

on the part of the people. The head Chief remarked, "Some of us have been two days without food, but the joy of our hearts has made us forget our hunger." The best was to come; fifty spoke in the love-feast, and when we remember how few have been their privileges, the depth of their Scriptural experience demonstrated the work to be of God. Late in the evening we separated, feeling that the Sabbath just spent had been one of the most successful days of our missionary life. To God we ascribe the glory.

Monday morning we met in council. First the boundary line between their hunting grounds and that of the Blackfeet and Crees was settled, so there may be no confusion when the Commissioners arrive. They received advice as to their treatment of travellers and settlers. They were counselled to regard the whiskey trader as their most deadly enemy. They were also advised not to give their daughters to the Blackfeet, for though at peace now with that tribe, in case of war the women would be murdered. Then was repeated the old appeal for a Mission at Bow River. The head Chief, Bear's Paw, was the first to speak, and brought to my mind the words of Archbishop Whately—"That no barbarous people can rise to civilization without help." He said,—"We are like men filled with sorrow to-day, and crushed with a dread of to-morrow. We see the natural resources of our country rapidly disappearing,—strange tongues tingle in our ears, warning us that a race stronger than we are approaching; we cannot believe ourselves that the good and Great Spirit will suffer his poor children to perish, but we have no resources within ourselves,—our past habits are all against us. No implements with which to begin,—no centre around which to rally. We often sit by the graves of our fathers and talk of the past, and tremble at the future. Friends of the lost, put us on the right track! Tell our praying fathers, when you meet them at Red River, that we send the salutations of our nation to them. We are all their people." I should like to give a synopsis of what was said by these noble natives, but it would be too lengthy. We were glad to have them introduce the subject. There are many and weighty reasons why we should

have a Mission at the Chief Mountain,—

1st. It will not interfere with the interests of Woodville, for it will be 150 miles distant.

2nd. It will bring us in direct communication with the Blackfeet, and at the same time give us the protection of a faithful band of Christian Indians, many of whom can speak both Blackfeet and Choctine.

3rd. The Station will be in the centre of one of the finest parts of the Dominion, not excepting the best counties in Ontario.

4th. It will be at the entering point of one of the most desirable passes in the mountain range.

5th. We shall be near the frontier and can protect our people, already beset by unprincipled traders from the American side. It is important for the present that immediate action be taken. Last fall the Jesuits sent a man to build a house and take a claim, but the opposition of the Stoneys led them to withdraw for the present. I intend, (p.v.), May 25th, to meet the Mountain Stoneys, at the South branch of the Red Deer River, and proceed with them to inspect their country, select a spot for a Mission, and also help them to stake out an Indian Reserve, this must be done immediately or we shall be crowded out by American adventurers.*

Monday evening, after a general shake hands, I left for home. My encampment accorded with my feelings, it was solitary. A red breast perched on a poplar and sweetly singing his evening hymn, reminded me of boyhood's happy days and a far off Canadian home; the white geese, bound for the north, when they saw my camp-fire, cheered as they passed; ten thousand frogs shouted their joy for returning spring. After attending to my horses I placed my saddle for my pillow, and my saddle clothes for under-spread, and wrapping myself in my robe lay down to rest, but not to sleep. The scenes of the past three days came vividly before my mind, and I felt my faith in Missions grow stronger, and I blessed the God of Missions for the privilege of being a pioneer in the glorious work, and that he has given me a son who is an active co-worker. Seven

* This has since been done.—EDS.