

# WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

MAY 1st, 1871.

## SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

VICTORIA.

*Letter from the Rev. G. McDougall, dated Jan. 10th, 1871.*

### THE PESTILENCE

Still lingers amongst us, but has assumed a milder form; and yet there is much room for anxiety. The Plain food we eat was collected by infected hands, and the stores brought into the country by the company, were all exposed to the infection of small-pox. Every effort is being made to drive out the destroyer. The people of Victoria erected a building for a hospital, and taxed themselves seventy-five cents a month, each male, over and above providing fuel and provisions; and up to this date, the good Lord has signally blessed their efforts. We have now a little breathing time for reviewing the past summer and fall; and the picture presented to the mind is a dark one. Whole families have disappeared from among the living: scores of widows and orphans are wandering in the Plains, in the most destitute condition.

### WANT OF FOOD.

The panic created by the scourge disarranged all our hunting plans; and, last fall, very little provisions were collected for the winter. And now a messenger arrives from the Plains to inform us that the buffalo are at least 200 miles south, and that between us and them the prairies are burnt, preventing them from coming into the Saskatchewan. In addition to this, the H. B. Company's stores are empty; and hundreds of people are in danger of starvation. At Victoria and White Fish Lake, we are the best off communities in the country; but even here, our provisions would not last for a month. But one of the

blessings of Christianity and civilization is, it prepares men for these emergencies: our people will listen to advice,—and we are now taking active measures to provide a supply of fish. Our lot is a hard one; but in the case of many, it is sanctified. I have never witnessed greater union among our people: the work of grace is evidently progressing in their souls.

### HAPPY DEATHS.

We have lately witnessed some happy deaths. December 14th.—Joseph La Patac died in great peace. He was the son of the celebrated Chief La Patac, and one of the young Crees who accompanied me as far as the Mississippi, when on my way to Canada. Joseph once delighted in war; he was noted as a horse-thief; and so ungovernable was his temper, that he was regarded as a dangerous man by his best friends; but the Lord laid his hand upon Joseph, and great was the change. In a conversation with him, two days before his death, he remarked, "I now understand why I have been afflicted; it is all mercy." Reaching out his poor withered arm, he said, "Sickness has changed the appearance of that arm, but oh! Jesus has changed my heart a great deal more: where pride and revenge once reigned, there is nothing but love now." A few hours before he died, I administered to him the Lord's Supper, when he remarked to my son, "That will do, I have now done with this world. Oh! what has Jesus done for me!"—Many are the affecting scenes we witness among this strange people!