoe here, as the necessary cedar wood could be had in abundance, indeed immense quantities of it are stacked up for burning; we at Red River should esteem it too valuable to apply it to such a purpose. When I found that it might delay us two or three days, I determined to proceed at once; I discovered that the votes were all on my side for going onwards next morning, and passing by the height of land to Osnaburgh.

After dinner I addressed the Indians who happened to be around the Fort, through my interpreter; they seem well-disposed, and not averse to listen to the Gospel; they have been brought very low by want, and surely the Saviour is knocking very impressively at the door of their hearts. May they be brought in, if only at the eleventh hour. One old man who was anxious to see me had not yet arrived; his son spoke very nicely on his behalf. At evening prayers, I baptized seven

\* I was glad to find on my return, that a large portrait of him had arrived in safety from England. This it would be my hope to place hereafter in a college hall or library, should I live to build one. I feel that his memory ought to live in the land. A legacy of Mr. Leith forms the endowment of the Bishopric.

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children of those connected with the Fort, who had never before had the opportunity, and afterwards united in holy matrimony, the parents of three of them. At the time of their union, the couple had signed a contract in presence of the officer in charge, which was the only step in their power, and is admitted as legal evidence in the country.

In the evening the old man arrived ; he is a sensible and rather superior Indian ; he says he will give the matter thought ; that he does not believe that there is a poorer country on the earth—that his countrymen go on plunging deeper and deeper in the dark—that they grope about in vain, that he would be glad to hear of this way, but that he cannot leave his hunting ground ; this, however, would not be necessary. He is very unwilling too to give up his medicinal art, which, he says, consists only in the knowledge of roots, not in anything of charms or conjuration. If we could believe his statement, we might be satisfied ; but it is very difficult to separate the things entirely, and to effect an actual divorce between the two offices, which, in the expressiveness of the Greek tongue, are blended in a single word.\* He says, that if a minister were placed among them, they would learn like other Indians, but not while they are only visited from time to time, at long intervals.

The spot seems fertile, the potatoes extremely good, much better than those I left at home. The strawberries

\* The *ιατρομαντις*, or physician-prophet, Æsch. Eum. v. 62, and Supp. v: 278. See Blackie's Æschylus, vol. ii. p. 329, where he truly observes that "in savage tribes, the medicine-man is almost invariably the priest."

lie at one's feet, quite thick, ripe, and ready for gathering, and the size of some leads me to feel that, if cultivated, they would be much improved in character and flavour. White clover is also very abundant. There is a neat enclosed burying ground for Christians, and the Indians have a separate spot fenced in. One grave was pointed out to me with a deer cut out on a wooden tablet over it; this is the "totem" of the Indian interred there, the short epitaph over his tomb.

*July 15th.*—I had been most comfortably accommodated in the Fort, but I awoke early, and called the men, and we were under weigh before the sun was much above the horizon. The morning was cloudless and beautiful as the preceding day, giving token of intense heat. Had a beautiful sail over the remainder of the lake, still studded with islands; a fair wind all day, which wafted us on. The appearance of thunder increased towards evening, and after an unusual run of ten hours from breakfast-time, we rested at the Dancing Rocks, just in time to avoid the thunderstorm. We could thus imagine ourselves having a six o'clock dinner at home, and as we had a plentiful supply of white fish, and a good appetite from the lateness of the hour. Indeed, to tell the truth, we had met the Fort fisherman, soon after starting in the morning, and had possessed ourselves of the lion's share of his spoil; not so bold a step either, for we knew it would have been freely given us, had he arrived before we left.

My only loss in the evening and indeed throughout the day, was the society of my companion, whom I had left behind. Nor had we the little Indian craft to watch;

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all seemed more solitary, nor did we encounter a living being during the day.

*July 16th.*—The thunderstorm proved more severe than any we had yet had. It continued uninterruptedly—the bright flash—the loud roll at varying intervals, from seven at night until nearly daybreak, more than eight hours. The morning looked ominous and doubtful, and for some time after our start, we knew not what to expect; it eventually cleared off, and was a fine day. We had entered the channel connecting the two lakes, and willow and marsh, with the tall rushes on either side, gave little promise of good camping ground. In it we soon came to two narrow falls, called after some individual, Short's Falls, and some little way beyond arrived at two, called by the Indians, the Cat or Lynx Falls; up the former of these we hauled from the abundance of water, of the latter we made a portage. We passed another at the Pancake Rocks, and then entered the narrow ten-mile creek. It is an extraordinary passage, like the most shaded and crooked lane at home, with a little water trickling along it. We had to keep on the look out and brush away the willows; and the turns were so sharp, that the canoe was continually brought up. At times there was some larger wood, the branches meeting overhead.

“*Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus,  
Umbram hospitalem cousociare amant,  
Ramus, et obliquo laborat  
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.*”

At other times, a large fallen tree lying right across the current, blocked the way and caused a little delay. Mr.



Mackenzie's boats, which had preceded us, had in a measure opened up some of the difficulties of the pass for us, but one saw how easily, as in the days of the rival companies, a few strokes of the axe might effectually close up the way. We passed a little piece of water to which they had given the significant name of All Hands Lake, because all must pass through it going that route. We met in the narrows, an Indian with wife and child, he anxiously inquired whether we had seen Indians by the way, as he had just been to his beaver-trap, and found the spoil abstracted. We had some portages, but small ones, and encamped for the night when well through the pass, with a high rocky hill on the left overhanging us. I expressed a wish to mount it before tea, in order to see the view. Two of the men readily gave me assistance, and on reaching the top we saw other summits rising beyond; we did not, however, rest, till we had scaled the highest. From it we saw a great extent of country, Lac Seul lying quietly beneath. Osnaburgh Lake, to which we were approaching, was not visible from the high intervening woods. As we descended, our own little encampment looked very picturesque from two or three hundred feet above; the little rill like a thread, the white tent, the bright fire, and the column of curling smoke. We heard them hallooing to us for supper, but we surveyed all above first, and then made a rapid descent, leaping from rock to rock.

The spot selected seemed an especial favourite with the mosquitoes, and I anticipated the approach of night with some dread. I found, however, that my good attendant, Mackay, had given me up his mosquito curtain,

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and placed it over my bedding. Of such things I am generally too regardless, but starting as I had now done, after the confusion of the flood, and when living away from my own home, the omission was less to be wondered at. Fortunately, however, the plague of flies was not so great this year as in many others.

To ourselves this was no common spot, and I was anxious that all should feel it at our evening prayers. We had now reached the boundary height, the margin from which the water flows in the two directions. We had finished the ascent, and were now to descend towards James's Bay; the current would now be with us, and greater speed would mark our movements. This was pleasurable to us, but is it so always? is it so in life? Is it a joyful thing to all, to feel that middle life is upon them, that they have climbed the hill, and gained the summit; that theirs is now only the decline, the swift and rapid current sweeping all to the grave? Yet why the difference? Ought it not to be a delightful thing to feel, that our face is towards Zion, and our feet drawing nearer to our eternal home.

The height of land is an object of great interest in a country traversed in its whole extent; it ought, perhaps, to be more regarded, than it is in geographical instruction. Attention is now indeed more drawn to physical geography, but in my earlier days, I only remember one who kept the physical features of the country prominently in view in public teaching—Professor Pillans of Edinburgh. Should these pages ever meet his eye, it may be a pleasure to him to feel that I thought of his training and its advantages, when they were forced upon

me in crossing this distant and solitary height. It must, doubtless, be a gratification to him in declining years, to find that the system, which he then pursued comparatively alone, has now become almost universal. The heights of land most immediately interesting to myself are that between Red River and York, and this on the way to Albany, the one between Red River and Lake Superior, separating us from Canada, and a fourth between Red River and the United States, where to the north the waters flow into Hudson's Bay and to the South into the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi. Two others, of which I may know more hereafter, are the ridge or backbone, separating the East Main from Labrador; the boundary between this diocese and that of Newfoundland; and the other at the Great Portage, or Portage La Loche, where the waters on the one side discharge themselves into the Hudson Bay, on the other, into the Arctic Ocean. I speak not of the Rocky Mountains, as forming the obvious and natural boundary between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Our position has led thus to a digression; but to return to simpler narrative. I enjoyed, after all, a delightful night's rest. During the afternoon the mosquitoes had been severe to a degree with me, and I had feared they might be still worse at night. The effect on my head and ears was almost like erysipelas; all the integuments of the skin swollen and distended; but once in my cage, I was quite free from attack. Towards morning it became chilly, and on getting up I was not surprised to find that there had been frost: the tent was quite hard and stiffened.

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*July 17th.*—We left while the white frost was still thick on the ground, and soon made our last portage for this stage; it was, too, our longest, very swampy and muddy, but not more so they said than usual, and only in these respects sustained its character and reputation. It brings you to a creek at the upper end of Osnaburgh Lake. I had gone on as usual to see how the other end of the portage looked, and should certainly have gone farther than was necessary, and walked into the reeds and rushes, had not one of the men come up and stopped me. It was next to impossible to discern any margin, but, finding where we were again to take canoe, I assisted him in lighting a fire, for the double purpose of scaring the mosquitoes, and of preparing breakfast.

Advanced onwards on the lake, unable to sail, as the wind was against us. It is so far like Lac Seul, in being dotted with islands, but is far from being so pretty; it is much tamer, the wood not so prettily grouped, and much burnt. Its Indian name is, I find, Swampy Lake, its French one, Lac de Sable, and now the English name of Osnaburgh prevails, from what date or cause given I could not ascertain, perhaps of the same origin as York and Albany on the coast.

We had been rather struck at meeting so few Indians; towards afternoon we discerned some canoes, and thought it might be worth while to paddle towards them, and were more than repaid, as they had a good supply of ducks and dried fish, and were glad to receive instead pemmican, ammunition, and hooks. There were about five canoes drawn up on the beach, and, perhaps, sixteen or twenty in their tents. Some time

after leaving, a canoe followed us from among them: we pulled up to allow them to overtake us, thinking we must have left something behind. It turned out, however, to be a young man, who begged to go with me to Moose, and assist by the way. I put it to the men, and, as they said he would be of use, I at once accepted him, and he stepped into the Rose, and began to paddle so eagerly that he deluged those near him with water. A little practice, however, soon brought him into a more measured stroke. I thought we should have been alone on the morrow, but this brings one Indian near us, I hope for good. He is the brother of the Indian whom we met by the way. We saw, during the day, the opening by which Sir George Simpson entered the lake, when on his way from Norway House to Moose, some years ago. He left Lake Winnipeg by the Poplar River, and passing through some intervening lakes, came out where we were. His guide on the occasion was my bowsman, Linklater: Sir George had himself recommended him to me for the office.

We had now obtained a nice spot for our day of rest; all felt how quickly the week had gone: may the sabbath be like its predecessors in enjoyment to us all.

*July 18th, Sunday.*—The sun had set behind a bank of clouds, and left us a little doubtful of the coming weather. The morning was fine, but suspicious, the clouds gathering towards the south. I took a delightful walk on the sandy beach to the side of the rocky point where the tent was pitched—a longer stretch of a walk than I could often enjoy on a rocky island or a wooded landing-place. It reminded me of many a home beach,

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many a sandy shore in other lands; it seemed peculiarly favourable to contemplation and quiet thought. It is not alone the aged priest in the Iliad of whom it may be said, Βῆ δ' ἄκέων παρὰ θίνα. In his case, the resounding deep was in accordance with his agitated and disturbed spirit; but here it was the scarcely rippling surface of the lake—the gentle murmur of the water on the sand, in harmony with the sacredness of the day.

I returned, and soon assembled all for service. We commenced as usual in the air, but at the end of the Psalms we had to change, and continue it in my tent, which was of sufficient size to contain us all, ten in number. The thunder was now rolling around, and the rain heavy. We proceeded, notwithstanding, as far as the end of the second lesson, when I thought it better to desist and have a little break, as the voice could scarcely be heard from the down-pour on the tent. We accordingly sat down, and employed the little interval in sacred music. We sang first—

“ Though the morn may be serene,  
 Not a threat'ning cloud be seen,  
 Who can undertake to say  
 'Twill be pleasant all the day?  
 Tempests suddenly may rise,  
 Darkness overspread the skies,  
 Lightnings flash and thunders roar,  
 Ere a short liv'd day be o'er.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dearest Saviour, call us soon  
 To thy high eternal noon;  
 Never there shall tempests rise

To conceal thee from our eyes ;  
 Satan shall no more deceive,  
 We no more thy Spirit grieve,  
 But through clondless, endless days,  
 Sound, to golden harps, thy praise."

And after it, Bishop Heber's missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

which I had heard the men trying by themselves the previous day. It had now moderated, and we finished our service. Small was our cathedral to-day, but I trust the spirit of prayer was with us. I was struck with the Indian, when we knelt down after the creed, falling at once into the same posture. Even though an unconscious worshipper, I wished him to be present, hoping for a blessing from the apostle's words, 1 Cor. xiv. 25, but I had given him no direction as to his behaviour. May those words have their fulfilment in him! I lectured on David's character, coupling the two views of the first lesson of last Sunday evening and this morning, David's conquest of Goliath, and David, overcome by sin, victorious over the Philistine, and convicted by the message of Nathan.

We then broke up, the rain having almost ceased. During the service itself, one could not but feel the force of the petition in the Litany, "From lightning and tempest, good Lord, deliver us," which we offered while the thunder was still playing around us. An hour had scarcely passed ere all appearance of the storm had vanished, and I went again to my beach, where, lying down on the sand, I read with great plea-

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sure the little work of a dear friend and pupil, the Rev. J. M. Randall,\* entitled, "Jehovah, the Portion of his People." Often had we rambled together on the seashore at home, and now these beautiful sermons from his pen were refreshing to me here—they were the words of a friend, though not from his lips.

In the evening I continued our subject, and contemplated David as a penitent believer—a growing saint—and upon his death-bed, from 2 Sam. xxiii. 1—5. There was now "the clear shining after rain," which the text so beautifully describes, and we held, therefore, our evening service in the open air.

*July 19th.*—Started early to reach Osnaburgh House. The clouds were thick and heavy, but as the sun rose all were gradually wrapt up, and, on leaving our breakfast encampment, the heat was intense. We had there a noble island of firs, and in roaming among them I gazed with admiration on the magnificent aisles and naves formed by them. I could not but think that some combinations of them might form a noble cathedral, had I them and the rich cedar-wood near me at the Red River. Doubtless they must have given the first ideas of what art has constructed for the worship of God.

We arrived at Osnaburgh House about one o'clock, and were received by Mr. M'Pherson, who was in charge of the Fort. It is on a sandy point (Point de Sable, the Canadians might well call it), with some neat buildings and pickets round, and a small burying ground

\* Formerly Curate of Lowestoft, and now Vicar of Lougham-Bishops, Norfolk.



fenced off. I asked to see his family, and inquired whether all had been baptized. He said he wished his youngest child to be baptized, and would prefer it now rather than on my return, as the little fellow had often such severe bleedings at the nose as to fill them with apprehension for his life. This is not unusual from the extreme heat of the summer; on the hotter days some of my own men were affected by it two or three times a day. I performed the baptism, and also married Mr. M'Pherson to his wife; they had never had the opportunity, and, as the only substitute, they had signed the usual contract. His elder children, by a former wife, had been baptized, I think, by Mr. Barnley, the Wesleyan minister, formerly at Moose. I felt very much in kneeling down with them and joining with them in prayer, and in hearing afterwards from Mr. M'Pherson the account of his desolate position. They never, he said, saw any one to speak to them of the word of God; for his children there was no opportunity of education, nor did his means admit of his sending them away from him to be brought up. The number of Indians connected with the Fort he stated to be sixty or seventy, perhaps fifty families—as many as eighty, he thought, at Lac Seul, taking debt (as they term it) or advances on their hunting trip. Of the tribe of Cranes he gave a favourable account, as anxious for a better way, and not unlikely to be brought in if approached. Some of his own men, who were anxious for baptism for their children, were absent, nearly all his hands being off with the boats. He was himself engaged with those who remained in rebuilding a large store; the heat of

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the sun beating upon them had been so intense all the morning, that the young men had every now and then rushed into the water to cool themselves. I gave hopes of staying a little longer on my return, making it, if I could so arrange, my resting-place for the night, as one could not but feel an emotion of pity on seeing the family, who were truly like sheep, not having a shepherd.

We were anxious to get on our way, and run at least one rapid, so we started soon after two o'clock. We were now entering on the most exciting and stirring part of our journey, to which we had been looking forward all the way as we toiled up hill. We soon came to one fall called Hugh's Fall; there were many smaller rapids along which we were carried swiftly with the stream. At the fall itself we made a portage, and I walked over with two of my lighter packages. I had just diverged from the pathway to see the fall, when down shot the canoe into the very basin of the fall, as if sure to be engulfed. All depended on good steering, the men at the bow and stern, and two strong paddlers, were all that remained in: on they went dipping and then rising on the breakers, at times hidden from the sight, and then re-appearing, yet all the while dexterously avoiding the rocks (where one false stroke might have dashed the canoe to pieces), and they were safe at the other end long before the men had arrived with the heavier articles. This was our only portage; we proceeded on with a noble current in our favour. We passed many ripples, as the boatmen call them, or rapid eddies; we crossed Deep and Shoal Lake, Deer-

tent's Lake, and then took up our camping ground for the night. Below the first ripple we noticed, at a very favourable spot, a basket for catching fish, from which the Fort obtains good supplies. It is by such spots that the Indians are continually found tenting in the summer months.

I had calculated, before leaving Red River, on spending the previous Sunday at Osnaburgh, so that I was not much behind my reckoning in reaching it on Monday. During the evening, I thought much of those whom I had just left: the condition of the Europeans at such posts is the problem which gives me much perplexity. What can I do? How supply their want? How meet their case as a part of those intrusted to me? Children growing up without sabbath worship—without training in the word of God. How sad! Yet to multiply churches and ministers would be impossible. No Pastoral Aid Society could fully overtake them. Can they be promised an occasional visit, say for a month or two in a year? Even if this were attempted, the only season when our missionaries could well go long journeys, is the time when most of their people, as I now found are absent with the boats. This would, however, be the problem for my successor, rather than myself. My own especial work must be to occupy the leading spots first, hoping that then some means may be devised by which the smaller spots and their neglected population may be overtaken.

*July 20th.*—We started at half-past four A.M. The more we can accomplish in the cool, the better for the men. Made the longest portage in this stage before

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breakfast : it is called the Smooth Stone. Here the canoe, as well as the goods, were carried : by it, five falls were avoided. It emerges on a pretty spot ; a little creek or bay, with wooded knolls all around, and opening into a small lake, like Lowswater in Cumberland compressed into a smaller compass. The bank to the very margin of the water was covered with the iris, or fleur-du-lis. Here Tom the Indian (the name by which we found he was called, though unbaptized) gave us a specimen of his knowledge of osteology. A small fragment of a fish-bone was found, which he at once pronounced to be part of a sturgeon. Another still smaller piece of bone was shown him, which one of the men declared to be that of a rabbit ; he laughed at the idea, and, without the least hesitation, pronounced it to belong to a musk rat. On such subjects, from their daily contact with them, there is no questioning their superior intelligence.

We soon reached the Coffee Islands—near them a rapid and portage, and afterwards a succession of majestic falls, with a long carrying place. Indeed, from our breakfast encampment at the Smooth Stone commenced the finest scenery I have yet seen, rugged and grand and broken. At this last portage we had seen fresh foot-prints : in the morning we had found a paddle and net-pins, and a jack-fish which had not been long left, leading us to suppose that Indians were near. We hoped, therefore, that we were on their spoor, as they would say in South Africa, and as the falls just passed are great places for sturgeon, we expected to come in for a division of the spoil. Nor were we far wrong.

We ran one other beautiful fall, at which I remained in the canoe, enjoying the motion and excitement much; the men, all but the four necessary to guide her, walked round to lighten the canoe. After clearing it, we soon discerned an Indian tent, from which four men came off in two canoes. Two of them were fine, powerful, elderly men, the others much younger. They had not been very successful, but brought us some dried sturgeon and a very little fresh, for which they got ammunition, &c., in return. They had been to a distance, but had been frightened home. They reported that the Indians at Lake St. Anne's (between us and Lake Superior) had been fighting together, and that twenty-two had been slain. This we afterwards found to be an exaggeration, like all their war stories. The guilty parties had retreated in this direction, and, to avoid them, our friends had fled homewards. They were very poorly clad, and said that all the Indians in this district were very badly off.

We had not left them long when the clouds gave token of heavy rain; indeed, at the last falls, the thunder had been rolling around, and adding its noise to the roar of the waters, but we thought it might pass off. The heavy dropping soon commenced, like hail-stones. We pulled quickly towards shore, and taking shelter under the willows, raised the oil-cloth along the canoe by means of poles and paddles, and supporting it at a little height so as to make a sloping roof, we were there comfortably protected, in something like the vineæ of the Romans of old. After it had somewhat abated, we ran on for two hours, when it thickened again, and

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the pealing came on afresh with redoubled violence. We encamped, therefore, for the night, thankful that, from our early start, we had made on the whole so good a day. The thunder was nearer to us than on Sunday, and now for some time we have had it almost alternate days, as Mr. Cockran had told us was the case the year of the previous flood in 1826. The men, reverting to their homes, did not forget to remind me that this was the first day of hay-cutting at Red River. The time is there fixed by law, none being allowed to go out on the plains till the given day, that all may have equal advantage. Should the weather be as unpropitious with them, their first bivouac on the hay ground will be anything but comfortable.

*July 21st.*—Started at early dawn. Sweet as is the breath of morn at any time, how doubly so to see a bright cloudless sunrise, after the darkness of the thunder storms of the previous day! Our course was along a succession of ripples, for miles, and swiftly were we borne along, until we reached a fall and portage, called by the not very poetical name of Cow Byres, called so, I believe, from the unvarying dirtiness of the portage; the name reminded me, at once, of one of the falls of the Clyde, called Stone Byres, and carried me in thought to Corra Linn, and the beautiful scenery around Lanark. Scarcely had we left it when we came to another, which, as if to make the contrast more striking, was named Shakespear Fall.

We now wound round the base of a high hill, after being, apparently, under it, we went off, and after many a turn and bend, came close to its foot. The point of land

which we had thus rounded is, from its shape, called Spoon Point, we had then a continuance of ripples, and spun along with great rapidity, with a fresh view every five minutes. We found here traces of beavers, a stick was pulled out of the water by one of the men, curiously gnawed at either end, not cut or sawn; on taking it up they all pronounced that a beaver had done it, but the actor we were not successful enough to find. To the hill itself, which is covered with trees and foliage to the very top, no name appeared to have been ever affixed. I found, from the whispering of the men, that something was meditated, and one at last summoned up courage to tell me that it was the wish of all that the hill should henceforth bear my name, but having already a Bishop's Hill, on the way to York, I thought it better to introduce variety. I therefore proposed that it should be called Rupert's Hill, and doubt not, from the tenacity with which they remember names, that it will long adhere to it, and pass from lip to lip.

We passed on our right the opening which branches off towards Lake St. Anne's and Fort William, and then soon felt that we were being drawn into an eddying fall. This current carried us to the Snakes, three very beautiful falls, with but a short space intervening. They are well worthy of remembrance; we have seen nothing prettier in scenery; the middle one, perhaps, the highest, the first very long, extending over as much as a quarter of a mile, and enclosing one or two islands. The third comes down upon a beautiful quiet lake, like a home lake, bounded at the other end by a hill, which I am told we may reach to-night. This fall has been

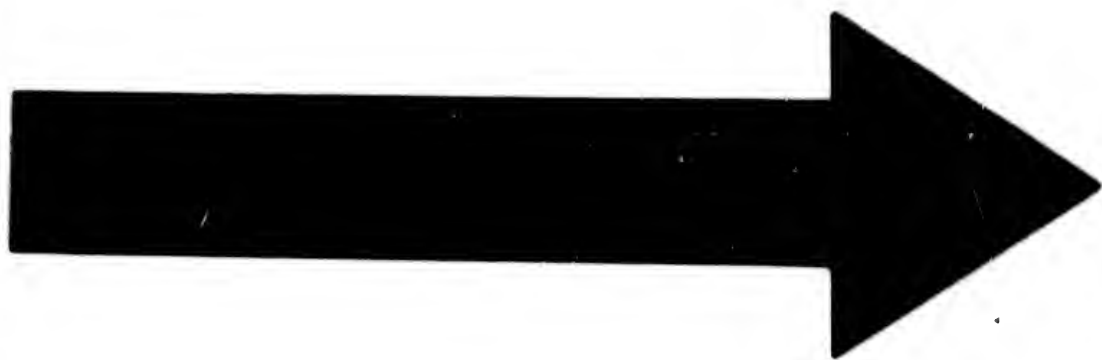
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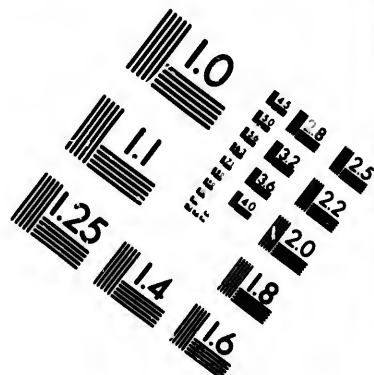
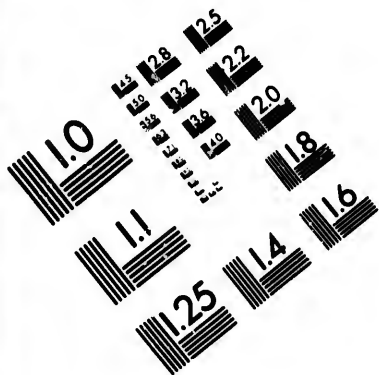
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run by two of our men when the water was lower ; at present it is too full to admit of this. They tell the tale of an Indian who ran it and was upset, and broke his canoe ; nothing daunted however, and feeling his pride wounded, he set to work at the foot, mended his canoe, carried it up, and this time cleared the fall successfully. Were a name necessary to distinguish this one of the three, it might be called Perseverance Fall, but to avoid a like fate, we carried all three. The name seems to have been given very naturally from the tortuous serpentine course of the first. Below these falls, it is said to be a good place for sturgeon, which are often speared as fast as the weapon can be used ; we made the attempt, but unsuccessfully. One perch was caught, another large one ran off, hook and all.

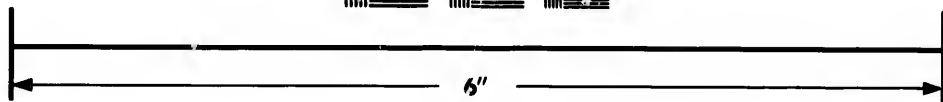
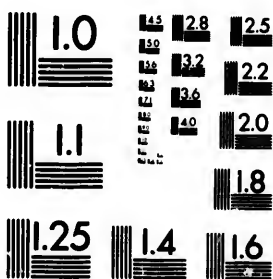
We passed on, and, after rounding the hill, skirted the ridge of which it is the extremity. We entered the picturesque little Lake of Miniska (Berry Lake), or, as in Arrowsmith's map, Miminiska, the reduplicative form signifying the abundance of wild fruit. Of this lake the ridge of hills forms the eastern boundary. To the eye they resembled much the undulations of the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, as they lay in the sun with the small brushwood down to the water's edge, I could almost imagine that I was looking upon the slopes, where we had seen the ripening grape. We were able to hoist sail with a strong fair wind, and made the whole length of the lake in a few hours. The range here terminated in by far the prettiest hill of the whole route, of the outline of which we shall have every varied view on the morrow.







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While the wind was filling the sail, we had a long conversation with our Indian about some of the objects of nature. The clouds, he said, were the water that flies about; the water that falls is the rain; the sky he imagined to be a covering of the earth, fastened in some way at the four corners. The sun, he said, was one; the moon, though one, they distinguish into five different parts, from its changes. I asked the men to question him about the earth. He imagined it a plane; when inclined towards the sun it was summer; when inclined away from it, winter. When asked whether the sun moved, he said, "Why should I trouble myself about it?" A measure of this unconcern might have saved some persecution ere now. When questioned further, he said, "I begin to be afraid;" when asked, "Of what?" he replied, "Of our great Maker." "You know then of his existence?" "Oh yes," he immediately answered. "Why do you not then pray to him?" "I know not why we should not," was his own significant admission, and so ended the conversation. It left a favourable impression; I knew not that he had even thought so much. He is simple and artless in manner, and a favourite with the men: may God carry him onwards!

*July 22nd.*—Another lovely morning. We rounded the point which brought us upon the Upper Kinwooché; a contraction for Kinwoochewun; it is a long current. The portage is short, but the fall very long, the rapids and current (whence the name), extending to a great distance beyond. We had then a charming view of the hill terminating the range, to which I proposed giving

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the name of Queen's Hill, naming that at the other extremity, towards the Snake Falls, Albert Hill. The outline of the Queen's Hill is very perfect, and shows to advantage from every point of view; it is said to have on its top a lake of some depth, of very beautiful pure water. It seems strange while every river, lake and island has a name, that these noble hills, so far as we could learn, should have remained without any distinguishing appellation. Perhaps it is, that the notice of the Indian and those passing along, is more confined to their route; thus they think of the waters on which they glide, and from which they draw their food, and of the rocks on which they pitch their tent, more than of the sublimer objects of nature in the distance. It may be, too, that in this level land, it requires an European taste to hail with delight the very sight of a hill. Those only who have spent some years at the Red River, without even a rising ground in view, can imagine the refreshment of spirit derived from seeing the Rupert's, Albert's, and above all, the Queen's Hill.

We then passed into the Wahpatunga, or Whitebank Lake, sometimes called Peesketunga, or Broken Bank Lake. These names give a sufficient picture of the lake, and afford a specimen of the method in which the words of the Indian dialects, are made up of formative or significant syllables, which have been called the stock particles of the language, which clothe it with ideality, and give to its names a significancy unknown in other tongues.\* After getting on a little way, the men

\* See the subject carried out in "Schoolcraft's History of the Iroquois," especially pp. 386—390, and his dissection of the names Ohio and Ontario.

luckily caught the sound of a voice ; it was that of an Indian in a canoe, just emerging from the falls behind us. He was a long way off, but we very glad we had waited for him, as he had been catching sturgeon at the opposite side from where we had made our portage, and brought us a good supply. He was tented there with wife and children, but came off alone in his canoe, not having discerned us till almost too late. He reported some fighting among the Indians of this quarter, the Sturgeons against the Suckers, but did not know the particulars of the affair at Lake St. Anne's. I looked at his sturgeon's spear ; it is merely a wooden pole, with two iron-barbed points. We could not have had a more appropriate entertainment at the Queen's Hill than a supply of the royal fish, which furnished a very abundant repast for all our party, and a good store besides.

We then passed to Richard's Falls, with a portage of some length. I walked, as usual, to the other extremity of it, where we were to rest for our midday meal, and so intense was the heat, that I was glad to step into the water and stand in it for some time, while the men were bringing over the pieces. Now that there was occasion to leave the canoe so often, I had quite dispensed with my mocassins. At first I had allowed the men to lift me out and in, but this I now gave up, and, being barefoot, I was able to jump out unassisted. This is, indeed, the usual and almost necessary habit of the country, adopted in long journeys, alike by governors and bishops, and where, as in this solitude, one is not tied to appearances, it is very enjoyable. Here too, I found

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the advantage, as I could refresh myself by standing in the water, and, by advancing a little way along the side I secured also a shelter for my head from the branches of a projecting tree. Grateful, indeed, was the coolness to the feet, and the shelter from the scorching rays. What beauty and truth in the picture of the Italian poet, who makes the tree, by its shade, pay back the debt of gratitude which it owes to the water for its nourishment, making it thus the silent reproof of ingratitude in man.

*L'orror de' viventi é un' alma ingrata.*

*Benchè di senso privo,*

*Fin l'arbosecello è grato*

*A quell' amico vivo,*

*Dacui riceve umor.*

*Per lui di frondi ornato*

*Bella mercè gli reude,*

*Quando dal sol difende*

*Il suo benefattor."*

METASTASIO.—L'Isola Disabitata.

After our rest we passed some smaller lakes, and then skirted the Iabemet Lake, the greater length of which extends the other way, like the Cross Lake on the Saskatchewan. From it we soon reached the Lower Kinwooche; it is a difficult and tortuous fall, and the question was, whether to run it or defer it until morning; the guide and steersman went to examine it, and they reported that the water was so full, that they thought we might run it. We did so, with the sun just down, but the twilight was bright, and the moon up in the heavens. It was an exciting scene, many times

we were just in the surge, and it was a great risk to avoid the rocks in the way. It is marvellous how they remember the very stones on the route, and can calculate the depth of water on each side of them, so as to steer their course accordingly. They call out to avoid a stone, from mere recollection, when there is no appearance to betoken it to the eye. They are, indeed, to them, as islands in a chart, and mapped out as carefully in their memory. The channel here was very difficult; our guide and steersman had been along this way before, and the others had to follow them implicitly, but each decision as to our course had to be formed with the rapidity of lightning. One moment the word was "Paddle hard;" the next, "Stop her way;" then, "Haul her to the side;" and then again all would paddle at full speed, with a dashing current. All was admirably done, and every stroke of the paddle furnished matter of discussion and much happiness over the fire at the rocky encampment below. It made all the difference having the labour and anxiety over this evening, instead of having it in anticipation for the morrow.

Then came the stories of the past, connected with the scenes of the day, for the powers of imagination and memory seem to brighten here as elsewhere, as night approaches, and though there is the lack of public news, the tongue never ceases while the fire blazes cheerfully. One boy had been drowned in this very fall. His mother, with an infant in the cradle, had been with him in the canoe, it upset from the trunk of a tree, or other obstruction in the way, and all were thrown into the

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water ; the mother and infant reached the land in safety, but the boy perished in the waters. At one of the other falls, they told of a bear seen two summers ago ; when the men gave chase to it over the portage, it at once took to the water, crossed right over and up the opposite bank, by which means it escaped its pursuers. We had also the story of an island, which we had passed, with a singular name. The tradition is, that some boats had on their way, some years ago, deposited some barrels of pork, as they thought, in safety, among the bushes, not doubting that they would recover it on their return. This is very often done in this country, and is called putting it *en cache*. In the interval, the trees on the island had caught fire, and their store was lost. The dismay of the poor crew, and the inconvenience to which they were thus put, may be imagined. The memorial of it is to this day the name, Pork Island. With these, and other such stories, the time passed on, and the hour of prayer was somewhat later than usual.

