

September to him in his dreams to make any particular communication. Thus it was in this case.

— Mr. Kay has the organ for the Church of England mission at Owen Lake in his house. They were delighted to find that I could play it especially Mr. Donald. Altho' I abhor these harmoniums yet to please them I played - we sang also. Mr. Donald played some jigs on the fiddle, Mr. Kay the triangle made of No. 6 telegraph wire. At 2-30 a.m. went a red-letter day for loneliness & quiet St. Pitt - we comprised the whole of the white people. Truly one might say - to live in St. Pitt is to be buried alive.

Saturday 15  
fine  
warm

Several hours were consumed in ferrying horses, carts & outfit across the river. — By noon in the afternoon we began the ascent of the long <sup>steep</sup> hill on the south bank of the Saskatchewan. The country is rolling and dotted with bluffs making it quite picturesque. Water is abundant in ponds, the soil is rather light & in depressions a little alkaline, here & there are stream boulders - all granite. After a two hours drive we had already an experience of indian & half bred slovenliness, the flies being bad the horses kept shaking their heads & one in so doing shook off the bridle the bridle not having a throat latch - the horse ran away, upset cart, contents & driver, he ran & kicked till he was free of everything - of the cart nothing was left together but the axle & wheels. — Mr. Macara & I in short time repaired all - harness & cart. I estimated the contents were only bedding, seats & other unbreakables. We were delayed nearly an hour & then proceeded reaching by night a pretty lake & good Camp ground, about 19 miles from Pitt. —