

ered up and tied at the top, giving it the appearance of a huge pudding-bag; the raft then shoved into the water and attached by a line to a horse's tail; the traveller then mounts the float and guides the swimming steed to the opposite shore. In this way, and in a very short time, I have crossed large rivers. We have now a good scow, and the novel scenes of yore have passed away.

August 18th.—For years pemican has been the staple dish on our table, yet I must confess I have very little relish for tallow and pounded meat. My wife says that it is better not to think of bread while we cannot have it, as the thought might cause impatience. I shall not controvert her opinion; but, judging from my feelings this morning, the sight of a four-pound loaf would produce in my poor heart the liveliest gratitude; but no repining. With my horse and gun I shall leave the brigade to move on, hoping to join them in the evening, with something fresh for supper. A little before sundown I reached a round hill that rises about three hundred feet above the level of the plain. From the top of this little mount the magnificence and profusion of prairie scenery meet the eye; the silence and solitude is overwhelming; and this feeling increases with the conviction that we had only entered the vestibule of Nature's great temple, for this is but the margin of the plains. And now the mirage adds to the beauty of the bewildering panorama; in a moment the little lakes appear above the plains and the distant bluffs of aspen dance in mid-air. From these majestic scenes the untutored Indian paints his future Paradise. Alas for him! His religion makes his heart no better; yet, however steeped in sensuality or stained with blood, the native loves nature: he will sit for hours on the hill-top and gaze with placid satisfaction on the wild and the beautiful. Thank the Lord! We have now both Crees and Stoneys who look from nature up to nature's God; with joyful hearts they worship the Creator who is blessed for ever.

August 20th, Sabbath.—Our services are well attended, and the holy day sacredly kept. This is our sowing time, we shall reap if we faint not. On the plains there is much to divide the at-

ention,—stock must be guarded, and there is a constant dread of an attack from the enemy. After the morning service we were informed that a stranger had entered the camp, and that, under suspicious circumstances. The rider had no saddle; a cold rain was falling; but the fugitive was nearly naked. When questioned, his answers were evasive, until a Christian woman took him into her tent, gave him her son's coat, and placed food before him. Kindness prevailed, and he stated that yesterday morning, before dawn, he started with his companion for the bluffs, hoping to find animals; and while crawling through the brush he saw something, and thinking it was a bear, fired, when a woman threw up her arms and cried out, "I am killed! I am killed!" She was one of our people, who, in company with her sister, had gone into the woods in search of berries. This statement was perfectly true and the wretched man was fleeing from the avenger.

IRON CREEK.

August 22nd.—This beautiful stream derives its name from a strange formation, said to be pure iron; the piece weighs three hundred pounds; it is so soft you can cut it with a knife; rings like steel when struck with a piece of iron. Tradition says that it has lain on the hill ever since the place was first visited by Na-ne-boo-zhoo after the flood had retired. For ages the tribes of Blackfeet and Crees have gathered their clans to pay homage to the wonderful munitoo. Three years ago one of our people put the idol in his cart and brought it to Victoria. This roused the ire of the conjurers who declared that sickness, war, and decrease of buffalo would follow the sacrilege. Thanks to a kind Providence, the sooth-sayers have been confounded, for last summer thousands of wild cattle grazed upon the sacred plain!

BATTLE RIVER.

August 23rd.—The future inhabitants of these rich lands will find no lack of water-power. This river, which rises in the pine forests near the foot of the mountains, and runs parallel with the Saskatchewan for more than

1870.
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