

plied with *everything* necessary to merit the glorious title of the true children of God." And, as a proof I suppose, of the effect produced, he says, "Just at this time, on Christmas eve, the blessed Virgin appeared to a little boy, in the hut of an aged and truly pious woman, which was deemed a special mark of heaven's favour." If conforming to the externalisms of the Romish church make persons "true children of God" no wonder that the Virgin Mary appeared. It was enough to move heaven and earth! But, as a certain writer says,—

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Conversions such as these are very properly commented on by Sir George Simpson, in his printed Journal of an overland route from Edmonton House to Fort Vancouver, where he observes—"Near my encampment there was a native cemetery, the neat little tombs being surrounded by pickets. We were surprised, however, to see a wooden cross placed at the head of each grave, the result of a recent visit of some Catholic priests; but, as a practical illustration of the value of such conversions, we found on a neighboring tree a number of offerings to one of the departed spirits, and a basket of provisions for its voyage to the next world. If the Indians had any definite idea at all of the cross, they put it merely on the same footing as their other medicine charms." The above will, I think, tell more than aught I have written. These persons must have been Romanists in life; or if not, in being made such after death, the absurdity becomes the more palpable. What will half-hearted Protestants say to this?

The Crees, Blackfeet, and Stone Indians are those that frequent this station. With the two former I have as yet only had to do. The language of the Blackfeet is different to the Cree. P. J. De Smet says, "The Blackfeet are the only Indians of whose salvation we would have reason to despair, if the ways of God were the same as those of man, for they are murderers, thieves, traitors, and all that is wicked." If they are as bad as those described in the 1st chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, we will, in the name of our

God, set up our banners, and through our Joshua we will do valiantly, for,—

"Things impossible to men
Are possible to God."

A company of Pagans (of the Blackfeet tribe, although bearing another name) arrived at the Fort a short time ago. Two of their chiefs (one being a war chief) arrived first, to intimate their approach, as the Crees, with whom they are at war, were encamped near us. Due preparations were made for their arrival by the gentleman in charge, who expostulated with the Crees, &c. My feelings were of a mingled character as I saw them the next day wending their course through a defile of small poplars, now seen, now hidden from view for a moment, and then re-appearing as though rising from some deep cavern or subterraneous abode. They at length reached the river's edge, unburdened their horses, and prepared to come over, firing off their guns as a signal. The large boat then crossed for their men, women, children, and luggage, &c., the horses and dogs swimming over. Before all this could be effected, some time necessarily elapsed. Then commenced a regular march towards the Fort, the chief men occupying the fore rank. These were singularly attired, their faces and hands variously coloured; and, as they proceeded, the jingling of bells, and the singing of songs, produced a strange impression upon my mind. The moment they reached the Fort, two salutes were fired by a large piece of ordnance, when a discharge of musketry, on their part, took place; after which, they shook hands with the gentleman in charge, &c., and kissed all who would allow them. This latter act is said to be quite common with this tribe.

They then entered the Fort, leaving their wives to remove the robes, &c., from off the horses. The men were, in most cases, exceedingly muscular and well proportioned, and the women, as a general thing, somewhat prepossessing in their appearance.

During the day I was rather startled by seeing one of the men enter my apartment with a drawn sword in his hand. One of the officials accompanying him, somewhat calmed my perturbed spirit. Although I had escaped their carasses in the morning, I was now