

but for the assurance that numbers have died in the triumph of our faith, our work would be most discouraging.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Hardistie, of Fort Edmonton. Two hundred of the St. Albert people are reported dead, and many are sick I fear there. There will be great distress this winter, the fall hunt being a failure.

When I left for Red River, I had three good horses; I took two with me, leaving one with Mrs. McDougall. The Blackfeet, during a thunder storm,

stole the horse from the door yoke, and also killed one of our cows; but these are small matters compared to the loss some have sustained. My most intelligent neighbors believe that Jesuitism is at the bottom of all our Blackfeet troubles. One thing we do know, that we have been represented to them as harboring their enemies, killing their people, &c. If ever the rights and liberties of British subjects are enjoyed by Saskatchewanites, the world shall know some of the dark deeds of the past two years.

*Letter from the Rev. G. McDougall, dated Victoria Mission, Dec. 2nd, 1870.*

When I wrote you last, our people, accompanied by my son, were starting for the Plains. We used every precaution to prevent all that were infected with small-pox from going with the party. I followed them to their first encampment, and there we detected small-pox, and had the family removed. Thanks to the great Preserver of life no other case occurred among them during their long sojourn. This was the more remarkable, as they passed over a part of the country where the Blackfeet had left scores of their dead in an unburied state. At one place they passed the tent of the celebrated Chief Nah-doo, the principal murderer of our Mas-ke-pe-toon. An enemy more to be dreaded than the Cree had overtaken him; and now, surrounded by numbers of his dead warriors, his body was left to be devoured by wolves. From a pole projecting at the top of the tent floated a Union Jack and the warrior's coat, mounted with ermine. We have not yet ascertained the number of Blackfeet who have died with small-pox; but, judging by the number of unburied bodies left at each encampment, the mortality must have been very great. In the Upper Saskatchewan, not including the Blackfeet, there cannot have been less than one thousand deaths; at the French Half-breed settlement, near Edmonton, three hundred have died, and many are still afflicted. Our position at Victoria has been a trying one. The more intelligent of our people, who acted upon advice given them in the early part of the season, have escaped the disease. There

has been but one case here among the English half-breeds; and our old Chief, who, with a part of his band fled to the woods on the breaking out of the disease, has, up to this date, escaped the sickness.

Yet great have been the sufferings we have witnessed. Our Mission has been a centre to which the diseased from all parts came destitute of food; and, in dread of the Blackfeet, they crowded around the Mission house. We have had to bury the dead and wait upon the dying. In these labours we have been nobly assisted by the H. B. Company's officers, who, at the risk of their lives, have never failed at the post of duty.

September 25th.—The disease first appeared in my own family; and on the 13th of October our youngest daughter, aged eleven years, died. How precious to our bleeding hearts her dying words! Flora loved the Saviour.

October 23rd.—We are now passing through deep waters, all prostrate with the fearful disease except Mrs. McDougall—and she exhausted with watching. Yesterday I felt it was high time to set my house in order. For two nights my mind has been wandering, and what course the disease may take I cannot tell; but I bless God, come what will, I feel all is right. I feel I am an unworthy sinner, but a sinner saved by grace. I had a long conversation with my much beloved daughter, Georgiana, and gave her directions as regards the future. Little did I think, as she stood beside me the