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# WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

NEW SERIES.

No. VII.]

MAY, 1870.

[QUARTERLY.]

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TORONTO:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, KING STREET EAST.

MISSION-ROOMS, TORONTO:—ALL LETTERS ON THE GENERAL BUSINESS OF THE  
SOCIETY ARE TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE REV. DR. WOOD; AND ALL  
LETTERS RELATING TO FINANCES ARE TO BE ADDRESSED  
TO THE REV. DR. TAYLOR.

# WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES,

MAY 1st, 1870.

## SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

COMMUNICATIONS from the Missionaries residing in that part of the Far-West Territory which now shares so largely in public attention, are given in this Number, for the thoughtful perusal of the legislator and the patriot, and as encouraging to the friends of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who have nobly sustained the Committee in the recent enlargement of their work. At the time of writing, the news of the Red River troubles had not reached them.

*Letter from the Rev. G. McDougall, Chairman of the District, dated Victoria, January 9th, 1870.*

### JOURNEY TO THE PLAINS FOR FOOD.

I wrote to you in August, giving a brief account of a nine weeks' journey on the plains: since that date we have had no communication with the frontier world, and now expect none till January.

Our Spring hunt was a success; in a camp of one thousand people, five thousand buffaloes were slaughtered, and one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of dried meat secured. All felt that if our crops should be as abundant as in years past, there would be no starvation for some time to come: but there was room for anxiety. Two hundred miles from the Saskatchewan, scarcely any rain had fallen—the oldest in the camp had never witnessed the like before; the rich valleys hitherto encumbered with vegetation are now parched and burnt. Fifty miles south of Victoria we met parties who informed us that our fields were a failure, the seed had dried up in the earth. This was sad news. The season was too far advanced to send to Red River; Benton is much nearer, but between us and the Missouri, the merciless Blackfeet range the plains; there was but one course open, and that was to strike for the Buffalo-range.

For months we have lived on flesh

and fowl, and for eighteen months to come we have no prospect of a change. A council was held, and it was determined that as soon as our animals were rested, we should return to the hunt. In the meantime, the Blackfeet made a raid upon Victoria, and some of our people suffered severely. Since the murder of our lamented Chief, the Crees have killed nearly one hundred Blackfeet, and in retaliation the enemy has resolved to carry the war into the Crees' country. They have sent us word that they have spotted the Company's Posts on the Saskatchewan, and in particular Victoria. Pray for us. Our difficulties and dangers at times are almost insurmountable. We deeply feel that nothing but an ardent love for souls and a strong trust in God's mighty power, not only to save but to restrain, will carry us through these times.

### STARTING FOR THE PLAINS.

August 16th.—In old times, crossing the river with a large camp was a tedious affair, and to the uninitiated trying to the nerves. A leather tent, or, as in my case, an oil-cloth was spread on the beach; the travelling kit placed in the centre, the cloth gath-

ered up and tied at the top, giving it the appearance of a huge pudding-bag; the raft then shoved into the water and attached by a line to a horse's tail; the traveller then mounts the float and guides the swimming steed to the opposite shore. In this way, and in a very short time, I have crossed large rivers. We have now a good scow, and the novel scenes of yore have passed away.

August 18th.—For years pemican has been the staple dish on our table, yet I must confess I have very little relish for tallow and pounded meat. My wife says that it is better not to think of bread while we cannot have it, as the thought might cause impatience. I shall not controvert her opinion; but, judging from my feelings this morning, the sight of a four-pound loaf would produce in my poor heart the liveliest gratitude; but no repining. With my horse and gun I shall leave the brigade to move on, hoping to join them in the evening, with something fresh for supper. A little before sundown I reached a round hill that rises about three hundred feet above the level of the plain. From the top of this little mount the magnificence and profusion of prairie scenery meet the eye; the silence and solitude is overwhelming; and this feeling increases with the conviction that we had only entered the vestibule of Nature's great temple, for this is but the margin of the plains. And now the mirage adds to the beauty of the bewildering panorama; in a moment the little lakes appear above the plains and the distant bluffs of aspen dance in mid-air. From these majestic scenes the untutored Indian paints his future Paradise. Alas for him! His religion makes his heart no better; yet, however steeped in sensuality or stained with blood, the native loves nature: he will sit for hours on the hill-top and gaze with placid satisfaction on the wild and the beautiful. Thank the Lord! We have now both Crees and Stoneys who look from nature up to nature's God; with joyful hearts they worship the Creator who is blessed for ever.