*July 23rd.*—The sun was as bright as on the preceding day ; we had plain sailing the greater part of the morning across the Makukabahtun Lake ; it has but an island or two, and is about eighteen miles in length. The banks were sandy and gravelly. The point at which we touched, after a long traverse, about noon, was very pretty, with wild roses down to the very beach. It was termed Sutherland's Point, after one in the Company's service, who on his way up the country with boats and property, was arrested by an early winter, and obliged to build a house and remain here,

defending and supporting himself and party as he could. We passed the almost solitary island, called Favel's Island, about three o'clock, and rested upon it for some time ; then, leaving the lake, we quickly passed two pleasant falls, the Gloucester Falls, which introduced us to the lake of the same name, on which there was formerly a company's post called Gloucester House. From it we ran a more difficult rapid called Robertson's Fall, near which we fell in with a tent of Indians, from whom we obtained some white fish. They wished for rice in exchange, and were surprised when we gave them flour and pemmican. Indeed, berries and rice, with what they may hunt or fish, are the chief food of the Indians of this quarter ; even the crews of the boats along this line of posts are chiefly fed on the country rice. Pemmican is not often seen, and is too rich at first for the system. Tom we found was already a sufferer, not from want, but from too great abundance. He complained of unknown pains and heaviness, and was unable to sit up at his paddle. The cause was too obvious ; he had eaten too voraciously, the first few days, of stronger food than he was used to, and so disordered his stomach.

A swift current bore us onwards to what is called the long portage, a misnomer however here, though true at the time. It was given when the boats only went from Albany to Gloucester House, and it was the longest on that route : to us from Red River it seemed quite a short affair. It is a good portage, by which is meant one clear of obstruction, and tolerably smooth and clean under foot. I crossed it, and on reaching the other end saw the canoe whirling down the rapid : it was

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shallow and rocky, and they had to pole down with all the luggage out. Tom did what he could in helping to get me wood, as we wanted a fire quickly to smoke out the sand flies, for which the place is notorious. They are about as bad, perhaps more insidious in their attack, than the mosquitoes. Jacob, who was at once our steersman and fisherman, asked me here for a couple of hooks, and on obtaining them went immediately to work. With not more than two or three throws of the line, he brought up two beautiful salmon-trout, which made a delicious repast. This made our fourteenth portage from Osnaburgh, and brings us within twenty miles of Martin's Falls.

*July 24th.*—Started in good time for our last day of portage work, in prospect of reaching the station, our fourth stage. A pleasant paddle down current brought us to the Mooswahkeeng Falls and Lake—the name Moosecountry Lake, as well as Moose River and Fort on the bay, would give sufficient proof that moose had formerly been abundant in this part of the territory. They seem to have been destroyed through the recklessness of those who hunted them, and hence the present poverty of the district. The men also pointed out the flower on which they browse, which still grows all around. The extremity of the fall brought us to the Long Race, a circular rapid round an island, to avoid a ledge of rocks over which the water falls precipitously. I remained in to run the rapid, which I always did when possible: the sensation to me was very pleasurable, and, with the four trusty hands, I had no impression of danger. A little below we came to the Dining

Rocks, answering sufficiently to their name, the whole portage being one of smooth rock. On the side the water boils as in a cauldron, having a very broken and rocky bed, and falling from a considerable height. Of it our guide had had rather too much experience, having once been upset when running it. Two canoes were in company; his own went right over, and with the force of the current he was carried a long way down, but was picked up by the other canoe at the lower end. He sustained no material injury, but was bruised a good deal about the ribs, from being dashed against the rocks when forced along beneath the water. It was a knowledge of these things which made many anxious that I should have a second canoe. Had any accident happened to my own I should have been put in extreme difficulty; but to have had another, efficiently manned, so as to keep up with us, would have doubled the expense.

The Big Fall, the last of any consequence, was now in sight, where all, therefore, carried most gladly. Thence we ran rapidly down, with rapids and ripples at every turn, passing over Bannock Falls, Flett's Fall, &c. Our only difficulty was, that we were blind from excess of light, the sun shining on our faces, and causing such a dazzling reflection from the water, that the men at times could only guess their course, which, among rocks, was rather critical. We reached at last Martin's Falls, the Upper and Lower. Here we had only partially to lighten the canoe, and launch her down backwards. It was then floated to an island in the centre: we ourselves crossed, where the water was very

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impetuous and the footing slippery ; two of the men stood in the water holding a long pole, to give a temporary support to those passing over ; one then carried me across leaning on this as a banister. Their footing was, of course, surer than mine from practice ; but I trembled as I saw them carrying over some of the pieces, where the slightest slip of the foot might have been fatal. At last all was safely accomplished, and after leaving the island, on rounding one point, we discerned the house. It is on a very high bank, and we were upon them almost before we were seen. Here we were kindly received by Mr. Hackland, who exerted himself to his utmost in every possible way for our comfort. I found that, through the thoughtful kindness of Sir George Simpson and Mr. Miles, supplies were awaiting me. We had still a good stock on hand, I left therefore the greater part, to be available for our return ; indeed I have omitted to mention, that at each post on our way we had left both pemmican and flour, to lighten our canoe, as much as possible, of what would not be wanted until on our homeward journey.

As my quarters were comfortable, and the services would be a great gain to those at the Fort, I determined to remain over the Sunday, instead of passing down fifty miles, "*secundo flumine*," this afternoon, and spending it at a solitary spot. I had also great hopes that Mr. Mackenzie, of Lac Seul, whom I missed there, might arrive from Albany this evening with his boats. It is a neat small post, with a pretty view of the river, near the lower fall ; indeed, the noise of the two falls is

like a constant thunder upon the ear. It seems almost a pity that the Fort should not have been somewhere higher up; many say that about the Jabemet Lake would have been practically more useful. As it is, the falls present a constant difficulty, both in procuring wood and fish. One is certainly not safe alone in a canoe, and, even with two, a fatal accident occurred about two years ago. Mr. Wilson, then in charge, with one of his men, were upset; he had himself a very narrow escape, but the poor young man, Folster, whose brother I married at Lac Seul, perished; his body was picked up some time after, many miles down the Albany River. It has naturally enough given Hackland some apprehension, and caused a greater timidity in venturing upon the water. Here I again found the white clover, and many may wonder at the almost childish joy with which I notice it, but it does not grow at the Red River, and my men scarcely knew what it was. Potatoes are tried, but only attain a certain maturity, the early night-frosts checking them, the leaves of some are already injured; turnips, radishes, &c., grow better. I have still some hope that I may be in time for the small schooner from Albany to Moose; if so, it will be most fortunate.

Portages are now at an end. Sixty-two have been carried by the men; a great amount of labour, which they undergo most cheerfully, and, if they slip or meet with any mischance, they only enjoy a laugh over it. One of my men had made even a larger number last year with the long portage brigade; from the height of

land in the north to York Factory, they had made exactly seventy-two. Those on the present route are divided as follow :—

Red River to Islington	.	.	.	21
Islington to Lac Seul	.	.	.	14
Lac Seul to Osnaburgh	.	.	.	10
Osnaburgh to Martin's Falls	.	.	.	17

### CHAPTER III.

“That sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters, saying, Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation scattered and peeled.”—ISAIAH xviii. 2.

Fourth Sunday—The Albany River—Arrival at Albany—Sunday there—Sail along the Bay to Moose.

*Sunday, July 25th.*—I arose and breakfasted early. It was a novelty to be in a house under cover, and sleep on a bed. Hackland had kindly given me up his room, where I would have enjoyed a good night's rest, but for “the ticking wood-worm.” It was so loud and distinct, that I thought a watch had been suspended immediately behind my bed, the partition being very thin. When I inquired about it in the morning, I found to my surprise that it was nature's own timekeeper. After breakfast I prepared for morning service, which we had at ten o'clock in the fort-house. There were no Indians near—indeed I find that they only come here twice a year, and remain but a very short time. There are only two young men (Company's servants) here together with Hackland; the one is of Canadian birth, a Roman Catholic, the other of Protestant parentage.



He was, however, unbaptized, and had never seen a clergyman, or witnessed the performance of divine service. It was our fourth Sunday, and had thus some variety as distinguished from the others; the two first having been in the open air, the third in the tent, and now this within the walls of the Fort. I preached from John xiii. 34, or rather lectured from the chapter, on Christ as an example—Christ as acquainted with the secrets of all hearts—Christ as glorying the Father—and Christ as bequeathing to his followers a new commandment.

In the afternoon one of the servants ran hastily into the room announcing the boats, and on looking up we saw the Lac Seul brigade coming round the point below. It was not long before they reached our bank. At a small and retired post, the arrival of these boats occasions no little stir; it is all that connects them with the outer world, and the movements of the next year depend on the tidings they bring from head-quarters. I was glad that they came up in time to take part in the evening service. I was soon introduced to Mr. Mackenzie, who made a thousand apologies for not welcoming me at Lac Seul. Though considerably over the usual boundary of life, as mentioned by the Psalmist, yet he had encountered the fatigue of accompanying his brigade to Albany, and was now on his homeward route. I received by him a pleasing note from Mr. Horden, who had been waiting for me some time at Albany, and of whom Mr. Mackenzie gave me the most gratifying accounts. Mr. Horden commended to me

by letter one adult for baptism, who was in the boats, and whom I gladly accepted after some conversation. Along with him there will be the young man here already referred to. There were also two children of one whom Mr. Horden considered a sincere believer, and who was on his way to settle with his family at Red River. The one child being dangerously ill, Mr. Horden had himself baptized on the eve of their departure from Albany.

The service was a little later owing to the arrival, but it gained both in number and interest. As the baptisms lengthened it, I endeavoured to abridge my sermon, and only preached shortly on 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, a parting text, speaking of—life as a contest, a labour against the current for the most part, only now and then with the stream; life as a race, swift and rapid, and only to be gained by keeping the goal and termination in view; death, as a departure, a weighing of the anchor, a packing up of the goods, a dissolving of the body;\* judgment, as the bestowal of a crown, the Saviour's alone by merit, but through His mercy, that of every humble follower, all who love his appearing. The application:—the confidence of the apostle; his great object of desire that all might gain the crown; the thought of the mighty number who shall then receive it.

I felt much that portion of the baptismal service for adults, which speaks of the great necessity of that sacra-

\* This was partly from recollection of a sermon I had read, by the Rev. J. Cumming, D. D., in his "Voices of the Day."—

ment where it may be had. Here were two, the one thirty years of age, the other nineteen, who had never had the opportunity ; a third, the boy of three years old, who might have been taken off by death unbaptized, but for the presence of Mr. Horden at Albany. The passage quoted in both our baptismal services, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," now seemed to acquire a new and peculiar force. I felt deeply and humbly the privilege of looking back to Jerusalem, and hearing the Saviour's own commission, and being permitted to behold it carried out here in the remotest west.

Thus closed the fourth happy Sunday. The rain which had set in soon after we reached the Fort the previous day had now passed off, and the moon gave token of a fine day. Should Mr. Horden have left Albany with the schooner before my arrival, I find that a boat and guide will be there in waiting for me. May the God, who has guided us each step of our way, with the tenderest care, carry us in safety through the remaining portion of our journey.

*July 26th.*—We did not start eventually until after six o'clock, as I waited a little till the letters were made up for Albany and Moose. This I did very cheerfully, as our departure thus furnished an additional mail northwards, and our return will give them the opportunity of receiving their letters and parcels by the ship from England, which otherwise would not reach them till after the new year. I was glad to find that Mr. Mackenzie was the bearer of letters promoting Hackland to the office of postmaster, which he well deserved for

his faithfulness and attention to the interests of the honourable company. It was especially for his letter acknowledging this, that I consented to wait.

And now our speed was very different from anything we had as yet experienced, going with a rapid current. About ten miles on we took a hurried breakfast—for dinner we scarcely got out, but having prepared something quickly on shore, partook of it in the canoe, while we dropped down stream, and so at supper-time. It was not a little delightful to feel that we had gone ninety miles in the twelve hours, having reached the Six Islands, which is their mark for that distance. We had passed on our way many small rapids, and these added to the force of the current, the eye rested with pain on the banks as we flew along.

The night being beautiful, we determined to hold on our course. The men were in high spirits, counting the portion of the way passed over in fractions as we advanced. The moon was nearly full, the stars very bright, and the sky cloudless. As the night wore on, the aurora borealis was unusually bright. We paddled on for a couple of hours, and then made ourselves comfortable for the night in the canoe, stretching ourselves as we were. With the bowsman and steersman on the look out, we drifted on through the night; but the sleep was infectious, and I believe they had napped, for about two we were suddenly brought up, and the canoe scraped a little. On looking out they found we had got ashore at Hungry Haul Bay, without any damage, and after a laugh over the adventure, we started again. About six in the morning, we arrived at the Forks, or

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junction of the two rivers; the north branch by which we had come, and the south which goes off in the direction of Lake St. Ann's. This was our half-way spot, and the distance, 150 miles, had been accomplished under twenty-four hours. Surely to-day life was a race down the stream.

*July 27th.*—It is difficult to give the exact boundary between two days, when the route is, as in this instance, continued all night. Having thus accomplished about twenty-four hours' uninterrupted work, we refreshed ourselves on shore, and had breakfast, and then started with new vigour, feeling that Albany was almost within our reach. But we must not expect to go on quite so rapidly, as the current below the Falls is not quite so strong; yet still we hope, if all be well, to reach our destination in the course of to-morrow afternoon. It is indeed a noble river, prettier to my mind than the York River; the banks are not so high, and the tracking by the side much better, which will be a great gain for the men on our return. The wood is not very large; at the falls it was chiefly poplar and willows: here it was pine with a few cedars.

We enjoyed much our morning prayers, singing "The spacious firmament on high," our minds being filled with the recollection of the past day and night, both alike declaring God's power and glory. We then once more got under weigh. How pleasant thus to glide over the surface of the stream! The little Rose was indeed a swift messenger along this part of the route: could we thus go on our way through the country, how quickly might the good tidings be carried through the land! It

was a little cooler, perhaps the ice may not yet be out of the bay. We had heard that the Moose schooner encountered much in her passage to Albany, only a fortnight ago.

About ten miles run brought us to the site of the old Fort, Henley House, destroyed at last by fire, the birth-place of my old steersman, Jacob Daniel. Familiar thus with the river from childhood, he could calculate the stones, and count them up in every reach of the stream. There is no vestige of the old Fort; this is peculiar to the country; the past leaves no impression here as elsewhere; no stones, no ruins, mark the spot where there were life and activity for a season, "the place thereof knoweth it no more." The building is thrown down—in this case burnt—or it may be transported to another spot, and then all becomes wild again. The house has disappeared, the trees and brushwood grow up as before, and the only mark which the eye notices is, that the wood is a little lower than the surrounding thicket. And yet there has been some change since those days; at first it was deemed a great undertaking to run up from Albany to this Fort; then they advanced a little and made Gloucester House their depot, the boats from the interior meeting them there, and exchanging cargoes. Now they think little of running up to Lac Seul, and the year after the loss of one of the York ships in the straits, goods were even carried by boat from Albany to Lac la Pluie.

About fifteen miles on we came to Hat Island, so named from its shape and resemblance to the old fashioned three-cornered hat. Soon after the Seine

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Creek told that we had completed 200 miles ; and here for the first time from Martin's Falls, we saw Indians. One man came off in his canoc, but he had no supplies, and seemed badly off. It was however pleasant to see him, as

" A link in nature's family  
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,  
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd ;  
At once a thousand kind emotions start,  
And the blood warms and mantles round the heart."\*

We may however have missed some, as they would naturally be up the creeks, where they place their baskets to catch the fish, or even their large nets. He reports that there are many assembled at Albany ; may it be so.

Eight or ten miles more brought us to the Chepai Scepee, the river of the dead, with the island of the same name about seven miles long. Here we took our evening repast, and then started as on the previous night. Our Indian Tom had continued unwell, but now he was able to rest, his services not being wanted. His cheerfulness had gone, and he looked very dejected, as indeed they all do, with very little the matter with them. The night was fine, but the moon a little misty, and a few clouds rising in the west.

*July 28th.*—In the morning we found that we had reached the Fishing Creek by seven o'clock by dint of drifting and paddling ; this only leaves us fifty miles to effect. The next ten miles we accomplished by the watch in about thirty-five minutes, the current being

\* See James Montgomery's Greenland, where the lines refer to the solitary sea-fowl seen on the voyage.

strong in our favour. From that we passed onwards to the Indian Stone, so named from an indented stone, said to resemble the outline of the human body. The day was fair but cloudy, a great refreshment to all after the scorching days we had had, and in favour of the men, as they thus felt the fatigue much less.

We soon passed the Grand Rapids and came in sight of the Factory Island. Around it the water was very shallow ; there is a double course on either side of the island out to sea ; we kept the eastern, but soon came on a bar or shoal, which we had great difficulty in crossing, as it happened to be about low water. The tide comes up as high as this, and produces an effect. We at last found a way by which the *Rose* with her little draught of water, could pass, assisted by the men, and we gradually wound round the island, until one of the men discerned the flag-staff, and a shout was raised that the Fort was ahead. We arrived before our approach was known. We found that the schooner had left, and that Mr. Wilson, the officer in charge, and Mr. Horden had gone to *Moose* in her. An open boat was left for me, and their best Indian guide to go along with my men, when the weather should permit. This evening the wind is directly against us—may it be otherwise on the morrow ! From Mrs. Wilson we received all kindness and hospitality in the absence of her husband.

Looking back on the journey, what cause of thankfulness and gratitude, to have been brought in health and safety—to have had uninterrupted peace and harmony on our way—to have seen, perhaps, a little spiritual stirring beneath the surface, though but a faint glimmer of

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light. What blessings to receive from God from the 28th June, when we left Red River, to July 28th, when we were now resting on the margin of the sea, with a tide rolling in from the ocean. Yet the most hazardous part of the journey remains, that regarding which I had been the most warned by Sir George Simpson, and others who knew the coast. It is, however, only a short way, if God bless us with favourable weather. We have from Martin's Falls travelled a distance equal to the whole length of England, and yet it is thought only a short run, a small river, compared to the other gigantic streams of this continent, or even of Rupert's Land. We met only one Indian over this distance of 300 miles. Oh! if at an earlier period, the land teemed with a larger population, and if it yielded them a more abundant support from the larger animals of the chase, are they not now as "a people scattered and peeled?"

*July 29th.*—The wind still adverse, which will give me a day at this spot, which I do not much regret. After prayers with my own men, I had the Indians assembled: some are absent from the Fort, but upwards of fifty were brought together, men, women, and children. To see them with their books is novel to me; these are little paper books, in which Mr. Horden writes out for them in the syllabic character, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, with the opening versicles of the Prayer-book, and a few leading texts containing the essence of the Gospel; added to these are a few short hymns; and these they copy out and multiply themselves. They keep and prize them much. They read to me the Ten Commandments with great ease,

and sang some hymns with their voices all blended together. The insertion of the liquid *l*, more frequently than in the other Indian dialects, has rather a pleasing effect. I read to them a part of the commencement of the Prayer-book from Mr. Hunter's translation, and they at once turned to it in their books, and showed me, "Ispee oo mutche-napayoo," "When the wicked man turneth away, &c." They said to me at once of their own accord, that Mr. Horden talked their language well, and that they would like much to have him to teach them. Two Roman Catholic priests had been among them, and had only left by the schooner. As Mr. Horden was still unordained, and could not baptize, a few had been induced to give up their children for baptism. This creates a little difficulty, but I think only a temporary one, as when they see that they are to be taught permanently for a portion of the year, they will, I think, feel but little temptation to leave—on the contrary, every motive to remain with us.

I determined generally not to baptize any brought to me until after my return from Moose, when Mr. Horden would be with me, that they might look the more to him as their pastor, and as they would form his own more immediate charge. One exception I made, which was a sweet little infant not quite two days old, the child of John and Susanna Wesley. Though apparently strong, I feared lest anything should happen to the child ere I returned, so I baptized her Mary Wesley. The name leads me to notice the work commenced here by the Wesleyan body, as this morning in itself had led me to appreciate the labours of the Rev. G. Barnley,

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who was for several years at Moose, and to whom reference will afterwards be made. Taking into account the shortness of time for which the Indians of Albany saw him, it is wonderful that they still retain any remembrance of what was taught them. The good work will, I doubt not, with God's blessing, go on well under Mr. Horden, whose progress in less than a year is indeed surprising. Again and again the Indians reiterated "He talks our Cree well." From this short interview I feel much attached already to the simple-minded Indians of this spot. I hope that whatever arrangements I may make for Moose, I may be able to secure a part of the benefit of pastoral superintendence for Albany.

In the evening I had two female pupils, Charlotte and Elizabeth, who were giving assistance in Mrs. Wilson's house. I endeavoured to teach them some prayers, and spoke to them on other subjects, using the Cumberland translations. I tried to slip in the liquid *l* instead of the *y*, and then all is at once comprehended. Is there anything of the Esquimaux in this, as one approaches their territory?

A very stormy and rainy evening; what gratitude ought we to feel for being brought in safety hither before the change of weather! We are now waiting for a westerly wind, but this would be an adverse one for the Moose ship, on which my future movements in some measure depend: so various are the wheels within the wheels in the providence of God, as regards our own wishes. We know not ourselves what we wish for. Very often our own wishes are opposed to each

other, as in this instance. Who could overrule all and cause all to work together for our good but God? Let us leave all without a wish or murmur in His sovereign hand.

*July 30th.*—A windy night and still a stormy morning. During the day the wind became favourable, but far too strong for our small, open boat, and there is little appearance of our departure. A messenger, however, left for Moose this morning, who will take the intelligence that we are so far on our way. He had arrived from Moose the day before, having been sent for some business papers forgotten by the schooner. He travels on foot along the coast and through the wood, and then fires a gun, on his arrival at the Factory Island, as a signal, and they send over for him. The distance is about sixty or seventy miles in this way. By sea, our course will be about 100 or 120. I told my men that if the worst came to the worst, we must adopt the same route; but I trust the storm may soon give way. Grateful as we are for having escaped this weather on the Albany River, how much more grateful ought we to be that we had not left for Moose, and been caught by it on the coast, where shelter is not to be had, and the line of shore is very dangerous!

I saw the Indians again this morning, and baptized one little boy, the child of baptized Indians. I then talked with them for some time on religious matters. Had Isaac Hardesty, who was left as my guide, and recommended to me as one of the most intelligent Indians, to write in my presence, which he did with ease. I gave him a pencil instead of ink: this he said would do

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for his children, the eldest of whom he was teaching to write, but that for himself he preferred the ink, as more permanent and durable.

An Indian couple came in this afternoon, husband and wife, with a little infant. The mother had had her breast severely frozen, and said she had suffered much agony in consequence, and feared for the life of her babe. They wished much that it might be baptized: I rather objected, on the ground that the parents were not themselves baptized, but told them to go to Hardesty, and get what instruction they could, and I would consider the case, and probably admit the child to baptism, while they could wait until Mr. Horden could teach them more. They then asked me for some paper: this, I confess, I did not at first understand, though knowing well the Indian word, but not expecting such a request from them, I got them to repeat their demand. This, and the petition for ink above, are novel among Indians generally.

*July 31st.*—The wind still very high, so that I have determined to spend Sunday here, and, if God will, start on Monday for Moose. After our usual prayers I met the Indians, and had a most pleasant forenoon with them. They had gained a little more confidence, and ventured on some music. While I was with some others at one end of the room, the females commenced by themselves, what I soon found was the music of the anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father," as so often sung at home. It was very touching with the female voices almost alone, especially the part, "N'ootah, N'ootah, ne wunne-tooto-wow keche kesik neshta kela,"

&c. "Father, Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee," &c. I heard them sing it several times, and each time the same part affected me much. Finding that I liked it, they sang what I knew to be a chant, and, on looking over them, I found it was the Gloria Patri in their own tongue. These pieces of music they had only been taught recently by Mr. Horden during his stay. They are very fond of singing together, and I have no doubt that truth thus gets a more effectual and abiding lodgment in their hearts.

I heard them say the Creed, and portions of Scripture, and put some questions, to which they answered intelligently. For Hardisty, to whom I gave the pencil yesterday, I had drawn the numerals as far as twenty, that he might copy them. I saw them in his book this morning, and on my noticing them, he said, "Wela," (she) pointing to his wife Rebecca, "nela" (I), his own were on another part of the page. His wife writes quite as well as he does himself. He had got from one of my men the figures up as far as 100, and seemed to understand them all.

The couple referred to as having arrived with their child were there, and again applied for baptism for themselves. It appears that they have some knowledge of Christianity, can read a little, and know something of the books. They will leave, probably, on Monday, and may be a year away, as they live chiefly to the north towards Severn, somewhere beyond the Kaypiscow River. Under these circumstances I told them that I would baptize them and their little babe to-morrow, preferring to do so always if possible on God's own day.

I only hope that they may carry the light in the direction in which they may move.

The great novelty to me is to find Indians looking into a book, and that a book bearing on another world and their souls, and in their own tongue. Nor is this only while the eye is on them. I found, in the afternoon, the Indian, the candidate for baptism, busy conning over his book: he had the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer written out, and was occupied with them, looking happy and contented. Should I then deny him? They have, some of them, a case for their little books, two bark boards, like the oaken boards of old binding; these, tied together with a leather thong, make the treasure. This they will carry sixty miles off, and there they will read it together. Is not this as of old, when a few leaves of the Bible were precious, and is not the very office of a scribe revived? Mr. Horden is as yet the chief scribe over them, but many from among themselves are, as it were, scribes of the Lord.

At evening prayers the numbers were very large; they had flocked in from the hay-ground ready for the sabbath. All knelt down, and were very attentive, and could join heartily in the amen.

*August 1st.—Sunday.*—Held service with the Indians rather before seven o'clock. I sent some one to tell them that I was ready, and they assembled quickly in large numbers, more than sixty, including men, women, and children. It was a pleasing service, more than sufficient to repay one for all the toil of the journey, and I am led to anticipate that as many will be assembled at

Moose for the hay season, and that I shall, therefore, be fortunate in seeing many there.

They sang many of their hymns, even the children taking part. They repeated the opening versicles—the Confession, the Belief, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. All this was relieved by hymns, and these breaks I found necessary and useful to engage their attention. I then baptized the couple spoken of, with their infant child, to whom I gave the name of her kind benefactress, Mrs. Wilson. A delicate person, and with little twins of her own, she had nursed this poor babe when brought in by its suffering mother, an act of such extreme kindness that I must claim her indulgence for thus alluding to it. The parents were named James and Elizabeth Wilson. I had then three children brought to me, whose parents had been baptized by Mr. Barnley; they were baptized Richard, Stephen, and Nancy. I then put a few questions to those assembled, as far as I could, in Cree, to which they answered with some readiness. I afterwards offered up some of the prayers from the Cumberland translation, concluding with the apostolic benediction in their language. It has so far a good effect, as they saw me use the manuscript of the translation, which I told them was that of the Indians a long way off on the Saskatchewan. It would almost say to them, "Other sheep there are which are not of this fold; they, too, must be brought." I do not doubt that, even in this way, Christianity is enlarging their minds and the range of their ideas.

After breakfast I had full English service in the Fort

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for those connected with it, and my own men, and preached from the words, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) In some such room were the apostles and the little band of early disciples assembled together, of whom we heard in the second lesson. (John xx.) May we have the like blessing, the manifestation of the Saviour's presence, and his own gracious words, "Peace be unto you."

In the afternoon had our Indian service as before, in the carpenters' large room, benched round for the purpose, with even a larger number. We went through nearly the same prayers, and they produced a few fresh hymns. On these occasions, indeed, I was feeling my way, endeavouring to ascertain what they knew, and seeking to draw them out in the worship of God as far as my own knowledge of the tongue went. This was all that I could do, in the absence of Mr. Horden, as my own Indian was different in some points from that which they spoke.

In the evening I had again English service in the Fort, when, after prayers, I lectured on the fourth psalm, one of those for the day. The weather now looked more favourable for our departure on the morrow, so I arranged with Hardisty, our Indian pilot, to start early in the morning, should it prove fine.

*August 2nd, Mingisis, the wortleberry month.*—I was called early, and made all preparations, and we got under weigh before six o'clock. We were now in our open boat, instead of the canoe. Our Canadian was left with the latter at Albany, to make some repairs and improvements, and also Tom the Indian. The wind

being fair, we soon hoisted sail. The channel is very difficult and very shoal, so we have to keep out a long way. The tide recedes very far along this coast, and we may, in consequence, be obliged to wait for it at some point. We made a very good run, and soon passed the Cock or Scarf Point. In the afternoon we landed to cook a little on a small island of stones, or rather a reef. Here I was pleased at finding some seaweed of many different kinds. To myself the sea breeze was refreshing, not having been near it for three years. On two of my men the effect was very different, and their heads drooped at once. Our strongest, James M'Kay, was very soon prostrated from the effect of seasickness, and often wished himself back on one of the lakes, or safe out of the boat.

We had some difficulty in passing some of the reefs of rocks, which run like promontories into the bay. At times we tried to pass within, over some neck, where we thought the water fuller, and got aground, and then had to row back and try farther out to sea. Towards evening the wind fell, or had it continued we should have made the North Bluff, close to Moose, before night. We, in fact, fairly grounded in pulling towards a spot, where we thought we might encamp for the night. The boat remained here a long distance from the shore; some of the men went towards it to endeavour to pick up wood, but it was more than three-quarters of a mile off, and evidently would not do for camping ground from the distance. We determined, therefore, to kindle a small fire on the rocks near the boat to boil our kettle, and to sleep where we were, and

await the turning of the tide. While this plan was being formed, the tide had receded an immense distance, and seemed almost a mile on the other side of us. It is this which constitutes the danger of the coast; here we were with the boat nearly a mile from shore, and the sea as far beyond. In calm weather there is no danger in this, but if a storm had come on, and the tide rushed in with violence, we must have forfeited the boat, and all that we had with us, to save ourselves.

We had seen several white whales during the day, and a few seals; and at our resting-place the men shot a few birds. We took our evening meal and had prayers, and then stretched ourselves in the boat as well as we could; indeed we had more room for the purpose than in the canoe in the Albany River. The men got some refreshment from lying down—

——— “ *Placida laxarant membra quiete*  
*Subremes fusi per dura sedilia nautæ;*

but did not sleep very long, as before one o'clock the boat floated, and the bumping awoke us. They rowed off at once, and though the wind was not now favourable, we still made progress. About six in the morning the schooner was seen in the distance, and about the same time we met a canoe with a number of Indian women steering in the direction of Albany. We soon passed the North Bluff, and entered the mouth of the Moose River, and got among the beacons, by which the Channel is marked out here as at Albany.

*August 3rd.*—The morning was lovely, and in the river the sail was of some use, but the water was still

too shoal. We waited at one point for the tide, which we at last caught, and were carried up by it to the factory. Some of the hay boats were passing up at the same time, and this gave it more animation ; they went up briskly with their little sails, but we were anxious that they should not gain upon us, and carry the tidings of our arrival.

Thus had God brought us along the part of our journey, which we had most dreaded, in about thirty-two hours. We arrived about three o'clock, and very grateful I now felt that I had not been in sufficient time for the schooner, which had had a very rough and stormy passage, while ours had been full of enjoyment. Thus does God arrange for us, far better than we could provide for ourselves.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which we were welcomed by Mr. Miles, chief factor, and all connected with the Fort. All were down on the little jetty to receive us, and the first view of the place, the *coup d'œil* on landing, was very pleasing, more so than in any part of Rupert's Land I had yet visited. Every preparation had been made for my reception ; indeed I only felt that too much was done for me ; very gladly would I accept it for my office rather than for myself. Mr. Horden was at the time engaged with service, a weekly lecture held every Tuesday afternoon, found at work, as a bishop might wish to find all connected with him, but he soon joined our party. After being introduced to all the family at the Fort, and all the gentlemen connected with the company, I sallied forth with Mr. Horden to see the church and parsonage. Of the

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existence of the latter I had not previously been aware, and I was pleased to find so comfortable a residence ready beforehand for the clergyman.

The whole place is far prettier than I had expected. I find that Sir George Simpson, who has travelled over the length and breadth of the land, pronounces it the prettiest spot in the country. The Fort, with its double verandah and a sort of belvidere above, the church with its little spire (though it boasts not of architectural beauty), and the modest parsonage on one side of the Fort; and stretching, in the other direction, some neat cottages with little gardens in front—all had rather a foreign than an English aspect.

Although one can only arrive at an approximation to the actual distances, the following table is subjoined as probably not very far from correct; the total may fall a little short of the truth, but certainly it does not exceed the whole distance traversed. I add also the time occupied in each of these stages of the journey:

	Miles.	Days.
From Red River to Islington . . .	200	7½
Islington to Lac Seul . . .	200	6
Lac Seul to Osnaburgh . . .	200	3½
Osnaburgh to Martin's Falls	200	5
Martin's Falls to Albany . . .	300	3
Albany to Moose . . .	100	1½
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Red River to Moose . . .	1,200	26½

The map which accompanies this little volume has been drawn for me by one of my late scholars. The outline is taken from the larger map of Arrowsmith. It will give some idea of my route, and the apparent shortness of the red line which marks it out, will enable the reader to form some judgment of the wide extent of the diocese. Few names are inserted ; chiefly those of our churches and stations, and a few of the leading features of the country. The manner in which names are often crowded in maps of the territory leads, perhaps, to the impression of its being more thickly populated ; this sketch will show the solitariness of its lakes, rivers, and scattered forts.

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## CHAPTER IV.

“ Large, England, is the debt  
Thou owest to heathendom ;  
All seas have seen thy red-cross flag  
In war triumphantly display'd ;  
Late only hast thou set that standard up  
On pagan shores in peace.”

ODE ON BISHOP HEBER, SOUTHEY.

Stay at Moose—Baptismal Sunday—Confirmation Sunday—Arrival of the Prince Albert—Sacramental Sunday—Ordinations.

*August 4th.*—In the morning I was occupied with letters and other preparatory work. My wish was to get through as much as possible before the arrival of the ship. I looked over Mr. Horden's books in the syllabic character, and was astonished at what he had accomplished in so short a time.

In the forenoon Mr. Miles took me over the factory buildings. There was the old Fort still standing, which is, in some measure, what its name imports—a fort built for defence, with thick walls and loop-holes, and a communication all round outside upon the roof. This was the whole of the original building, shut in like an old castle with gates, and enclosing a kind of octagonal

area within. A portion of it is still occupied as a sale-room, but there is a large new store. The present fort buildings and dwelling-houses are all outside of it, and have a pleasing effect, not being within any stockade, but lying more irregularly along the bank of the river. This gives more of a village appearance, making it prettier than York, or most of the forts in the country, which are generally all of one type, a quadrangle enclosed with pickets. For a short description of it I would refer to a little work by one who, in a medical capacity, had visited both York and Moose, and who gives a lively and accurate account of some of the more prominent features of the country, likely to arrest the attention of a stranger.\*

Later in the day, I went with Mr. Horden to see many of his flock. One cottage, at the extreme end, was occupied by two aged widows, and is quite a little model. God has spared them to a very advanced age, but they are still able to tread the way that leads to his house: they can make out the measured half mile from their cottage to the church, the one supported by a staff; but it is the very limit of their strength.

