

My second effort was at Whitefish Lake, where much had been done by Bro. Steinhaur towards enlightening and elevating the minds of the senior members of the Mission; but alas! the youthful mind was neglected, as there was no person in the district who would engage in the arduous but happy task of teaching the school; and it was with difficulty that anything could be done, as I could not speak Cree, and my pupils did not understand English. Soon, however, this difficulty was overcome, for by close application I soon learned to speak a few words of Cree, and the scholars began to pick up the English,—and what was the consequence? When three years had passed away I looked over the school-roll and found that 120 children had been taught to read the Holy Scriptures and to sing many of the sweet songs of Zion! About twenty of the children were, I believe, soundly converted to God; and in more than one instance our day-school was turned into a prayer-meeting.

My third attempt was at Victoria, where I had 70 scholars, and before the close of the year 20 of those—some not more than eight years of age—joined the Church, and continue consistent members.

So much for the schools you have so generously sustained, and which I trust will be of lasting benefit. May the God of Missions bless, sustain, and keep those youthful lambs that have so recently sought the tender Shepherd's care!

I have long felt that it was my duty to enter the ministry, and having been invited by the authorities of the Church to do so, I have offered myself to Christ and His cause; and as there is no missionary for Woodville, I have undertaken, along with the Rev. George McDougall, to supply the Stoney Mission, and will do all in my power to promote the cause of God, and offer Jesus to the poor Indians.

The Revs. Geo. and John McDougall and myself accompanied Dr. Taylor from Edmonton to this point. On our way we visited three camps of Cree

Indians, who rejoiced in seeing the great minister who had visited the land where Jesus lived and died.

As I was telling a good old Indian about our friend the Doctor and his travels in the land where Jesus died to save the human race,—the old man, exhibiting feelings of surprise and delight, asked if the Doctor had seen Jesus, and if he had been talking to him, and if so, what did Jesus say to him? I tried to explain to the anxious inquirer that the Doctor and only visited the land where Jesus was born, and that he would soon tell all the Crees what he had seen in the Holy Land.

After leaving the Cree camp our next visit was to the Blackfeet—they were camped between the Elk and the Bow rivers. As we were journeying along we were overtaken by a Blackfoot, who was running buffalo; but we could not converse much with him as his knowledge of Cree was very limited. He made us understand that his camp was not far off, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

Much to our surprise, before reaching the camp we were met by sixty Indians on horseback, who thought we were American traders, and as such were prepared to give us battle. On riding up to our waggon they immediately asked if we were *Long Knives* [Americans]; and finding out that we were a Mission party they received us joyfully, telling us that they were afraid of the American, but would gladly receive and be taught by us. We were escorted into their camp, and not allowed to pitch our own tents, but were to take up our lodgings with the Chief. Here we spent the Sabbath: and having a desire to do them good, we held a meeting in the evening, when 150 persons congregated around us and paid great attention.

We then visited the beautiful spot selected for your mission at Morleyville, with which the Doctor was much delighted. We also visited a few of the Stoney and a few of the Blood Indians, all of which will eagerly embrace the gospel.