

Flathead nation; was trained at the Jesuit Mission at the west side of the Rocky Mountains; was soundly converted at the Victoria Mission, probably the first of her tribe to embrace the Gospel of Christ. She lived a consistent Christian and died a triumphant death. Her body was brought over 200 miles by her friends in order that she might receive a Christian burial.

Sophia Bird was a native woman, brought up in the family of the late Dr. Bunn, of Red River, and though for many years a regular attendant at Church, was, nevertheless, a stranger to godliness. Last spring she was taken ill, and from the first believed that her sickness was unto death. Her mind was greatly alarmed, and with strong cries and tears she sought and found the Saviour. Dr. Taylor will remember the sick woman that had to be helped to the communion rail. Great had been her anxiety to be present at the Church opening, and the doctor's was the last sermon she was ever to hear. Her end was not only peaceful but triumphant.

She literally preached Christ with her latest breath.

William Rowland was, in many respects a remarkable man. He entered the H. B. Company's service in 1822; had made 27 trips from the Rocky Mountains to York and back in the Company's boats; and was connected with one of the Arctic expeditions. Last spring he moved from Fort Pitt to Edmonton and settled beside us. From the first he was a faithful attendant on public worship, and for some months appeared to be deeply anxious about his soul. I was from home when he died, but our young Missionary and Mrs. McDougall, who repeatedly visited him, believed there was hope in his death. The afternoon before he died he called his numerous family around him (some of these heads of families), and exhorted them to give their hearts to God, telling them it was his dying request that they should never neglect public worship. A blessed influence has followed these deathbed scenes. To God we ascribe the glory.

## MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER.

*From the Rev. John McDougall, dated Morleyville, Bow River Sept. 25th, 1873.*

In accordance with our appointment to commence a Mission at Bow River, and as soon as we possibly could get ready, after coming back from Benton, where we had gone with Dr. Taylor, we started on our journey out to this place. There being no regular transportation lines in the North-west, we have for the most part to meet the difficulty of moving from one place to another, by carrying the passengers and freighting the goods and supplies ourselves. Consequently, your Missionary found himself at the head of a brigade of ten carts and one double-waggon. To drive these, along with some loose horses and cows, there were three men and myself.

My brother, who accompanied us for the purpose of settling out here, had with him ten carts; besides there were eight others, belonging to some families going out to winter with us, and see for themselves the goodly country to which we were going. In all, our party numbered thirty-five souls and twenty-nine vehicles.

On the 22nd October, bidding our

kind friends and fellow missionaries good-bye, we started from Edmonton. The weather was extremely cold, and the Saskatchewan was full of drifting ice, which made crossing very difficult. After nearly two days' hard work, and not without some considerable risk to life and property, we found ourselves camped at last on the south-side of the river.

For several days the weather continued cold, and then a change for the better, and one more favorable to the comfort of our wives and little ones took place. In the meantime a slight calamity occurred in the freezing of all our potatoes for the trip and winter. So good-bye to anything of that sort until we can raise them for ourselves.

Blessed with fine weather we journeyed along prosperously, and having crossed Battle, Mediæval and Elk Rivers, we found ourselves, Saturday, the 1st Nov., among numerous herds of buffalo. A general run ensued, and quite a number of fat cows were killed. Thank the Lord! For if we have no vegetables