sionary Secretary, to become the successor of the late George McDougall as missionary to the Blackfeet, he consented after much thought and prayer, and together we left civilized Ontario for the distant West in June 1880. A record of the journey was published by Dr. Alexander Sutherland in "A Summer in Prairieland." Frequent have been our travels together in the west, in the early days, but in these latter times our paths lie in different directions.

In March 1884 the departing snows of hoary winter found the writer travelling over the prairie. having the Devil's Head as a notable landmark and our destination the mountain village of Morley.

The iron way running along the valley of the Bow, awakened reminiscences of the days that are gone, and gave indications of prospective wealth, populous cities, rustic health and happiness amid the rugged glory and grandeur of our Canadian Alps.

The setting sun shone brightly on the snow-clad mountains as we crossed the Ghost River madly rushing on to swell the waters of the Bow, and through the deepening gloom we rode into the harmonious settlement to enjoy the sounds of the pleasant voices that first we heard in days of yore.

A royal welcome, a pleasant chat, and we entered the church to partake of the intellectual repast afforded at the missionary meeting. Excellent sermons were preached on Missionary Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Presbyterian minister of Calgary. Addresses on missions were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Robertson and the writer.

An important feature in the meeting was the addresses by the Stoney chiefs and the singing of the orphanage children.

Chief Bears paw said:—
"When I look upon you I am happy.
I remember when we were all in heathenish darkness, and now we are in a missionary meeting with three missionaries to talk to us of the love of God. My heart is full. I am thankful to God for all his goodness."

Chief Chinique said:—"I am glad to be here. I love to hear of what God is doing in saving men's souls. We ought to be thankful tor all that God has done for us. I am glad to be allowed to give something to send the Gospel to those who know nothing of the Saviour's love."

Chief Jacob said:—"When I look on these orphanage children, I am indeed very happy. We have never received an education, and we did not care much about our children being taught, as we did not see that there would be any bene-

fit in it. But when I listen to their singing, and see them look so neat and clean, I am thankful to the missionaries, and to all the people that help us, and to God. Our people are poor, but we are glad to be able to give to the cause of missions, and we give what we have with a cheerful heart."

A thrill ran through the large audience when all the Stonies sang, with intense, enthusiasm, a hymn that they had learned from the lips of the devoted Rundle.

Over two hundred and sixty dollars was subscribed at the meeting. This was one of the grandest missionary meetings the writer ever attended.

Next day we visited the school under the care of Miss McDougall, and a feeling of surprise took possession of us when, after examining the children thoroughly, we became aware of the difficulties to be overcome and noted the success.

We conducted examinations in reading, spelling, geography and arithmetic, and the results were creditable to all concerndation thing the Lading sheet

ed in aiding this Indian school.

In the evening a lecture, "Might and Right," was delivered to a very good audience by the writer. The collection taken vap in aid of the Blood Indian Mission was excellent.

was excellent.

We visited the orphanage, and found voer a dozen boys and girls, clean, neatly dressed, and happy. There was a familiarity amongst the children that made it feel like home. One little fellow was brought in, a Stoney arab, in rags and filth. In two hours he had passed through all the initiation ceremonies of hair-cutting, washing, and donning a suit of cloths. The change was amusing, and full of interest to Indians and whites. This lad was subsequently named George McLean.

It was interesting to witness the missionary enthusiasm of the Stonies. The day after the meeting some of them went out amongst their friends as volunteer collectors. One friend returned with a dollar he had received from a Blackfoot woman.

The work among the Stoney Indians has continued satisfactory, the Orphanage named after the Hero of the Saskatchewan has been enlarged, and a blessed future awaits all such industrial institutions, when well equipped and properly managed.

The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha and we pray that many red men may find through this zealous missionary the way of peace.