

Sallaselton, whose labors might be profitably spent in this and other parts of the District.

You have probably heard of the serious illness of our beloved Chairman, the Rev. E. White, in whose absence Bro. Russ came and held our Quarterly Official Meeting and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, about a fortnight since.

My time and labor on the Sabbath are generally divided between the town and country, involving long walks and tedious canoe voyages; but I feel it an inestimable privilege to be thus honorably engaged in advancing the interests and making known the blessings of the Redeemer's kingdom. May we have an interest in your prayers, as also in those of the Church in general.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Letter from the REV. G. McDOUGALL, dated Victoria, August 16th, 1870.

TERRIBLE DISEASE AND DEATHS AMONG THE BLACKFEET AND STONEYS— SICKNESS OF MR. JOHN McDOUGALL.

Surrounded by circumstances that cannot be described, I sit down to pen you a few lines. The evening we left Red River I learned that the small-pox had reached the Saskatchewan. Anxious to be with our people we crossed the plains in nineteen days, and at Carlton we met the fearful destroyer of the poor red man. One hundred had died at Fort Pit, and along the road we encountered bands flying from the plague, yet carrying death with them. On reaching Victoria I found my worst fears more than realized. My son had induced the Crees to scatter, but many, already struck down by small-pox, were incapable of helping themselves. Two days after my arrival John was taken very ill, and is now in a critical state. For weeks my dear boy has had very little rest. Day and night he has waited on the sick and the dying. Many of our best members have passed away. On Saturday, our most beloved local preacher, Thomas Woolsey, died in great peace. His death has made a deep impression. Some of his last utterances showed a depth of spiritual knowledge truly astonishing. Forgetful of his great sufferings, he spent his last night on earth in exhortation, prayer, and praise. Glory to God! who, in the midst of Popery and Paganism, proclaims His sovereign power to save to the uttermost!

At this Mission, the past summer has been a time of danger and great anxiety. The Blackfeet, driven to

desperation by the awful scourge which has cut off more than one-half of their tribe, have sought to propitiate their deities by murder and robbery. They have stolen our horses and killed our cattle: articles of clothing and human hair, infected with the small-pox, have been left in our villages; and so reckless of life were these wretched men, that of a war-path numbering eleven,—who made a raid on Victoria,—ten died. Some of their bodies were found by our people.

Sad news has reached us from the Mountain Stoneys. The Blackfeet left clothing in their neighbourhood: the thoughtless Stoneys took the blankets, little thinking that one-half of their nation would be the price.

From Bro. Campbell I have not heard since my return. With Whitefish Lake we have no intercourse. The last report was that the disease had not then reached that neighbourhood.

What gives the greatest trouble in this land of robes and leather, is to find clothes for those who have recovered. We cannot allow them to return to their families with their infected clothing to spread the disease. Very little meets the wants of the poor Indian, but that little with us is exhausted. Friends of suffering humanity, pray for us! Verily the judgments of a just God are now upon this land of blood and idolatry; and yet, of how many of these suffering creatures it may be truly said they know not their right hand from their left!