August 20th, Sabbath.—Our services are well attended, and the holy day sacredly kept. This is our sowing time, we shall reap if we faint not. On the plains there is much to divide the at-

ention,—stock must be guarded, and there is a constant dread of an attack from the enemy. After the morning service we were informed that a stranger had entered the camp, and that, under suspicious circumstances. The rider had no saddle; a cold rain was falling; but the fugitive was nearly naked. When questioned, his answers were evasive, until a Christian woman took him into her tent, gave him her son's coat, and placed food before him. Kindness prevailed, and he stated that yesterday morning, before dawn, he started with his companion for the bluffs, hoping to find animals; and while crawling through the brush he saw something, and thinking it was a bear, fired, when a woman threw up her arms and cried out, "I am killed! I am killed!" She was one of our people, who, in company with her sister, had gone into the woods in search of berries. This statement was perfectly true and the wretched man was fleeing from the avenger.

#### IRON CREEK.

August 22nd.—This beautiful stream derives its name from a strange formation, said to be pure iron; the piece weighs three hundred pounds; it is so soft you can cut it with a knife; rings like steel when struck with a piece of iron. Tradition says that it has lain on the hill ever since the place was first visited by Na-ne-boo-zhoo after the flood had retired. For ages the tribes of Blackfeet and Crees have gathered their clans to pay homage to the wonderful munitoo. Three years ago one of our people put the idol in his cart and brought it to Victoria. This roused the ire of the conjurers who declared that sickness, war, and decrease of buffalo would follow the sacrilege. Thanks to a kind Providence, the sooth-sayers have been confounded, for last summer thousands of wild cattle grazed upon the sacred plain!

#### BATTLE RIVER:

August 23rd.—The future inhabitants of these rich lands will find no lack of water-power. This river, which rises in the pine forests near the foot of the mountains, and runs parallel with the Saskatchewan for more than

1870.  
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four hundred miles, is, from its source to its confluence, one continuous water-power. The same may be said of the numerous tributaries of the larger rivers,—all supply water at an elevation that will meet all demands for milling purposes.

#### HARD TIMES.

August 26th.—All order has fled. Men, women, and children are seen running in every direction in search of berries, roots, or anything that will satisfy the cravings of hunger; for days they have had scarcely any food, and the great camp which so recently passed over this trail left nothing for us. But how true, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Earnestly have we prayed for help, and now it comes. One of our hunters signals from a hill that buffalo are in sight. Hurrah! Hurrah! In a moment all the sufferings of the past are forgotten; the runner mounts his horse and dashes off in the direction indicated. From a rising ground we witness the charge; in less than ten minutes ten fat heaves are on the ground. Exclamations of joy are shouted by the women. There will be baked, boiled, and roasted buffalo for supper.

#### THE GREAT CAMP.

September 1st.—The Edmonton, the Victoria, and the Blackfeet camps, numbering more than ten thousand souls, are all within a short ride of each other. The plain Crees, driven in by the Blackfeet, have fled to us for protection. The Edmonton people have had a skirmish with the enemy, and blood was shed. Last evening, the Blackfeet sent us word that they would fight us to-day at noon, and three hundred men are anxiously waiting for them. I have ventured to say they will not come: a long experience among red men has satisfied me that when they threaten they seldom strike. The Blackfeet are also aware that there are two Missionaries in the camp, and their superstition will prevent them from coming.

