

It was in 1874 that the good old Evangelical Church Missionary Society sent us out, in company as far as Winnipeg, with Bishop and Mrs. Bompas, Mr. Hines and Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. The city of some 5,000 inhabitants was reached by steamer down the Red River; for no iron horse had as yet snorted there where now night is practically turned into day by the sound of this modern steed among some 250,000 human beings. The dear and venerable Archdeacon Cowley accompanied us to our objective point, viz:- Touchwood Hills. The old Red River Cart (the "music" of ~~which could often be heard from afar~~) was the chief article of transport drawn by oxen, and the journey occupied a month, while now it is accomplished by train in about twelve hours. On this memorable journey we encountered the plague of grasshoppers which fell in vast numbers over the Prairie, and seemed likely to devour everything that suited their taste. To look at them in the air at about 10 A. M. they presented the appearance of a snow storm, and as they fell the cart ruts were a mass of moving creatures. We called at Fort Ellice and Fort QU'Appelle; and the proverbial hospitality of the Hudson Bay Company under the local supervision of Chief Factor Archibald McDonald at the former place, and Mr. McLean at the latter, may well be mentioned.

It was at Fort Ellice we were met by a real Indian Missionary in the person of Charles Pratt, who accompanied us to the Mission at the south end of the Little Touchwood Hills. There with this earnest Christian, eloquent preacher and most hardy Indian we spent the first winter under his roof. In this house gospel services were regularly held, and it was wonderful to see Charles open his English Bible, and at sight translate quite fluently both in Cree and Toto; and earnestly did he seek to convince his fellow countrymen of the truths of Christianity. "Some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not".