

Letter from the Rev. P. CAMPBELL, dated Woodville Mission, May 10th, 1871.

VISITS TO THE STONEYS—PROSELYTING  
PRIESTS, &c., &c.

After a lapse of two months, I again forward you a few lines relative to the work of God on this Mission. I thank God that, notwithstanding an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, from which I suffered much during the winter, I was enabled to visit Edmonton occasionally and preach the word of life to the people there, and my heart is cheered with the knowledge that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

I have often felt, in the past, the necessity of giving more attention to Edmonton; and at our District Meeting in March, it was thought advisable for the Chairman to move to Edmonton, leaving his son in charge of Victoria. This arrangement relieves me from the burden of tramping to Edmonton every three weeks, and gives me an opportunity of visiting the Rocky Mountain House as often as strength and circumstances will allow. It is an important place, and the priests have paid considerable attention to it, not so much on account of the residents, but from the fact that it is there the Blackfeet, Sarcees, and Mountain Stoney Tribes do the most of their trading. Eagerly do these Jesuits seize on everything that gives them an opportunity to propagate their false doctrines, and the facilities afforded them to mingle with the different tribes have given them an influence with the Blackfeet and Sarcees that at present your agents have not got.

It is very difficult to imagine, and almost impossible to describe, the ascendancy these men acquire over the pagan mind. True, they point out an easier way to heaven than we do, and do not insist that religion binds us to practice the morality and virtue of the New Testament standard to the same extent that we do. I do not wonder that multitudes are persuaded to lay aside their dull forms of paganism, and take instead the improved edition offered them by these enthusiastic votaries of a false religion. The glittering crosses, and ornamental beads, are regarded as splendid ornaments; and the license given to immorality, and the different vices peculiar to these poor pagans,

gives them ready access to the very heart of the people. To counteract these influences is not the work of a day, but of patient, persevering effort. During the last autumn the work of proselyting was vigorously prosecuted, and much labor spent upon the Mountain Stoneys, hoping to induce them to leave the glorious principles of Christianity presented to their minds by those honored servants of God,—a Rundle and a Woolsey,—years ago; but all underhand or overhand attempts proved abortive. The Stoneys said they would see the minister, and hear what he would say; when, according to *papal* charity, they were informed that the ministers were wrong, and would be lost; then, said the resolute Stoney, "I will be lost with them."

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Since the 27th of March, I have made two trips to the Mountain House. On Saturday, the 1st of April, I got all the Mountain Stoneys (except six tents) and the Stoneys of this place together, nearly 50 tents in all, and I remained with them until the following Tuesday in the afternoon. I preached three times each day, and had a prayer-meeting after each service. On Monday I baptized 54, most all of them children, and on Tuesday I married 4 couples. It would cheer the hearts and increase the liberality of the good people of Canada could they have seen the eagerness with which these poor creatures listened to the "glorious gospel of the blessed God,"—the big tear trickling down their swarthy cheeks, and the long drawn sigh told how the Word was taking hold of their hearts. Many promised me to make religion a matter of deep concern. May the Holy Spirit help them to "perform their vows."

HAZARDOUS RETURN.

On Tuesday evening, April 4th, we bid "good-bye" to our Mountain friends, and turned our faces homewards; but during our stay the snow went away and we were obliged to throw away our sleds, pack our horses, and walk home. My stiff limbs and sore joints reminded me of my winter sufferings, and I felt afraid to venture on a tramp of over 120