With feelings not easily expressed, I sat upon a knoll and reflected upon surrounding circumstances. Our tents are pitched upon one of the most magnificent plains in America; un-

numbered herds of cattle, all fattened on free pasturage, surround us; hundreds of silvery lakes offer drink to man and beast;—here we have a perfect realization of a hunter's dream. And what are the facts? Why, sin has poisoned all! In these camps we witness the unrestrained development of the vilest passions: hating and being hated, there is no peace for this wretched people; their degradation cannot be written, and one hardly knows how to apologize for the mis-statements of intelligent tourists who have travelled these plains. They must have wrote as they ran; for their descriptions of the noble, virtuous, honest native are all from the pure ideal point of view. Let them come down to the real work; study the language and the life of the people, and live amongst them as your Missionaries have to do, and then they will be able to appreciate the wonderful change wrought on many of them by the teachings of the Gospel. Delivered from the slavery of demon-worship, the Indian is the happiest of men. Once truly converted to God, he presents a noble specimen of what the Gospel can effect. While under the influence of heathenism, his mind is filled with a strange, mysterious dread. His religion teaches that an evil genius that never slumbers follows him from the cradle to the grave: omens, presaging sorrow, are daily presented to his dark imagination: a significant word from a conjurer, the flight of a bird, or a dream, are all interpreted to foretold death or sickness. The Pagan believes that his genius instructs him in his hours of sleep, and the consequence is sometimes awful. A plain Cree with whom I am acquainted dreamed that his "O-po-wah-gun-e-wah-wah" demanded three human victims, and he actually murdered three of his own tribe. A young heathen, whose father lives at this mission, fancied that his demon demanded three human sacrifices, and last summer shot a young half-breed with whom he was on the most friendly terms. A short time ago I conversed with the young man, and he frankly acknowledged his determination to complete the number, alleging as a reason that if he was not faithful to the instructions given, a fearful retri-

bution would follow in the spirit-world. But I must stop, for were it necessary I could unveil some of the mysteries of Paganism and tell of deeds of darkness that would make the heart sick. War, murder, gambling, polygamy, and demon worship are all producing their natural effects. And if civil law and gospel light are not speedily brought to the rescue of these tribes, they will perish from the earth.

#### MAKING PLAIN PROVISIONS.

In the hunter's camp, with all its wild surroundings, the man of leisure may pass his time very pleasantly; but there is another class, who find more of fact than fiction in killing wild cattle, and to this party belongs the Missionary. A long winter scares him in the face, and there is no market to which he can go for supplies. Offer a man gold for flour on the Saskatchewan and he would laugh at you. Sixty dollars per barrel has been tendered to the Hudson Bay Company, for the little they brought into the country, and the money has been refused, and no wonder, for every pound of the precious luxury has been dragged over the eighteen hundred miles plain from St. Pauls, and that in Red River carts. But the good time is coming: the Royal standard now supplants the bunting of the company. Brother Dominionist! our majestic rivers invite your steamboats; our natural road, extending from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, and wide as the limitless prairie, is waiting for your land transport. This wild, uncouth, younger brother of the Confederation family, only waits the chance for development, and the youth will become, what geographically he really is, the heart and soul of the house. But I must get back to the camp; and the first thing is to kill the animal, cut it up, and bring the meat to your tent; then the process of slicing and drying takes place; then follows pounding, and making of pemican. True, you can hire help, but my experience of buffalo eaters goes to prove, that however numerous the servants, the master is the greater vassal.

Then, you must also shoe your own horse, mend your carts, and, what is

more trying, keep a day and night guard upon your animals—for horses are constantly disappearing very mysteriously.

These are some of the toils of the hunter. The Missionary has additional ones. Night and morning he collects his people for prayer; he must visit the sick; his tent must be a refuge for the aged and the afflicted; the avenger of blood is waiting his time—the Missionary must be the mediator.

Not long ago, one of our young men, influenced by jealousy, shot at his companion, but providentially missed him. Next morning I saw the offended man cleaning up his six-shooter, and he confessed to me that he was only waiting a chance. In the evening, with the help of some friends, we brought the two together, and effected a lasting peace.

