

We have Bro. Inkster here; a man of more than ordinary talent. I have heard him preach a number of times. He is gifted; and though slow, a good carpenter. I might add the Brother is readier in English than Cree, but the dialect being different to what he has been accustomed to, he will improve by speaking. In the meantime he will earn his salary, and by another year we shall be better acquainted.

We held the first Rocky Mountain Missionary Meeting last evening, results near \$100. John is working at the top of strength. He will write you soon.

I felt indignant when I saw Episcopal Missionaries at the Prince Albert Presbyterian Mission, and also at Edmonton, working day and night, not so much to convert sinners, as to change Presbyterians and Methodists into Ritualists.

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*From the Rev. JOHN MCDUGALL, dated Morleyville, December 27th, 1875.*

A few days after father's arrival at this place we started for Fort McLeod with a three-fold object in view; first, to ascertain if a waggon road could be found between the Porcupine Hills and the mountains; second, to carefully prospect the ground where the new mission is to be established, and also to visit the Mounted Police, and, I might add, to procure supplies for the winter from the American merchants.

Our journey, as might be expected at that season of the year, was not all sunshine. The first night after leaving Bow River, while camped on a foot-hill of the mountains, a dark snow-cloud passed over, leaving behind it not less than a foot of snow; this resting on the high bunch grass made it exceedingly tedious for both men and horses. But there was much to divert the mind. We were passing through one of the most remarkable valleys in the Dominion. In many places not more than one mile in width, with huge mountains piled up on either hand, for those designated on the map as Porcupine Hills would, if not in the neighbourhood of what western men call the *Rockies*, be termed mountains, of more than our own Ontario Blue Mountains' altitude. Then we were passing through the paradise of the hunter, where deer of every variety, from the noble elk to the graceful antelope, may be seen, and where the grizzly and the wild bull are to be found in considerable numbers.

Our Stoney companion, James Dixon, a most remarkable man, was

travelling over his own hunting ground, and was constantly referring to scenes of the past—at one time he pointed out the place where the indefatigable Rundle visited their camp and preached the gospel to both Stoneys and Blackfeet.

At another place this truly Christian native pointed out the battleground where the great camp of Blackfeet rushed upon a mere handful of Stoneys. "Our minds," said James, "were then as they are now, the gospel had taught us not to shed blood except in self-defence, and this was our position at that time: There were our wives and children, in front an overwhelming foe rushing upon us; we had only seven guns, but we called upon the Lord, and our first fire so told upon the enemy that, to our astonishment, they left us unharmed." From a hill-top, and close to where the new mission will be established, he pointed out the place where a scene of horror was enacted, which I think the world has never heard of. A company of German emigrants, attempting to cross from Montana to Edmonton, were all massacred by the Blackfeet. This occurred some seven or eight years since, when no person from the American side could safely pass through this country. Could there be a stronger proof that Christianity is the greatest civilizer than the simple fact that while the Blackfoot showed no mercy to the pale-face, the Christian Stoney received the traveller with every mark of kindness, and in more instances than one, when they