

table, and seeing that these have not suddenly broken out into murder, burglary or promiscuous concubinage, they infer that all is going perfectly well, and that society will glide smoothly from the zone of superstition to that of moral science. But such phenomena as Nihilism, Intransigentism, Petrolean Communism, Dynamitic Fenianism and Satanism generally seem to indicate that the transition, if it is to be happy, is not likely to be altogether smooth.

A BYSTANDER.

### THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.

#### III. THE MISSION AT MORLEY.

WE found Mr. Ross at the right time. A courier had just arrived with despatches from Major Rogers, the engineer of the Mountain Division. The Major had pitched his headquarters at the mouth of the Kicking Horse River, so as to have the Kicking Horse section of the railway on one side of him and the Selkirks on the other. Such a central point was also the best for obtaining and distributing supplies. There was an old trail from Washington Territory, and the Columbia River could be utilized for some distance. In surveying, exploring and railway construction in the mountains, almost the first and last question to be considered is how to feed your men, for it is not an army only that may be said to move or march on its stomach. The courier informed us that he had had both difficulty and danger in getting through to Calgary from the Major's headquarters because of forest fires at different points; that the distance was 170 miles and the trail very bad; and that the fifty miles down the Kicking Horse would probably take us as many days as the 120 miles to the summit, because the farther we advanced the worse the trail became. We now turned to the Major's letter and read it carefully. He reported that there was no doubt of the reality of the pass across the Selkirks, and that two parties had been engaged all summer in making a trail and in preliminary surveys; that the trail was already on the other side of the summit of the Selkirks, and was being made down the banks of the Ille-cille-want at the rate of half a mile a day, and therefore that the longer we delayed the more trail there would be; but, he added, and here came in the most serious part of the letter, there was no trail through the Eagle Pass. A party could not force its way through without Indians to carry their provisions and blankets, and he had no Indians. He therefore advised that we should strike south from Calgary to the other side of the boundary line, and make for British Columbia by the N.P. Railway and Puget Sound; and then that we should return to Calgary and Winnipeg by the Eagle, Selkirk and Kicking Horse passes. This could be done by engaging Indians at Kamloops who would bring us through the Eagle Pass, and by that time his trail-makers would be almost down to the mouth of the Ille-cille-want opposite the end of the Eagle Pass. We could make communications with them, and then with him at his headquarters, and he would send us up the Kicking Horse and down the Bow. This was the Major's advice and I for one thought it good. However, we decided not to take it, why, I can hardly say, except that perhaps we had a pardonable ambition to be the first to travel the whole distance from the waters of Lake Superior to the Pacific by our own route. Besides, we had it in our minds that if the Major, in looking for a pass, had forced his way across the Selkirks we ought to be able to do the same. As to the Gold Mountains, we had arranged with Mr. Grahame, the Chief Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg, that unless he heard from us to the contrary on our arrival at Calgary, he should telegraph his officers in British Columbia to send Indians from Kamloops to meet us at the eastern end of the Eagle Pass. We therefore decided to go ahead, and the courier was sent back to Major Rogers to tell him of our intentions. Our plan involved risks, but Mr. Ross agreed with us that we might take these, all the more that we were not absolutely committed to our proposed plan until we met and cut loose from the Major's headquarters. If, after meeting him at the mouth of the Kicking Horse, we found that a forward movement was impracticable, we could still execute the proposed flank march by going up the Columbia to its source and striking for the nearest station of the N.P. Railway. Our course having thus been decided, Mr. Ross informed us that we could take wheels nearly to the summit of the first range, as parties were engaged on construction work all the way up the valley of the Bow; and that on reaching the summit, the engineers there would fit us out with pack-horses, and that we could travel with them down the western slope of the range along the banks of the Kicking Horse River to the Major's cache. Then, providing us with letters of commendation to the engineers, and with two waggons to carry ourselves and luggage and such supplies as we would be least likely to find in the camps along

the trail, he sent us forward with all good wishes on the second part of our journey. So expeditiously was all this managed that although we did not see him till after breakfast, we were on the road by noon, and in little more than an hour afterwards we had crossed the Bow in a scow that an enterprising monopolist had established as a ferry-boat. Some people grumble furiously at paying such an extortionate price as 50 cents for crossing a river in a rude scow. They would not have to pay more than 5 cents in Ontario. But we were such base slaves that we paid the full fare, and applauded the ferry-man.