Then there are the Sabbath-services, and these are highly appreciated by our people. In some suitable place, the Union-Jack is hoisted on a pole; a crier goes round the camp and invites all to unite in the worship of the one true God, and often have we felt, while addressing the Cree, the Stoney, and the half-breed, that,—

“Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
For thou, my God, art here.”

#### THE PAPACY.

The man of sin is powerfully represented in this country. There are five Priests to one Protestant Missionary; they are anti-British in their national sympathies; and if we may judge the tree by its fruits, anti-Christian in their teachings. Their converts have a zeal, but their fervor prompts them to propagate a system, not a Saviour. By them the Sabbath is desecrated, polygamy tolerated, and the Bible ignored. Their churches are the toy-shops where the poor heathen get their play-things, such as idols, beads, and charms, and where the Anglo is denounced as no better than a brute beast, or, to quote from one of their sermons, “no better than the buffalo that herd on the plain.” They carry with them large pictures, representing two roads, one terminating in Paradise, the other in the bottomless pit; on the downward track, all Protestants are travelling, surrounded by demons and

lost spirits. By these baptismal regenerationists, the sacred ordinance has been so desecrated, that many of the heathen receive it as they would a charm from one of their sorcerers. One of the tricks of these gentlemen is, when a child is born in a Protestant family, a female agent enters the tent, fondles the infant, and then, professing to show it to their friends, carries it to the priest who baptises the babe. The policy of the Protestant missionaries has been to avoid controversy and simply preach Christ. The very opposite has been the practice of the Priest. And if trouble should arise between the tribes of this country and the whites, the cause, in a large degree, will lie at the door of the Papacy.

These priests are hard workers: summer and winter they follow the camps, suffering great privations. They are indefatigable in their efforts to make converts, and these converts, when made, if stript of the external badges of Popery, are still heathen; for of them it may be truthfully said, they have not so much as heard of a Holy Ghost. These poor baptised Pagans have never been pointed to the Lamb of God.

#### · THE SCABBARD AND MASKEEPTON.

When we first visited the Saskatchewan, two remarkable men ruled the councils of the Cree and the Assinewpwa-tuk. The Scabbard, Chief of the Stoney, was one of nature's nobles; in the camp his word was law, and his laws were humane.

On our first visit to the Mountain tribe, the old chief, addressing the Missionaries, said, "Since I received the religion of peace I never allow my young men to go on war parties, but, if the enemy attack us, we let them know that we can fight as well as pray." And to this day the sight of a Stoney strikes terror into the heart of a Blackfoot. The Scabbard died in his tent, surrounded by a weeping people; his last work was to counsel his young men to obey God and live in peace with their neighbors. A Christian gentleman, who was present, remarked to the writer, "I was deeply moved with what I saw and heard." Here, at the foot of the Mountain, lay the dying chief, far from the great

centres of Christian sympathy, and yet a ripe fruit of their self-denying labor. Rundle was the instrument of his conversion, and a Woolsey had often visited and counselled this child of nature, and when the angels shall shout the "harvest home," The Scabbard will be one of their golden sheaves.

Maskepeton was peerless among Crees. In early life, war was his pastime; he was a prince among horse-thieves, and many were his hairbreadth escapes. Once attacked by three Blackfeet, their first fire broke his left arm; but nothing daunted, he rushed upon them with his knife and despatched the whole. When he recovered from the wound, his arm was crooked, hence, the origin of his name, "Maskepeton." When the Missionaries first arrived, he regularly attended their services, but declared he never could receive their religion, because it would destroy his fondest hopes. To be great in his nation, he must be able to point to his numerous wives, and the new religion allowed him but one. To rule in the camp, he must be at liberty to strike down the first offender; whereas, these teachers inculcated forbearance. While the enemy possessed horses, he never intended to walk, and these men were forever repeating the command, "Thou shalt not steal."