In the evening we had prayers in the Fort, and were quite a large family party—those connected with the Fort and a few others around. This continued each morning and evening during my stay, except when I was occupied too late with the Indians. It was

\* "Narrative of Two Voyages to Hudson's Bay, by J. B. Nevins, M.D., published by the Christian Knowledge Society, 1847."

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held in a large hall up-stairs, opening on the verandah.

*August 5th.*—Writing again in the morning. The birth-day of a beloved brother, himself a noble benefactor to this country, and especially to this part of it. How strange that on this day I should write from this spot, to tell him of the good fruits of his gift and prayers! Afterwards paid some visits with Mr. Horden to others of his people, and in the evening attended the Indian service.

The little church was well filled with Indians: many had come in from the hay in the afternoon. At the commencement, while they were mustering, a short lesson in the alphabet was given to a few of those who were less advanced and anxious to be carried on. This is done on a board constructed for the purpose, the characters being cut out in white paper of a large size and affixed to it; these are placed first in order, and then irregularly. To these their attention is directed by a long pointer, and it is pleasing to hear even the aged, muttering their syllables with all the eager anxiety of childhood. This preparatory work occupied about a quarter of an hour, and is not to be despised at a missionary station, as it paves the way for the elements of the doctrine of Christ. They then sang an Indian hymn, and joined in prayer, repeating after Mr. Horden the Confession, the Lord's Prayer, &c. He then examined them in a short catechism, which he had prepared for the candidates for confirmation: it was in their character, and some of them read it with fluency:

some could repeat it all by heart, when the questions were put to them.

He then addressed them on the subject of my arrival, reminding them how often they had desired to see this day; he also encouraged them to bless God, who had permitted me to come among them, and to pray for me. This he did off-hand without any interpreter, selecting his words as he went along, and conveying his meaning clearly and intelligibly to them. He asked me to say a little, which I did, but of necessity, through an interpreter, testifying my joy in seeing them, in hearing them pray to and praise God, which I could follow, though I could not speak their tongue myself. I told them of the other distant Indians whom I had seen, and said I could read to them many of the prayers and texts of the children there, the grace before and after meat, and the morning and evening prayers, which they learned. I told them that, beyond those Indians on the Saskatchewan, were some who understood their character; that I had received a letter from an English River Indian in it, which I could not at the time read, but that now I thought I could make something of it. I gave notice that the infants, as yet unbaptized, should be brought on Sunday afternoon. All were very attentive, and as the darkness was now coming on, the effect in the little building was very striking. As I spoke, I felt deeply

*Πολλὰ μὲν ονητοῖς γλώτται, μία δ ἕθανάτοισιν.*

In my own case, I have already encountered three different dialects, that of this district along the bay,

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that of the Saskatchewan, and the Ojibwa ; so that to speak all, one must almost have a polyglot at command. What an engine of Satan the dispersion and separation of tongues, and yet how the Spirit would bind together and cement ! God's Book, what a link ! what book is there as yet which has found its way into the three dialects ? what book, or any part of it, into 160 languages ?—only the Book of God, the volume of life, the volume of eternity, the volume which gives men one pure tongue of spiritual praise, to prepare for the eternal adoration above.

*August 6th.*—A cold and chilly morning, with the wind from the sea causing a fog. This is the trying feature of this place, the sudden change of temperature within a few hours. Saw Mr. Horden, and looked over with him the registers as kept by the Hudson's Bay Company, and by Mr. Barnley. Those of the former stretch back a great way, and are neatly and accurately kept ; baptisms, marriages and burials, being then performed by the officer in charge, as was long the case in our own East Indian possessions ; those of Mr. Barnley extend over about eight years. I then examined Mr. Horden in the Greek Testament, and arranged to read with him through the two Epistles to Timothy. This I had done in the case of Mr. Budd, and I like to do it, when practicable, with all candidates for Ordination, as it gives opportunity for many useful and practical remarks. It will be remembered by those who read the Missionary Reports, that Mr. Horden was sent out by the Church Missionary Society, in 1852, as a Catechist, with the intention that, when they could send out a clergyman to

carry on the work here, he should study with me at Red River, preparatory to ordination. This plan was of course formed in ignorance of the distance, and the difficulties of travelling in this part of the country. After reading the account of my journey hither, it will scarcely surprise any, that I did not wish to expose Mr. Horden, with wife and baby, to it; and being satisfied, from the journals I had before received, and what I now saw of his work, as to his fitness, I resolved, if possible, to ordain him during my stay here, and thus save a large outlay and great loss of time.

Saw the library lately established, numbering, as yet, very few books, promised to write home on their behalf to some of our societies. It is a subject which has been much upon my mind. If libraries of some extent could be established at some central posts, and the books circulated through the surrounding district, the good effect produced might be very great. It might be the means of self-improvement to young men cut off from all the advantages of society, and beguile the solitude of these retired posts. Something has already been done towards this by gentlemen in the service; I hear with pleasure that there is a library of more than 300 volumes at Fort Simpson, which is for the use of the Mackenzie River District generally. The addition of a few such in other parts of the country would be a great boon. York and Moose would seem to be suitable spots for their establishment.

*August 7th.*—Continued the Greek Testament with Mr. Horden; the remainder of the morning occupied with preparation for Sunday; superintended a few

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necessary translations, as that of the Baptismal Service into Indian.

I feel, indeed, that if Convocation should ever be in active operation at home, or if a Synod of the North American Bishops should ever meet, with power to carry out some new regulations, it might be a question whether it would not be desirable to draw up a baptismal form, expressly adapted for the reception of adult heathens on the one hand, and their children on the other. Our own service, simple and beautiful as it is, for those who have made some advance in Christianity, is, perhaps, rather too difficult for the cases under contemplation. One is forced to alter and abridge it, in practice, at times. It has been translated, indeed, in full, in Ojibwa, in Dr. O'Meara's Prayer Book, and in Cree, in the Cumberland translation; but where the ideas are only imperfectly understood, as here, there is a difficulty in conveying to the minds of natives some of the terms not familiar to their ear in their own tongue. This is felt in other quarters, and is one of the points referred to by the bishop and clergy who met together at Cape Town. In this, and other similar matters, I feel much the want of counsel and conference with my brethren, who might be similarly situated.

There was, in the afternoon, a very severe thunder-storm, with very heavy rain.

*August 8th.—Sunday.*—Arose early to prepare for the varied and interesting services of the day. The first bell rang at half-past six, A.M., to give notice of the early Indian service, which commenced at seven. Large numbers were already assembled; when we entered there

were above eighty, which may have augmented to about 120. They commenced with a hymn to Luther's Hundreth Psalm; Mr. Horden then followed with the prayers, as far as he had translated them, and then we had another hymn to the air, "Martyrs." The music, from the intermingling of many female voices, was very pleasing. I was much struck with their devotional appearance; all of them knelt, the greater part covered their faces with their hands. While singing, I looked around, and could not discern above half-a-dozen who were not joining. After this we had a prayer from some of the congregation in turn. I had purposely told Mr. Horden to proceed as usual in all points. This custom, arising from the Wesleyan habit of several years, cannot, of course, be continued, and will gradually fall into desuetude. Mr. Horden, on going there, had done wisely in not making any sudden change, which will be easily effected, now that he is invested with full authority, and has the services translated and the language at command. I was glad of it in one respect, as affording me an opportunity of forming a judgment regarding their earnestness and their mental power. It also led me to feel that they could carry on these duties in their families. I cannot doubt that God is teaching them to pray, and, of their habits of prayer when alone, I had afterwards sufficient opportunity of judging. The service terminated about half-past eight; I closed with some prayers in Cree, and the blessing.

Soon after our return, a canoe was reported in the river, which caused some anxiety and speculation. It turned out to be Mr. Corcoran, chief trader, on his way

back from Canada, where he spent the winter in bad health; Mrs. Corcoran had left Moose a few weeks before, to join him, but meeting him by the way had returned with him. They brought the melancholy tidings of the second great fire at Montreal, and the destruction of so large a portion of the city: On mentioning it afterwards to one of my men, he at once said, "Our flood is nothing to that." The schooner, too, under charge of Captain Swanson, had arrived from Rupert's House the night before, in sufficient time to get to her anchorage for the Sunday, which added a few to our numbers.

We had then our English service at eleven o'clock. For this the church is of sufficient size, as the numbers are smaller. I was much pleased to find that Mr. Miles had always kept up this service in the absence of a minister, by reading the morning prayers and a sermon. Such is the express order of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in many cases it is punctually carried out; in a few, like all general orders, it is overlooked. Not so here, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging it with gratitude.

On this occasion, after morning service, Mr. Horden reading the lessons, I preached from Romans i. 9—12. Of my sermon, as being the fullest expression of my views and feelings at the time, I venture to subjoin an outline. In doing so I retain the direct form of address, as gaining thereby point and impressiveness, and enabling the reader to place himself, as it were, in our little congregation.

## OUTLINE OF SERMON.

It is nearly three years since my first arrival at York ; my first text there would do here, " We are come as far as to you also, in preaching the Gospel of Christ " (2 Cor. x. 14). My second would also suit me now, " God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ " (Phil. i. 8). For surely the intensity of feeling does not diminish, but only gathers strength with time. If I then felt a yearning for souls, now that I see with my eyes, and hear from those who see, I feel more still. When I see a post in the wilderness, without Sabbaths, without the means of grace or education for their children, surely the heart of the follower of Christ must beat with something of the feeling of his Master, when He looked round and was moved with compassion for those who were as sheep not having a shepherd.

Neither of these texts however would I take to-day, and what then shall I select as the nearest to my own state and feelings this morning in addressing you? Brethren, the words of my text came ready to my hand, as if written with the finger of God for us to-day. Very humbly would I use them ; very faint and feeble are any emotions which fill our breast, compared with those which fired the heart of the great apostle. If he could say, " Unto me who am less than the least of all saints," at what an immeasurable distance must we adopt the words? Yet still the ministry to be carried out is the same, souls are to be gathered out now as then, and if we look over this wide world, manifold greater are the

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numbers of believers now, than when St. Paul wrote these words. We bid you then welcome in the Lord : most of you we have seen in private, to-day we meet before God. May He grant that our meeting may not be in vain, that the little interval which we may spend together, may be a bright spot in our earthly existence, a season of refreshment from the presence of the Lord.

I purpose, in dependence upon God, contemplating,

I. The ministerial office, as here set forth.

It is to "serve God in the Gospel of his son." What a high and blessed office to serve God!—earthly honour rises in proportion to the rank of him whom we serve—a prince or a monarch ; what then must it be to serve the King of kings ! But to serve Him in the Gospel, in making known the glad tidings—in publishing salvation—in preaching peace, how blessed ! Now this we may do : our happiness, our delight, is to save under God one soul ; to rescue a family—to plant salvation in a household—to introduce a fountain whence living waters may flow onwards until the world ends—how blessed ! This we can do now : in heaven it will be impossible—a pleasure denied to angels, no longer the portion of the redeemed, only a joy on earth. Who then shall not engage in it ? Say not, ministers only ; it is their daily service, their life-long employment ; but all of you have opportunities. Oh ! be faithful stewards ; if you value the Gospel, if to your ear the sweetest sound is *menwahchemoowin* (good tidings), then, wherever God carry you, speak for Christ, and say, "Come thou with me, and I will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good." Are there not present some connected with Rupert's House, Fort

George, or even more remote posts? Tell all of this precious salvation. But I consider—

II. The cause of ministerial longing—

“To impart some spiritual gift,” not temporal riches—not the things of earth—but something spiritual and eternal. It may, however, be asked, can man do this? to which we answer, only as a channel and instrument; for, take those dead as the clod of the valley, dry as the summer dust—behold them addressed by the minister of God, and made to *feel* in their souls! Is there here no gift of the Spirit accompanying the message? Take the Indians around this spot before they had ever heard of a Saviour, and take them now,—has there not been some effusion of the Spirit? Reflect on the privileges which you have enjoyed in times past—was there not some gift of the Spirit? Thus have many of you been partakers of some spiritual gifts, but you desire them to be permanent, continued on this spot to yourselves and your children. How shall this be? For this have I especially come, and, as I journeyed along the many hundred miles, I have prayed that God might bless me and make me a blessing; I have made request “if by any means I might have a prosperous journey to come unto you.” I have longed above measure “to see you, that I might impart unto you some spiritual gift.” Now, remembering that God is the only author of all these gifts, let us examine a little in detail what gifts we may humbly expect.

1. Is there no spiritual gift, if I may leave him who has laboured efficiently, diligently, and successfully among you in a subordinate capacity, invested with full

authority as an ambassador of Christ, to execute every part of his high office, and to go forth to gather in the scattered sheep of the Lord?

2. Is there to the eye of faith no spiritual gift in being permitted to place your little ones as in the very arms of the Saviour; to hear His gracious words of invitation; to dedicate, as I hope, twenty-five of them this afternoon to His blessed service, and many more during the present week?

3. Is there no spiritual gift to be looked for when the young, just entering upon life, are brought before us to renew, in their own persons, the promise and vow made for them—in helpless infancy? My happiest hours, ministerially, have been spent in preparing such, and now how great the pleasure of admitting those duly prepared to the holy rite!

4. Is there no spiritual gift to be hoped for in partaking once more of the supper of the Lord, a privilege from which you have been long debarred, but to which we would again invite you, ere we leave?

But you say, all partake of these good gifts. Yes, brethren, our offices are different, but our graces are the same, and this brings me to notice—

### III. The fruits of ministerial diligence.

Mutual comfort. The joy of the minister and the joy of the people: "My joy is the joy of you all." Such the unvarying language of the apostle who, in the text, places himself with the Church at Rome, as if deriving a fresh joy from their joy. Nor is the case otherwise now. Is not our joy yours, and yours ours?

Behold the infant brought to the Saviour, and notice

the parent's eye. Is there no emotion of thankfulness, as he prays that the child may not only be washed with water, but with the Spirit—that it may be registered, not only on earth, but in the Lamb's book of life above?

Behold the minister in private, by the sick bed, or in the family household. Is there no comfort diffused as he kneels by you and prays with you; is not his joy increased by being instrumental in furthering yours?

Behold the minister noticing and training your children, expending upon them daily care and labour, and then, as they grow up, endeavouring to lead them to declare themselves on the Lord's side. Is there no rich comfort felt by you in thinking of your little ones, and tracing for them a brighter path than your own?

Behold again the minister with one to whom his words had been blessed. What joy to the convert who could say, "I was dead, but am alive again." What joy to the minister who can look upon him and say, "Thou owest unto me even thine ownself besides!" This is comfort: imagine it, then, not over one, but over many.

Behold one in death. What comfort can equal that of the soul departing in peace, closing a life of faith by a calm and triumphant death! What joy to the minister to behold in that hour the fruit of all his labours! to see one more sealed, as he trusts with the seal of the Lamb, falling asleep in Jesus!

In conclusion, the apostle had never seen Rome when he wrote these words. Imagine, then, his feelings, when permitted to visit it, and see face to face those for whose salvation he longed. Something of the kind is my joy; the desires which I have long cherished are ful-

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filled, and the sight of what I here behold more than repays me for every toil.

But to chasten what might be the exuberance of present feeling, let us remember what is the record of the effect of apostolic preaching. When the Gospel was proclaimed at Rome by the lips of an apostle, and with the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, we still find it said, in the closing chapter of the Acts, that "Some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not."

Let this solemn view lead us to more fervent and earnest prayer, that many souls may here be gathered into the Gospel net; that all so gathered in may be accepted at the last great day, to the praise and glory of God.

In the afternoon I held the second Indian service at which the baptisms were to take place, Mr. Miles having kindly erected for us a temporary font. We had the "Ne gah wunnishkan—I will arise," sung sweetly; the prayers, as before; the psalms, with the Gloria Patri, sung in their own tongue. The opening prayers of the baptismal service were then offered up, after which they assembled round the font. In their case I accepted the parents as sponsors, and Mr. and Mrs. Horden on the part of the Church. I had at first expressed a desire for both parents to come up, but it was found impossible, as twenty-five children were to be baptized, and the mothers alone far more than filled the space. The church was even fuller than in the morning; there could not have been less than 150. The heat was very great, almost more than one could support.

I read, through an interpreter, the appointed passage,

Mark x., and proposed the questions in something of a shorter form. When these were answered, I proceeded to baptize the children. Some were only infants, and were taken in my arms, and baptized in their sleep. Some were two or three, others as much as five or six years of age, and with them there was more difficulty, as they clung to their mothers. I did not think it necessary, at the expense of a loud cry, to insist on taking them up one by one, so I baptized the elder ones as they stood. As it was, their voices were at times heard, for this was an unusual trial for the shyness of an Indian child, but one's thoughts were too much absorbed with the interest of the service to mind the almost inevitable noise. I repeated the words, "I baptize thee," and also, "We receive this child," in Indian, having committed the words to memory. I know not that I ever baptized so many at once, certainly never with greater pleasure. We then sang a hymn, after which I said a few words—Prov. viii. 17—"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me,"—on the Redeemer's love for such little ones exceeding that of the parent's fondest affection, and on the comparative easiness of the way to heaven if entered upon early. I closed with the Collects, "Lighten our darkness," and that of St. Chrysostom, in Indian, and pronounced the blessing.

On coming out, we found them all resting on the grass, or standing about the church, and on asking Mr. Horden if this were usual, he said that he was in the habit of speaking to them individually, and shaking them by the hand after service. I said I would gladly

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conform to so good a custom, although he warned me that I should find it more laborious from the increased numbers. I persevered for a time, but was obliged to cut it somewhat short, selecting at times the heads of a family. The view was very pretty as we passed home-wards along the terrace: there was the schooner with her colours flying, and the flag of the Hudson's Bay Company at the top of the Fort flag-staff; on the church, too, the red cross flag of England, which Mr. Miles had placed there in honour of my arrival, and which was kept up during my stay. There were also the Indian tents on the sloping bank, and my own white tent for the men near the flag-staff. Added to all this, were the worshippers returning from the house of God in neat apparel. The good clothing of the Indians here rather astonished me, but I am aware that at this season they appear to the best advantage, having just received payment for the furs brought in, or having taken some advance on the coming winter hunt. The women here invariably wear the long cap or hood, falling over their shoulders, and richly ornamented with beads, while the men have, generally, a good capote and embroidered leggings.

The family prayers at the Fort closed the happy day, and left me nothing to desire.

*August 9th.*—Arose much refreshed by the day of God, and all its privileges. How much we might desire the arrival of the ship this week! But the whole is in better hands than our own.

I was rejoiced to find that they had thought of me, along the other route by way of Lake Superior, and that

several, especially Mr. Swanston, chief trader at Michipicoton had felt disappointed, that I had not gone that way. Had I to do it over again, I think I might go by the one route and return by the other; but now I am under promise to return by the way I came. Even, however, had I gone by Lake Superior, I could scarcely have done all that might have been expected, as it would have taken me out of my own diocese, and I could only have visited as a stranger, or performed any occasional service with the permission of the Bishop of Toronto. Michipicoton, though a Company's fort, does not fall within my jurisdiction, which terminates on this side of Fort William at the height of land. In this respect I feel that my knowledge of geography expands much with this tour, indeed the relative position of these lakes and rivers only gradually dawns upon one, and requires actual survey of the land to become impressed upon the mind.

I saw several of the candidates for confirmation connected with the European population; visited and prayed with some of the aged who had offered themselves, some of whom had been communicants before for many years, but were willing to give this token of their desire to be in full communion with us. The children, grandchildren, and other relatives of some here, I had confirmed at Red River, and thus each visit to a fresh spot multiplies the links, which connect one in thought and feeling with the country as a whole, of which Red River is the undoubted centre.

I had given notice that I should see the Indian candidates, as I had done at Cumberland; this took place

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in Mr. Horden's house in the evening, where I saw them in little groups. There were the chief and his wife, Oolikichish, who disclaimed all favour as chief; very shrewd and intelligent, and eloquent in the expression of his thoughts. I asked him to repeat the Creed and Lord's Prayer, and then examined him on the Catechism which Mr. Horden had prepared, putting the questions out of their direct order, to make sure that it was not learned by rote. I asked him about the soul and body, the effect of death, the ground of his own hope in death, whether he felt afraid of death, whether he felt anxious to receive the Lord's Supper. After he had answered all, he suddenly put the question, whether I was going to remove Mr. Horden, and was satisfied by my saying, that he should remain for the present. He then told me, as they had done at Albany, that Mr. Horden spoke Indian well.

We had many others, in all upwards of twenty, many of them cases of deep interest, for seeing them thus they spoke pretty freely of their condition. I asked most of them what they prayed for, what they blessed God for, whether they prayed each night and morning. Of this I had satisfactory proof on my way home, as we heard one praying in an audible voice with his family in the tent. The whole examination was conducted without an interpreter, Mr. Horden being able to do all. This is his best praise—this his best testimonial for holy orders, he has their hearts and affections, and their eyes turn to him at once. He tells me that he commenced by copying out long conversations, taken down in their tents; of these he obtained

the interpretation, and placed it interlineally; long prayers, in the same way, as offered up by the Christian Indians, he copied out, and this he says is the secret of his rapid acquisition of the language. I found from him that the subject of the chief's prayer yesterday was, blessing God that they at length saw me, and praying that God would bless myself and Mr. Horden throughout the day in teaching them; that they wished their children taught, but did not know fully how to teach them.

The result of the evening was very cheering, I am convinced that they use intercessory prayer, and that their conscience is very sensitive and tender. Many other cases might be specified, as Jacob Sailor and Isaac Hardisty my guide, both well instructed and promising; and many of the females are as well informed as the males.

*August 10th.*—Finished the First Epistle to Timothy with Mr. Horden, and fixed to-morrow for the commencement of his examination for orders. The schooner went down to-day to take up her position, and watch for the ship, which cannot come in within some distance of the Fort. Should the Prince Albert arrive this week, how fortunate to human eye would it be!

It was interesting to me to hear much from day to day from Mr. Miles of Mr. West, and the earlier days of the Red River Mission. He had been with him at the Red River in 1822, was with him at York when he started to walk to Churchill, and went home with him in 1823. Mrs. Miles's sister too, now with us, Mrs. Spencer, interpreted for Mr. West, when he obtained the son of Withewekahpo (now James Hope) from his mother.

In the evening, I saw Mr. Horden's class of young

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men connected with the factory ; for their benefit he gives up every Tuesday evening, and teaches them to read and write, besides carrying on their Bible instruction. I examined such of them as were candidates for confirmation.

*August 11th.*—Commenced Mr. Horden's examination with a paper on the Articles in the morning, and one on Old Testament History in the afternoon. While he was thus occupied, I wrote many letters. I feel ashamed to think, how many petitions were contained in these letters, how much a colonial bishop has to beg for from friends and from public societies. May all kindly excuse it as done for others, and for my people's sake ; I scruple not to do so. Here I think of so many things which I might do for their comfort if I were at home at Red River, but which I have not with me, and which I could never send across. Not wishing that they should be behind in any advantage or privilege, I am bold to ask for the diversion of some of the rills of Christian charity in the direction of Moose, that those, whom I love much in the Lord, may share also in the kindness of Christian friends.

After the close of his second paper, we again examined some of the candidates for confirmation, a large class of younger Indians. I heard them repeat the whole of Mr. Horden's catechism, and was much gratified, especially with two young boys and one young woman. The little child of an Indian died this afternoon, a case of gradual decline of the system, but the poor father and mother came and were present among our little group. I think they feel with comfort

that their little child is with God, and look forward to seeing it again at a future day.

*August 12th.* — Examination continued; paper on evidences, and on New Testament History. In the forenoon, the burial of the little child took place. We assembled in church, and had a short service, with a hymn, bearing on the Resurrection. After this I walked from the church, followed by the mourners, to the Indian graveyard; here, through the interpreter, we had those touching sentences, “Man that is born, &c.” and God’s own declaration, “Write from henceforth, &c.” I spoke a few words by the open grave, saying that I was thankful that it was a child I had first to inter among them, and that the child of an Indian, as to them especially I was sent: the child too of baptized parents, who ought not therefore to sorrow as those without hope. I then spoke of our state, laden with many sins, yet enabled to look for pardon through a Saviour’s blood, and to anticipate a joyful eternity above; that our safety now is to be in spirit and disposition like little children, that, as regards heaven and eternity, we are all but babes. O may the grave find us all ready, when the earth is opened for us as for this little one!

I shook hands with the mourning parents as I left, and said a few words of comfort to them, Mrs. Miles, who was by my side, interpreting. There was a subdued stillness of voice and tread, as all returned along the pathway from the little grave-yard. I was grieved to find that there were two separate burying grounds, but this is universal at all the outposts, originating in the distinction between the heathen Indians and the

European population. The separation will, I hope, not long exist here : if, as we may expect, a stone church be built to accommodate the increasing Christian population, the churchyard would then be common to all professing believers ; in it there would be no distinction, "neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ all and in all." That such may be the case, is evident from the answer to my question—where they buried the heathen Indians? the reply was we have not any such. The rites of superstition, the drum of the conjuror, have now left this spot, and are no longer heard. O that it might be so all over the land ere long ! I find there is no open defiance of God's word among the Indians, not one who refuses to worship and conform outwardly : all will be baptized Christians when I leave, and many, I trust, sincere and lowly believers, adorning the doctrine of their Saviour, and when absent at the hunt and chase, longing to return, and hear God's word.

In the evening a large party again for examination, upwards of forty, not so striking a number, but some pleasing cases among them. I purposely asked one of them, what he did on the Sabbath when out hunting? he said he rested and sung some hymns, and prayed by himself. On his truthfulness I could perfectly rely.

It was a beautiful wind for the Prince Albert, if she is only clear of the ice. When walking along the bank the wind blew the smell of the hay towards us : it is brought up from the marsh, cut in salt water there, and is then spread out in the large field between the Fort and church. To see the Indians tossing and ceccking

it, transported one quite to an English meadow. This gives employment to a large number; the cattle fed upon this hay, when taken to the interior, where the hay is different, are found to droop and pine at once.

*August 13th.*—Finished the examination of Mr. Horden, with a paper on Church History, and a sermon to prepare in my presence. The result of all was very creditable to him, seeing he was taken in some measure off his guard and unprepared, expecting to go back with me to Red River and read with me there. I feel therefore fully justified in carrying forward his ordination. It is a great satisfaction to me to think of leaving him here. He is as yet quite in youth, only just of age for priest's orders. What a delightful prospect, a life to give to God, with full energy and devotedness of heart! It was a relief both to Mr. Horden and myself, to have closed the examination before the arrival of the ship, as it will leave more time for the arrangement of other matters during my stay. The papers are all put aside, and left to be examined by Mr. Watkins, for the satisfaction of his own mind, as he must act as chaplain to present.

One advantage certainly Mr. Horden possesses, and which it seems only an act of justice to others to mention, that he has more time for study and self-improvement than any of our other missionary clergy. The secular cares, which weigh down all at the Red River and the other out stations, do not affect those who may labour on this Bay or at York. The Indian has his employment from the Hudson's Bay Company, and not having any settlement, does not require to be directed and guided in the matters of daily life; he is not de-

pendent on the minister. In this way Mr. Horden has had a measure of leisure to give to the education of those around him, and to the acquisition of the language for which others have longed in vain. Where the missionary has not only to farm himself, for the support of his family and school, but to assist his people, and teach them to raise crops—not only to make his own fall fishing, but to stir up his improvident people to lay in a sufficient stock, that they may not have to wander off in quest of food—this leaves scarcely time or spirits for laborious study.

How varied too are the links which bind together God's church and people! The more I travel abroad, the more I feel convinced, that between almost any two individuals meeting as strangers, there is some link, if they could but discover it. Intercourse with Mr. Horden and the necessary investigation into his past life and history brought out much of interest. I heard much of the Bishop of Fredericton: both Mr. and Mrs. Horden had been members of his congregation, when at St. Thomas, Exeter, and spoke much of his labours there as a parochial minister. I heard much too of his personal trials and afflictions before leaving England, and many points of resemblance presented themselves to my own condition. I read in manuscript the outline of his beautiful sermon on the sympathy subsisting between the scattered members of the church of Christ, the first preached by his Lordship on revisiting England, and taken down from memory by Mr. Horden at the time. This brought me, in a manner, into close contact with one engaged like myself, and was a matter of on small

interest to one placed as a colonial bishop, yet labouring alone, cut off from all his brethren. But even more singularly, I found that Mr. Horden had, at a later period, been much connected with an attached pupil of my own, the Rev. W. Hawker, of Charles Chapel, Plymouth, called early to his rest. I had heard of his death since leaving England, but now first learnt some particulars regarding it—his gradual weakness and his closing sermons. This revived many old recollections, especially of hours of pleasure devoted to sacred music, in which all who knew him must remember his delicacy of taste and touch.

In the evening some more candidates examined; on this occasion many more ripened Christians among the older people,—which increased my conviction of the depth of the work. I held a long conversation with an Indian from Rupert's House, who could speak English, and expressed his sorrow that I was not going on, but seemed pleased when I promised that a clergyman should visit it this autumn. With another from Fort George, I conversed much about that place, having some thought of appointing the clergyman coming out to that sphere. I made inquiries about the number and character of the Esquimaux trading there; he says they are "mechet"—many, and apparently a happy contented people. They seemed to dwell chiefly near the Little and Great Whale Rivers: if so, the intercourse with them would be easily opened.

A warm day throughout, the thermometer at 84°.

*August 14th.*—Preparing for the services of the morrow, looking over the translation of the Confirmation Service.



In the afternoon, Mrs. Wilson arrived from Albany in canoe, having been sent for to join her husband here, who is ordered off to Temiscamingue district. How different her passage from our own; she had been six days, while we were only one and a half. They have, however, often been ten or twelve days accomplishing this short distance, wind bound at some point or other. Mrs. W. had her three little babes; how trying the passage under such circumstances! One would almost have wished to have made the exchange, and given up to them our fairer passage. Three Indian canoes arrived also from the other direction, from Abbitibbe, in the interior, bringing the produce of their hunt, having been delayed in doing so by sickness.

In the evening, as often during my stay, we enjoyed some sacred music. Many of the gentlemen in the service are musical, beguiling their solitary hours with some instrument or other, and, when meeting in the summer, enjoy playing together. I discovered accidentally that this had been stopped after my arrival, out of feelings of respect, and in the uncertainty whether I might like it. Some hint of my fondness for music which dropped from me, brought this to light, and afterwards, when not with Indians, we had our evening practising. Dr. Long, late of Montreal, the medical officer, had a very good collection of sacred music, from which we tried over many old favourites, aided often by his voice and instrument. On such occasions my men assisted, while our young friends at the Fort furnished some sweet trebles. Thus much of the happiness of life depends on turning to account the varied gifts of all,

and the whole body grows by "that which every joint supplieth."

I have now given up all hopes of the arrival of the ship before another week, although in Mr. Horden's case last year, it was twelve o'clock on Saturday night when their guns were fired at their first anchorage. At all events it will be too late for any to land, so that I could not proceed with the Ordination to-morrow, and I could now rather wish that it might be delayed until Monday morning to give us a quiet day of rest. The "Si Quis" had been read the previous Sunday, that the Ordination might take place as soon as possible after the arrival of the ship, as the fear of early winter (which it will be seen was not groundless) had made all urge that my return should not be delayed a day longer than was necessary to accomplish the objects for which I came.

*August 15th.*—Arose betimes for the early seven o'clock service. It was a sharp morning, my first intelligence was that there had almost been frost. This, after two most melting days with thunder-storms, would prove how sudden the changes are. It was, however, a lovely morning; from my window I could see the Indians passing along the terrace-wall to the church, some time before the appointed hour. When I went over, and had robed and entered, every place was filled, women and children in the aisles. We sung and had a portion of the Morning Prayers as before, after which I baptized seven adults. These had been examined, and I am satisfied that they know, and trust that they feel, something of a Saviour's love. Through the interpreter,

I put the questions in the Baptismal Service for those of riper years, to which they answered audibly. I then baptized them, using the Indian form. More were present in consequence of the arrivals from Abbitibbe, indeed I could not have found Moose fuller than at this time.

I had just finished and given the final blessing, and was remaining until the congregation dispersed, when the interpreter whispered to me, "The ship has come." The words soon passed from mouth to mouth, and we could see the joy on their faces. It appeared that I had scarcely left the house five minutes, when the flag was seen flying from the Moose schooner, the appointed signal of the arrival of the Prince Albert at the outer anchorage. The joy of such an arrival, at such a place, can hardly be imagined at home; it is the event of the year, that which brings new faces to the country. To myself, although I had longed for it for some days, it could hardly have arrived at a better time, the Sunday Services will be over before any can land, and the Monday will transport us in thought to other lands, and bring us tidings from afar. The only thing I could have wished was, that Mr. Watkins might have shared with us the pleasure of the Indian Confirmations. It turned out that some Indians had been aware of the arrival of the ship the night before, and yet had come up to their tent, without mentioning it to any one. The guns had been fired the preceding night, but were not heard by any at the Fort. What makes it the more remarkable is the fact, which was afterwards ascertained, that the Prince of Wales arrived at York the very same

day, August 14th, and that it was the anniversary of my own arrival in the country in 1849.

On our return, we found a state of excitement unusual on a Sunday morning, as one open boat had been sent off to the schooner. We prepared, however, for the English service, at which we had more than the previous Sunday, probably from the desire to witness the Confirmation. I counted about sixty or seventy, although some were necessarily absent—the captain and crew of the schooner, and the men who had gone off in the boat for the packet. I read prayers as before, Mr. Horden taking the Lessons, and then preached, especially for those to be confirmed, from Ex. xii. 26, “What mean ye by this service?” From these words I considered, Why we confirm, and the nature of confirmation. We confirm, because of apostolical example, because it is a reasonable service, because the Jews had and have something similar to it, because those who differ from us confess something of the kind necessary, as Calvin and modern Dissenters. I stated that Confirmation is not a sacrament, but is a personal undertaking of what was promised for us; it is professing to do so in God’s strength; it is doing so before many witnesses. This line of argument I adopted here, as at my first Confirmation at the Red River, as the subject was comparatively new, and it was necessary to meet any doubts or objections. To this I added a short practical application, after which I confirmed twenty-three of those connected with the Fort, including Mrs. Miles and her sister, Mrs. Spencer, a daughter of each, and many others around. As is my custom, I addressed some

words of counsel to them afterwards, leaving Phil. iii. 13, 14, as a motto with them, and the following as short rules of life : that prayer should be the breath of their spiritual life ; that God's word should be the food of their souls ; that their Sabbaths should be viewed as their preparation for heaven ; that they should have frequent periods for meditation ; that they should be cautious in selecting friends ; bold in the confession of Christ ; that they should endeavour to find out their besetting sin, and pray against it ; and, after due and special preparation, be diligent in frequenting the table of the Lord.

During the service, I gave notice of the Ordination and Sacrament for the following Sunday. I could thus look forward to having in the administration of the latter the assistance of my two young friends.

