

safely over ground where a Canadian horse would have broken his neck, I whipped up, and for the remainder of the day kept along-side of our guides. In the afternoon we came to the great chasm in the mount through which the river rushes. From a very high Foot Hill we gazed on this prospect with admiration and wonder. Within three miles stood the grand old mountain; the wild goat and sheep sporting on its highest summit. At the foot of the hill, and in perfect ignorance of our presence, a band of buffalo were feeding on the richest pasture. To the right of us, and on the north bank of the river, lay the location which we have selected for our new mission.

In the rear of the plain there are large hills covered with valuable timber, and, from these elevations, scores of little streams run down into the valley. Further on beyond the first range of mountains there is a large lake which the old Indian tells us is bottomless, and the water so clear that salmon trout can be seen at a depth of thirty-five feet. In fact, I was surprised at the clearness of these mountain lakes and streams.

Late in the evening we returned to the camp, tired and hungry. At the evening service it was decided, that on the morrow we should pitch southward, our people having an engagement to meet the Kootings about the end of May. I had now ample opportunity for observing the conduct of this singular people. Twenty-five years ago they embraced Christianity, and though most of the old people have passed away, and they have only been occasionally visited by your missionaries, and for several years have been exposed to the destroying influence of whiskey traders; yet, with very few exceptions, they have been faithful to their religious principles. Many of them can read the

Bible. In every tent there is family prayer; they are passionately fond of singing. The week we spent with them was emphatically a camp-meeting. We retired to rest listening to the voice of song, and awoke in the morning to hear the Stoneys engaged in the same exercises.

Sabbath, the 11th, was a day of incessant labor. We baptized thirty-one children, and married one couple; and at midnight lay down to rest, grateful to God for blessing the day.

Monday, the 12th, at mid-day we left for the Saskatchewan, and crossed the High Water River, and on the 13th, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in fording the Bow River.

Expecting to meet some Stoneys, we made a straight course through the country to Woodville, and on the evening of the 16th reached Battle Lake, where we found eighty of our people. On Sabbath morning we preached to this camp; baptized four children, and then rode over to Woodville, where we found 200 waiting for us. In the evening we administered the Lord's Supper to about sixty communicants.

On Tuesday, at noon, I reached Fort Edmonton, grateful to God for all His mercies. In the last twenty-two days we have passed through some dangers and difficulties, rapid and dangerous rivers have been rafted, localities have been visited where, only a short time before, human blood had been shed, where the American whiskey trader and Blackfoot had met in deadly conflict. But through all our exposure the Lord has preserved us.

Six hundred and thirty-five Stoneys have been visited, and upwards of one hundred Crees, and, best of all, the presence of God has been strikingly manifested in our services. To His name we ascribe the praise.

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*From the REV. JOHN McDUGALL, dated Woodville, March 6th, 1873.*

Word has reached me that in two weeks a packet from across the mountains is to come to Edmonton and go on to Manitoba, thereby giving us an unexpected chance of communication with the outside world, from which we have

been in a sense shut out ever since my arrival in the early part of the winter—especially is this true as regards this place. The Indians came in early in the fall, and remained a long time (father visited them while here); but when