One thing above all others attracted his attention,—these Missionaries conversed with a book as with a companion. Was it possible for a Cree to possess the secret? This, Mr. Rundle freely bestowed, by placing in his hand the syllabic characters. At the age of thirty-five he sat down to master those hieroglyphics, and this he perfectly accomplished both as regards reading and writing, so that when Britain's noblest institution—the Bible Society—sent us the Cree Testament, he read it through and through. And when the whole Bible was placed in the hands of his people, the old Chief, with mingled joy and wonder, traced the history of Creation and Redemption, and decided to be a Christian. Above all other Crees, as an orator, his talents were now employed on a new and nobler theme. He carried his Bible in his bosom, and when attacked by the priest or the sorcerer, he invariably met their sophistries by asking, "What does the

book say?" He had travelled extensively on the west side of the Mountains, and had witnessed at Victoria and on the Pacific Coast the developments of civilization, and unlike many of his people, anxiously anticipated the day when the white man would be his neighbor. But God's ways are not as man's ways. Our venerable Chief is gone; cut down by the assassin. He has left us, when, humanly speaking, we stood most in need of his counsel and influence. How strange! That these murderers who treacherously killed the peace-maker, were afraid of his Bible; they made haste to get it out of their camp, and sent it to me by the first opportunity.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT WITH THE PLAIN TRIBES.

Every resident in this country knows that a feeling of dissatisfaction prevails to an alarming extent amongst these Indians. Six years ago, the sight of a pale-face in the Cree camp was a cause of rejoicing; now, the very opposite is the fact, and the principal reason is, the rapid decrease of buffalo. In the winters of 1867-68, these Indians suffered great destitution, and the whole cause is attributed to the whites. Recent events have added much to their previous dissatisfaction. In all past time they have regarded the Hon. Company as the highest representatives of the Great Queen; now, a rumor reaches them that a power greater than the Company will soon be here to treat with them for their lands; and injudicious parties have informed them, that their old neighbors have received a large sum for these lands, and the Indian is not so ignorant but to inquire to whom has he ever ceded his hunting-grounds. They have no idea of civil government; we have spent days in trying to explain to them that they would be justly dealt with, and the answer invariably has been, "The Company told our grandfathers that fifty years ago, and you Missionaries have been repeating the same story, for twenty years and yet nothing has been done." These men, are exceedingly jealous of the miner and the settler, and a collision with either party would bring upon this noble country all the horrors of not

simply war, but massacre. We have observed in the papers, that much is expected from the Company's influence, in settling with the natives; and as regards the Wood Indians, there is no doubt but their assistance would be considerable—but from these we have nothing to fear; and as for the plain tribes, they have neither the power nor the influence to control them. For years, their traders have not ventured into the Blackfoot camp; the last time they attempted to trade with these nobles their carts were robbed.

Some of the plain Crees are very little better; twice, last summer, they pillaged the Company's agents. Of these Indians I speak from personal observation, for years I have visited them at their camps. Last summer, in company with my son, who has a perfect knowledge of their language, we spent eighteen weeks amongst them; attended their councils, and listened to their speeches. And the impression received was, if Canada is going to extend her humane policy to these Indians there is no time to be lost. At present there are agents that might be powerfully employed to effect a permanent settlement. West of Carlton there cannot be less than seven hundred mixed bloods: these are all anxious for civil protection and a treaty with the Indians. The Company's servants, who at present live upon the suffrage of the natives, would gladly lend their influence. Another party, from whom we would expect much, is the natives that have been trained at the Protestant Missions: many of them are sufficiently enlightened to know the power of the white man, and on the whole are for peace. Then, there is still a lingering love for the Union-Jack; many of the old Crees call themselves King George's men, and they all dread American encroachment. With all the ardor of a Canadian who loves his country, and who desires for its honor that justice may be done to these remnants of a once numerous people, I would advise that no time be lost in meeting them at their councils, treating with them for their lands, and by patient explanation allay the present excitement. And let it not be forgotten, that in the Upper Saskatchewan there are, at least, ten thousand natives, who, by a



wise and just policy, can be made the firm friends of the Government. Let this once be accomplished, and the country will be speedily settled.