A short interval, and the Indian service commenced soon after three o'clock. Before the time the church was densely crowded, seats and aisles, the males chiefly on one side, the females on the other. We had singing, and the service to the Psalms ; I then requested Mr. Horden to put some of the questions in the Confirmation Catechism, to which they replied. I then very shortly explained to them what they were about to do, begging them to think of it solemnly as in God's sight, and then asked them to approach ; they drew near very quietly and devotionally, and knelt down, twelve each time. I had my hands on two at a time, using the plural form, and having committed the Indian words to memory, I could use them with closed eyes as I passed around, to prevent distraction of thought. It

was the fourth time I had used Indian words in confirming, and yet on three occasions the words have been different, but the pleasure has been great in all. Eight times the communion rails were filled, a ninth time partially, 105 in all, making 128 this day; the largest number I had ever confirmed in one day, except at St. Andrew's church, Red River.\* I afterwards addressed them shortly, speaking especially of the beauty of their three expressions, on which I exhorted them often to meditate:—

Melwachemoowin, the good tidings.

Sahkehewawin, love.

Kahkega-pematissewin, eternal life.

In speaking to them I frequently stopped, and put what I had to say in the form of a question, and said, "Now answer," when the old chief answered fully and well. Such questions are I am sure of use for a people of this description: they are common in South India in native congregations, and are found beneficial, leading to growth in knowledge, and preventing the tendency to drowsiness. There are many young men here of great promise, who seem anxious about the one thing needful; their eye is fixed on Mr. Horden when he reads or speaks to them; their souls are, I think, stirred up, and I trust they are giving their youth to God. They are to appearance like the young man whom Jesus beholding loved. And many young women too, of no less promise, who answer beautifully, and whose manners

\* Two from the Fort, unable to be present in the morning, were confirmed on a subsequent occasion, making the total number confirmed at Moose, 130.

one might almost called refined and engaging. For them the kindness of Mrs. Miles had done much, as well as latterly the attention of Mrs. Horden to their best interests. Their beaded cap was left behind in coming up, and they drew near with uncovered head; this I prefer myself in the case of the Indian, to any kind of white cap, to which they are unaccustomed, and which would not generally suit them.

So closed the public services of our Confirmation Sabbath; never did I feel more interested in those brought before me. They waited, as usual, on the bank to say good evening: this we said to more than half, but the numbers being so large, we were then obliged to content ourselves with a general farewell. Later in the evening I strolled along the bank to the lower wood, to satisfy myself that all was quiet: all was still and had a Sabbath air, and from many of their tents I heard the hymn of praise ascending. After our evening family prayers in the upper hall of the fort, I felt quite fresh at the end of the day, only humbled in the retrospect of the day's mercies. O let not the unworthiness of the instrument stay the descent of the good Spirit! May the 128 be at the last partakers of the joy that remaineth for God's people. It was a heavenly day; may the savour of it be diffused through the week.

*August 16th.*—The wind still in the south; no hope, therefore, of the ship landing her passengers. Soon after ten o'clock, however, the letters were brought ashore. The greater part of my own have of course gone to the Red River, but a few were addressed to me here, in the expectation of finding me. The only

painful intelligence was concerning the Rev. R. James, who, at the eleventh hour, had been forbidden by his medical advisers to return to his work this year. This gives me much more anxious thought, and will give me more to do through the winter, in supplying the duty to a large and important parish. I was glad to find that another labourer for this eastern quarter had really arrived. I had a kind note from the Rev. E. A. Watkins, reporting himself and Mrs. Watkins in good health.

One circumstance may be here inserted, which I omitted to mention, in order not to break the continuity of the record of our Sunday services. The Confirmations naturally led me to revert to my own, and I accidentally mentioned, in conversation, that I was confirmed by the late Bishop Sandford, in Edinburgh. The name caught the ear of one present, who said his father had been a pupil of the bishop's, and on inquiry it could not have been long before. Mr. Fortescue had only reached Moose a few weeks before myself, and had presented to me a letter of introduction from Major Straith, the active secretary of the Church Missionary Society. He had come out, as all do, uncertain where he might be fixed; but for the happy coincidence of his appointment to Moose, and my visiting it, he might have been years in the country without meeting me; as one packet, intrusted in this way to one in the service, to be delivered to me, was carried to Vancouver, and found its way to me from thence. I was glad when my young friend came to me during the week, to speak to me regarding the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and told



me he had been a communicant for two years before leaving home.

*August 17th.*—Wind still adverse and strong. Threatening of rain and thunder; the former did fall in heavy showers, the latter kept off, though there was extreme sultriness all day. The wind falling at night, Mr. Horden planned to go off in the morning, and bring Mr. and Mrs. Watkins ashore. I was occupied through the day in perusing the accounts from home, and newspapers. How great the difference; the activity of thought and mind, the extreme energy, which is the mark of the age in Britain, compared with the stillness and quiet of life in this country. May it tend to keep us nearer to God, in closer communion with him.

Among the Abbitibbe Indians it appears that several are inquirers, who have petitioned for instruction from Mr. Horden. These he saw for a long time during the day, and explained to them as fully as he could the plan of salvation. Such, indeed, is now generally the case; any Indians from a distance, when here, are led to inquire about the truth; they feel as if rebuked by the sight of Christian Indians, and wish to cast in their lot with them. This they do, even with some of the practices of heathenism still cleaving to them. There was one case among these of a man with two wives, sisters, but when remonstrated with, and told that this was an entire barrier in the way of his reception of Christianity, he was immediately willing to give up one. For the one so discarded we must feel much, but she will not be lost sight of, for in such cases it almost becomes a

Christian duty to see that she is in some way provided for and settled. Now, even supposing some of them to go back, and prove insincere or unsteady, yet if others go hence and carry the leaven of Divine truth, how rapidly might it spread and penetrate the land!

In the afternoon I took the weekly lecture: my subject was Isaiah xii. 3, "With joy shall ye draw water from the wells of salvation," making it a preparatory lecture for the approaching communion. I enjoyed it much.

*August 18th.*—Mr. Horden had started, I found, soon after daylight, to go off to the ship. Some of my men accompanied him as a crew, with a guide from the factory. To those from Red River, the sight of a ship was so great a novelty, that they wondered that I was not equally anxious to see it.

In the morning I taught the inquiring Indians, at Mr. Horden's request. I first thought them entirely ignorant, but I gradually extracted more from them. When the book was drawn from the breast, I got them to repeat the alphabet, or rather, I should say, their syllabic sounds; then words of two syllables, then the trisyllables and longer words. The husband assisted the wife, the Moose Indian the one from Abbittibe. Of sacred truth I found that they knew the elements, and were anxious to know much more. It ended in my feeling affectionately to one and all of them; with instruction each day their baptism might be thought of for next Sunday, and their little ones might then be given to the Saviour. It was a new thing to me to teach the alphabet—a thing which I never could manage,

fond as I am of teaching after a child can read, and has made some definite progress. In this case, not being sure of the ground myself, I had to do it the more carefully, lest they should get before me, but by watching I could follow each sound, while, by dodging them up and down, I gave them the idea that I knew more than was really the case.

In the afternoon we were pleased to find that the Prince Albert was approaching, and dinner was scarcely over, when the guns were fired. The salute was returned from the Fort. The ship then took up her anchorage eight or nine miles off, and from that the schooner brought off Mr. and Mrs. Watkins. It had been blowing so fresh since morning, that we were not surprised to find that Mr. Horden and party were not with them. They had reached the ship sands, but no farther. Singularly enough, we were, therefore, the first to welcome our new comers.

After the introductions and salutations were over, I paced the terrace for some time with Mr. Watkins, on the look out for Mr. Horden. I took him to visit Adam and Eve, two of the oldest Indians of the place; also to see Jacob and Rachel Sailor in their tent. Spoke to Jacob, and asked him for his book, to show Mr. Watkins, when he produced some beautiful copies of the Lord's Prayer. On my asking whether they were his own doing, he pointed evidently with an air of satisfaction to his wife, saying, "Wela." I then understood that they were for me, some copies which I had requested her to make for some dear friends at home.

Soon after Mr. Horden and my friend arrived, and

very glad were we to welcome them on *terra firma*. We were not a little amused at the tale of their adventure. While waiting for the tide, some had landed on the sands, and were rambling in quest of fruit; the others, meanwhile, had fallen asleep in the boat, and drifted off to sea. When aware of their position, they tried in vain to pull back to their companions; but were carried by the wind in the other direction, and fortunately fell in with the schooner. Mr. Horden and the others were left on the island without boat or provisions—indeed almost in the position of Robinson Crusoe—this, too, with the tide making upon them. They were, however, luckily discerned by Captain Royal; from the Prince Albert, who sent his gig to take them off. They thus reached the ship, though not to accomplish the object they had in view, finding Mr. and Mrs. Watkins flown, but they partook of Captain Royal's hospitality; and, when all the party were safe on shore, we enjoyed a hearty laugh at their expense. It was rather a forbidden subject afterwards, as my men did not like to hear of their bad seamanship. I believe the secret was, that though used to their own boats with a single square sail, they were unable to manage the more complicated rigging of that they now had, and besides this they were weak when so divided.

The evening passed pleasantly in social conversation, and looking into some of the parcels and letters intrusted to the personal charge of Mr. Watkins by friends at home. I was delighted, though almost overpowered, to hear of all that had been sent to Red River and our other missions: the list appended to a single number of

the Church Missionary Record would show how many think of the poor Indian, how many pray for him, how many labour actively for his good. The most pleasing sight of all was the lithographed sheet for the Indians, forming a little book for their use, prepared from a draught sent home by Mr. Horden, in the syllabic character. It has, indeed, all the advantages of shorthand, and is *multum in parvo*, containing a body of Christian truth. We felt at once that it would make the Indian's heart to leap for joy. Had they only known at home that it would form his breast-plate, they would have had it in a smaller size, doubling the sheet in half. But, such as it is, it is most valuable. What a delightful close of the alphabet lesson of the morning!

*August 19th.*—All the morning with Messrs. Watkins and Horden, in conference about missionary matters, and the detail of work. The examination papers were all given to Mr. Watkins, and Sunday morning was fixed for the admission of Mr. Horden to deacon's orders. We had much conversation about the expediency of commencing a new station on the East Main. The Church Missionary Society had sent Mr. Watkins, in compliance with my urgent entreaty that a clergyman in full orders should be sent to take the charge of Moose; under this idea Mr. Watkins had come out, supposing that Mr. Horden would return with me. What I had seen led me to feel, as I think every reader will, that it would indeed be an unwise step to remove Mr. Horden from a sphere of present usefulness. To have taken him with me might have secured him some intel-

lectual advantages, but it would have been at an immense sacrifice. Time and souls would have been lost thereby. This, then, was a point fully decided; the further question remained, how to employ both to the best advantage. They placed themselves entirely at my disposal, willing to remain passive in the matter. This, of course, laid a heavy responsibility upon me. Mr. Horden was quite ready to go elsewhere, and break up the new ground, if I wished to leave Mr. Watkins at Moose; while the latter, though imagining himself at his journey's end, was equally willing to go forth again and make his first trial of missionary life at a more solitary spot. The former plan would leave one at Moose, unacquainted with the language, in something of the position of Mr. Horden a year ago; it would therefore be a great loss to the larger population here, to say nothing of rending the ties already formed. Therefore, though feeling deeply grieved for the additional hardships which it might lay upon our friends just arrived, my own mind inclined rather to the alternative of sending them onwards. The chief difficulty in opening a new station at Fort George, or elsewhere, will be the want of fuel and food, where no notice has previously been given. Mr. Miles gave us, most kindly, what information he could, but of course he could make no definite promises without specific instructions from the Company.

All this left me in sufficient perplexity, and of the pain of my conflicting feelings I can give but a faint idea. At the end of the morning's conference I had thus abundant matter for prayerful thought. I had gained some insight into the minds and characters of

my young friends, both eager to be engaged in their Master's work. At times I could scarcely help wishing that Mr. Watkins were at the Red River, to supply the place of Mr. James, at St. Andrew's Church: he appears to possess great capacity for usefulness, and would suit admirably there, but this may not be. We must therefore strengthen this eastern mission, and trust that God may, in His good time, supply the lack of service in the other quarter.

Captain Royal, and Dr. Blomfield, the medical officer of the Prince Albert, came ashore during the day: the former I had not seen since we came out in company. He seemed astonished to find me so much darker, partly, perhaps, the effect of climate, but at present it is much increased by exposure for many weeks to the sun.

*August 20th.*—My time not admitting of much delay, I arranged finally about the stations. Fixed that Mr. Horden should remain at Moose, and that Mr. and Mrs. Watkins should proceed at once to Fort George, and spend the winter there. I had given them the option of remaining at Moose until the spring, and going up as soon as the bay opened, but they preferred going on to their appointed sphere, and this resolution I could not but commend. I felt much satisfaction in this arrangement: it will in a measure occupy this part of Rupert's Land. Mr. Horden, at Moose, will embrace Albany and Rupert's House; while Fort George, Little Whale River, and any intercourse with the Esquimaux will fall to Mr. Watkins. He had seen many of the latter, more than usual, in passing though the Straits, and felt, he said, much drawn towards them, almost inclined to

jump ashore and visit them. Mr. Watkins will be the remotest minister of our Church in this quarter. The Bishop of Newfoundland runs up the southern part of the coast of Labrador, where he has already planted some stations, but they do not stretch beyond Sandwich Bay. Indeed, since my return, I had a letter from his Lordship, in which he says that, for the present, he regards Cape Webuk as his boundary. To the north of that cape are the Moravian settlements, to which the Bishop makes favourable allusion in his Labrador journal. In these I had long been much interested, and I now wrote to my friend, the Rev. P. La Trobe, the excellent secretary of the Moravian body in London, requesting him to send complete sets of all their translations of Scripture, hymns, &c., for Mr. Watkins, by the ship next year. Of their New Testament, hymn-book, &c., I had copies at the Red River, but these were unavailable here. Mr. Horden had, fortunately, a few translations, which were kindly given up for Mr. Watkins; among these was the Esquimaux-English Vocabulary, compiled for the use of the Arctic expeditions, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

In the afternoon we had a happy service in the church, seven baptisms,—two grandchildren of Mr. Miles, the children of Mr. James Clouston, accountant at the factory, the three children of Mr. Wilson, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Horden, and the daughter of the valuable store-keeper, Linklater, who, when necessary, had acted as interpreter for me with the Indians during my stay. The baptisms had been delayed, as Mr. Horden wished to secure the services of Mr. and



Mrs. Watkins as sponsors for their babe. They kindly wished my own name to be added to the Christian name, and I baptized her, in consequence, Elizabeth Anderson; the very name, although they knew it not when they selected it, of her to whom I owe all my earliest and most sacred impressions, by whose knee and from whose lips I first learnt to pray. The parents with the sponsors formed quite a congregation, and made a pretty group round the font. I took the opportunity of connecting myself with the estimable family at the Fort, by offering myself as an additional sponsor for Mr. Miles's eldest grandson, and also undertaking the same office for the son of my kind hostess at Albany. Among my clergy, it has been my custom to have one godchild in each family, and so it may continue during my lifetime, while our number is only small, and I have already four godchildren of my own baptism among their families. This day had long been anticipated at Moose, and the baptisms had been deferred in expectation of my arrival, or that of a clergyman. It can never happen again with a regular ministry among them, that two or three of a family should be baptized at once.

*August 21st.*—A day of extreme heat, of which we felt rather the incapacitating effects.

Engaged in preparing instructions for Mr. Watkins, to place in his hands for his guidance in duty. These were necessarily very general, and it was difficult to provide for contingencies. From distance, and there not being any direct communication, I could not expect to hear from him more than once a year; he will thus be very much cut off from advice, either from myself or

from England. From Mrs. Spencer, of Fort George, who is still with us, we learnt some additional particulars, and I find that in some respects the supply of food is even better than at Moose, more of the larger animals, of deer, &c., and a greater abundance of wood partridges and wild fowls. In house accommodation they may have some difficulty this winter, but a portion of the Fort, not at present used, will be given up to them, though it may possess little of furniture or internal comfort. To Mrs. Spencer, it is a source of great joy. How changed to them the aspect of the place, with the ministry of the Word among them! Her son Rupert, who is now stationed at Little Whale River, a small branch station of the Hudson Bay Company, will, I hope, be of use in interpreting for Mr. Watkins, with the Esquimaux.

During the morning I received the subscriptions of Mr. Horden, preparatory to the Ordination; Mr. Miles, being a magistrate of Rupert's Land, was good enough to administer the oath in the absence of the registrar.

For the last two days Mr. Horden had been seeing those Indians who were to partake of the Lord's Supper. We purposely only selected a small number of the more promising, those of whom, humanly speaking, one might have every hope. These he saw this afternoon, and on coming to me he seemed much overpowered by his emotions, when he spoke of his people. It had opened up new sources of delight from the closer intercourse which he had thus with them; it brought out more affection towards himself on their part, and much

love to Christ, though accompanied with a deep sense of their own weakness. Indeed it required encouragement on our part to induce even the most advanced among them to come forward, so much did they feel their unworthiness. Mr. Horden's feelings at this time were very similar to what I had witnessed at Fairford, in the case of Mr. Cowley, on the morning of the Confirmation there.\* None of these Indians had ever been admitted to the Lord's table by Mr. Barnley; they were then in too elementary a state; this was, therefore, their first approach. One, my guide from Albany, Isaac Hardisty, deplored much the absence of his wife, and asked earnestly when there would be the opportunity at Albany. It was exactly such a longing which we hope to find in many hearts, that those partaking may lead others to desire the same privileges.

Met my two young friends in my own room after family prayers, in order that we might seek an especial blessing on the morrow, and commend to God the infant church at Moose, and the station to be planted, if He permit, at Fort George. Our prayer thus embraced the Bay and the East Main, and the poor Esquimaux beyond. Nor did we forget those at Red River, and the other churches scattered over the land, and then, enlarging the sphere of vision, thought of Christ's universal Church. This reminded me of similar meetings in the early period of my ministry, when associated with a respected father in Israel, the late Rev. R. P. Buddicom;† we used to meet with him,—my fellow-

\* Church Missionary Intelligencer, vol. ii. p. 279.

† Incumbent of St. George's, Everton, for a quarter of a

curate and myself, every Saturday evening, to implore a blessing on the coming day.

*August 22nd.—Sunday.*—A remarkable Sunday. To myself as my farewell Sunday; to Mr. Watkins his opening one; to Mr. Horden that of his ordination; to many of the congregation that of their re-appearance at the table of the Lord, from which they had long been debarred; to the Indians that of their first communion.

Early seven o'clock service: Indian prayers read by Mr. Horden, after which Mr. Watkins delivered, through the interpreter, a simple and affectionate address from the words of the apostle, Eph. v. 8, "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of the light." Dwelling (1) on darkness as ignorance and sin, (2) on light as knowledge and goodness, and stating (3) the obligation to walk as children of the light. It was much to the point, and effective, and listened to attentively by all.

We had then a short interval before English service, and assembled at eleven o'clock. The Rev. E. A. Watkins read prayers. The second lesson for the day brought before him the Ordination text of the Bishop of London (Acts xx. 28), when he was ordained priest at St. Paul's. How different the scene in the cathedral then from the ordination in the infant church for which we were met together. Yet on this occasion we felt forcibly the unity of God's people. Mr. Watkins had been ordained at St. Paul's on June 6th; on the same day I had myself held an ordination at St. Andrew's century, and afterwards Principal of St. Bees' College, Cumberland.

Church, Red River. In the interval he had crossed the Atlantic, and passed through the Straits; I had come over lake, river, and rapid, and here we met to join in a similar service. The 107th Psalm, too, being one of the Psalms for the day, was very applicable to those who had just reached the end of their voyage. All who could be spared from the Prince Albert, had come on shore the night before, to be present at the service.

I preached myself from Ex. xxviii. 36, "Thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, Holiness to the Lord." Of it, as before, I subjoin a short abstract.

#### OUTLINE OF SERMON.

Our three Sabbaths here, Baptismal, Confirmation, Sacramental. This something more, that of Ordination, and the Ordination precedes the Lord's Supper, so that we shall all minister together at the Communion. We shall then be a threefold cord; three linked together. There were only five in the whole country when I first landed, and to-day we are three at this distant spot. The work then increases, but all depends on such services as the present; and on what does it rest, on the talents? no; rather on the holiness of the instrument.

For this end, I have chosen a beautiful verse out of a singular chapter.

The priest stands before us, arrayed in his garments of glory and beauty, and as one gazes one feels tempted to ask, Who is this? Is there not the sketch of one higher than Aaron—holier than Aaron—mightier than

Aaron? Would not the very infirmities of Aaron point to one above him? We cannot go wrong then in selecting Aaron for our contemplation; ourselves weak, the subject is the more adapted to us, and we feel the more that the excellency of the power must be of God.

Let us then contemplate from the words,

I. The necessity of holiness.

The object of God in creation has been beautifully stated, as being "to circulate his image and likeness." This still his object—to restore that lost image. This echoed through the whole of Scripture. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye perfect, even as your Father is perfect." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The object then is to introduce holiness on earth, that heaven may be peopled with holy subjects. For surely, nearness to God requires holiness; the Saviour's blood cries aloud for holiness; the gift of the Spirit makes holiness attainable.

The figures of the text proclaim it: the pure gold, without admixture, dross, or alloy; the deep engraving on it; all this would shew the depth and purity of the work of the Spirit. The inscription on the forefront of the mitre would demand that the holiness be visible—"known and read of all."

II. The effect of holiness—its influence.

Alexander felt something of this influence when he approached Jerusalem; the Arabs felt it, when they called it "El Kuds, the Holy." Joseph's holiness was recognised by Pharaoh in Egypt; Daniel's holiness acknowledged by Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon.

A holy ministry will tell, and will be reflected in a holy people.

A holy people will tell, and attract others around; their "merchandise and hire will be holiness to the Lord;" on the very "bells of their horses will be Holiness to the Lord."

The Indian will learn by contrast and by contact with holiness.

The conjuror will fear and quail; he will say, as the evil spirits of old, "We know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God."

The object of the ministry then is to win men to holiness. With one hand on Ungava Bay in anticipation, and the other on the distant Chippewyan, we would say to all, "Come ye, let us walk in the light of the Lord;" we would not rest till all committed to our charge have heard the joyful sound.

Such is the effect of holiness, and I appeal to yourselves, whether those we leave with you do not commend themselves to your hearts as men of holiness. If the woman of Shunem could say, "I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually," would you not say this of those among you? Their prayers, their labours, their conversation, these surely savour of holiness. And I think I may go beyond and ask, whether the holiness has not been in measure reflected. When I hear him who is now to be your beloved minister, speaking with animation and delight of those once regardless, but now anxious for their souls, it seems as if some reflections of this holiness were being multiplied around.

And, brethren, another beacon light is now to be placed on this dark shore. Never can I forget the words of the most eloquent perhaps of living ministers,\* when, referring to those who plant beacons along the coast, he said, "from them I derive my best lesson." So, brethren, we know well the dangers of the Bay, the dangers of the iceberg and the shoal; but these are only temporal dangers—temporal, yet, oh, how near eternity! And shall not the shore of the Bay, from which this territory is named, resound with joy at finding the spiritual beacons raised along it, which point over the waves of this troublesome world, to a blessed haven of life, and joy, and peace? Think of Fort George, Rupert's House, Moose, Albany, York, and Churchill, —some believers in each, and the fringe of light gradually extending along the bleak shore.

But let me not forget to notice,

### III. The view of sin presented in the context.

The very reason given for the mitre on the forehead is that Aaron may bear the iniquity of their holy things (ver. 38). Aaron, a sinful man, bear the sins of others, and yet have holiness inscribed on his brow! O, no! surely if this is Aaron in himself, the crown must fall from his head, the engraving of the signet must be defaced, for he has sinned. Then there is one greater than Aaron here—the Priest who bears the names of his people on his breastplate,—the Priest of the Urim and Thummim,—the Priest who can wear Holiness to the Lord on his forehead, for He is the Holy One of God, Jehovah our Righteousness.

\* The Rev. H. Melvill.



And now, in closing, to my young friends I would say, seek this personal holiness, bear it on your forehead, as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." As an eminent servant of God said, whose face in the freshness of youth I remember, but who now rests with Jesus, "A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God." \* And yet, when you feel at the close of an imperfect Sabbath, or at the end of a feeble sermon on a heavenly theme,—Woe is me—when you feel that your head is almost bowed down like a bulrush under a sense of sin, then arise to the blessed thought that you are not alone, but that your standing is in Christ, the great High Priest, on his forehead recognize the engraving, Holiness to the Lord, and take comfort.

To those about to approach the table of the Lord, I would say, fix the eye of faith on the great High Priest—the Priest and the Victim—here is the Lamb provided, the victim slain—the only Priest over the house of God; but where? Within the veil, with the names on his breast, with holiness on his forehead. His the crown of pure gold, but his, too, the blessed office to place a crown on the lowliest child of God. Yes, fix the eye of faith on the true Joshua in that beautiful vision, clothed first in filthy garments, but then unclotted and clothed upon. Here is Christ, in the robe of humiliation, yea, bearing sin—made sin for us; but here, too, is Christ clothed for ever in the garment of glory and beauty above. And in this behold the believer; brethren, in ourselves how weak, how

\* The Rev. R. Murray M'Cheyne, of Dundee.

sinful—our righteousness as filthy rags ; but when faith opens the eyes, then how great the change—to stand in the Redeemer, the ring on our hand, the shoes on our feet, the best robe, yea, Christ's sinless and spotless robe thrown over us. O may God give us that perfect and entire acceptance this day in his own dear Son, that the precious blood may wash out every stain, and that the righteousness of the Lord may be brought near to every soul.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Horden was presented by Mr. Watkins.

The Litany then proceeded: the oath of supremacy was administered by Mr. Miles, and Mr. Horden was solemnly admitted to deacon's orders, when all withdrew except those who were to partake of the Lord's Supper. We were in all twenty-five ; how various our conditions ! Some had received it in the land, but several years ago ; some never before in their lives ; some had received it last in the bosom of their own families, and here we all met, many of us soon to part, at the table of the Lord. What earthly friendship more durable than this, the bond which unites those who are heirs of God, though strangers and pilgrims here. If we could look inwards, and ascertain the thoughts and prayers of that little band, how would they pass over time and space, and embrace things beyond this present world !

The heat was very intense, the doors were thrown wide open during service, and the windows as far as possible taken out, yet even then it was very oppressive.

In the afternoon I devolved the service almost entirely on Mr. Horden, that he might be brought prominently before the people as now their duly ordained minister. He read the evening prayers to the end of the lessons, when I spoke to them before the baptisms, grounding my address on the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." This is very beautiful and touching in the Cree, especially the words, "Let him gently depart, pukketin kittah meyo nukkut-tahk." I asked them if they could not say this at the close of such a day, assuring them that I could from the depth of my heart. I said I had heard accidentally of one who the previous evening, on coming up the river, with the sun bright over his head, and the gush of thankfulness in his heart, had remarked, "This surely must be like heaven." I stopped for a moment, and looked at the individual, saying, "Kela na—you was it not?" when he immediately said, "Yes; but I think this Sabbath and its enjoyments much more like heaven." This was exactly the point to which I wished to bring my remarks, that the Sabbath was our nearest foretaste of heaven, far nearer than the greatest earthly good, and here it was brought out from his own lips, without his having the smallest idea that his words had been repeated to me, or that I was going to appeal to him in public. It was not a little pleasing that he could thus follow my drift, and anticipate my very meaning.

The Rev. J. Horden then took the baptisms, his first among his flock, eight adults and seven infants, using with fluency the words of the Baptismal Service almost entire. After which the Indians were requested to

withdraw, except those to whom we had specially spoken of the Lord's Supper. Before it, however, I had three baptisms, the child of Captain Swanson, of the schooner, and two others, whose parents were unable to be present on Friday; these I took myself, as Mr. Horden was sponsor in one case.

We then gathered around the table of the Lord, while there was the deepest stillness in the little church. The feelings of the Indians were outwardly visible, yet all was very chastened and subdued. It was throughout quiet, solemn, and very affecting. When I came to the part of the service where they were about to draw near, I purposely repeated once or twice the words in which we were about to administer the sacred elements, and asked if they fully understood them, to ascertain that they were indeed following with the spirit and with the understanding also, as far as man may discern. On their professing to do so, we proceeded; they came up and knelt very reverently at the communion rails. Mr. Horden assisted me in the administration; I took the bread myself, and in the Indian tongue gave it to them one by one; Mr. Horden followed me with the cup in the same way. Mr. Watkins was with us as a listener and spectator, and partook with us in the feast of love. We were in all thirty-one; we might have more than doubled the number, but our object was to commune with a few, and to allow the feeling to spread, and the desire for admission to come from their own hearts. Many expressed to us afterwards a longing for the return of such a season.

Unwilling, only because unable, to spend another

Sunday at Moose, I had given notice of morning service for Tuesday, St. Bartholomew's Day, announcing my intention of admitting Mr. Horden to priest's orders on that day. Very unadvisable is it generally thus to bring the two ordinations so nearly together, where it is possible to avoid it, but in this case it seemed hardly to admit of a doubt. To leave him in deacon's orders, without the possibility of assistance in duty, and so far from myself, would not have at all accomplished the object I had in view, I therefore accepted his year of good service as catechist, instead of the usual year of probation in deacon's orders.

During the day a canoe had arrived from Michipicoton and Lake Superior. It brought the letter I had written at Red River, when we were all in distress, saying that on account of the flood I must give up the hope of seeing Moose this year. Luckily, in the providence of God, I had preceded it, and so it only caused a little amusement.

*August 23rd.*—Engaged in making out the necessary papers and instructions to leave with Mr. Horden. Very few hours now remained to prepare all that I intended to leave for those here, as well as for what I wished to send home by the Prince Albert. I had also to think of stores and provisions for my homeward journey; but all this was kindly taken off my hands by Mr. Miles. The ladies had also taken care that I should have a few pretty specimens of native work, to carry away in remembrance of my visit: in the neatness of their work those of this quarter much excel. All the heavier packages were now landed from the ship;

indeed, the greater part of the cargo was now on shore. It is brought off by the schooner in successive trips, and this causes some delay. The homeward cargo of furs, though valuable, is comparatively less bulky, and being light they have to take in a large quantity of stone as ballast. This, of course, is not lost at the end of the voyage, and, strange as it may appear, some parts of London are paved with stones from these distant Bays. The package which excited most interest in the Fort was a piano, which had been ordered by Mr. Miles as a present for his daughter, the first, of course, that had ever been seen here. We were not long in asking for a trial of its power; its sound during the day seemed to give new life to the Fort. We could not, however, encroach much on Mrs. Clouston, as she was preparing to leave on the morrow for a short time. I could not but think how much it would enliven their long winter.

Mr. Gladman, chief trader of Rupert's House, arrived during the day. I was glad to see him as being in charge of that station and the Rupert's River district. Had I had more time I should have liked to have gone on there; indeed, had I known exactly when the ship would arrive, I might have gone to Rupert's House first, and returned to Moose in time for it. But I could not calculate on this, and I had before sent messages to Mr. Gladman, expressing my sorrow at not seeing him, and asking him, as far as possible, to befriend our missions. How different to meet face to face, and to confer on such matters. He seemed much delighted that Fort George was to have a resident minister. I arranged with him that Mr. Watkins should go as far as Rupert's

House by the schooner, and take all his property so far; from that he would have to hire a canoe and Indians, and could take but very little of his luggage on. The rest would follow by the first open water in the spring, that is to say, towards the beginning of June.

In the evening I had a delightful bathe after the heat of the day, on the farther side of a little island with a sandy beach, to which we rowed from the Fort. As one floated on the surface, one could see the Aurora Borealis and a brilliant moon, which had just completed its first quarter. Of the Aurora Borealis, a daily register is kept at Moose by Mr. James Clouston, who has a great fondness for scientific pursuits, and an aptitude for astronomical observations, which might, under more favourable circumstances, have been developed to advantage. A similar register is kept at other spots in the country, as Michipicoton, Peel's River, &c., and the results are periodically transmitted to Captain Lefroy, R.A., of the Magnetical Observatory, Toronto. In the last report issued by that officer\* very flattering allusion is made to the returns of Mr. Swanston, of Michipicoton, Mr. Clouston, of Moose, and Mr. Anderson, of Attrabasca. Allusion is also made to those of Mr. W. Hardisty, which established, beyond a doubt, that there is a sound accompanying the Aurora in high latitudes, which he compares to the gentle waving of a silk flag. This was corroborated by some of my men, who declared that they had often heard it when out on the prairie. The belief in this,

\* "Second Report on Observations of the Aurora Borealis. Toronto, 1852."

indeed, is common in the country, but I had not before given full credit to it; from Captain Lefroy's remarks, it seems now accepted as a scientific fact. The most remarkable point, however, as noticed by Mr. Hardisty on Peel's River, was the nearness to the earth at which he saw the Aurora; it appeared, on one occasion, between himself and the opposite bank of the river, where it could not have been forty feet above the level of the stream. For the purpose of these observations at Moose, there is a small azimuth table, graduated along the edge, with a projecting stile or gnomon—a very simple apparatus, which might be had anywhere, by which the horizontal distance of the Aurora from the north or south points can be determined, and also its altitude in the heavens.

*August 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day.*—This was the day appointed for the second ordination, an arrangement which, it has been seen, was unavoidable. So far it was not without a precedent in the country, in the case of the visit of the Bishop of Quebec, then Bishop of Montreal, in 1844, when the late Mr. Macallum was ordained deacon on Sunday, June 30th, and priest the following Sunday. In the case, too, of Mr. Watkins, I was much indebted to the Bishop of London, who, from a view of the necessity of the case, had admitted him to priest's orders within six months.

