

Bay Company has had a similar effect on their servants. Then there has been unparalleled physical suffering. The winter has been the severest and longest ever witnessed by the oldest inhabitants. Last fall the Buffalo left our Plains, and the poor Indians, in attempting to follow them, were overtaken by terrible snowstorms, and after eating their dogs and horses, and, in many instances, their leather clothing, miserably perished from starvation.

Some of these shrivelled and exhausted creatures attempted to return to the settlements on the Saskatchewan, not a few dying on the way. In the neighborhood of our missions, scores must have perished, but for the relief received from the Company. Most gratefully we acknowledge that controlling Providence that has saved us from general calamity.

Two years ago the Buffalo were abundant; and the Company bought large quantities of Pemican,—of this they wisely retained a part in the country. Last summer the hunt was a failure; the Indians were dissipated with Yankee alcohol; and the past winter, had there been no stores to fall back upon, we should all have been involved in general ruin—our animals killed, and our families robbed of everything. None but those who have experienced similar circumstances can realize the relief that spring has brought us; and will it be believed, that in the midst of this general distress there are men so destitute of all humanity, as to smuggle into these Indian camps thousands of

gallons of alcohol, and, in some instances, receiving from the wretched Indian, articles of clothing in exchange for the poisonous drink, which had been given to these poor creatures to save them from freezing to death. Whatever the ingredients are which the trader mixes with the alcohol, the effects produced on the native are exactly similar to those witnessed in the dying struggles of the wolf, when killed by strychnine; first, a foaming at the mouth, then convulsions follow, and the body becomes black a short time after death. Scores, if not hundreds of the Plain Indians, have been killed in this way within the last two years.

It is a great relief to be able to turn to a more pleasing subject. In the midst of all our difficulties the Great Master has manifested His presence and power. Our services have been well attended. Our schools have been abundantly successful. Our missionary collections, when we remember the circumstances of the subscribers, were munificent. At Woodville, material has been collected for a comfortable parsonage. At Edmonton, our new church is fast advancing towards completion; and steps have been taken to add a kitchen and veranda to the parsonage. The Hudson's Bay Company have erected a grist mill at Victoria; the first watermill in the great North-West.

Thankful for past mercies, we are hopeful as regards the future. Our trust is in the Lord of Hosts!

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*From the same, dated Wesley Hill, Edmonton, May 28th, 1873.*

According to previous arrangement, April 29th, I started for Bow River, and in the evening met my son at what is called the Forks of the Mountain Road.

May the 1st, at the foot of the Bear's Hill, we fell in with a party of Victoria Crees, most of them our own people. With these we spent some time in religious exercises; and after exchanging prairie news, we pushed on to Battle River, where we met another party belonging to the same place. The head man of the camp is one of the noblest specimens of a Christian native I have met with in this country. Our friend Noah invited us to his tent, where we made our supper on a yellow crane. With

these we held two services, and baptized two children; and were made acquainted with a fact demonstrating the power of Christianity on the native mind. An aged, blind woman visited our tent, who, some months previous, had been cast away by her inhuman children. They had long felt the old woman a burden, and, one morning while she was asleep, they all slipped away from the camp, leaving her, as they expected, to perish. Our good brother and his party found the unfortunate mother, and were taking the best care of her in their power.

On the evening of the 2nd we reached the north bank of the Red Deer River. For four days we had been travelling