Between the Bow-river and the north Saskatchewan, there are gold-fields of sufficient extent to flood the country with an enterprising population; and there are now scores of families who would gladly settle in the neighborhood of Victoria, but the best friends of the country must discourage all emigration until the Indians are treated with.

#### VICTORIA MISSION.

The residents of our village give us unmixed satisfaction. There are upwards of one hundred and thirty English mixed bloods and a number of Crees, who, two-thirds of their time, are at home. They are regular in their attendance at Church, and most of them at class-meeting, and are evidently growing in grace. Most of these can read the English Bible, and understand the language. In this we rejoice, for as long as the vernacular

is the only medium for communicating religious knowledge, the mind will be dwarfed. Our Sabbath-school numbers upwards of forty; twenty-one boys and girls can read the New Testament, and this does not include the natives who understand the syllabic. Most of the adults are members of the Total Abstinence Society. In the work of education we have received valuable assistance from a native of the country, Mr. McKenzie, who was educated by good Bishop Anderson, was converted at Victoria, and now devoutly labors for the moral and spiritual elevation of his people. Would we could speak as encouragingly of the numerous Crees connected with this Mission; their roving habits are all against their spiritual growth. In the large camps the young are vitiated by the heathen, and there the priests are incessantly presenting to their minds false views of Proctstantism. And yet, notwithstanding all these opposing influences, there are many faithful disciples who rejoice in the truth, and who, by a holy, peaceful example, proclaim the excellency of the Gospel.

*Letter from the Rev. JOHN McDUGALL, dated Victoria Mission, Jan. 5, 1870.*

By our last District Meeting I was directed to visit the different tribes, and especially watch the openings of Providence in reference to the Blackfeet. Your Missionaries hoped that an effectual door would be opened for preaching the Gospel to those poor heathen; and little did they suspect that while they were devising plans for the good of this people, the objects of their sympathy were in the act of committing one of the foulest of murders. The killing of good old Maske-ton and his family, produced in the minds of whites and natives a feeling of horror, and destroyed all confidence in the Blackfeet, and up to the present time nearly all communication with them. Last summer, in company with my father, I spent nearly four months amongst the plain Indians, and until a settlement is effected between them and the Government, we are persuaded that no better service could be rendered to the country or the cause of Christ than by ming-

ling as much as possible with this people. In doing so we have sought to be peacemakers, and by the help of God we have not labored in vain; for if this fine country is settled up without a conflict with the natives, gospel influence will have been the principal cause.

In October I thought of moving to the Mountain House, where I would see more of the Blackfeet; but the Chairman objected, and gave as the reason that the Fort was in a very unsafe condition through a mistaken policy on the part of those in charge. The Blackfeet have possession of the establishment: when they arrive for a trade they live in the Fort and dictate their own terms, and the only reason that they have not burnt up the whole concern is, they have no other resort for ammunition, as the Americans have refused all intercourse with them.

Another reason for my remaining at Victoria this winter is the pressing

call for laborers amongst the Crees. The Papacy have twelve priests, one bishop, and a number of nuns employed amongst this people; the agents of Rome are perfectly regardless as to the means employed if it only effects the object. Last Sabbath I conversed with an aged chief. He frankly confessed his preference for Protestantism, and said, "he thought a great deal about religion, but as the priest had conjured some of his friends, and might exert his power upon him or his children, he feared to take any step that would incur danger." And no wonder that these ignorant people are so much afraid of the white conjuror, for his conduct exactly represents the Cree sorcerer.