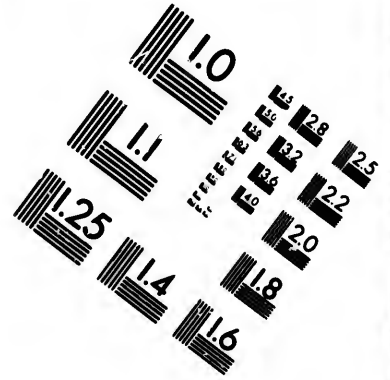
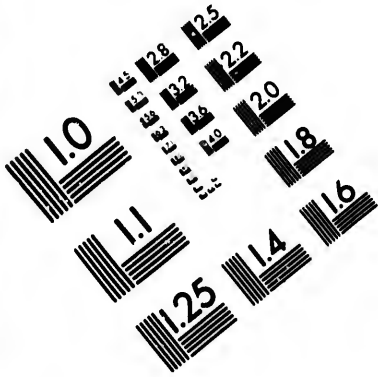
This morning I had arranged for a small distribution to all the Indians now at Moose. I wished them all to receive something, however small, from myself. Clothing, even a small article to each, would have outrun my ability to give, when there were so many. After con-



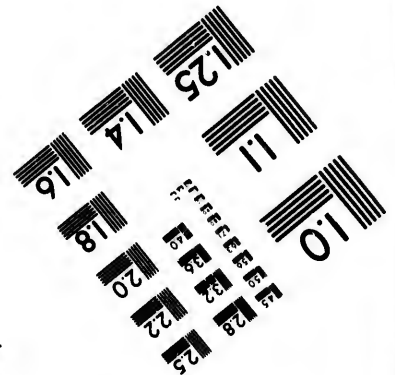
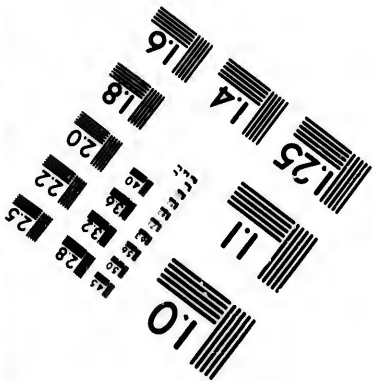
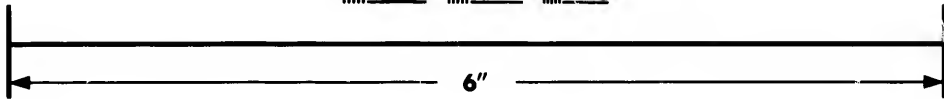
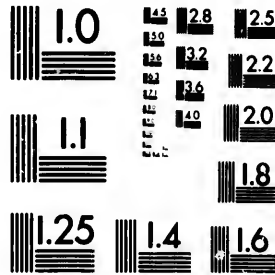
sultation with Mr. Miles and Mr. Horden, all was prepared by the active store-keeper. There was a little tea and sugar, some oatmeal, and some grease (which they prize much to mix with it) for each family. They all assembled in the area of the old Fort, and came up one by one to receive it. They were all very orderly and very grateful. A pleasing story was told me of old Oolikishish, who, when Sir George Simpson, on occasion of his visit, had given them something similar, had afterwards prevented the Indians from taking or touching it, until he had asked a blessing and thanked God for the gift. When all was over, we joined in singing a hymn, when I offered up a short prayer, and gave them the blessing. I found that fifty-five families had thus received a little token of my good will, and in the number widows were especially remembered.

While this was going on, Mr. Clouston was preparing for his start: he was fully late in the autumn for the distance he had to accomplish. His object was to go to Little Whale River and examine the Fishery there—that of the white whales, from which the Hudson's Bay Company are in hopes of procuring superior oil. Some of this was on view in the office here, and looked very clear and beautiful, almost as transparent as sherry wine. Two gentlemen had come up from Canada this summer, who had had some experience in this branch on the coast of Newfoundland; they had passed on to Fort George, in order to show the method by which it might be carried on. It was to join them, to examine and report on the prospects of the fishery, and to return with them, that Mr. Clouston was now going off,





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taking Mrs. Clouston and his eldest little boy with him. Their departure deprived us of the presence of a few at our service, as they had not fairly started when eleven o'clock, the appointed hour, arrived.

I had asked Mr. Watkins to preach the Ordination Sermon on the occasion, and I was only sorry that there was not a larger audience on his account. He read prayers, and then gave us a full and beautiful sermon on Col. i. 28, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." After this the ordination proceeded, and he assisted me in the imposition of hands. When this was concluded, as there was no administration of the Lord's Supper, I addressed a few words of farewell to them after the Nicene Creed. As on Sunday, I had dwelt on the holiness of the ministry, so now my best wish and prayer for all was, that they might be holy, happy, and heavenly. God had blessed us during a short period of intercourse together—my fondest wishes had been realised—the vessel had arrived in sufficient time—Mr. Watkins had joined us, and, providentially, in full orders. I had come among strangers, but I had found friends, who made me feel as if at home. In my first address I had expressed the wish that the period might be a bright one, and a season of refreshment to us all. I had felt it to be so myself, and from their own kind expressions I gathered some hope, that it had been so to them likewise. I had arrived on a day without a cloud, I was now taking leave of them on as bright a day, and for myself I could say, that my intercourse

with them had been without a cloud or drawback. The depth and meaning of the Ordination Service, I had felt more than ever to-day. The one word, from which I had before been almost inclined to shrink, I now felt to be true, though very humbly and depressingly—the term “Father” and “Father in God.” From this I had almost at times shrunk, partly from youth, partly from a deep feeling of unworthiness, but my journey had brought it much more home to me. As I heard the Indian use it, and with hope and confidence speak of me as “Our Father”—as I looked on my two young friends, the one especially my own son in the ministry, and received their tokens of affection and respect—as I looked on those baptised and confirmed during my stay, I felt that, however unworthy of the title, the design of the office was that I should be as a father to many. O may God enable me to think, feel, and act, in some little measure, as a father to the poor Indians—yea, to all throughout this land! I concluded by wishing them God’s best blessing, and pronouncing the benediction.

In the afternoon we all dined at the parsonage, with our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Horden. All from the Fort were with us, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, &c., Captain Royal of the Prince Albert, and Mr. Gladman of Rupert’s House. It was a pleasing proof of the good feeling and harmony which reigned around; all seemed happy to testify their regard and respect for their young minister and his wife. I wish it had been in my power to return the civilities shown me by all here by entertaining them, as would be rather the bishop’s custom, in my own house, but this was impossible, and I was

obliged to leave a debtor to them all, for their kindness and hospitality. My only pain was to receive so much without the power of making any return.

As I walked home in the evening with Mrs. Miles, she told me much regarding the Indians—their longing from year to year for a permanent minister—their disappointment each year when the ship arrived without one. She mentioned that several had said on Sunday, with great joy, “Now God has heard and answered our prayers, when we see three officiating before us.” Mrs. Miles has herself been the great instrument in keeping the Indians together, and preventing their losing what they had previously been taught. Her influence among them is very great, and they look to her as a mother in all things. This has indeed smoothed the way, and lessened materially the difficulties in Mr. Horden’s path.

I had another refreshing bathe after the labours of the day, indeed had I known sooner of such a quiet and retired spot, I should have sought the enjoyment oftener during my stay. It was now my last opportunity of doing so, and a shade of sadness was over all. We had had our last social worship in the upper hall, and were looking forward to part on the morrow. Yet I felt that gratitude ought to predominate; I had been permitted to accomplish all I could wish; and, when I contemplate how it might have been otherwise—if the ice had impeded the progress of the ship, and delayed its arrival until the 24th of September, as in 1843—I am lost in imagining what I could possibly have then done. A fruitless journey of 1,200 miles would have given me

certainly very different feelings for every step of the homeward route.

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If any have derived pleasure from the sketch of the Ordination Sermon in this chapter, the following beautiful stanza, pointed out to me while transcribing it, may not prove unacceptable, as embodying its leading thought. I give it the more willingly as the volume from which it is taken, may not be much known to English readers. It is from *Christian Songs* by the Rev. Dr. Lyons, Philadelphia.

" If thou would'st find His likeness,  
 Search where the lowly dwell,  
 The faithful few that keep His laws  
 Not boastfully but well :  
 Mark those who walk rejoicing  
 The way which Jesus trod,  
 Thus only shalt thou see below  
 Fit images of God."

Having thus referred to the sermon, I may add, that the words there quoted were used by Mr. Melvill, at the Trinity House, the very day before I left England. Invited to their annual commemoration by Sir J. H. Pelly, the deputy governor, I was by him kindly introduced on that occasion to the Duke of Wellington, the governor of that corporation. Soon after my return the same mail brought us the tidings of the death of both.

When all connected with the Duke is a matter of public



interest, I may mention that immediately on hearing my name, and that I was about to proceed to Rupert's Land, his grace asked at once, will you then be anywhere near the Red River? So accurate was his knowledge of a country known comparatively to few, and so retentive his memory of minuter details even in his latter years. I did not at that time know that a detachment of the 6th regiment had been for some stationed at Red River. From this, and through Colonel Crofton, the commanding officer, who was I believe a personal friend, the Duke had become in some measure familiar with the position and circumstances of the country, and the knowledge once acquired never escaped him.

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## CHAPTER V.

Δεῖ γὰρ πρὸς οἴκους νοστήμου σωτηρίας  
Κάμψαι διαύλου θάτερον κῶλον πάλιν.

ÆSCH. AGAM. 334.

“ Having turned the goal,  
The course's other half they must mete out,  
Ere home receives them safe.”

BLACKIE'S ÆSCH.

Departure from Moose.—Sunday at Albany—Ascent of the Albany  
River—Detention by snow at Martin's Falls.

*August 25th.*—The time had now arrived for bidding farewell to Moose, and, accustomed as I have been in the providence of God to many removals and changes in my ministerial life, I have seldom felt the pain of separation more than this morning. From Mr. Miles I had received the heartiness of an English welcome, and all at the Fort had done their utmost to make each day pass pleasantly along. I felt more rooted than I could have imagined it possible in the short space of three weeks. The Indians too exhibited much affection: I walked along the bank, endeavouring to say farewell in each tent. One woman, who had brought me some mocassins

of her own work the night before, met me by the way and said, "I shall never see you again," while her eyes filled with tears. I encouraged her by the hope that, if I lived, I might yet return to see them, but she turned away her head to conceal her emotion as I shook her by the hand. Another, with whom I knelt down with all her little family by her side, was, I found, weeping much as we rose from our knees. Very distant and uncertain was the prospect of my revisiting them. On my way hither I had thought of the fourth year as the soonest possible period, but when I saw the work, and anticipated its gradual extension, I was led to hold out some hope that it might be in the third year. But, though this would be the usual period for a bishop's visitation, the extreme distance and the many contingencies which might occur to prevent, render it only a pleasing vision of the future, in which a visit to Fort George would form an additional bright spot.

My kind friends had one and all assembled to attend me from the Fort to the landing pier, while such of the Indians as were at home were collected around. I could only bid them all affectionately farewell, and with Mr. Miles's arm, I went down to the boat. We soon arranged ourselves in our places and moved off. I was not aware, until I looked round, that they were about to fire, but as we passed along they gave us a parting salute from the great guns. To this my men returned a loud cheer, and we went quickly down the river under sail. We were soon as far out as the anchorage of the Prince Albert, though considerably to the westward of it, and here, by Captain Royal's instructions, another salute was

fired. Our Indian in the bow, loaded and fired in return, but the sound of his gun would certainly not reach the ship. We were now quite out of sight of the Factory Island, leaving it with very different feelings from those with which we approached it. Its position may be remembered by friends, as being in the same latitude as London, about  $51^{\circ} 10'$ . And yet how different! We had left very promising white currants in the garden not yet ripe, and the crop of barley not advanced enough to reckon upon with certainty. They are still trying some seed wheat from Canada of a rapid growth, but its coming to maturity was very doubtful. I had in vain endeavoured to ascertain, if it was from design that the forts, both at Moose and Albany, were built on islands. I had thought that it might have been as a protection from the fires which sweep over the country, or as affording greater security in earlier times for the attacks of Indians, but I could not learn that either of these reasons had influenced the selection. It was probably only because the islands lay near the mouth of these rivers, beyond which the navigation would be more difficult.

Little apprehension need now be entertained as regards the Indians. The last painful case was in 1831, at Hannah Bay, about sixty miles eastward of Moose. The poor Indians had been made the dupes of one of their own conjurors, who held out to them visions of wealth and greatness, if they should destroy those of their own post, and then proceed to the forts around. They listened in an evil hour, attacked the Fort, and killed Corrigal, who was in charge of it, his family, and others—in all twelve or thirteen. Their next object

would have been Rupert's House, and from it they would have found their way back to take possession of Moose, but some fortunately escaped, and in an incredibly short time brought the tidings to Moose. The ringleaders were immediately apprehended and put to death. Several of the Hannah Bay Indians I saw during my stay, and among them too the Gospel is gradually making its way.

The wind favoured us, and we soon passed the North Bluff. On our way we saw the stages erected for the purpose of catching the whale: they project some distance into the water, and form a sort of decoy, the entrance wide, but gradually narrowing, so that, when the whale has once got in, it is unable to turn and make its escape. I had been so busy all the morning, that I had scarcely thought of the direction of the wind: we had prayed the night before that it might be favourable, and God seemed to have heard and answered us. Had we made a very early start, the wind would almost have carried us to the mouth of the Albany River, but as it was we had not left until about eleven A.M., partly from waiting for the tide, and towards evening the wind fell. We had, however, a very good run, and accomplished more than half the distance.

We had one addition to our number in a little boy, the son of Mr. Spencer, of Fort George, whom I offered to take with me for instruction at Red River. He had only known of it over night, but started with a very good heart for so long a journey. This is indeed the very condition of life in this country, and its great trial—the long separation of parents and children. For

Moose the Collegiate School at the Red River is practically useless, and, if a better education is desired, they are obliged to send their children home at a much greater expense. This Mr. Miles has done; himself a native of Gloucestershire, he has sent his family home in succession. It was not a little singular to find the view of Fairford Church in that county hung up in the Fort, to hear that this was the scene of his early associations, and to be able to tell him that I had perpetuated the name in this land, by giving it to the station of the Rev. A. Cowley. Many circumstances might be mentioned resulting from these separations which would hardly be credited at home, such as brothers meeting without being able to recognize each other, or hearing of the death of a brother or sister whom they have never seen. This must of course tend to weaken the family ties, which cannot be renewed by a vacation spent at home. The prospect of separation too, in many cases, leads to another evil, that of undue indulgence while the children are young, and still with the parents.

Three Indians also were with us; they had come from Albany on foot, and would have returned in the same way, but I offered them a passage with us. Nor ought I to omit to mention that our good friend, Mr. Horden, had determined to bear me company as far as Albany, having been disappointed in his hope of meeting me there. I did not, therefore, break through at once every tie which bound me to Moose. Thus we were in all fourteen. We ran on until after sunset, but then, fearing to encounter the shoals, the wind not being strong enough to justify us in keeping out, we put ashore on a

long outlying reef of loose stone and gravel. The lightning soon became vivid, rising against the wind quarter, and this led us to expect a change of weather. We at once made fast the boat and prepared for a storm, which was not long in arriving. From midnight until about three o'clock it was severe, and the thunder very near us. We passed the night in the boat under cover, with a large tarpawling spread over us, as well as possible. Having only this between ourselves and the heavens above, while the thunder was pealing around, it was indeed a lesson on the attributes of God—a period for solemn reflection on His power and majesty!

We had had prayers in the boat, when almost uncertain whether we might not proceed onwards during the night. We had, as usual, a passage of Scripture, and a hymn, when I joined in prayer with my men; but after this, Mr. Horden went to the bow, and there held a similar service for the Indians who were with us. I told him that he was indeed a good Indian pastor, and I could only wish that, in travelling, I could always command his services as Indian chaplain. The idea was a pleasant one, that in our little boat in the Bay we had thus the double offering of incense to the Lord, in the two languages, yet I hope with one heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran had preceded us by some days, Mr. Corcoran having been re-appointed to Albany, his old charge, in room of Mr. Wilson. When some of our Indians had jumped ashore on our coming to the point, they saw a dog which they at once knew to be from Albany, and soon after we heard a gun at a little distance. They had not to look far, when they found

some Indians with a canoe hauled up: they proved to be those who had taken Mr. Corcoran to Albany, and were on their way back.

*August 26th.*—The wind had changed, as is usually the case with a storm, and we were wind-bound; the Indians, going the other way, of course passed on. We did not, however, lack amusement. As our second day from Red River was spent in quiet on the lake, so our second from Moose was spent in quiet on the shore of the Bay. We could look backwards and tell of many mercies received at Moose, and could look forward and in thought pass to the end of our trip, the length and circumstances of which are known only to God.

We had our double prayers in English and Indian. I then read a portion of the Greek Testament with Mr. Horden, and finished the Epistles to Timothy. We afterwards perused some of the accounts from home, which time had not permitted me to do at Moose. I was grieved to see the death of Captain Forbes, of the Bonetta, well known by his travels in Dahomey. May God graciously preserve the bishop who goes out to that unhealthy climate. How grateful ought we to be for the healthiness of our own land!

We made an effort, towards midday, to change our anchorage, being rather exposed to the wind, and fearing a little the height of the tide. We rowed off in hope of finding a safe anchorage more in shore, but a squall came on, and we were very glad to turn round, hoist sail, and run before it towards our old quarters, which we gained after shipping a few seas. We then determined to spend the remainder of the day there. We



had our tent pitched, and felt that we were pilgrims once more.

*August 27th.*—After a refreshing night, we heard on awaking that the men had given the signal that there was sufficient water to leave. They had taken the boat down to the outer edge of the reef to catch the tide so much sooner. We had, in consequence, a good walk out, but we gained in time. The kettle was boiled on shore, but all taken on board for an early meal, and the sail being hoisted, we enjoyed our breakfast, and then had prayers as we proceeded. We afterwards engaged in our several occupations. Mr. Horden occupied himself for a little in teaching one of the younger Indians to read, but returned from it more inclined to rest: together with some of my men, he felt a growing uneasiness as the wind increased. For myself, I could have wished the longer portion of my homeward route had been over the sea, finding the refreshment and buoyancy which the air imparted.

The wind grew stronger as we advanced: our old friend the Lookpoint soon appeared in sight, and we went nobly on. We soon passed the mouth of the Canoe's River, and discerned the beacons marking the mouth of the river and channel, which we entered as the sun was gradually declining. Shortly after sunset we reached Albany, and found Mr. Corcoran ready to receive us; the Indians having observed our sail nearly twelve miles off, and given notice of our approach. Thus has God a second time blessed us in our voyage along the Bay.

*August 28th.*—I determined overnight not to proceed onwards, but to hold some intercourse with the Indians,

and enjoy the Sunday here, which I hope may be more profitable to them than my former visit, when I had not Mr. Horden by my side.

Our canoe we found much improved: it had been taken to pieces and narrowed, the ribs readjusted, and thus made more sharp and buoyant. Tom, our Indian, was very hearty in his welcome; he looks very much better. To contrast his appearance now with what he was when he came off to us on the lake.

We had morning prayers with the Indians of the place. The forenoon was then occupied with some business bearing on Moose and Fort George, which still weighed on my mind. For it is not here as elsewhere, that a bishop can communicate each month, or oftener, if necessary, with his clergy—a few weeks and I shall be as far separated from my two young friends, for the purposes of communication, much further than if they were in England. My endeavour, therefore, is to settle everything while on the spot.

Mr. Corcoran then showed me all over the Fort buildings. They were erected mainly by himself; they had suffered both by fire and water, and the present Fort-house is new, raised up so that a future flood cannot materially affect it, the flooring being above the level of the last. It has also this advantage, that the foundation can be renewed; this process was going on in Mr. Miles's house while I was at Moose. At both places they have great advantages over Red River for building. At Moose the Fort buildings are clamped with iron of large dimensions; this is, of course, easily imported by the ship, but where land carriage is so ex-

pensive as at Red River, it would involve a ruinous outlay. One lesson we may certainly learn, which is to raise our future dwellings on a foundation. As fire and water have been their teachers at Albany, so our recent flood may surely give us some instruction in building. There is also a large solid and substantial building for cattle, superior to anything I have seen in the country. The Company's cattle is mainly kept here, and sent to Moose or other parts of the district as required. The rafters on which this building rests are of immense size and strength, brought down the river nearly 200 miles; all are dove-tailed and secured together very firmly. The cattle ascend by an inclined plane, as their quarters also are above the water mark. From their other enemy, fire, but one building had escaped, and this they pointed out as a curiosity. Betokening their dread of this, I noticed the main flue from the Fort-house, carried out horizontally to a chimney entirely separated from the rest of the building.

In the afternoon, we had again the Indians together. Here we had much of interest, some inquirers from a new quarter, some Indians who had come down from Long Lake and the South River, very eager to learn, yet the time too short to admit them as candidates for baptism. Two other aged Indians of the place were anxious to learn, and answered satisfactorily. Even Tom, my Indian, answered a few questions, and told Mr. Horden he should like to be taught; his only fear was of other Indians, that when he went back they might laugh at him. This interview made one feel very forcibly one of the peculiar difficulties of the work:

we are brought into contact with Indians, not of Albany only, but as here of Long Lake. We hear that there may be sixty Indians there. Now, if ever one felt a yearning for souls it would be in such cases. Young men willing to be taught, and yet we are unable to teach them ; the present opportunity is too short, and even were a missionary tour undertaken, to send up the branch rivers in each direction would be wholly out of our power. We refuse baptism because of imperfect knowledge, and yet they may never know more, and there may have been a genuine desire, though but a spark. The duty, however, is plain and obvious—to refuse where one can have no assurance that it will be followed up by any subsequent teaching.

In the evening I had a long conversation with Mr. Corcoran, who has much knowledge of Indian character, from residence here and at Martin's Falls, and possesses a shrewd and intelligent mind. From him I learned many particulars of the place, and its means of support. Astonished to hear of the goose hunt, and its produce. Their schooner goes off for this purpose in the fall, to the mouth of the river, north-west of Albany, and brings home the stock. Last year they had the enormous supply of 20,000, and had to stop the hunt. These are sent to Moose and other spots, salted in barrels. This is for a great portion of the year the staple food along the Bay. Indians are paid for their labour out of this supply. I purposely tasted them, and did not at all dislike them ; to those who become fond of them, they are almost like ham at home, when you get a good one, but it is certainly an acquired taste. Around

the Fort are kept some Esquimaux dogs, for winter traveling as at York ; they are large and noble creatures, yet Mr. Corcoran says sadly fallen off, so much so that it pains him much to see them. In former times they went at large, but now they are clogged on account of their depredations amongst the young calves, though Mr. Corcoran would hardly allow of their mal-practices ; that some did disappear is undoubted, and the calves are now kept on an island apart for better security. The clog gives the dogs a depressed and culprit-like look, and wears off much of their shaggy hair ; they are very affectionate and tame when well trained. I also gathered from him some information regarding the names of several spots. The Cockpoint or Cockspinny, as it stands in Arrowsmith, is, he said, a corruption of the Indian word meaning Scarf or Cormorant point, while what we imagined to be Canoe's River turns out to be an abbreviation of Kinooshayoo Scepee or Jack Fish River. The more extraordinary name of the lake mentioned on our way, Makukabahton, he interpreted, on the authority of Mrs. Corcoran, who speaks it as her native tongue, as the Lake where the keg went ashore ; a curious example of how the Indian lays hold of a trifling story, and perpetuates it in a name. It might be some tradition of a boat lost thereabouts, and the property drifted to land here and there. Of one name in the Bay not one of my friends could give me any solution ; it was that of Bishoproggin's Island as laid down in the charts. Captain Royal, who must so often have passed it, was wholly unable to give any account of its origin. Whatever be the derivation, which I cannot

pretend to give, it would look like a sort of intimation that the country was not to remain without a bishop.

*August 29th.*—Held early Indian service; this devolved mainly on Mr. Horden, and was a relief to me. Pleased to see that he seemed as much at home with the Indians at Albany as those of Moose. For advancement, how much better if they could have been together; they would then have been but a small parish. This, however, is impossible, and all that they can expect will be occasional visits. I shall be most willing to assist in establishing a permanent school here, and wrote to that effect to Sir George Simpson. I am only sorry that a Roman Catholic chapel is about to be erected here, which I cannot think wanted by the native population of Albany itself. The service was as on other occasions. Several candidates for baptism were examined and questioned individually at its termination. The Long Lake Indians were told that it was not in our power to receive them. One of them was quite willing to have given up, as a condition, his second wife. If for some time under Mr. Horden, I have little doubt that the two might have become willing disciples, and, through God's blessing, might have been led onward.

Held English service for those in the Fort, in the large carpenter's store, which Mr. Corcoran, though himself a Roman Catholic, had done all in his power to prepare and fit up for us. I read prayers, wishing Mr. Horden to preach before me. I felt much delighted that I had proposed this, for he gave us a very beautiful sermon from Mark vi. 50, "It is I; be not afraid;"

speaking of the trials of individuals, the trials of the Church of God, and making the application very touchingly to my own men, adapting the words to them and to myself. I never listened to two sermons with greater pleasure than to this and that of Mr. Watkins. I had wished to hear each, and God permitted the fulfilment of the desire.

We had in the afternoon a still fuller Indian attendance, when Mr. Horden took the baptisms, sixteen adults and one infant, after which he united three couples in holy matrimony in the face of the congregation. The rings not being forthcoming, I brought out some which I had purchased at Moose, for cases of necessity. I then, in closing the service, addressed to them a few words from the passage, "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another" (Gen. xxxi. 49); beseeching them to remember God when on their hunt, on their solitary Sabbaths, and in their tents, night and morning.

A very short interval brought us again together for our last service, when Mr. Horden read prayers, and I preached from Zech. iv. 6, 7: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," &c.; dwelling on the all-powerful energy of the Spirit of God, the peculiar difficulties, the great mountain which stands in our way in this land, and the promise of ultimate victory, when the headstone shall be brought forth with shoutings. Thus closed another happy Sunday, my last on the Bay, which completed the month; the first and last Sundays being spent at Albany, the three intervening at Moose. How delightful to carry away

with me the thought of souls growing and ripening for heaven in each !

*August 30th.*—The tide not answering for an early start, we had the morning for a distribution to the Indians, similar to that at Moose. It consisted, as before, of meal, tea, and sugar ; about forty-five families received in this way, including a few widows. It was finished as quickly as possible, that the men might go down to the hay-ground, while the weather remained fine. Other final preparations were made for our journey, as we knew that no opportunity could be calculated on of recruiting our stores by the way. A letter or two of acknowledgment to our kind friends at Moose, and a few parting instructions to Mr. Horden, occupied the rest of the forenoon, and about 1, P. M., we made ready for the final start.

To Mr. Corcoran I was indebted for much kindness during my stay, nor did the difference of religion affect, in the smallest degree, his attention to me. The only cloud was the severe illness of Mrs. Corcoran, of whose ultimate recovery he entertained but faint hopes. Mr. Corcoran is a pleasant companion, with much practical knowledge, and is a general favourite with all in the Southern Department.

Albany is connected with many families now settled at the Red River, and especially that of Mr. Bunn, to whom I have referred elsewhere, as one of almost patriarchal age ; indeed this struck me more forcibly on the spot than ever. In conversation with the blacksmith, who had been there upwards of forty years, I asked him of his former masters ; after telling of several, I



inquired about Mr. Buau, but found it was long before his time, that he was in charge there. I was much pleased on my return to find the old gentleman in almost his usual health, and enjoyed much a long talk with him about the Bay, and those whom he had known there. Soon afterwards he gradually sank, and, without pain or suffering, died at the venerable age of eighty-seven, of mere decay, sleeping off like a child, yet reverting especially to the scenes of his youth. Thus his mind wandered back much to London, such as he remembered it in his early days; his last visit to it was in 1797, which, in itself, carries one to a former century. He was quite a specimen of a gentleman of the old school, with a fund of anecdote, and a constant vein of cheerfulness.

But to return to my journal, we carried the tide onwards with us some distance, but we found the river, notwithstanding, very shallow; the men had continually to walk in the water, and almost carry the canoe. At last we cleared the Factory Island, but even beyond, on the undivided stream, it remained very shoal, and, what with tracking and poling among the stones in the bed of the river, we had scarcely made twelve miles before the hour of encampment. At one place they were obliged to lift out stones from the channel, to make a passage for us.

The feelings of all were changed now that our faces were turned homewards; each mile seemed to diminish the distance, and to bring it nearer and nearer. We had now lost Mr. Horden, with whom I had parted at Albany. I could not do so without much regret, very grateful however for his company so far. The sight

of Moose and Albany is a proof how useful he is. Though the youngest in the diocese, he is not deficient in prudence and discretion. I was especially struck with his tact and method with the Indians when assembled together, and the authority he has over them, so as to guide them by a word or a look. He is very fond of his work, and, with youth on his side, I cannot but look forward to much good to be effected by him among the Indians. We had also lost Hardisty, our guide, who had been a pleasant addition to our crew to and from Moose. He was a good-natured Indian, eager for information, and inquisitive. He thus learnt a good deal from our men, who were all fond of him. The difference of his dialect excited often a smile, but this he never took amiss. The chief peculiarity is the liquid *l*, which has been already noticed; the *nela*, *kela*, *wela*; *I*, *thou*, *he*, for *neya*, *keya*, *weya*, of the pure Cree, or the *netha*, *ketha*, *wetha*, of the English River Indians. This runs through the whole language, as in words compounded with *meno* (well), which are all *melo*. One of the commonest words with them is *thus*, *meloshin*,—it is well, it is good; which one hears constantly from them, applied to everything. Its meaning would hardly, at first, be caught by a Cree ear. The one word, however, which the most frequently caused a laugh, was the *mahnesis*, instead of *appesis*, for a little. As this is elsewhere limited to a little calf, the mirth which was created by hearing it applied to a little of everything else, may easily be imagined. My leavetaking with Isaac and his wife was quite affecting, and I was much moved by their grief. I was glad that

Mr. Horden comforted them by inviting them over to Moose at Christmas, in order that she might be admitted to the Communion, her absence from which, on the late occasion, had so much distressed her husband. I also recommended Mr. Horden to give him a small allowance from the Church Missionary Society, in order that he might, through the winter, carry on the elementary instruction of any Indians anxious to learn, who might fall in his way.

For Albany I feel even more anxious than for Moose, the work not being quite so far advanced, and having no regular superintendence. This was the reason for my not confirming at the time; had I been anxious to swell numbers, I might have had there from fifty to sixty, but before admitting them to that rite, I wished to feel more confidence in their being carried on, and I therefore preferred waiting, looking forward with lively anticipation to a second visit, when, as I told them, I hoped to find a little church, or, at all events, a school among them.

*August 31st.*—The extreme heat of the previous day was followed by heavy rains during the night. This detained us at our encampment till after midday, when we endeavoured to proceed. My companion during the morning was Trench, "On the Study of Words," a book which I seized on with great delight, and read and re-read by the way. It was, indeed, one which bore well a second and third perusal, as suggestive of thoughts, and thus a good companion for a solitary journey. Many other examples under the various heads presented themselves to the mind, as, for ex-

ample, the word ceremony, a good instance of historical derivation. Much also in the volume fell in with the current of one's thoughts, as illustrating the gradual formation of words in a language, applied for the first time to spiritual ideas. That friends at home imagined it a book to my mind may be inferred from the circumstance, that three copies of it have reached me; the one which luckily found its way to Moose, was fully digested on my way home, and the others which I found there were not lost, as they have been thoroughly instilled into my scholars, and thoroughly enjoyed by them, and some of my clergy.

We advanced pretty well the remainder of the day; the clouds were very heavy, but they proved only charged with wind, and when it changed to the west, the day cleared up. We encamped for the night at the lower end of the Indian Stone Bay, a long bend of about seven miles; in our two half-days we had not advanced more than twenty-four miles.

*September 1st.*—Manominike gisis—the moon of the gathering of wild rice. Up before dawn, and with the rising sun started on our way; a very good run before breakfast. After it, the track looking inviting, I set off and walked on several miles. Part of the way was soft sand, a pleasant track; this, at intervals, was broken by a little bay of stones, some round, and not a few pointed; at other times, for some distance, there was a succession of large smooth blocks, arranged like stepping stones, and I leaped along from one to another. Very seldom was the footing treacherous, and this continued here for miles. The morning was pleasant, much in favour of all of us, cool with but little sun; in favour too of our

good friend Mr. Horden, of whom my men often spoke much, noticing the wind, which they think will carry him to Moose, as to-day; I heard, after my return, that he really reached home the next morning at seven. From the bank I had a good view of the little Rose, seeing her at times from higher ground. I should have liked to have had a sight of her more rapid course, while shooting downwards; now one saw her struggling slowly on, now paddling, now poling, and then with the tracking line, making, after all, little progress. We are likely now to make more intimate acquaintance with the Albany River, than we did on our flight down, all the difference between the *facilis descensus*, and the *nitor in adversum*. Now that there was no chance of my being left behind, I should more frequently have enjoyed a ramble along the bank, and eased them of my weight, had it not been for the little creeks which continually crossed the path; into these I must either have plunged, or get in and out of the canoe so often, as much to impede its course.

*September 2nd.*—An unceasing rain all day; such as one sees in the Lake districts at home; a cheerful large fire near our tent was our chief enjoyment. I had received from Mr. Miles at starting, a copy of Mr. Swezey's journey along this route in 1851, with the time specified from post to post. If we have many such days we shall fall sadly behind.

*September 3rd.*—A doubtful morning when we started; heavy rain soon came on, and at breakfast-time there seemed little prospect of our advancing. After prayers it improved slightly, and we proceeded, but the day continued showery, and I was nearly throughout it

covered over in what was, in effect, like a small cabin below. Here I instructed my young companion, and drew out of him, in return, a number of Esquimaux words. There appears to be a larger amount of intelligence among those of that tribe around Fort George than I had any idea of. It gives me thus much joy to think that this journey may so far have set on foot an organization which may open a permanent communication with them. I had little thought of the Esquimaux when first starting on my trip, but now the prospect of our work being extended among them brought to my mind one visit to Ockbrook, near Derby, just before leaving England, where I saw an aged missionary, who had been long on the coast of Labrador; he was occupied in revising a translation of (I think) the book of Jeremiah. When I told him that I was going much farther than their Moravian stations, he seemed almost sceptical, and I know not that I fully convinced him after all, that I should pass through the Straits, and go much beyond. He was a German, and had laboured for many years, but was now resting from his work. He showed us his seal-skin dress, and other curiosities which he had brought home. I ought, perhaps, here to say, that from what I learned at Moose, and have since seen of the Esquimaux language, it cannot have had any influence in moulding the Indian dialect of the Bay.

We had, after all, a good day's work, though the water was shallow, which retarded us somewhat.

*September 4th.*—A lovely morning; the sun rose beautifully over the island near us, and gave all fresh spirits. Advanced before breakfast, and rested near

Norne's Island, so called from a poor man who hung himself there. He was on his way to Martin's Falls with the winter packet, and had, somehow, fallen behind his companion, when he took off the trace from the dogs, and suspended himself to a tree. Suicide is, happily, uncommon in this country, either among Indians or Europeans. Of cases among the Indians I only remember one, a son of Pigwys, the chief; another case, of a boy who had been punished by his parents, has since been reported to me from Fort Pelly by the Rev. C. Hillyer.

While here we heard a gun, which told us of Indians near, and before we had done our meal a canoe came down, with an Indian and two children, on their way from Martin's Fall to Albany. They reported more water in the North River, and we found that they had had none of our heavy rain this week. We were still through the day much impeded by shoals; the six men were often out of the canoe, raising and carrying her in the water for a quarter of a mile at a time. The channel is very variable from year to year, but my steersman had gone up it thirty-two years ago, in 1821, the year of the junction of the two Companies, and said it was as shallow then as now. We were glad once more to see the Chepai Scepee. The geese were very abundant all day, and very noisy, nor was it, after this, so incredible to think of the number caught at Albany. We had also, on the bank, the track of a deer, a buck, which had passed down, the men said, the previous day.

