

tion that will people the great plain, try and count up the Indian tribes and bands that have never received the gospel! And, we submit, is there not a work equal to the powers of united Methodism?

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

I returned to Edmonton with Sandford Fleming, Esq., and party. It was most gratifying to make the acquaintance of these intelligent and Christian gentlemen. If all travellers in Indian countries were to manifest the same good principles, and treat the Indians as did the Chief Engineer and party, there would be few Indian wars. My companions were intent on collecting information. The clerical Secretary, whose addresses were models of evangelical truth, often interrogated the writer on the subject of Missions; but we thought best to keep silent until we reached the Saskatchewan, and let facts speak for themselves. Some of the notes taken by the Secretary, and occasionally read at the camp fire, were very suggestive.

HAVE MISSIONS BEEN SUCCESSFUL?

In answer to the question, Have missions been successful among the natives? a gentleman, who considers himself an oracle, replied "No! The Protestants have made no converts; the Roman Catholics some; but, without exception, they are a set of infernal scoundrels." Another gentleman, who has had a long experience on the McKenzie River, was requested to give testimony. He was no admirer of men who turn the world upside down, and ridiculed the idea that the poor Indian was a brother, but said he was bound to state that in many places polygamy had nearly disappeared, and that life, once held so cheap by the natives—particularly that of infants and aged persons—was now valued; and that murder, formerly considered no crime, was, in the neighborhood of missions, rarely committed. The question was then put,—"Do you think any of the natives have been converted? Have they experienced a change of heart?" This question was too difficult for the educated Englishman. Like one of old, he could not understand how a man could be born again. Saturday, the 25th

of August, we reached the beautiful valley that lies in the rear of the Victoria Mission, and, in company with the Doctor, we at once visited the fort and parsonage, announcing that a stranger would preach to them on the morrow. Sabbath was a day never to be forgotten by those who participated in the services.

THE CITY PREACHER.

The city preacher had never before ministered to a native congregation. The clean, orderly appearance of both old and young, and the hearty singing of the Sabbath-school children, deeply moved the preacher, and many tears were dropped on that day.

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY.

At the close of the Sabbath-school, the Chief Engineer handed me \$10, which he subsequently made \$20, remarking, in his own quiet way, "We can ask for no stronger proofs of success than that which we have witnessed this day in these sixty Sabbath-school children." Before we parted at Edmonton, this humane gentleman proposed a question, the answer to which has given us anxiety for many years, and yet, in our limited circumstances, it is difficult to say what could be done. It is probable that in no part of the world there are, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, so many blind, lame, and destitute, as in the Saskatchewan. At every mission and Company's post you will find from ten to twenty of this class, and notwithstanding the liberality of the traders and the efforts of the missionaries, many perish from actual destitution. Many of this class are respectable widows, and worthy members of our church.

AN ASYLUM.

The Chief Engineer suggested that an asylum should be located at some of the missions, where these unfortunate beings would be cared for.

STATE OF INDIAN TRIBES.

Of the wretched plain tribes it may be truthfully said that the cup of their calamity is full. Solely dependent on the buffalo, the time of their utter desolation cannot be far off. The thoughtful of these red men often tell us, "When