Although the mountains apparently tower right above Calgary, they are really sixty miles distant. Anxious to get through the foot-hills as soon as possible, and into the heart of the snow-crowned peaks, we drove furiously and reached Morley—forty miles on—soon after night-fall, passing on the way several droves of fine looking horses, and the offices of the Cochrane Ranch Company. Morley is the headquarters of the Methodist Mission to the Stony Indians. Rev. John Macdougall—son of our dear old friend who had travelled with us eleven years ago from Winnipeg to Fort Edmonton—was the founder of the mission and is still its head. His brother David, merchant, trader, stockman, farmer and anything else that may be required, was—luckily for us—our companion on the road from Calgary as far as Morley. Our waggon wheels broke down two or three times, but he coopered them up, with the help of a kettle of boiling water poured over the hubs and spokes, and with stout willow sticks and abundance of rope, so successfully, that they carried us or we carried them to within a few miles of the summit. Every mending made them look less like wheels, but decidedly improved their running capacity. I spent the night with John, the missionary, and heard from him a story that I think I must pause here to tell to a larger audience, as illustrating the unexpected difficulties in the path of a man who is doing the highest kind of work, and still more the brilliant success with which governments solve the problem of “how not to do it,” in their Indian as well as their railway policy. Here is the story, pretty much in his own words, though he told it to me not in a connected narrative, but in answer to questions with which I plied him, till long after midnight:—

“My father and I started this mission in 1873. He always liked the Stonies, for they were Indians of the best type, and braver than even the Blackfeet. That, you would expect, for you know they are Highlanders. Ten years ago they were scattered in small bands, up and down both sides of the Bow, and as far south as the boundary, and north to the Athabaska. This spot that we named Morley, though the name is sometimes lengthened out to Morleyville—was one of their favourite headquarters; and, as it was a good centre geographically and for hunting, we determined to try and gather them in a settlement here, for while they continued their nomadic habits it was impossible to do much, either in the way of civilizing or teaching them. We got about five hundred to look on the place as their home, though at first they might be absent hunting for the greater part of the year. The great work was and is to teach them that labour is honourable, and that it is possible for them to rise to the position of white men by steady labour, and by that way only; that begging or even the acceptance of alms, gifts or government rations is disgraceful; and that tilling the ground or keeping cattle is a surer way of making a living than hunting. The Indian is greatly disinclined to constant labour, and is physically not very well fitted for it; besides what regular labour that would bring in wages, or what market was there hereabouts ten, five or two years ago? The summer frosts that prevail in this elevated region, for Morley is 4,000 feet above the sea, check agricultural work. And if we had large flocks and herds, the neighbouring tribes would have been tempted to make raids on us, and we had no desire to allure them into our neighbourhood. One of the first employments that our Stonies took to was the use of the axe and whip-saw. They could see that a log house with floor was more comfortable than a tent made of buffalo skins, and that lumber was useful for this and a variety of purposes. We offered to pay for any planks or boards that they might bring us; and we used these at first in erecting the mission buildings, and subsequently sold to the settlers who began to find their way into our valley. A church and schoolhouse were built, and lately an orphanage. Gradually the Indians themselves began to appreciate the superiority of houses of hewn logs over skin tents. Now, there are nearly one hundred of such houses connected with the mission. They have about a hundred acres under crops of barley, potatoes, onions, carrots and turnips. They also own several hundred head of cattle, raising them for sale or for beef. I need hardly say that we did not neglect the directly religious side of our mission work, and we have now two hundred church members in full communion. The results—whether the civilizing or the Christianizing—may seem small, but only those who have tried to do something of the same kind of work, and know the innumerable difficulties, can appreciate them rightly.