We afterwards passed the creek where we had met

the Indian on our way down the Hundred Mile Creek, and advanced, perhaps, about ten miles farther, when we came to our camping ground for the Sunday. We had had every variety during the day—cold, intense heat, cloud, and bright sunshine. The sun at last went down in a bank of dark clouds, and gave token of what was coming.

*September 5th.—Sunday.*—Awakened early by heavy rain; this was followed by loud claps of thunder soon after daylight. On arising, the air seemed cleared, little trace of the amount of rain, as we were on a slope and a sandy soil. The spot, too, looked far prettier than over night; it might be that we invested the reach of the river with an appearance in harmony with our own feelings. Prepared for our services; in recollection of the past—of the four Sundays on our way down—we may expect much enjoyment to-day.

We commenced with the anthem, "I will arise," which my men had learned from Mr. Horden. What a lovely key-note it leaves on the ear! My Father—my Father—how blessed when this relation is kept up through all the service! We have to-day everything to remind us of this, as we had in our second lesson, the Saviour teaching us how to pray, instructing us to commence, "Our Father." I preached from Job. xxxvii. 14, "Hearken unto this, O Job; stand still, and consider the wonderous works of God." I thought that one Sunday might be profitably devoted to the contemplation of God's power and wisdom. The former was briefly contemplated as seen in the flower, the insect, the sea, the heavenly orbs—the latter as seen in man's



complex frame, in the spirit or soul of man, in the declaration of things to come, and in the volume of inspiration. What a fearful example of power, Sennacherib's destruction, of which we heard in our first lesson ! what heavenly wisdom in the words of the Saviour in the sermon on the mount, part of which formed our second !

The interval between services was delightfully warm, quite a return of summer weather. This brought with it one accession not quite so pleasant—a return of the sand-flies and mosquitoes. I strolled along the shore, and read with great pleasure the account of missionary labour in India, extracted from the "Calcutta Review," and published by Dalton, London. What a noble field of labour ! in area and extent not perhaps larger than our own land, but what millions of immortal creatures : how different the teeming population from the solitary wilderness which I tread !

In the afternoon held our usual service, the music very sweet, the only trouble the little sand-flies, which I had to brush off from my face the whole time while reading and preaching. I lectured on the history of good King Hezekiah, noticing by the way that of Josiah also, the two kings brought before us in the lessons of the day. The service was now earlier than before to secure the daylight, as the evenings were drawing in. After service I heard a little music, and then all prepared for a night's rest and an active week. One effect, indeed, of the recurring Sabbath was, I imagine, to keep us all more patient and dependent upon God. No murmur escaped the lips of any on account of weather or delay ; all thought that whatever was ordained for us

was the appointment of Infinite Wisdom, directing all things unerringly. I was struck by the use of the term "the Best," as applied by one of the men, instead of the Most High or the Almighty: in talking of the future, he spoke of what the Best shall appoint. May we always thus feel in the inmost recesses of our soul, that He is in the highest sense Optimus Maximus.

*September 6th.*—A beautiful day throughout, and we made steady progress. From the shortness of the days we now never rested in the middle of the day, taking only the two regular meals, breakfast and supper. This was not heavy for the men, as they tracked in turn, one half resting while the others worked. We had again our pemmican which we had left at Albany, and the men often helped themselves to some of it as we went along, eating it from the bag. My little companion, Charley, had never seen it before, but the taste for it was not long in coming, as we had no great choice of food. In this state I cannot say that I much relished it, but when cooked with a little flour, I made a heartier meal on it than on anything by the way. We had brought a small supply of flour and oatmeal from Albany, lest our own should run short, if we were detained by the way. It was strange to look upon it, and feel that it was all imported from England; it made one realize the blessing of the usually abundant produce of Red River; the promise of a "land of wheat and barley," seemed now more impressive than ever.

We encamped opposite old Henley House; the sunset was brilliant, and was noticed by all as the harbinger of settled weather.

*September 7th.*—Very uncertain were such prognostications. During the night we were roused by the rolling thunder; it pealed all round for upwards of an hour, but there was not a drop of rain, and we thought it might pass over. But at last one sharp and startling clap broke over us, and seemed to strike in our immediate vicinity. We had had full time for preparation, and they had covered the tent with tarpawling, and secured the canoe: the men said that it vibrated with the shock of the one loud clap, which was followed by a prolonged crash. After all there was not the deluge of rain we had anticipated; it rained heavily, but only for about half an hour: it then cleared off, and soon after sunrise we were on our way.

Ten miles brought us to the Forks, where the north and south rivers meet, a pleasant spot for us, as it was our half-way mark. It is very pretty too there, several islands lying in the stream near the junction. The Indians have, I am told, a name for such a spot—the division of waters of Psalm i. 3—the Confluentia or Coblenz of the Rhine—they call it Mattawa, as here; there is another on the route from Montreal, where those going from Moose and those from the Red River join company. Here we breakfasted, and were ready to commence the ascent of the north river with fresh spirit; indeed, I feel persuaded, that the longest portion is over, judging from the length of time it took us in going down.

We saw on the shore here the track of a bear, which had recently passed by. This rather disconcerted little Charley, and checked his anxiety to go into the woods

in quest of fruit, until he found that one of the men would bear him company. While I was writing a little in my journal, I saw some Indians arrive and assemble by the fire. On going, and conversing with them, it appeared that they had come in three canoes from Martin's Falls. We had our morning prayers while they gazed at us. I read the thirty-seventh chapter of Job, as God seemed to have prepared us by the contemplation of the preceding Sabbath for what was coming, and I had meditated much on it during the night. I was preparing to enter my canoe, when I found that the men were purchasing some bear's meat from the Indians, which they were willing to exchange for pemmican and ammunition. I told them to procure what they could, as a change of food is beneficial. The bear they had killed the preceding day. They told us that the north river was very shoal, that their little canoe was in some places hardly able to get on; this to us was rather bad news.

The day continued very lovely, as if no storm had passed over the earth; it was perhaps for a time as hot a day as any one in our route, with a slight wind to relieve it, and that in our favour. We did not halt until after sundown, when we came to Hungry Haul Bay, and encamped opposite the spot where we had grounded during the night of July 26th. It is a bay of many miles in length, whence it had derived its significant name. I asked our Canadian if he had a name for it, when he said, "I suppose La Baie du Jeune;" this hardly comes up to the original in force. We already found the benefit of the alteration made by his advice in our canoe;

being two inches and a half or three inches narrower it is more easily steered.

*September 8th.*—We had a good run before breakfast, and reached the Four Islands, 110 miles from Martin's Falls. Here we began to approach the region of the cedars: no tree is more exquisitely beautiful in the formation of its branches. It was an entirely new object to my little Charley, and now he noticed and counted every cedar for miles on. The day kept fine, with very high wind; it carried us on almost as if the current was with us; there was quite a high wave on the surface. We passed the Six Islands, and some few miles beyond drew up for the night. This we did rather hastily, expecting rain; it was our only bad encampment along the river. We were obliged to climb up a steep bank, the margin being wet; we were thus perched aloft as in an eyrie. The clouds, however, broke off a good deal, and only gave us a high wind, which towards morning changed to showers. We cannot but be thankful for the unusual run of the last two days.

*September 9th.*—We started in rain, but it did not prove heavy, and we went on till breakfast time, when it ceased. It remained, however, cloudy, and for this we were as grateful as for the fine weather of the preceding days, as the men could go on at a much brisker pace, and even after a very long spell, they seemed quite fresh and free from fatigue. We came to-day upon La Longue Vue, a long vista which opens before the eye with an island in the extreme distance, and giving a line of perhaps ten miles quite unbroken. There are in

succession two such views or reaches. At night all the men declared the enjoyment of the day greater than that of the two preceding : so true is it that in all things here below it is better to have the cloud and sunshine mingled together.

*September 10th.*—A morning of thick mist, so that we could scarcely see the stones between the tent and the river. Starting in good time we made the Frenchman's River before breakfast : it continued cool, the mist cleared off, but the sun did not shine out. Until after two o'clock our course was slow, as the men could not track uninterruptedly, owing to the nature of the banks and the frequency of the islands. At times they had to cross some creeks up to the waist in water. A little after they had to set, as it is termed, or cross poling, from point to point, from one side to the other, or from the side to an island in mid-channel. These constant changes cost always some time. For the tracking they had furnished themselves at Moose with the necessary shoes : these were mocassins with sealskin soles ; these they had always to put off before coming into the canoe, or the quantity of water brought in with them would have damaged all about them. But with all the delay, we felt that we were nearing our resting-place, which we hope to reach to-morrow, Saturday forenoon, as on our way down, thus giving to those of Martin's Falls two Sundays as at Albany.

We passed Boat Falls, Swan River, and at last encamped for the night at the very spot where we had breakfasted on our way down. There is a sort of pleasure in renewing the fire on the very spot where we have been before.

We were again on a height in a nice wood ; here we had much enjoyment round the fire. I put it to the men how many weeks it would be since we had reached Martin's Falls before ; some said five, one or two six, and were quite surprised when I said that they must guess again, for it was really seven. So quickly does the time pass away ; so false is the idea that it must necessarily drag slowly along in the wilderness.

*September 11th.*—The gathering clouds had ere morning nearly overspread the whole heavens ; when we started it was fair, but it soon commenced to rain heavily. Our morning halt was just above the Eight Miles Creek. We had here more difficulty than usual with the wet wood, but at last such a fire was kindled that I feared lest the wind might carry it farther than was desired in the direction of the men and the canoe beneath. Around my own fire they had strewed many pine branches, and made, as it were, a nice carpet for me. We here overtook an Indian canoe, which had just left the spot, but came back on seeing us put in. They had been on the bank to pitch their canoe : their partners and the other canoes were ahead. They were on their way to take debt and supplies, and had come by the Swan River from the Wahpiscow, the large river parallel to this, and reported to be nearly as large. The Indian came up ; his sister remained in the canoe, in the wet, while he was eating by our fire ; at last our men hailed her, and she joined them, otherwise she would not have ventured to approach, and her brother would never have thought of her. So much for the civility of Indian manners ; so little their regard for

females. Surely Christianity has not said in vain, "Be pitiful, be courteous:" true courtesy and attention to the female are graces known only among professing Christians.

The sky gradually brightened, and we enjoyed much our last seven miles to Martin's Falls, looking out eagerly for the house. It appeared even prettier than before, approaching it from below. We arrived about eleven o'clock, and were gladly welcomed by Hackland. The remainder of the day was taken up in preparing for the onward journey. We had brought communications for all here, the ship letters to which we shall carry the answers, which will thus be in England sooner than under other circumstances the letters themselves would have been here. The frame of a new house was partly up since we left; the farther progress of the building will soon be stopped by the fall fishery.

We have no reason to feel dissatisfied with our progress so far. If we deduct a day and a half which we lost from bad weather, and remember also that Mr. Swezey's journey was in the long days of summer, our own will bear comparison with it, being only half a day more.

*September 12th.—Sunday.*—A fine bright morning. I was certainly not prepared to hear that there had been snow. At early dawn it appeared that the ground had been quite covered. We hear that last year there was frost and snow earlier than this. It soon snowed again, and through the whole day there were showers of snow and sleet from the north.

The men came up for service from their tenting



ground. They had taken the canoe up the fall, over the first portage, over night, which would give us an advantage of many hours on Monday morning. We mustered as usual in the Fort-house, and I lectured on the parable of the treasure hid in a field, having had the chapter of parables, Matt. xiii., as our second lesson.

I afterwards spoke to the Indians who happened to be at the house. It was painful and depressing to find them almost entirely ignorant of the nature of God; they scarcely knew they said of such a Being, and regarding a future state, they either knew nothing, or would not declare their notions. But in these matters an Indian is generally likely to conceal his thoughts from an European. I asked if they had ever seen any one who talked to them about God? they said, "No;" whether they had ever seen an Indian with some of the written Books? they said, "Never." To them all was indeed a treasure hidden, and how to instruct them it is difficult to discover. They have no intercourse with others, and we cannot reach them. The hope is that some may come up from the mouth of the Kaypiskow River, acquainted with the syllabic system, from whom they may glean a little. What a difference between these and the Indians of Moose and Albany; how thankful it makes one for the work there; how much it shows the start which has been already made. I have scarcely met with Indians so dark and ignorant as these. On York River and all around they have heard something, and up the Saskatchewan a long way, but here they are quite cut off, and living in isolation. They were the Indians from towards the Wahpiskow River, and one

who had arrived this morning from Trout Lake, a still longer distance off, who is anxious to change his trading post, and connect himself now with Martin's Falls.

Held service again in the afternoon, and preached on the cure of the Ten Lepers—the gratitude of the one Samaritan. In conversation with one of the Indians afterwards, I found that he had a slight glimmering of light beyond what they had confessed before, yet, O how little do they know of that gracious God and Saviour whose love fills our hearts with joy at the return of each Sabbath!

The evening appeared very unpropitious, storms of sleet and rain still; may God give us, if it be his will, a change on the morrow, and carry us onward on our way. From what I hear, the Indians trading at this port are a quiet body of men, and yet they seem more exposed to the attacks of other Indians than those of the Bay. I hear more of families or individuals cut off by murder, or dying from famine. May the light soon penetrate these dark places of the earth! Retired early to rest, with a view to the morning's journey.

*September 13th.*—All hopes of our departure vanished with the morning: it was still a thick driving sleet from the north-west. I had some expectation that it might clear off at noon, but such was not the case. It continued almost without intermission all day, I know not that it abated for a quarter of an hour.

I felt most grateful that we were at a resting-place—for myself, I had every comfort in my old quarters; my men were not so well off in their encampment above the

Falls. There was a small collection of books belonging to the postmaster, with which I passed, as it turned out, an enjoyable day. I had not seen "Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric" for many years, and beguiled the time by reading right through the Lectures on Pulpit Eloquence, and also his critique on the most eminent historical and philosophical writers, ancient and modern. Though not always agreeing with the book or its style, it brought up many old recollections. There was also a good old work on the immortality of the soul by Wadsworth, 1670; besides it "Jamieson's Manners and Trials of the Early Christians," and several others, which I was astonished to find in so remote a spot. With these the long solitary winter evenings need never be dull. Indeed, to know the full value of a book, one requires nothing more than a secluded post and a snowy or rainy day.

Many apologies were made by Hackland for the want of better food: I told him this was wholly unnecessary, as I fortunately could eat anything that was placed before me. There was not certainly any great variety, as we had salted plovers for breakfast, and the same for dinner: on seeing them put down again for supper, I said I would confine myself to the tea and bread. This fare was well enough for the short period of one's sojourn, but for a continuance it must require the relish of a good appetite. A large quantity of sturgeon might have been preserved in barrels, but they had no vinegar for the purpose. The one change, to which the young men here look forward, is the chance of carrying onwards the winter packet. It leaves Lac Seul the day

after Christmas, spends New Year's Day, if possible, at Osnaburgh House, and so reaches Martin's Falls early in January. Their greatest treat would be to relieve those in charge of it, travel with it on snow shoes the 300 miles to Albany, and bring back the packet in return, some weeks later. Such is their highest idea of enjoyment. The name of this post I find is not derived, as I at first thought, from the fur-bearing animal, but from a Governor Martin, who was many years ago in charge at York. With our Canadian early habits seemed still to prevail, for he continually called it Les Chutes de Saint Martin.

For ourselves, it would hardly be an agreeable prospect, if winter should indeed set in upon us, and we should be obliged to tarry here, 800 miles from home; still less if the ice should overtake us on our way, and we be forced, as some have been, to build a dwelling on the banks of one of the lakes. But we do not allow any such visions to dwell on the mind; rather were we inclined to hope, that after these early equinoctial gales (for the snow was accompanied by very high wind) we may yet have, as is often the case, a few weeks of very fine weather—frequently in this country the pleasantest part of the year.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Haste homeward! haste!  
Nor the ‘fall-fish’ with autumn’s showers await:  
For then does stormy blast  
From all points of the compass circulate.”

BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND,

Quoting HESIOD.

Queen’s Hill—Osnaburgh and Lac Seul—Storms and snow—  
Changed scene at English River—Arrival at home.

SUCH are the words used by the Bishop of Newfoundland, when referring to the dangers and difficulties of a September visitation on his rugged coast. I was now beginning to feel something of their truth. Our chief fear was lest the ice should set fast at the narrow outlet of one of the lakes, and so bar our progress. If safely over Lakes Osnaburgh and Seul we should then have little to apprehend.

*September 14th.*—The report in the morning was that the weather was fair, the wind a little lower, but the snow deep on the ground. I thought that this might do; I therefore sprang up, and made my prepa-

rations. I sallied forth from the house, along the brow of the hill, and then over the rocks upwards of a mile to the spot, where my men were encamped with the canoe. It was a curious sight, skirting the edge of the falls, passing from rock to rock, the trees, juniper, pine, and poplar, hanging with the snow overhead. We at last reached the canoe, and farther on, in a cleft of the hill higher up, we found the tent, but all was still, the men not having yet stirred, thinking that I would scarcely have been up so soon. They thought it too windy to venture, but after breakfast and prayers it was resolved to make a trial. It seemed necessary to commence in faith, in hopes that the snow might pass off, as we had little time to lose. I therefore took leave of Hackland, who had walked up with me, and who made me promise that, if unable to proceed, I would return and take up my quarters at the House.

Soon after starting, the snow set in again in heavy showers, and it seemed doubtful whether it would at all clear off. The sun eventually peeped out at intervals, but the showers of snow, with a driving north-west wind, continued all day. The water was considerably lower than on our way down, and this made the current more gentle for us. We made in all five portages during the day, the first a short one over the Island of Galilee—then came the Big Fall, the Dining Rocks, the Long Race, and the fifth the Ross Fall, at the extremity of which we encamped for the night. We could not well proceed, for want of a good resting-place farther on. So far it is a pure bed of rock from Martin's

Falls, an almost uninterrupted channel of solid stone. Here two Indians joined us in a canoe, having come in the opposite direction, though from that same river, the Wahpiskow; they had come from the Mooswahkeeng Lake, and were on their way to the House. This is the universal term in the country, and in itself reveals much. The House is what you hear on every lip in travelling about; to it the Indian takes his trip once or twice a year, to it he looks for supplies, and from it he derives all his news. They do not name the particular house to which they are bound: this is left generally to explain itself, by the direction and neighbourhood.

*September 15th.*—The canvas of the tent frozen hard in the morning, but a fine bright day—coldish till after breakfast. Before it we made two portages, one called Michael's Creek, then the Mooswahkeeng Lake and portage; and on coming out into the stream put ashore for our morning meal. We next made the Long Portage, where we had slept in going down. Robertson's Falls we ascended without a portage, the men poling up, and a few of us walking through the wood to lighten the canoe. We then passed Gloucester House, or rather its site, to which the men point, as if saying, "Fuit Ilium." The Lower Gloucester Falls we made remaining in the canoe; it was a severe struggle for the men, more difficult to surmount than any we had yet encountered, the current threatening to carry us down, so that we often appeared to be losing ground and toiling in vain.

We made on the whole a good day; the weather had

improved, and we had our first sight of the young crescent moon. It indicated frost from its clearness, and so it proved.

*September 16th.*—The tent was found so stiff that it could not be put into its bag; it had to be stretched over the fire to relax it. The canoe too required to be attended to; the birch bark cracks with the frost, and the plan is to take a kettle of hot water and sponge it over, to prevent any bad effects. After all this was done we were still off in good time. A short run brought us to the Upper Gloucester Falls, where we were not sorry to make a portage, as it warmed us and gave an appetite for breakfast. We kept on, however, first entering the Makukabahtun Lake, and reaching the beach on Favel's Island, where we had dined on the 23rd of July.

After breakfast we kept on the south-east side of the lake, instead of the northern, as on our way down. This we did owing to the wind which was on our side from shore. We passed opposite the point where Mr. Sutherland had erected his winter quarters, glad that the snow had disappeared, and that a like necessity was not at all events as yet laid upon us. He was, I found, father of Mrs. Corcoran, of Albany. From that we merged on a smaller lake, and then passed some very circuitous rapids, called by the singular name—the Cheecheesis (the little fingers), consisting of ten or twelve successive rapids, smaller and greater, giving abundance of work for the pole, at times very shoal and impetuous, at others deep without a bottom which we could reach. Rather beyond the centre of them we



found a good encampment: the day throughout had little sunshine, heavy clouds, and the wind in the east—the rainy quarter.

The names of rapids and portages vary a little, it will be observed, on the way up; some fresh names have already presented themselves. The longer and more prominent ones are, of course, the same either way, but many a rapid, or succession of rapids, down which we had shot in a few minutes, and of which we were then scarcely sensible, took us hours on the ascent. So, too, we had to make many a portage to avoid a fall, which we had run with ease on our way down.

*September 17th.*—Towards daylight the rain set in, and came down with great violence. It cleared for a little as we rose, and then commenced again in tremendous showers, with but little appearance of breaking through the day. About eleven A.M. we made a start, tempted by a little rising of the clouds in the east. We paddled on some distance, and then faced the Lower Kinwoöche Falls. When the water is high and strong, two portages are here generally made, but we did without them, only easing the canoe of about six pieces at one point. The navigation was difficult, and the men very energetic; they were up to their middle in water, toiling with ropes.

We then came out on the Jabemet Lake, and hoisted the sail to catch the east wind. At first it blew but softly, but gradually increased, much to our joy. We were carried by it nearly the whole extent, which we traversed, but were obliged to stop short, from the rain again setting in. We made, in consequence, little more than

half a day's work, from eleven to four. Our encampment was on a projecting point, our tent well in the wood, the only distressing object being an old conjuring tent close to us. Many a tree was felled to make our fires; the desire to warm themselves gave the men fresh vigour in bringing down the pines, and very soon two blazing fires were ready, one for themselves, and one for me. There is no stint here, no one inclined to call a halt when

“Ligna super foco  
Largè reponens.”

We had many stories of conjuring suggested by the vicinity of the old tent. They quite believe that the conjuror can loose his bonds, even when tied ever so firmly with doubly knotted rope; they have assisted in so tying him, and yet have seen him get forth. Mr. Budd has told me the same; and it is reported by many on whose word I ought to rely. If so, I cannot myself entertain a doubt that there is supernatural power, some agency from the evil one, permitted in these cases, as in the oracles of old. It would then prove that we are indeed, as I always imagine, nearer to Satan in this land—that as Christ's kingdom advances it borders more and more closely on Satan's domain. One thing they also mentioned, of which I had not previously heard, that the presence of a Bible or Testament paralyses their power, and renders their enchantment vain. The experiment they said had been made by a number of young men, one of them carrying a Testament in his pocket, without the knowledge of the conjuror, who, after many ineffectual attempts, came out, saying that some one was

practising against him ; that until that person removed, he could do nothing. The young man in question I know well ; I do not assert that he was the cause of failure, but that such is their belief.

*September 18th.*—The wind was now more from the west, exactly a head wind for us ; much rain had fallen during the night, and it was a very boisterous morning. We started after breakfast to make an attempt, and proceeded in heavy rain. Made the portage at Richard's Fall. How different from the day when I stood in the water to escape the heat on our way down. We soon came upon the Wahpatunga Portage and Lake, at the former we re-pitched the canoe. It now suffered a good deal from the weather, the pitch breaking and peeling off, and the seams opening, which caused some leakage. It is wonderful, however, how it can scrape over a stone, or even run foul of a hidden stake, and often escape unhurt. The sun had by this time appeared a little, but the wind was still boisterous, and we had two traverses to make in which we met it in full force, but the little Rose rode nobly over the waves. This depends much on the dexterity of the guide and steersman, and their perfectly understanding each other. They then avoid the wave beautifully, and do not ship water ; one false stroke, and the wave breaks over the canoe, and deluges you. The clouds gradually disappeared after these traverses, and we began to see the hills rising in the distance ; as the sun fell the sky cleared in the west, and the Queen's Hill to the right, and Rupert's Hill to the extreme left, revealed themselves in their marked outline. The mist was seen here and there ascending

from the valleys, drawn up by the sun : they seemed to be thus sending up their column of incense and gratitude. On the whole it was one of the prettiest views we had during the whole of our trip. If I might have wished, my desire was to have a Sunday near the hills, and for this we found a lovely bay with a sandy beach, and commanding a fine prospect. Here we took up our station, and so closed a week of storms ; our hope was that the equinoctial gales were over. We were now half-way to Osnaburgh : to-day's has been a good day's work after all, and this exposed lake being passed, leaves only Miniska of any size before we reach the House.

We had some conversation over the fire as to the measurement of time ; not that we dipped into the question with astronomical accuracy, but rather confined ourselves to the practical methods accessible to all. It was brought on by our Indian Tom putting up his hand, so as to give the breadth of the palm under the moon. By this they measure its altitude, and form a guess at the hours of the night. By the double measure too they calculate the number of hours that the sun is above the horizon, allowing an hour for the two palms. The woodcutters too have also I find their horary circle, when out in the pines in winter. This is drawn on the pure snow, and they erect an upright stick as a gnomon. By this they measure their daily progress, and use it as a dial, and as a simple substitute for clock or watch. In the case of a young girl, whom I was called upon to visit at St. Andrews before I left, who had periodical fits during the day, the father showed me the marks on the sill of the window, by which,

from the sun's shadow, he noted the recurrence of the attacks.

*September 19th. — Sunday.*—A little rain in the morning, but of a different character—a mild gentle rain with a warm sky. It was clear before the hour of service, and we had our usual muster, some stones being ready for their seats, while I stood in the centre. My text was Isaiah, liv. 10: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed." In the immediate neighbourhood of the hills, the highest I had yet seen in the country, I thought we might *consider* the lessons which God would teach us by them. I dwelt on God's everlasting covenant of peace as more stable than the everlasting hills, more enduring than the covenant of the day and night, more certain than the succession of summer and winter.

After service, the sun shone brightly out, and that with some heat and power. Still, during the afternoon, we had some gentle drops of rain, and, fearing more of it, we assembled the earlier for our second service, when I considered the parable of the Householder, which to all, perhaps, involves some difficulty. My chief object was to present two views of the parable, which seemed to my own mind to embrace its probable end and design. It would appear to show, 1st, on the part of God, that eternal life is not the reward of desert, but a free gift of grace; 2nd, on the part of man, that grace does not proceed in a mechanical way, so that a given period of labour produces always a certain result, but that in some cases it advances more rapidly than in

others, so that those of the eleventh hour may in attainment equal those of the sixth and ninth hour.

In the evening I had some conversation with Tom; I told him I was sorry that we could not teach him more, that he must mention any difficulty that occurred to him to the men, that we should all be ready to do anything to help him, as he had conducted himself so well. His first remark of his own accord was pleasing: he asked if we could teach him some method of knowing the Sunday as it came round. I told him that he must count six days and then take the next, but he wanted some mark by the moon, which of course could not be given him. I wish we could take him with us to the Red River, but I fear the influence of his relatives. The present week will decide whether he must leave us or not, so that he may not have another Sabbath with us.

*September 20th.*—A heavy fog, but the weather mild. We wound along the base of the Queen's Hill for miles, but the summit was invisible from the thick drapery hanging over it. We had heard the discharge of a gun the previous evening, and were in hopes that we might find Indians, and receive some supplies. Just at starting, a canoe came in sight with a couple of Indians, but they had come from the other direction, the Jabemet Lake, and were on their way to Osnaburgh House. The one has a brother at Red River or rather at Manitoba Lake, who is mentioned in my visit to Fairford, and he is civilized and intelligent; but this brother is still in the darkness of nature, though I believe he is a sort of teacher or minister among his people.

We passed up several rapids, and at last came on the

Upper Kinwoche Falls, where we made a portage, and soon after rested for breakfast, and then entered on our old friend the Miniska Lake. If the reason of the name were doubtful before, it was no longer so, as on one island in particular at the farther end, we saw a profusion of red berries (moosoominuk) all along the bank.

We had scarcely left our breakfast rock, when we discerned an Indian fire on the side of the lake to our right, and from it two canoes put out, the one which we had previously seen, and the other with an Indian woman and child, and a welcome cargo of three sturgeon and some geese. Thus, each time, when emerging from under the Queen's Hill, we had had a supply tendered to us of the royal fish. The mist had cleared off, and its outline looked as pretty as ever. The range of hills looks even more engaging to the eye than on the way down; one commands a longer view of it, from the foliage not being so thick, and the approach from the sea level gives the impression of greater elevation. I have too more time to enjoy the prospect, having fewer books. All have been left behind or nearly all. A book is such a gift where the means of reading are small, that one leaves behind all that one can. The weather too, when stormy, does not so well admit of reading, as the rain falls on the page; and even apart from this, when poling vigorously, as we have been doing more or less for weeks, the book runs a risk of a splash, which cannot at times be avoided.

We soon reached the Third Snake Fall, with Albert Hill lying at its extremity: from that a short run brought us to the second. Here one of my men had

slipped in carrying the canoe on our way down : I had now much more dread of it, from having seen one poor man at Moose disabled for life from falling under a canoe. We then, after a longer interval, reached the First Snake, with its more tedious portage. On advancing a little farther, Rupert's Hill gradually opened upon us, and we chose our encampment near its base. This was, I think, almost our best day's work against current. All were in good spirits, it had turned out a beautiful day, one almost forgot the snow of this day week. As the reward for a good day's work, there was a good supply of sturgeon cooked for all. Osnaburgh begins to feel nearer ; our approach thither would be telegraphed by the two Indians, who have gone on, I find, by a shorter route to the Post.

The Snakes certainly struck us more to-day than before, probably from the same cause as the hills—from approaching from a flatter country. But, indeed, every fall impresses one more in the ascent, or looking from beneath. Thus few have, I believe, witnessed the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen without a momentary disappointment, when viewing it from above ; but if a boat is taken, and they are seen from below, their majesty is felt, and a more correct idea is formed by the spectator. We had made, in a single day, what had taken the heavy boats two days and a half in 1850 : with a high wind, a boat may possess advantages, but over portages the canoe gains immensely, the labour of transporting heavy boats over a long portage, even when facilitated by rollers, being very great. We had a proof of the unfrequented character of the country during the



day. My tent candlestick had been left behind on the way down ; it had been placed by a tree while the tent was being packed up, and after all forgotten ; the spot was accurately remembered, and, when my man jumped ashore, it was found exactly where it had been deposited, and only required a little brightening to make it serviceable for these longer evenings.

*September 21st.* — Advanced in the early morning through a vapour arising all along the bed of the river. We were in a low channel between high brushwood and trees of larger growth, leaving Rupert's Hill, and then returning to it, leaving it again, and then, after rounding Spoon Point, returning to it afresh, and then continuing our course along the river channel, broken only by frequent ripples. It was a pretty long run the next Fall, the Skahbeechewun. The winding made it appear the more tedious, but I amused myself by teaching my young friend a little arithmetic. The figures were made on the birch bark, which he always carried with him, and which he used to split into indefinitely thin leaves. On it he proceeded with examples in numeration and addition.

We afterwards made the Shakespeare and Cowbyre Portages without rain overhead, but found them, especially the latter, very muddy and swampy. Above these two falls it is very pretty ; they form the gorge or narrow outlet, which gradually converges from above and conveys the waters downwards.

*September 22nd.* — The tent was hard and stiff, but we were off again before the sun was up, and had, perhaps, the noblest sunrise of our route. We cannot be far wrong in deeming this about the half-way to the Red River,

as it is the 24th day from Albany, and we passed this on our 24th from Red River on our way down. We cannot however, expect to accomplish the remainder as quickly as we did the half to Albany, we do not gain a favouring current to the same extent. We paddled quickly over the Upper Elbow Lake, anxious to reach the Cockiamis, a formidable succession of five falls. We made only three portages, but of these two were double. The boats, for example, would have hauled twice, but we walked over the double portage, carrying the canoe the whole length. They are a pretty succession of singular and broken rocks, the middle fall of as great height as any on the way. We still pulled on briskly after leaving them, and I scarcely imagined that the men would carry another, but we reached the Smooth Stone just as the sun was setting gloriously, and they at once started to take all over to the other end of the very long, and, as it turned out, very wet and muddy portage. We almost carried the sun with us over the hill, as it had scarcely set when we reached the other end. It was a noble day's work, and the finest sunrise and sunset that we had had, taking them together. During the day it was quite hot at intervals, and, in ascending the Cockiamis, there was the same dazzle of excessive light in our faces as noticed elsewhere. We had too other enjoyments; at one of the portages the cranberries were in great abundance, and besides these the blueberries, which were here in perfection, of large size and fine flavour. Of these Charley assisted me in gathering large handfuls; after helping ourselves his delight was to give some to the men for their refreshment, as they passed with their

heavy loads. There is nothing but bare rock here in every direction; the wood had been much burnt over the hills, and this disclosed the barrenness beneath. Indeed in going down, I had continually fancied, from seeing the trees in full leaf, that there must be some depth of soil beneath, but now I saw how little there really was.

The shades of evening had gathered round before all was carried over, and the fire lighted. With the decline of the day there arose, what we were not quite prepared for, a very high wind. Fleecy clouds had appeared early in the morning, and though the sun went down gorgeously, there were clouds around which seemed to portend rain, but the gale was of far greater violence than we could have anticipated, and we feared much, at times, both for the tent and for the canoe; it was like a hurricane sweeping over us.

*September 23rd.*—Following upon the gale a thunder-storm came on about midnight, a few claps were very near, but the heavier part seemed to pass to the side of us; there was heavy rain for a very short time. The morning was fair but cloudy, and we left with daylight. We passed through Deer Tent Lake, and came to our encampment of July 19th, where we breakfasted. At this spot the men enjoyed the excitement of a hunt; a little mink was discerned on landing, and after it they made at once with poles and paddles, and anything they could lay hold of. It was, however, cunning enough, and had many holes at hand; they traced it to one, and endeavoured to storm it at each end; it took quickly the opening towards the water, and made a

sudden dart in that direction. A stone now nearly hit it as it swam along; it re-appeared at intervals, and then went down, and they thought it must have received some injury, as it made for land again. They all chased towards that spot, but it gave them the slip again, and came, as if almost for protection, to the place where I stood, and disappeared among thick bushes, where farther pursuit was hopeless. One saw enough to be convinced of the enthusiasm with which the natives of this country enter into such sport.

We then passed Deep and Shoal Lake, here the thunder began again to roll, and we had to pull into an opening between the rocks, and cover over ready for the descent of the rain. Even after the thunder ceased the rain continued, but we protected ourselves as well as we could, and advanced onwards, reaching Osnaburgh House, about three, p. m. We had accomplished the distance from Martin's Falls in eight days and a half, or, allowing for detention by weather, somewhat under eight days, but even without this deduction we have gained a little upon Mr. Sweezy.

