

experiment. Scores of Stoneys and Crees have proved its power to save to the uttermost, and they are now in heaven. Last fall, when the terrible pestilence was upon us, I saw the poor Cree, lying upon the cold earth, in the last stage of the loathsome disease; the long night passed without drink, fire, or clothing; yet within that heaving bosom lived a power no human misery could crush—the deathless love of Christ. Our ardent desire is to proclaim this matchless love to every man, woman, and child in the Saskatchewan. Alas! we have not the power. Our numbers are far too few. I am now intreating the Mission Board for one additional man—ten could be well employed. Citizens of favored Canada! to you and to your children are given the hunting-grounds of the poor Indian. Their natural day will be short: hasten to their rescue; remember them in your prayers; forget them not in your alms-giving; and He who has purchased them with His own blood will reward you.

I shall not attempt to narrate the wonderful events of the past year. Notwithstanding the consolations of religion, our hearts are sad; many of those for whom we have labored for years are gone. Not less than 140 Stoneys are cut off; our poor Crees broken, scattered, and strewn like the leaves of autumn. Aged native Christians and sweet little Sabbath-school songsters all gone! All that is mortal of two of our own dear daughters lie in the mission-garden; we mourn, but not as those who have no hope, for we believe that Jesus died and rose again; even so, them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. We will try and be grateful for mercies. In the midst of death all our Missionaries have been spared. Twice the restraining power of God was very manifest in the preservation of my own family. Once Mrs. McDougall, my eldest son, and two daughters were in the field weeding turnips, and, not a hundred yards from them, secreted in the long grass, lay eleven Blackfeet. They came to pillage and murder, but, as they afterwards acknowledged, were restrained from firing. At another time they crawled through the barley, so as to witness all that was doing in the house,

but did no harm. My son and a Christian Cree were crossing the river in a skiff, and as they were in the act of hauling the boat up the bank, a ball passed between them, tearing up the earth close to their feet. Many are the hair-breadth escapes experienced by members of this Mission, but no blood has been shed. Surely the good Lord has prevented it!

In the past winter we have been trying to redeem the time; our services both on Sabbath and week-days are well attended, and some of the heathen are receiving the truth. The day-school is faithfully taught, and a more orderly class of children could not be found. The Sabbath-school averages between fifty and sixty. Twenty of these are committing the Wesleyan Catechism to memory, and some of them have completed the task, and have also correctly recited the fifty-two lessons in Scriptural Doctrine. With a thorough knowledge of this admirable system of theology we have no fear that any of our young people will ever become Paptists. Monday evening is spent in public reading and singing. A course of lectures has been delivered on "History," by H. B. officers and others, calculated to prepare our people for the change now taking place in their country. Temperance has been prominently kept before their minds, and, with few exceptions, both young and old have pledged abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

On Sabbath afternoon we preach at a small settlement ten miles distant, and there a promising Sabbath-school has been established, and where both European and native, who once blasphemed, now spend a part of the holy-day in teaching others to read the word of God.

Next to the spiritual interests of our people, we have felt it our duty to labor for temporal improvement. In this we are greatly encouraged. More seed will be sown, and more land cultivated this spring than in any previous year. With the powerful aid of the Hudson Bay Company, material has been collected for a flour-mill.

Thankful for past mercies, hopeful for the future, with sincere hearts, we would give to God the glory for all the good that has been accomplished.