We were cordially greeted by Mr. M'Pherson, who had been waiting for us many days. I had a pleasant evening, and much conversation with him. He reports that it has been a good summer for fish; he mentions also the partial return of the rabbits, which would be an invaluable blessing to the poor Indian. They will soon leave for their fall fishery; it varies from 4,000 to 6,000. The sturgeon here are very large; Mr. M'Pherson mentioned one of 162lbs; the jack fish (kinooshayoo) are also large; my steersman spoke of

having caught one on this lake which they had great difficulty in mastering in their canoe, until it was killed. One of the Indians of this Fort has just shot off his arm from carelessness with a gun, in a canoe: very foolishly he had not come in himself, but sent in the report of the case.

Mr. M'Pherson has seen several of the Crane Indians since my visit, and says that they are not unfavourably disposed. They have some ministers after their own fashion, and something of a place for prayer and worship, used for nothing else, on a lake not far off. I had heard they had two such houses of prayer, but I believe they have removed from the first to a second at the extremity of the same lake, where fish is abundant. The lake is called the Pakhwunchees Sahkehikun, or Stump Lake; it is three days' journey to the northward. The Indian whom we met was one of their teachers. That they have a house for prayer only, argues much in their favour; but, judging from their minister, what they learn must be little indeed. How much one would like to penetrate to that lake, and see them in their own oratory; how delightful, if one might be permitted, to turn it into a true house of prayer, where they might worship God in spirit and in truth!

We had, of course, a full evening service; it was held in a large outer kitchen, where many assembled. There was Mr. M'Pherson's little boy, whom I had baptized, strong now, but, in the interval, he had been near death. Several had been brought for baptism just after my former departure; I inquired for them, and four were now presented to me, and baptized at the close

of our service. One little boy was brought out of bed asleep, baptized in that state, and then quietly replaced. This made up the number of seventy-one, baptized by myself during this trip. I was asked if there was no hope that one of the clergymen from Moose might come up to Osnaburgh. I said there was, if they could find a sufficient number of Indians at any one time, and knew the period. Mr. M'Pherson said at once, that Lac Seul and Osnaburgh would be among the last places to receive the Gospel, for they were so cut off from all means of instruction. But let us yet hope for them, and bear them in our hearts in prayer.

It turned out a very wet evening, so that we were grateful for being under a roof for the night.

*September 24th.*—Up with sunrise, and all stirring to see me off. I wish much I could do something for this kind family, but the distance is great, and I can send but little 600 miles; this limits one's power, with every desire. They asked much for Bibles, having but one for all in the Fort. I hope to be able to send some before winter; if I can forward a parcel from Red River in time to meet the Lac Seul winter express, it will open a direct communication. Here we, after all, left Tom, with much pain and regret. I hope he may be kept from harm and sin, but one fears from hearing that his brother is one of their ministers. I have told him that if he would only come into Red River, I would provide for him, and have him instructed, and this offer he would, I feel assured, embrace, but for the influence that may be used over him.

We started off briskly, the men paddling with all

their might, in the hope of reaching Lac Seul in three days, but the strong head-wind would seem to say plainly, No. They were now all but one in their scarlet woollen jerseys, with which they had furnished themselves at Moose, which gave a warm appearance to the Red River, as it might almost now be called. The wind caught us at every turn, and the Lake is much more exposed than Lac Seul, with fewer harbours of refuge. Indeed, I remarked to my men, that to us the lakes were as seas, and the sea, when we were on it, like a lake. We got to a breakfast encampment, where we made an ample repast on Mr. M'Pherson's supplies. We brought off some of his potatoes, larger and finer than those of Martin's Falls, with fish, &c. He had loaded us with blueberries, of which they preserve large quantities; these, when cooked, with our pemican and flour, make it, when well done, almost like plum-pudding. One small keg he offered me to take home, if I thought it worth the carriage; about this I did not hesitate, and Osnaburgh pudding is now a standard dish with us; the fruit is very much like the dried currants, only somewhat more acid, and with a slightly smoked flavour. We had passed two Indian canoes, which soon after drew up near us, when the usual process of bartering commenced: they had geese, rabbits, and ducks, for which they got in return tea and ammunition. The party consisted of three males and two females; I could not but observe how readily they defended themselves from the weather, how quickly their bark covert from the storm, like a skreen, on the wind quarter, was erected, and their

cooking process commenced; the women with their rabbit-skin cloaks and long tippets, and a dress of blue cloth or serge.

We made three or four traverses afterwards, the waves mounting very high, but were at last obliged to put in, and remained wind-bound in a rocky bay upon a point of land, the other side of which was a fine sandy beach. The two Indian canoes had fought successfully with the waves, and were not long in coming up.

*September 25th.*—A very stormy night throughout; a beautiful bright morning, the sun playing on the waves, but these upraised so high as to preclude all hope of leaving the spot. The wind had changed to the south, and this made the men rather disposed to think that the stormy weather, which had lasted more than a fortnight, might now be nearly over. We found that though we had lost Tom, we had in company with an elder brother, or rather, I believe, half-brother, with his wife and child. He is a fine handsome looking man, and turned out of some use, bringing us some white fish in the morning, some jack fish at night; the former caught in the net, the latter by angling.

All day we had, at intervals, heavy showers of snow; we hope that they may clear the air, but the Indian seems to fear from it, that there may be ice at the narrow passage at the head of this lake through which we must pass. He says, that earlier than this last year there was ice. The time begins to press, but we must hope that all will be well in the mercy of God. I wandered about our island, which has many promontories and little bays, some of them pretty enough. I



also amused my little friend by an essay at hewing down trees. I had come upon him when cleaving some wood, when, in joke, I offered to cut down any tree he pointed out; he chose one of some difficulty, added to which, my hand has not had much practice in that way, but once embarked, I was too proud to give up. It cost me many a blow and some fatigue, as many a stroke more than was needed was, of course, given, but at last, the pine was seen to fall. A few smaller ones were also brought down; the largest execution I had ever dealt among the trees of the forest!

We had, in the evening, a narrow escape from a severe accident to our steersman; one of the others was using the hatchet near the tent, when it slipped from the haft, cut through the tent covering, and hit Jacob on the head; happily it was not the sharp edge of the axe, but the blow was severe, though blunted and parried by his cap; he was rather faint and sick in consequence, and complained of his head for a day or two, but nothing more. How thankful we felt at prayers, that God had so graciously delivered! had life been taken, or any severe injury inflicted, what a gloom would have been cast over the remainder of our journey.

*September 26th.—Sunday.*—A pretty sharp frost during the night; the clouds still looked heavy and snowy. May God refresh us with His presence on His own day, and if it be His will to hear our prayers, may we pass onwards on the morrow. This is our second Sunday on Osnaburgh Lake, our former one on our way down, was not above two or three miles from the spot where we now were. I could desire to be with my own

dear circle on the tenth, after one more Sunday, but this, I fear, will be beyond our strength. I had, on leaving, asked my little boys to put aside a pebble each Sunday, and after twelve had been so placed, to look for me before the thirteenth. Such was my anticipation at starting. They have now counted over the twelve, and to-day they will add the thirteenth, and will certainly be expecting me this week, but, I fear, two more Sundays must elapse before we reach. To-day too is the birth-day of that beloved sister who performs towards them a mother's part, and is indefatigable in care and labour. I could have wished on that account to have been at home, but prayer can be offered up for her welfare as effectually at a distance, when bodily presence is denied.

We assembled about our usual time for service, with tall pines around. The men stood on one side of the fire, while I stood on the other, with some boughs under our feet. I lectured on the Gospel for the day: the Widow's Son raised to life. Some showers of snow passed over, and often the wind blew it from the trees around, but being dry it was easily brushed from the Bible or prayer book, and did not wet them. Towards the latter part of the service, the Indians came and stood listening, and so remained till the end. We were pretty comfortable throughout, though the men said it was cold to their backs; that it might naturally be so, was proved by the fact that the water froze in the kettle during the short period of service.

In the afternoon we mustered again. The Indians were around their fire, and I told one of the men to say

to them, that I was going to have service. They asked if they might bring their children, I said most certainly, if they were still and quiet, when they came and remained the whole time. I preached from the words, "Death is swallowed up in victory," in continuation of the morning's subject, dwelling chiefly on the glorified body, as raised in incorruption, in glory, in power, in contrast with our present body of corruption, dishonour, and weakness.

We thus finished our service and retired early to rest, to be ready, weather permitting, for our journey on the morrow. It was very cold through the whole day; one felt it moving any distance from the tent, and, in treading on the snow, the cold struck to the feet; I felt it too, in my hands, in holding the books during service, and had to change them constantly from hand to hand. The day, however, was not without its enjoyments, and left, I hope, a blessing behind.

*September 27th.*—Still a head wind, yet before sunrise all were preparing to move off. Tom's brother became now one of our crew, taking a paddle with us: his wife and child, and her mother, were in their canoe, the other Indians had gone back. The females started before us, but we soon overtook them, and had an opportunity of witnessing their prowess. They were paddling on vigorously in their rabbit skins, and with their long gloves to defend themselves from the cold, when they discerned a mink by the side of the rock; the wife, who was at the bow, immediately seized the gun, and fired with deliberate aim; her prey was secure, it was disabled and wounded, when, pulling towards

shore, she gave it a finishing blow with the paddle, and so the poor mink was killed.

For an hour we paddled on without snow, and the water was calm for our wide traverse, but after this the snow was heavy in our faces, but on we went, passing our Sunday encampment of July 18th, and the sandy beach, on which I lay reading that afternoon, was now thickly covered over with snow; the rocks too, on either side, were white. We continued a little farther, looking for some high wood where we might have shelter, and at last pulled ashore for breakfast. Here the men were soon at work, lopping and felling, stripping the fir branches from the trunk to spread beneath our feet, to which the cold penetrated at once through the moccasins, and then, placing the trunks in full length for our fire, with a little lighter wood thrown over it. It was one of the largest fires I ever saw, but this was necessary from the extreme cold of the morning; the ice had formed upon the paddles, the men too were obliged to use their mittens, and even with them felt cold enough. The snow now fell very heavily, but the men bent the projecting branches of the trees behind us, so as to form a sort of canopy overhead. When looking down on the canoe, with a thick coating of snow all over it, and the trees hanging with it on every branch, it seemed as if winter had really come, and we might prepare for taking up here our *hiberna castra*. The females soon came up, and one noticed again the want of courtesy and civility in the native Indian. The husband stood composedly by the fire, without taking any notice of his wife's arrival, or offering to go and

assist them in landing. They soon approached the fire, the little one shaking herself to get rid of the snow ; how she kept warmth in her by the way one knew not. She at once called out, "That is my father," and, on the men giving her some biscuit, she took it and held it up to his view. We then had prayers, and I noticed the father kneeling with us do-day.

We then saw a little brightening overhead, and, after the men had shaken off the snow as much as possible from the canoe, we prepared to start, fearing lest it might even get worse. We were anxious to make the long traverse which yet remained. In crossing it was very rough, and we rose high on the wave, and then dropped down. We then glided along, from island to island, under their shelter. The frost continued all day, and it was with difficulty I could write, from the numbness of my hands. Towards afternoon the clouds cleared off, and the blue sky appeared. As the sun declined, we left the lake, and entered the creek and low wood, which leads on to the long portage. Here on either side among the rushes, there was much ice ; the men broke it with their paddles, and the bowsman with his pole. Just at sunset we were not sorry to bid adieu to the lake. This was the very passage where all had anticipated difficulty ; a little more ice would have seriously damaged the canoe, and, if it had really set fast, our progress would have been effectually stopped.

Our encampment was by no means good, very deficient in fuel, we could have wished for some of the pine logs of the morning. We did, however, what we could,

and sacrificed, I am afraid, some of the rollers placed in order to facilitate the hauling of the large boats over. We were only too glad to be off the lake; it was clear and cold, and even standing near the fire there was ice on my cap. We had finished our supper, when we heard the cracking of the ice, and the females came up, having struggled on by themselves, buffeting the waves, and then beating their way through the icy channel. They surely might afford a lesson of thankfulness to parents at home: a grandmother, mother, and little girl, they have come the whole distance amid the storm, and frost, and cold, and the first sound on their arrival is a laugh and cheerful salutation, as if nothing had happened! The little child was brought shivering to the fire, but some food soon made her as merry and contented as ever; and she, and all of us, soon did our best to forget the snow and cold for a season.

*September 28th.*—Heard the men up betimes, and when I rose, found that some had started, carrying the pieces over the long portage. We made it very quickly, it was, indeed, anything but pleasant; across the middle there is a swamp, and this was partly covered with ice, which gave way under the foot; in this way we plunged about, getting our feet wet, and very nearly frozen afterwards. On reaching the other extremity we proceeded on at once to the next portage, distant only about two miles; the current was now with us, but our progress was not rapid, from the overhanging boughs and sudden bends. We came to our encampment at the height of land where I mounted the hill, and passed what are called the Hell Gates; this name is not uncommon for a

pass of this description ; there is one of the name on the way up from York, and one could not but think of another also, the Höllenthal, between Friburg and Schaffhausen, from which you emerge into the beautiful Himmelreich, or kingdom of heaven. Here we scarcely made so sudden a transition, but, inspirited by having passed by the boundary height, we pressed on, and made one other portage, the fourth before breakfast. The females had been sent on before, in their lighter canoe, equipped with a hatchet, to prepare us a fire, and so save time. The spot selected by them did not quite please us, but we caught up the lighted brands, and carrying them to a more sheltered situation, enjoyed our meal, for which all had, in a measure, worked hard. In the morning before starting, I had seen the Indians cook their mink for their earlier breakfast ; it was done after their usual method, upon a ponask, or small wooden spit, which they cut from the willow, or other trees, and so speedily roasted. I should fancy it not unlike rabbit, which you see often cooked in the same way.

After breakfast we proceeded rapidly, crossing All Hands Lake, and then falling into the wider creek. We made, subsequently, the Pancake Falls, the Lively Falls, the Cat Falls. The Indians had now been obliged to join the females to carry the canoe, but they were not far from us all day, waiting to give assistance at the portages. At one of these, they had shot a duck, which was given into the keeping of the little one, who sat hugging the bird, totally regardless of the blood, which streamed from it upon her cheek and clothing. Her

only idea was that this was her food, and therefore the sight was to her one of delight rather than aversion. Such is the force of early habit; one saw it in her in many other ways; she was only a nursling, not yet weaned from her mother, and yet, as she sat in the centre of the canoe on a little rabbit-skin rug, she would take up the paddle, and, with it, deliberately attempt a stroke or two, moving the canoe a few inches. At the Falls, the prettiest sight was the ice beneath some of the high rocks, hanging in long and beautifully shaped icicles, and often reflecting the sun, like prisms of cut glass. We afterwards reached Short's Falls, of which we carried the one and ran the other. We still proceeded onwards, and, at last, leaving the creek, came out on Birston's Lake: here we chose a rocky island, where we encamped a little after sunset. We had done an extremely good day's work, having carried all the portages between Osnaburgh and Lac Seul, eleven in number, and made a long run besides. Soon after we reached our resting-place, the full moon rose like a ball of fire; it seemed to promise well, but *two* ominous circles round it were soon afterwards noticed by the men. We hope to reach Lac Seul to-morrow, if the wind should not be very strong against us.

*September 29th.*—Started before sunrise: there had been a very little snow just before: it ceased, but the wind was very high, a head-wind for us. We crossed the remainder of Birston's Lake, and held on through the stream with rushes on either side. The Indians often crossed our bow, going from side to side in quest of ducks and wild fowl. One they shot when a little



ahead of us, and brought it down : it fell in their wake and across our course, and was picked up ; this afforded me a good breakfast. We had a nice spot for the purpose in one of the bends of the river ; while the men were finishing theirs I mounted the height above, from which the view was pretty of the windings of the river. It was bare rock, and yet it was wonderful to see how many trees were growing upon it ; I pulled up one young juniper, but found in so doing that I raised a whole bed of moss, bringing the soil with it, which was not above an inch deep, so I replaced it and allowed it to rest on its rocky bed. We advanced after breakfast along the stream, nor need I have felt any distress at robbing the Indian of his morning spoil, for we had scarcely proceeded 300 yards when we heard another shot, and, on looking ahead, there he was on shore leaping after fresh prey, which he soon brought to his canoe. About a mile on he pursued another method among the tall reeds : here, pulling gently to the side, he jumped out and ran quietly along, dropping his head so as not to be seen. Our men understood the movement, dropped their heads also, and stopped their paddling, while he made a long circuit, almost crawling to the place where he guessed the ducks were sitting, and firing from behind as they flew up, brought down some. Many ducks and geese were in this way shot during the day, and to see the gun lying often close by the child's head, one wondered that accidents were not more common. After thus winding about for some time, we came to the ripple or rapid which in a measure heads Lac Seul, and soon entered upon it. At first the wind was very high,

but as it gradually fell the weather became milder ; the clouds lost their snowy tinge, and it was really warm. The men noticed too that hazy appearance of the atmosphere which is often the forerunner of the Indian summer. Our day being short, we could not reach the Fort, but encamped only a few spells from it, as it is termed, on a rocky spot covered with the white moss with its pretty cup, which was now of a deep red hue. The Indian came up soon after, first scouring the opposite island in search of game. We heard him discharge ; the sound passed along, and was re-echoed from many a distant reach of the lake.

We had passed during the day for miles through tall and pointed reeds, and my little companion amused himself by catching at them, and plucking them up. I had some curiosity in examining their formation ; in some I counted twenty or twenty-four knots, and yet my strength was insufficient to pull them asunder at the joints, so firmly were they grooved and fitted together by the hand of God. As they waved in the wind, or, yielding to the stroke of the paddle, resumed their position, one could fancy them replying to the proud words of the oak in the fable, and saying, in the confidence of strength, "*Je plie et ne romps pas!*" The moon soon rose, it had a double reflexion in the water below, so that it looked more like a magic scene than nature. The Indians had their fire a few yards off, where the little girl appeared as merry as usual ; she commenced dancing round the fire, and when I looked at her while performing her evolutions with great spirit, she shouted out, "*Ne totem, ne totem;*" perhaps some

fragment of an Indian song. The men think that the sound of the firing may have been heard at the Fort, and given them some expectation of our approach.

*September 30th.*—It was probably the eagerness of the men to reach the Post which roused us much sooner than was necessary. We were off long before daylight, the moon was riding high and the stars bright, the lake as calm as a sea of glass, and the island woods were reflected on its surface with clear and marked outline. As we advanced the rosy tints gradually appeared in the east, and the bright morning star gave token of the rising sun. The ducks were sleeping on the water, and here and there, a few loons nearer the rocks, by the side. On approaching one of the little islands, the men discerned a canoe drawn up on the bank, and on drawing nearer the floats of a net; the paddles were at once directed towards the shore, in hopes of overhauling the net, and obtaining some spoil. A shout was, however, raised to arouse the sleeping Indians if near, and announce the intended piracy, when down came an Indian with his blanket around him, and his eyes scarcely open. The men set to work with the net, and found a large jack fish, rather unwilling to exchange the water for the canoe, but he was made captive, and the Indian, after receiving a full recompense, went back to finish out his sleep.

As the sun rose the wind increased, so that we were enabled to hoist sail, and make rapidly towards the House. It had risen in great splendour and beauty, but almost at the same time a little thunder growled along the horizon. The clouds began to rise, but we

made the most of the fair wind, and, halting only a very short time for breakfast, reached our destination about eleven A.M. Here we were welcomed by our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie, who had been looking out for me a long time, and had even made preparations a fortnight before; but their son, who knew more fully what I intended to do at Moose, had told them I could not well arrive before this very week.

My great delight here was to receive letters from the Red River; this, after thirteen weeks' absence from home, and especially considering the state in which I had left all there, was no little pleasure. I had good tidings of my own dear family, now reinstated in their own home, and busily engaged in making all there as comfortable as possible against my return. I had also communications from four of my clergy. How cheering the following passage from Mr. Budd, who had been in charge of Christ Church, Cumberland, in Mr. Hunter's absence. He writes, July 2nd—"I have entered into the Church by baptism, twenty-four persons, since I sent to your lordship the last account: most of these are infants belonging to Christian Indians. I have also baptized a widow and her four children from the Nipowewin, who have been living with our Christian Indians the whole of the winter: I hope they may be the first fruits of that mission. I have also buried fourteen persons; several of these have died in the faith of the Son of God. To witness their happy deaths has been the means of encouraging me in the good work." This, however, is from a field that has been long cultivated; at some future time may we have the like tidings from this

quarter! Meanwhile what a comfort to be engaged in helping forward such a work: how blessed to labour where souls are to be gained!

Of the noble contributions towards our missions by friends in Derby, the first intelligence reached me here. I heard with overflowing gratitude of the exertions made on our behalf by my late flock at All Saints, and I may add by those of many different congregations in that town. To the Rev. E. W. Foley, my successor, to Mrs. Newton, of Laylands, and to Mrs. Evans, I feel peculiarly indebted, for their labours in carrying out the plan. I scarcely know of an instance of a more combined effort, each one in trade giving of his own stock, and all according to their ability. About this time the whole will reach Red River; clothing of every description, tools, nails, and ironmongery, books and stationery for the schools, medicines, seeds, &c. Nor ought I to omit to add, that all had been transmitted free of charge to London by the railway company. To thank all individually in this case, as in others, is beyond my power, but I hope this acknowledgment may meet their eye, and it may be a pleasure to them to know that the tidings of their gift cheered me on my way, and gave me, I trust, fresh energy to press forward in the work, supported by the prayers as well as the gifts of so many.

Had a pleasant afternoon with Mr. M'Kenzie; he had fully expected Mr. Horden to return with me, and had promised to kill for him the fatted calf; I in vain protested against this, saying that we were too small a party to justify such a sacrifice where cattle are

valuable, but this he would not allow ; and, not having notice of my arrival, to have it ready for me here, insisted on my carrying it away with me for my journey, in which his son was again to be my companion. I did not scruple to carry away a stock of potatoes with me, when he told me they had grown 300 bushels. He talks sometimes of giving up and retiring to the Red River ; but the tie to a spot where he has been for forty-five years is not easily broken, and new habits and associations would be hard to form at his advanced age.

There is, I fear, little at present to encourage hope of the Indians at Lac Seul ; after I retired to my room, while writing my journal, and for a long time after, as I lay upon my bed, I was much saddened by the continued sound of the drum. It was the first time I had heard it on my way up : how different from all at Moose and Albany !

Towards evening there was much heavy rain : we had prayers as usual, assembling all in and around the Fort.

*October 1st.*—Pinakwi-gisis—the moon of the falling of leaves.

Another fresh month, before the middle of which we hope to reach home. The rain had continued all night, and was heavy with high wind from the south-west, so that a start was impossible. Again and again we watched the clouds, till at last we gave it up in despair. During the forenoon I had some conversation with Mr. M'Kenzie regarding our prospects at Islington and Lac Seul. Of the latter he thinks something might be

made, if a clergyman were placed permanently to teach them, or even if one were at Islington, which is sufficiently near. A chance visit at long intervals has but little effect; the Rev. W. Mason of Rossville, the Wesleyan mission, had been here some years since and baptized many; but this, not having been followed up by any subsequent teaching, has made little impression. I had also a conference with George, the sort of acknowledged chief of the Indians. He said that he was still willing to join if a teacher were sent, but that he could not speak for others, without knowing the mind of his countrymen.

After dinner, the rain having ceased, though the wind was against us, we determined to make the attempt to proceed, in the hope of its lulling as the sun declined, and wishing at all events to gain a starting point in advance for the morrow. All accompanied us to the canoe, and there we parted. We pulled on pretty rapidly for three hours, and reached a little island for the night. As we were making towards it, sounds were heard in the other direction, and on our men shouting, a conversation from a distance took place; when, finding that they were from Red River, we asked them to come over to us. This they soon did, and we ascertained that they were the Indians who had gone into the settlement with the party we met at Martin's Falls. After one or two questions, I asked if they had any letters for me; the reply was disappointing, "Kahween kago," nothing at all. I found that good Mr. Cochran had written a long letter, but after all declined sending it, thinking they would not meet me—a case in which

second thoughts were certainly not the best. They had not been up as far as my own house, so that my sister knew not of the opportunity of writing. They were rather grieved when I told them that they had lost by not going up to the House, as they would have been sure to have received something there, and I would have given them a good reward if they had brought me letters back. It was, perhaps, too much to expect letters two days running, though these might have been three or four weeks later than those I received yesterday, which had been long waiting for me. They got, notwithstanding, some tobacco, and we gathered from them that the harvest appears to have been good at the lower end of the settlement, where they had been, which the flood had not reached. They also led us to believe that the buffalo hunt had been pretty successful.

*October 2nd.*—Soon after lying down severe thunder commenced, and continued uninterruptedly all night: it was accompanied with a down-pour of rain. This delayed us in the morning, and we did not start till after ten o'clock, and then the clouds had scarcely cleared and the wind was very high. It was in our favour, though rather too strong, but we hoisted sail, reefing a little at intervals, and soaked at times by heavy showers. We accomplished a good deal on the whole; passed the Manitoba, and only rested short of the two last longer traverses of the Lake.

We had here a nice encampment with the boundary bay of the Lake almost in sight. Here, with a blazing



fire of cedar wood, we soon forgot the wet and cold, and looked forward to another lake Sabbath.

*October 3rd.—Sunday.*—During the night the wind had become very tempestuous, its roar among the pines was far louder than the thunder the night before. The fear was that they might come down over us, as we were encamped in the very heart of them; many which were old and dry, were breaking and giving way, and the smaller branches were snapping off and flying in all directions. There was too that continual groaning of the trees, as they felt the shock of the wind, like the creaking of the timbers of a ship, which caused one to feel apprehensive of something worse every moment. As one large tree fell with a crash, I awoke, and gave a sort of involuntary call, "Take care;" though had it really fallen upon us the caution would have come too late: as it was it fell just beyond the tent, providentially not directly over it. The men shared in the fear; indeed they had felt it more than I had done myself; I always hoped that the tent-pole would break in some degree the force of the descent of any tree, but they had no such protection, and could not sleep at all when they heard the dry wood falling in all directions. I believe my own idea was only visionary, as I was in reality as much exposed to danger, but it prevented me from feeling the same degree of alarm as in the storm in the canoe at the outset of our voyage. Nor did the gale at all abate in the morning: the billows were running very high, quite like a sea, in our bay; the canoe had been secured during the night by the men,

bound bow and stern and tied fast; but for this the water would have washed over it, or, what would have been fatal to us, the night's wind might have broken it up and dashed it to pieces. It was not we found a partial hurricane, but had swept over a great extent of country, and at Red River had been very severe. It had visited them somewhat earlier on the Saturday evening, and had made all think much of us and of the York boats still out. The latter suffered similarly to ourselves, and felt its full fury on Lake Winnipeg.

We assembled for service about our usual hour, the wind having slightly moderated towards eleven. The chief trouble was the dropping at times as the trees shook; the leaves too were falling around us in great numbers. I had thus to close the prayer-book, and trust to my memory, as, unlike the dry snow of the previous Sunday, the drops of wet would very much have spoiled the leaves; this I could manage for the service, and had only to read the lessons, protecting my Bible for that time with my handkerchief. It was *even* thus to my own feelings far preferable to the closeness of the tent with eleven persons in it. I preached from Psalm xvi. 11:—"Thou wilt show me the path of life, &c." The opening words I applied to the path of the believer through the present world, as well as that opened to him in death, for surely God does guide the feet of His saints, when different ways meet in their experience. I felt this the more to-day, as being the third anniversary of my arrival at Red River, and also of the entrance into

a better life of the Rev. J. Macallum, of whom all with me had a lively recollection.

In the afternoon I took the second lesson, and lectured from 2 Cor. ii. I first explained to them the circumstances of the apostle when writing; secondly, the door that was opened for him to preach Christ's Gospel, ver. 12; thirdly, the awful alternative of the message, ver. 15. The application of the whole chapter to an infant church was very obvious; the case of sin which grieved the apostle at Corinth, how like what we must expect in converts from heathenism now; the open door, how similar to the way in which God opens up countries at the present hour for the proclamation of His word, or even to what we had ourselves seen in some little measure; and yet while to some it seemed the savour of life unto life, have we not cause to mourn that it is yet only as the savour of death unto death to so many of the Salteaux, who hear only to reject. What a naturalness this gives to the Bible, what an adaptation to every period and condition of the Church!

The wind continued nearly at the same height until evening.

*October 4th.*—The night was much calmer than we could have expected, and all were ready at daybreak, nor was the lake so rough as we anticipated, yet as the sun rose, the wind gained in strength. We made a long traverse, and then putting in, breakfasted under the lee on a sandy beach. The white waves here forbade our advance, and we were obliged to pass the forenoon with the extremity of the lake in sight. I amused myself

with glancing at some old numbers of the "New York Albion," which I had carried off from Mr. M'Kenzie, in want of something better to occupy me by the way. In them I could always find something to interest. M'Kenzie took his gun and brought down some partridges, while Charley had some target practice with bow and arrows. We dined here, not that this was usual with us on our way up, but being ashore, the men had not much else to do but to cook, and thus it is, I believe, generally found, that the waiting days draw more largely on the provisions than the days of full work. But thus strengthened, it was resolved to make an attempt about four, P. M., not that it looked much more promising, but that they generally expect a slight change towards sunset. They had a very heavy paddle across, but we accomplished it; and were not sorry to enter again the river channel. Here we soon reached a portage, and I jumped out, thinking the men were about to encamp for the night, but I found that some were off with the pieces, and they were going on. I started off at once, and with some direction from the men, contrived in the dark to reach the other end. The making the portage thus in the dark was attended with no little mirth; after a time the canoe arrived, and my only fear was lest they should slip in taking it down a very steep bank into the water. This, however, was safely done, all repacked as quickly as possible and all got in: the one portage having stimulated them to try another. It was very near, as we had only to cross the segment of a circle. The effect was pretty; it was dark, the moon not yet up, but the stars visible overhead—this, with the

roar of a loud waterfall behind us, and the sound of one ahead, the former causing a wave and swell, on which we were borne along ; all this gave a pleasing variety to our position, though there may have been a little risk in holding on so late. The second portage was made as before, with this exception—that when some had arrived at the other extremity and kindled a fire, they carried back torches from it to light the way for the others. Thus, having rested by day, we worked by night, and the men had certainly earned their supper : it was one of our most pleasant evenings over the fire, each having something to tell of the two portages carried in so novel a manner.

*October 5th.*—All was life and stir betimes, and we were early on our way. It was now sailing with the current and very smooth ; there had been a little frost this morning, as well as the preceding one, but it was not cold, and we went on more rapidly than for many a day before. It was like a broad river with a winding course ; at every bend we saw numbers of ducks and other wild fowl, reposing on the water, and the gun was prepared for their destruction, but they were too lively for us, and always got scent of their pursuers. Many geese too flew over head, but much too high for us ; they come in large numbers from Lake Pahkwash, where they are very abundant, and are now flying to the south. We had made a good run before breakfast, and put into a nice rock at the Three Rivers. On landing, a little kingfisher was not so fortunate as the birds we had before seen ; it was there as if to welcome our approach, but the first shot brought it down. I had not seen one

near, except in collections in England; its plumage is pretty and varied with a tuft on its head; it lives entirely on the small fish. It was soon upon the ponask, and presented by one of the men to Charley; but the union of fish and flesh did not seem to suit his palate, for I saw him share it, small as it was, with one of the men, and he complained during the day of feeling sick. What I have heard since I passed here before, speaks much in favour of the Three Rivers; I find it had nearly been selected as the position for the Fort, instead of Lac Seul. This however does not affect my preference for Islington.

From our breakfast-place, a short run brought us to the Long Portage, which we had carried in the rain on July 12th. We had now very different weather, a beautiful day, one almost of our Indian summer. But the scene is much changed, the trees are bare and the pathway strewed with leaves; though not wet overhead, it is still swampy in places. Here, by way of experiment, I carried over one of the heavier pieces. I had generally taken my own leathern-bag and box of papers, in order to expedite matters, and to make sure of their safety, but these I carried in either hand, which is I am sure, the worst way for any weight, from the strain on the shoulder. For the heavier piece, I took one of their carrying straps, which passes over the head, resting on the brow, with the load on the back, and I soon found how much more easily a weight can thus be carried. I reached the other end without feeling so much fatigue, as I had often done before with my apparently light packages, but the men in passing me could hardly for-

bear a smile, and besought me not to make another attempt with such a weight.

We passed thence quickly along, made another portage, and, after some smaller lakes, entered that of the Deer-horn. Here we came upon a party of Indians, the son-in-law of Littleboy, and two or three families besides. I observed with concern that one of the school girls is here; taken away from Islington, I fear, for the winter. They said the provision was so scarce that they cannot winter there, but will go in summer. She was a nice girl, and getting on well. They also told us that the Lobster, an Indian of some influence, was farther on, and very anxious to see me, I hope for some good end. Their chief intelligence was that the Rev. Peter Jacobs, the native Wesleyan minister, had been nearly lost on the Great Lake on his way home; I fear it may make them more anxious on our account at the Red River; as for ourselves, I trust it may make us more grateful to God for having mercifully preserved us when exposed to similar dangers. We continued on till we reached M'Nab's Lake, but encamped at its upper end on a nice rock. The wind had moderated much, and the evening was calm, but, from the brightness of the Aurora, the men rather doubt its being very settled weather.

*October 6th.*—Off a little before sunrise, sky cloudy, a few drops of rain had fallen in the night, but it was now calm and fine. We passed quickly over M'Nab's Lake and Long Leg's Lake; in the latter, in a bay to our right, we discerned the Lobster and family. We had just fired a gun to give notice of our approach, thinking that we must now be near him, when, on round-

ing a point, we saw the tent well perched on the top of a rock, sure to be seen by all, and where he could not miss seeing any passing by. We held a conversation with him at first from a distance, our guide sounding out the words, "Umbé, umbé, ondashan, ondashan!" or, "Hal-loo, come hither." We then asked him to cross over and meet us on an island, to which we were approaching; this he soon did with his wife, daughter, and two sons. The old man, Shageshin, or Lobster, has much power of speech, and would have given a much longer oration; it was necessary to keep him to the point, to urge him to be laconic. The substance of his speech was that he was willing to embrace Christianity—that he would give up his children to be taught in spring—that he would have a garden and cultivate near the Skabechehun, not at Islington, because afraid of the depredations of passing Indians, that he would do what he could to get the other Indians to embrace also—and, what he was very anxious to persuade me of, that he was the leading man at the Rat Portage, and not the one I saw on my way up. I spoke to him through the interpreter, urging him to be steadfast in his good resolutions, and undertaking to do all in my power for his children. I promised him seed in the spring, and gave him some tobacco: this led him to produce his store, country rice, dried and roasted, beside ducks, geese, and berries; his wife did not fail to tell me that a larger stock of geese prepared for me had been eaten up, from my return being so long delayed. We gave him other supplies as far as we could, and I told him I was sorry I had not seen him on my way down, as then I should



have had some presents for him. It was, on the whole, pretty satisfactory ; I ought to say that he was baptized by the Roman Catholic priest, and was, I believe, the cause of M. Belceur leaving the White Dog. I trust he may turn out better with us, but I have not a great deal of confidence in the man. His name, I may add, is not from the sea lobster, but from that which goes by the name in this country—the cray-fish or craw-fish—the river or fresh water lobster, of which the men brought me many specimens by the way.

We then made three falls and portages, and breakfasted at the foot of the lowest. The geese furnished to us proved extremely large and fine ; the slices cut from the breast were cooked as a steak, and were excellent : it is the best way of preparing them, and, though it might perhaps be from a traveller's appetite, seemed preferable to anything in one's own house. With such food, geese, ducks, and fish, the Indian is indeed well off at this season. God does indeed do much for them, as old Mr. M'Kenzie said to me at Lac Seul, if they could only be induced to do something for themselves—to anticipate the future, and lay up provision for the winter. We held our morning prayers close to the waterfall ; I had not thought of it till we were on our knees, but I felt as I proceeded, what I afterwards found was the case, that the men could scarcely hear the voice owing to the rushing sound of the water. We were borne on from this with a more rapid current and a few ripples, towards the Skahbeechewun Falls ; it was rather a heavy portage, and occupied some time, having a steep brow at each end. We passed on and made a good paddle

over the lake of the same name. We were so late in thinking of our encampment, desirous to cross a long traverse, that when obliged to stop we had no resting-place near known to the men. We made for several points, but were obliged to put off again, either from want of wood, or shallowness of the water. Our fastidiousness turned at last to good account, for, making in one direction, at a venture, we found quite a pier of granite, to which we pulled up with deep water. Within twenty yards was a noble pine wood. Our fire was sparkling and fragrant from the pine boughs; one was sensible of the gum when standing by the fire. We had on our way picked up our old mast, which had done service on the way down, in hopes that the wind might prove fair on the morrow. We were not disappointed.

*October 7th.*—We started with the mast up, and made one or two shorter traverses with it, but the course afterwards was too winding, and the wind rather too much in the north to be of service: we were, however, thankful for its aid, as it had carried us quickly to our breakfast spot, which was the very same where we had halted on the morning of July 10th. We now again saw the oaks, a new sight to our little traveller, but pleasant to us, as it told of nearing home.

We started immediately after breakfast to run for the Kettle Falls. But here, in our anxiety to make a short cut, a wrong turn was taken: we wanted to keep up towards the wind, and use it as long as possible. In doing this one error was committed, and each advance only carried us farther and farther wrong; still we hoped

to beat into the other channel, and were rather too proud to turn about. The men, who knew every reach and island on the way, declared that they were out of their reckoning, and knew neither the trees nor rocks which we were passing. I rather encouraged them, I confess, to paddle on, thinking we must find an opening, which would set all right. At last they asked me to consult the compass to ascertain our bearings. Unsailor-like, I had gone without one, but Mr. Miles, on my leaving Moose, had insisted on giving me a small pocket one, declaring it was unsafe to travel without it. On the open sea I had had no occasion for it, but here the men in their difficulty gladly appealed to it. By it we corrected our course, and steered on a little farther, but at last fairly came to a cul-de-sac. Here we had nothing for it but to wheel round, and retrace our way, step by step, until we reached the point, from which they were conscious they had diverged. We had only been speaking, at breakfast, of the wonderful knowledge of a route once traversed, manifested by those of the country, and here was an unexpected puzzle. It almost seemed as if the owl heard by the men in the morning, to which they always attach a superstitious import, had given some token of the day's disaster, as if we might almost say, changing only the bird of evil omen,

*"Sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix."*

We went on the more quickly to make up for lost time; crossed the Pine Lake, and reached the Kettle Falls, two of these we carried, when night closed in and

prevented all farther progress. We had a pleasant night, with the roar of the second Kettle Fall in our ears, all the pleasanter for the little anxiety of the way. It was an additional proof that truth is one and error infinite, and that, when convinced of being in the wrong, the shortest way is, unhesitatingly, to retrace our steps, without striking into by-paths. Two of the men had at the time perceived the deviation from the course, but did not like to remonstrate with the guide and steersman. My confidence in them was not at all shaken by this accidental circumstance; the only wonder is how they thread their way where all the islands in succession are so like each other to a common eye. I once thought that I had the bump of locality, but I find that I want the objects and associations of home; amid the lakes and rivers here I feel entirely at fault. Their minds, however, not being crowded with ideas and recollections from other quarters, nor filled with the histories of other events, each day's adventure fixes itself more deeply on the memory, and leaves a more abiding impression.

*October 8th.*—Started before daylight; made the third Kettle Fall portage, and proceeded onwards, breakfasting directly opposite our sleeping encampment of July 8th. Two spells brought us then in sight of Littleboy's tent, very near to the same spot where we had seen him before. The old man came out on the rock, but his face bore evidence of suffering, and on inquiry, I found that he had a sick household; his son Michael, who, strong and vigorous when we passed along, was now laid down; he complains of pain in his

back and chest, he coughs, and expectorates a good deal, and looks rather consumptive. His daughter, too, a grown up young woman, was even worse still; she has lost all appetite, does not sleep, and scarcely speaks to them at all. She seems to be in that morbid state common among the Indians, when it is difficult to extract a word from them. They say she feels much, having, against her will, been a party to a Metawin feast, and that this preys upon her mind; it appears that, without her knowledge, her name was put down, and they suppose that this implicates them in it; they did it in order to mix her up afresh with their superstitions, and she felt it to be against her Christian profession. But it would be, indeed, carrying the doctrine of intention a great way, to imagine that the will and act of another could thus involve her in sin. I, therefore, begged her to cast off the thought, and to try to pray simply to God; I joined in prayer with them in the tent, and trust it may yet please God to restore them. The father would have gone on with us to-day, but affection keeps him by them.

I then heard that the old man, Baptiste Cameron, was very anxious to see me; he seems very near his end, worn to a skeleton, merely skin and bone. His only covering was his rabbit skin, and one fully believed him when he said he felt very cold. He told me that he had a basket of blueberries for me, and also a goose, of which he begged my acceptance. He asked me to pray for him; he says he does pray, and trusts solely in God's mercy; that his desire is to live a little longer, that he may pray more. I promised to send him a

pair of blankets from the River, the kind gift of the Countess Dowager of Chichester. After prayer with him, I was obliged to leave, and did so with a favourable impression, thinking the old man really in earnest about his soul. Both Adam Landon and he begged me separately, with great earnestness, not to listen to the younger men, who wished the removal of the station from Islington, but rather to be guided by the counsel of the elders, who were all strongly in favour of its continuance there. Such testimony I cannot but feel to be of some weight.

We then started, after leaving some little supply of pemmican and what else we could spare, for the invalids and others. Leaving the English River, we made the two portages across, and then had a pretty long paddle over a lake. It is said to abound with good trout, and has the steepest rocky sides one has seen; the granite is sheer down to the water, giving it a dark appearance, almost like Wastwater, in Cumberland. We had only one more portage, our longest, but our last, bringing us within two miles of the mission station. At the farther end of this we found the remains of a fire kindled during the morning, and thought that some one had been at work clearing the portage for us. Pressing on we reached our destination about an hour after sunset. We expected to find Philip Kennedy all alone from what the Indians had told us, but were rejoiced to hear the voices of the children, and to see some canoes on the bank. He had almost been despairing of our arrival, and had determined to start on Monday for supplies from the Red River, thinking that he dare not

delay longer; he had spent the morning with some of his Indians, as we guessed, in cutting away some of the thick wood across the portage. How opportune therefore was our arrival!

Here I again found letters awaiting me, with good intelligence from the Red River. One also from the Rev. C. Hillyer, from Swan River, on his way to Fort Pelly. We had the tidings confirmed respecting the Rev. P. Jacob, who had spent a couple of days here on his way up: having lost nearly all that he had with him; Philip had kindly assisted him with the little he could spare. The accident seems to have arisen from rashness on the lake, and, had the wind been from land, might have been fatal. I was glad to find nine children still with Philip, and to see them neatly dressed in what had been given them. He had also had a deaf and dumb girl with him, but she leaves to-morrow. I hope at some future day to be able to take her, and made the offer to that effect to her friends. Cases of the kind are by no means common in the country; as many, perhaps, as eight or ten are all which have fallen under my own knowledge. If the plan of an Orphan Asylum (as suggested by the Rev. R. James), should be carried out, a department for those afflicted in this way might be connected with it. I find that David, for whom I had eagerly looked either at the English River encampment or here, is not awaiting me as he promised. This is a grief, the more so as Philip leads me to imagine that he is kept out of my way by the influence of others. But there is one very favourable case, unexpectedly presented to me, a young Lac Seul Indian, who has

been employed for some time as an additional fisherman ; Philip Kennedy speaks of him as one of the most engaging young Indians he has seen ; he has had much pleasing conversation with him, and, the other evening, after speaking to them at prayers regarding baptism and other subjects, the young man had stayed behind, and said, " Niche (my friend), when our great Father comes up, would you pray him to baptize me ?" This request, which seems to have been made in full sincerity, I was willing to comply with, and, being pressed for time, fixed that it should take place the following morning.

*October 9th.*—I scarcely slept so well as usual here, partly from what most experience the first night under a roof after tent travelling, partly from so much passing through the mind from letters, and the arrangements necessary to be made. I had to settle about leaving one of my men here, while Philip went to the Red River with me ; two had overnight professed their willingness to remain ; I now determined that Caleb should be left in charge, and that an Indian should take his place in the canoe. I then proceeded to the baptisms ; the two boys referred to, as given over to us by the Old Pelican, are, it appears, half-brothers of this young Lac Seul Indian. To the latter I gave the name of Edward Foley, after one who has long been an active friend to the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. Ed. Walwyn Foley. The two younger boys were baptized Charles and Peter Foley.

We started soon after ten o'clock ; Mr. Kennedy followed us in a half-sized canoe, with Edward Foley and two other Indians. We went rapidly on with the cur-



rent ; of the route it is unnecessary again to give particulars. We had flying showers all day, but we pressed on ; we might have done a little more, but the other canoe had fallen behind, and we were afraid to part company. We, therefore, halted rather earlier than usual, choosing a nice encampment for the Sunday, and lighting a large fire on a spot where it was sure to be seen by the others. We thought the Indians might have taken a shorter cut, and so missed us altogether, but they came up in about an hour, when it appeared that they had lost ground by putting back for something which had been left behind. We had our evening prayers around the fire, our numbers being now augmented ; we sang,

“ Safely through another week  
God has brought us on our way.”

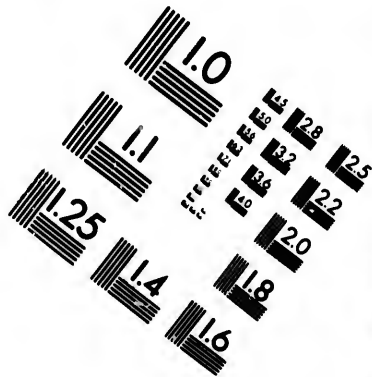
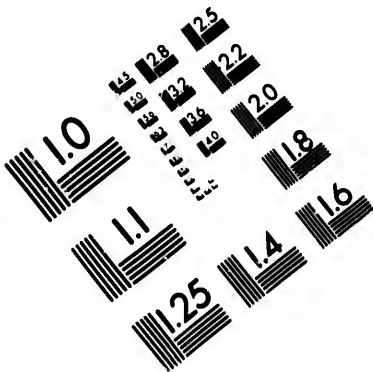
At night we generally chose some hymn pretty well known to all, as there was not light enough to read.

*October 10th.—Sunday.*—Arose for what, we hope, will be our last Sabbath on the way. I would gladly have spent it at Islington, and at an earlier stage of our journey should not have hesitated to do so ; but now, with winter fast approaching, we did not like to lose the Saturday, as we could not feel sure of accomplishing the remainder of the way during the week, had we waited for the Monday. We had slight showers of snow and hail, but it was sufficiently fine to have service in the open air. During the prayers I felt much the force of some passages, the verse in the Psalms for the day, “ I know all the fowls upon the mountains ;”

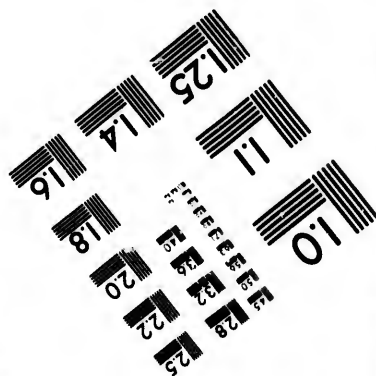
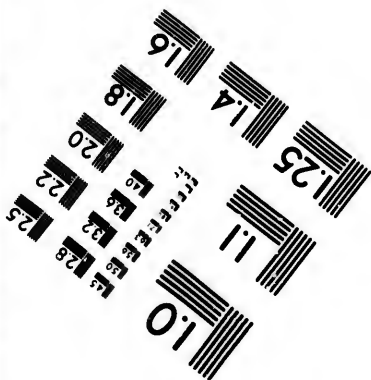
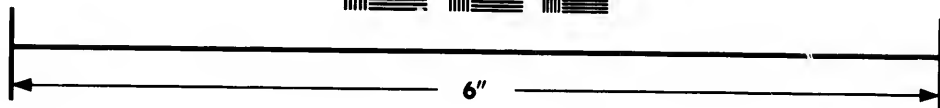
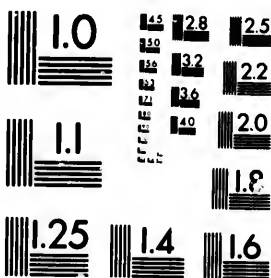
in the second lesson, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter;" and in the first lesson I hope all realized the words (Ez. xx. 20), "Hallow ye my Sabbaths, and they shall be a sign between me and you." I trust that each Sabbath has been thus to us in some measure a sign from the Lord. I preached from Deut. viii. 2—4, "Thou shalt remember all the way," &c., on the wilderness journey of Israel, as typical of the believer's path through life, with passing allusions to our own little journey; this, I selected, as applicable to what may be, in the providence of God, our last meeting together. We sang "From Greenland's icy mountains," to cheer our minds with the hope of a brighter day for the Indians; and, "As when the weary traveller gains," to express our own feelings in the nearer prospect of home. We were, too, on the Eagle Nest Lake, and, in explaining the text, I dwelt a little on that beautiful picture of the providential care of God, "The eagle stirring up her nest, fluttering over her young, spreading abroad her wings, taking them, bearing them on her wings." The whole passage seemed a parable for us. (Deut. xxxii. 9—12.)

I took, in the afternoon, as our subject, the words we had had in the morning lesson, "Take ye heed, watch and pray." (St. Mark xiii. 33.) They furnished me with suitable counsel and warning before parting; I dwelt on the work assigned to each, even the humblest; the uncertainty of the time for carrying it on; the necessity, therefore, of constant watchfulness; and, combined with this, as our only security, continued prayer. Thus closed our last services,—our fifteenth





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Sabbath together, since leaving home. Very varied were they, from our position and circumstances, as the narrative has shown, but none, I hope, without some blessing, both to ourselves and those worshipping with us.

*October 11th.*—Another wintry morning, with very high wind, and, as we proceeded, we had showers of sleet. We made some distance before breakfast. Passed a portage with a long Indian name, sometimes called the Noisy Fall, but the full meaning of which Philip explained to me to be, "The fall which wearies you with hearing the sound." It is one of their poetical compounds, a word which contains a picture within itself. Heartily glad were we to find a fire at the other extremity of our breakfast portage, kindled by the Indians of the smaller canoe; indeed, we had here three immense roaring fires, for myself, my man, and the Indians of the other canoe, and yet a few feet from them it was bitterly cold. Refreshed, however, and in some measure warmed, we set forward for the day's work. We found the ground sprinkled with snow, of which they must have had more than we had. We carried all the portages rapidly, the snow lying on the track, and the leaves falling around us, and before evening we had passed the Slave Fall. As we were taking up our encampment, just beyond it, some Indians were discerned in a bay opposite to the spot, for which we were making. We immediately fired a signal, and this soon brought them across in two canoes; they proved to be relatives of the fisherman in Philip Kennedy's canoe, and the conjuror, whose tent I had visited with so much pain on our first Sunday. He came forward

with the usual salutations, but one saw that there was much constraint with him, and that his brow looked clouded. He is a most insidious character, and a great stumbling-block in our way. By cross questioning the Indians with him, as well as himself, I ascertained a good deal, and in this way I was not sorry that we had met him, as I always like to know the worst beforehand. He has been, I find, the means of keeping David out of my way, and prejudicing his mind; and has been circulating all manner of false reports respecting myself and the object of my journey, among any Indians who would listen to his tales. As I gazed upon him, and felt how he was withstanding the work of God, and injuring, for time and for eternity, his simple-minded fellow-countrymen, I could not but thin<sup>l</sup> of the words, "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord." The case of Elymas, and the words of the Apostle, I could not banish from my mind all the evening, and when he came to say farewell, and stepped into his canoe, there was a feeling of sadness more than one can express. Surely without any judgment or penal infliction, there is upon him "a mist and darkness, and he gropes about seeking some to lead him by the hand." (Acts xiii. 10, 11.)

*October 12th.*—A severe frost during the night; after the paddles had been softened over the fire, and the tents relaxed, we started; the morning was beautiful, clear yet cold, but not so bitter as the cloudy and raw cold of the previous morning. We had often before

prognosticated from the sunset, and been disappointed ; but now our anticipations of fine weather seem likely to be true ; a fine sunset, this bright morning, and a new moon to-morrow, fill us with hope. The last moon had been, throughout, stormy and unsettled. We advanced onwards, opening on the Otter Fall ; after running it, and thus escaping a portage, we glided down a number of small rapids, the swiftness of the current here reminding one of our rapid progress down the Albany River. We afterwards made four successive portages, and not far beyond, three within a stone's cast of each other, some of these dangerous and slippery, though short. The granite rock sheives down to the water, which, when it retires, leaves a green slimy coating, rendering the approach to the canoe very hazardous for the men with their pieces. Indeed, it was difficult to prevent the canoe itself from slipping away ; two had to hold it bow and stern, and their footing was anything but sure. At one of these I made rather a more rapid descent than was pleasant ; my feet slipping, I came down on my back, with my legs in the water, almost under the canoe. It might have proved more severe, and the men, in great alarm, would have persuaded me that I must be hurt, but I only felt shaken a little, and did not suffer afterwards, though jumping at once into the canoe with my clothes pretty well wetted, and remaining so for the rest of the day. We avoided the Pinawa now, wishing to gain all the advantage from the current, where before we had sought to keep out of it, as opposed to us. As we advanced, the river widened upon us, until we came to



the Firebag Lake, the Indian name for the Bonnet ; we crossed it with a beautiful setting sun, nor do I know that we saw a cloud all day. We reached our old encampment of July 1st, and spent here a happy evening ; our feeling was, as all confessed, that we could scarcely realize being so near home, after having anticipated it so long. It was a good day's work to have made eight portages ; we hope to accomplish the remainder, or nearly all, to-morrow.

*October 13th.*—Off before sunrise, the things having been first carried over by the men ; which day should, by rights, claim the portage, seems uncertain, as it was only over the rock on which we had encamped. We then pulled to the next, a short and easy one ; on our way the sun rose beautifully. There had been frost during the night, and ice met us always as we drew to land. We had now reached the Great Bonnet, the formidable portage of this stage. What a change now ! Before, the men were covered with perspiration in carrying over their burden ; now they had to use every exertion, running and clapping their arms across their breast, to keep warmth in them. The first part of the portage was hard, the ground well frozen ; in the middle there was a treacherous coating of ice over the swamps ; at the other extremity there was a steep hill and descent, very wet and dirty. Here, through the quicker movements of those in the lighter canoe, we had a fire prepared for breakfast ; to this we did ample justice, a portage of three quarters of a mile insuring a very good appetite. The wood partridge or pheasant abounded,

and M'Kenzie was successful with the gun, while all was being transported over.

We had now only five portages remaining ; the White Mud Portage was soon made, and another of no great difficulty ; this left us but three. Of these the two first are being joined together, a road having been partially opened through the wood, so as to make one longer portage, and save the double removal of the boat's cargo. I started to walk, not doubting that I should be able to find the new track, but it was not as yet fully marked out, and, by deviating a little, I got into more of a thicket than I expected. I had too in the morning altered somewhat my travelling attire, in the prospect of reaching Fort Alexander. I found, however, that it was vain to scramble with my apron on, so I took it off, and carried it in my hand, and then pushed my way through the wait-a-bit thorns and the fallen logs, and reached the canoe before all was ready for a start. The last was a pretty portage, over hard rock, very joyful to us, though bearing the somewhat melancholy name of the Cypress Portage. Here one of the men had a slight accident ; in running back at full speed for a fresh load, he fell down with great force, and grazed and sprained his arm. I was on the point of cautioning them to be doubly careful over the last, as we had had no accident throughout ; I had read Psalm xci. in the morning, referring to God's providential care over us. Here was a very slight check, as if to remind us that each step we are dependent upon God ; the injury was not great, though the arm was painful and swollen

up. Being so near the end of our journey it was of less consequence ; one of the Indians took his place, and paddled in our canoe.

From this we went on quickly, and reached Fort Alexander just at sunset. Here Mr. Isbister, absent before, was ready to welcome us. We found that Mr. Sinclair, chief factor of Lac la Pluie, is to winter here ; Mrs. Sinclair and family I saw, but he, after having waited for me some time, had been obliged to go off to Red River. We heard here of the York boats, which had been much delayed, and had suffered from severe weather ; this will, in some measure, have prepared them for our being so late. I found letters too, not from the Red River, but some from England and Canada, which had come by Sault St. Marie, and had been left here for me. I sat for some time reading them, and then retired to rest, telling my man to call me before sunrise, if the morning was fine.

*October 14th.*—We were up with the dawn, the wind was not in our favour, but it was a most lovely day. A short paddle brought us down to the Great Lake, the surface of which was like glass. If the Romæn spoke of the Mediterranean as “Our Sea,” so do all here call this “Our Lake,” or “The Lake,” without any more distinctive appellation. It is, indeed, a noble expanse of water, and as we opened upon it, even after the lakes we had passed over, it seemed like an inland sea. We had, however, only to skirt a corner of it, from the outlet of the Winnipeg to the mouth of the Red River. We could not have seen it under more favourable circumstances ; the day broke out in full beauty

as the sun gained strength, and this week has been the only continued fine weather since we left Moose. We met quite a regatta as we proceeded, boats and canoes from Red River going out for the fall fishing, the want of crop having made many more dependent on this for their winter supply. They were chiefly Canadians, but some of our own people, who do not generally go, were forced, by the necessity of the season, to have recourse to the net. We saw, in this way, some thirty or forty boats and canoes; the cheerful salutation was exchanged in passing, or a shout given to those tented by their stages on shore. All the men of the Fort and the Indians were absent for the same purpose, so that I had no conference with the Little Duck, regarding the establishment of a school there.

We pushed on throughout the day as fast as we could, knowing well that the low banks on this side the lake would not, for some distance, afford us camping ground. Philip had to-day volunteered to take the place of the one who was disabled, in order to be near me, and have a little conversation. Towards evening we kept in shore, hoping to find a resting-place near the mouth of the Broken Head River, in which case I might have gone up to the school, seen it, and spent the night there. But spot after spot we tried in vain; the water was so high on the lake, that all was flooded among the willows; we therefore were obliged to continue on, and a good deal beyond the river, found a point where we landed for our evening meal, but here there was hardly dry ground enough to spread the tent, and scarcely any fuel to kindle a fire. With difficulty we

gathered sticks to boil our kettle, and determined to be off again in search of something better. We paddled on for two or three hours, and at last, reached the island near the mouth of the Red River, on which Mr. James was wind-bound, and near which one of our poor settlers had been drowned in 1850. We were not, indeed, much better off here, for, being a common harbour of refuge for all boats entering the river, the larger wood has long ago disappeared. It was in vain to long for the pines, and one felt that mercies are tolerably equalized, and that, with the blessings of basket and store in greater abundance at the Red River, it wanted some things which one enjoyed without check or limit by the way. We were quite willing however to make a short night of it, as our last, and so cared the less about our encampment and its scanty fire.

*October 15th.*—Leaving the island betimes, and keeping along the southern channel, we were soon in the river, which generally appears tedious, when one thinks of being near home after a long journey. We made a considerable distance against current before resting for breakfast; we were here somewhat better off for wood, a good deal of large timber having drifted down with the May flood, indeed, the marks of it met the eye at every bend, in the *débris* of houses, bridges, and building material of all sorts. We now made our toilet, as approaching the civilized world, and we had on the bank our last morning's devotions together. We had knelt on the sandy beach and in the boat; on the grass, and upon the snow, on the rock, not, perhaps, worn before

Sæpe salutantum tactu, præterque meantum,

and now we joined, before separating, in blessing God for every travelling mercy by the way. It was pleasant to have had those with whom one could thus hold communion; how comparatively tedious would have been the journey, how lonely my Sabbaths, if those around me had been, as is often the case, strangers to our faith. To my own crew I felt obliged for their cheerful and unvarying good humour, their willingness to oblige, and their indefatigable energy throughout. We had been longer together than I contemplated, and the homeward journey, with its frequent delays, had presented more to try their patience and equanimity. This was our 110th day, making sixteen weeks all but two days; by an odd coincidence the very period occupied by the Bishop of Newfoundland in his Visitation journey in 1849, his fourth missionary trip in the church ship.

We did not delay longer than was necessary, and starting off, the men, in their scarlet costume, reached the Indian settlement soon after eleven o'clock. To see the first Indian cottage, the first fenced field, and the domestic cattle grazing around, was a great joy; they gave the impression of a measure of comfort and plenty. Pigwys, the chief, caught sight of me from the bank, and waved his cap in welcome; but at the parsonage I took them by surprise, entering, and summoning Mr. Cochran from one of the upper rooms. Very cordial and affectionate was the greeting, he was at once eager to keep me, and eager to send me on to those anxiously looking out for me at home. My good horse had been awaiting me here for about three weeks, having been sent down at the time which I had named as the pro-

able period of my return. Finding this, I sent on the men with the canoe, promising to meet them at the Lower Fort. This gave me a little time with Mr. and Mrs. Cochran; my pupils have, I find, returned to their old quarters, a fortnight ago. There is too an arrival at my own house of one I hope for future usefulness in the diocese, Mr. G. O. Corbett, sent to aid me in the work by the Colonial Church Society; he and his wife had come, by way of St. Peter's, from Montreal.\* Very much cheered was Mr. Cochran at the tidings from Moose and Albany: he gave me in return a pretty favourable account of the harvest. His own people had been dismayed and scattered for a season by some foolish report of the Sioux being at hand, but this had soon passed away, and all were again tranquil. I took with them an early dinner, crossed the river, and, mounting Blond, enjoyed a good trot to the Lower Fort, a pleasure from which I had been debarred for four months.

I reached the Stone Fort as soon as my men, and saw the things landed from the canoe, which will not go up any higher. All was changed here since I left, from the departure of Governor Colville and his lady. Another change I was grieved to find: Mr. Donald Ross, chief factor, who was on the bank when I left, apparently in his usual health, being now confined to a sick bed. I paid him a short visit, having letters for him; I was much shocked by the change in his appearance, but he seemed much cheered by seeing me. I thought him

\* Mr. Corbett was admitted to deacon's orders, December 19.

very ill, but scarcely imagined his end was so near as it proved; being necessarily much occupied after my long absence, I only saw him once afterwards, as he sank rapidly before the end of the next month. He was a man of great uprightness of character, much respected in the service, and beloved by the Indians of Rossville, Norway House, where he had been in charge twenty-two years.

I found here some new faces, of those who had come out by the ship, and was glad to meet Mr. Kirkby, the training-master, sent out by the Church Missionary Society to take charge of the school at St. Andrew's. He walked alongside of my horse for some time, as I could not afford time to stop at the Rapids. It was rather late to ride up the eighteen miles, but I was unwilling that any one should carry up the tidings of my arrival—I determined, therefore, to make the attempt. In this I should certainly have failed, had I not met, soon after leaving the Fort, Mr. Ross's eldest son, one of my own scholars, who kindly offered to turn with me. Finding that he was not expected down this evening, I gladly accepted his proposal to act as my conductor, for, though I knew every foot of the road as it was before, its direction was now in many places entirely altered. The bridges, which had been swept away by the flood, had not yet been replaced, mere temporary bridges being thrown across the creeks at different points. These I should never have found in the dark; so that, with the exception of the afternoon of the thunderstorm, I should not have run a greater risk all the way, than I should now have incurred if I had ridden up to the settlement alone



that night. It was thus impossible to get over the ground quickly, but we passed along greeted by some who heard the horses and came out. I could not pass the Middle Church without shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, and a cup of tea was quickly prepared for me, and I then pressed on till I saw at last the lights of my own dwelling about eight o'clock. I alighted at the gate and stole softly in, not wishing the tread of the horses to discover us. I entered the hall unheard, and was in the sitting-room some seconds before my good sister, who was busily engaged writing, was conscious of my presence. When I spoke, she looked up, and my little boys, who had just gone up for the night, caught the sound of the voice at the same moment, except the youngest, who was already fast asleep, and could not be aroused, and who would scarcely believe the tidings when told him in the morning. I was in time for our evening prayers: the delight and deep thankfulness of which I leave to others to imagine.

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Such was the conclusion of a very happy journey. The Narrative has swollen upon me, and grown far beyond what I had expected. It may include much which, under other circumstances, might have been omitted, but when the world is shut out, the little scene before the eye occupies a much greater breadth than it would otherwise possess. The great and little in the solitude of the wilderness are very different from what they would be in a state of civilization; it would, perhaps,

be nearer the truth to say, that the former can scarcely be found.

It is, however, no unfaithful picture of the field in which God has called me to labour, a picture of the land as a whole, with the exception of the Red River Settlement. It is for such as those herein described that my winter as well as my summer thoughts are much exercised—by what shall they rise—how shall they be supported, taught, civilized, and prepared for heaven?

If any of my readers have followed with interest some of the characters described, they will receive with pleasure some additional particulars. The aged Baptiste Cameron died soon after my last visit to him; the young daughter of Adam Landon was taken away in less than a fortnight. Her brother has been raised up by God, and is much stronger, and has manifested a great improvement through the winter. The bodies of the two deceased, according to their request before death, were brought from English River to Islington, and lie there interred.

Islington has given us much more encouragement during the last six months. Two houses have been erected, the one for Adam Landon, the other for Abraham James, and the sight of their comfortable settlement seems to have been blessed to the young. They are more anxious to build themselves, they have remained more steadily around the place, and have not been once to the Red River during the winter. David has expressed a great wish to come in, and carry out his intention of being baptized, and if I live until next month I hope he may arrive with good Philip in the Rose, which

has wintered at Islington, and be baptized, if God permit, before my departure for the north.

From Moose I have heard but once; often, however, do I think of my kind friends and the affectionate Indians there. The peculiar advantages of this Eastern Mission I am anxious here to state, so far as they have suggested themselves to my mind, and, as only fair in connexion with these, any disadvantages or drawbacks. The chief advantages I would sum up shortly as follows:—

1. It will be comparatively an inexpensive mission. The proximity to the Bay and ship saves a very large outlay on inland freight, which presses heavily on the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and Fairford. All the Indians, too, are in the employment of the Honourable Hudson Bay Company, and therefore their support does not weigh so much on the minister and the Church Missionary Society.

2. There is an immediate return or harvest of souls. This arises, in some measure, from the soil having been previously turned up and cultivated by the Wesleyans, and in the interval, since their departure, having been carefully watched over and fostered by those in authority.

3. The difficulty of the language is, in some measure, overcome. This is mainly owing to the persevering assiduity of Mr. Horden, who allowed himself no rest until he acquired a sufficient knowledge of it for the purposes of conversation, and beyond that for prayer and religious explanation.

4. There is an easy communication with many inland

spots. There is the chain of posts in the Rupert's House district, there is the Moose and Albany quarter, all these are in a manner accessible and open.

5. Its nearness to the Esquimaux, another distinct tribe to be overtaken, and, from the experience of others, a tribe not very much opposed to the offers of the Gospel. Some years may probably elapse before they can be fully approached, but I sometimes think that, if permitted by God to live to behold a station planted at Ungava Bay to gather in the scattered remnant of that people from the southern shores of the Straits, and even if it might be to bring those of the northern shores within the glad sound; I could then almost say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

The only disadvantages which occur to me are—

1. The want of a settlement. This would be especially desirable for the aged, for orphans, and young people. I know well that the circumstances of the country, the want of provisions, the difficulties of agriculture, are very formidable barriers; but still I hope that there may gradually be some spot selected and marked out where, while the husband hunts, he might leave his wife and children, near the means of grace.

2. The want of frequent communication with myself. This is a very minor point; those engaged in the work will feel it more than I do. From Fort George I have not heard once, and probably no letter of comfort or encouragement from me, has yet reached Mr. and Mrs. Watkins. They are practically nearer to England than they are to me. I can thus do comparatively little for them, but my object has been to plant the Church

in as secure and yet as independent a position as possible in that quarter. I would leave the work with great confidence in the hands of those whom God in his providence has placed in that isolated portion of His vineyard: I could wish that they had the refreshment of intercourse with their brethren at Red River, the solace of Christian communion and fellowship, but God, if humbly sought, will be better to them than any earthly counsellor, and, when cut off from all worldly comforts in the wilderness, the hidden well will be revealed in double preciousness to the soul.

To Sir G. Simpson, the Governor-in-chief, my best thanks are due for facilitating my journey by his instructions to all the officers in charge along the route. To all connected with the Company at every post which I visited, I would return my warmest and most cordial acknowledgments for their great personal attentions. I wish it were in my power to return or repay their kindness. This I cannot do; but if we succeed in elevating and raising the country, all will share in some degree in the advantages which may thence accrue.

This, however, is only a beginning, a small commencement in one direction. The net has been cast on the southern shores of the Bay, but of the Hudson Bay there still remain Severn, and York, and Churchill; and of the territory itself, how vast a portion still unenlightened? The thought of what has been done leads one the more to realise what may yet be done, and while overflowing gratitude was, I hope, the first emotion in one's bosom on returning, only second to it was the deep and ardent longing for souls, increased by every sight

and sound while absent. The field is mighty and extended, and we are not to rest while any sit in darkness from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains. Surely, then, the spirit and energy of the Roman conqueror ought to animate the soldiers of the Cross, and his motto be transferred to a nobler cause—

“ Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.”

“ He reckoned not the past whilst aught remain'd,  
Great, to be done, or mighty, to be gain'd.”

ROWE'S LUCAN.

Such were the predominant feelings in my mind on returning home, and they found their best expression in the words of the prophet, from which, on the following Sunday, I sought to review the past, and to encourage myself and others to stretch into the future—to arise and possess the land—words whose imagery brought the past Sabbaths vividly before me, and which needed not explanation to any of my hearers.

*“ Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes: for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.”*

ISAIAH liv. 2, 3.

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