On the 6th of last month, in company with an Indian boy, I started for the Mountain, and on the fourth day reached Woodville; there I made a short visit with Bro. Campbell and my Stoney friends, and with feelings I cannot express I reviewed the past, the way in which the Lord had led his unworthy servant. Five years ago I was sent to commence this Mission; there was no one here then to welcome us, not a solitary tent to enter—my dog train was all I had to haul logs for a house—the snow was deep, my man a novice in house building: how encouraging the contrast! Now, here is a brother Missionary and a warm-hearted Christian people. To God alone we would give the glory! Friday forenoon we reached a Stoney encampment. There is something about this people that makes one forget his toils,—a score of hands are all stretched out to grasp the Missionary's, and every man thinks you ought to be his guest. God bless the Stoney, the heart must be hard that would not feel for them! Having promised them a service on my return, and no tent being large enough for the congregation, we had the snow for our carpet and the heavens for our covering, and, the best of all, the Master was present to bless his simple children.

Very anxious to reach the Fort before Sabbath, and there being no road, we resolved to travel most of the night. About nine o'clock, while passing through a clump of timber, my dogs were suddenly stopped; here was another Stoney camp: the hunters had

killed two elk, and the feast was doubly enjoyed by having a friend to partake of it.

On Saturday evening we reached the Fort, and received a hearty welcome from the Chief and his subordinates. Sunday services were attended by Europeans, Mixbloods, Blackfeet and Stoneys. May my hearers reach that house where nationalities will never break up friendships! There I was fortunate in meeting with a noted Blackfoot Chief who could speak some Cree; with this man I had long and interesting conversations. He told me that they had resolved to fight the Americans to the last, and he thought they would continue the war for two years; and though they all expected to be killed, they believe they would destroy more Americans than their camp numbered, before that time arrived. I questioned them closely as to their intentions towards us on the English side. He said we harbored their enemies at our Missions, and he thought he would pay us a visit at Victoria. He and his companions appeared desirous to have the Missionaries visit them at their camps; and I have promised, the Lord permitting, to meet them again at the Mountain House. But as to their camp, one cannot but feel that men who have shed so much white man's blood cannot be trusted. On the 16th I again reached Woodville, and spent three days with Bro. Campbell, and on the 22nd reached home. Our people of Victoria and White Fish Lake, anxious to arrest all coming trouble with the white man, had drawn up an address to the New Governor, expressive of their loyalty, and praying for the appointment of Commissioners, who should have power to settle grievances, and instruct them as to the policy of the Government. The following is the

#### ADDRESS.

"We, the undersigned Crees and mixed bloods of Victoria and White Fish Lake, resolved in our Council to send this paper to our great Father, the new Governor of our country.

"Great Chief! We welcome you and your people to the home of our Fathers; we are the friends of the white man, and are anxious that no trouble

may ever arise between your children and ours.

“Great Chief! This paper speaks our minds, but some think differently; they have not been instructed, and we wish to tell you the whole truth; they are afraid that when the white man comes our hunting-grounds will be destroyed, and our lands taken for nothing, and we and our children left to perish. These are their thoughts, and these thoughts might make mischief. They see the gold workers along our rivers, and some settlers making gardens on our lands, and these men have not asked our leave. Now we have had no trouble with the miner or the gardener, and we shall try and have none; but there are foolish people amongst us who might bring us into trouble.

“Great Father! Changes are coming over the Plain Indians. The Long-knives from the South are fast approaching. The buffalo tracks are growing over with grass, and there are people who travel our country and tell us foolish things. All this disturbs the minds of the natives.

“Great Father! We ask that wise men may be sent to our Councils to tell us what you wish to do with our lands, and how much we are to keep for our ourselves and our children.

“Also how the Indian must behave toward the white man, and how the white man is to treat the Indian. Let these things be done very soon, and a great weight will be lifted from our minds, and we believe the danger of trouble taken away from our country.”

I was requested, to carry this paper to the camp, and anxious that it should have the widest circulation, I complied with their request, and December 28th reached the Indians. On my way I passed a priest; two of his companions

had remained in the camp. These men were desperately opposed to our address, insisting that no Catholic should sign it. I argued that all loyal Crees, whether heathen or Christian, should join in this petition. For five long hours we debated the subject; then, to the astonishment of the Protestants, the head of the Catholic party, addressing me, said, “I have known this young man for many years; I regard him as one of ourselves; if the head trader of the country had come to us with this paper I should have been afraid of some trick, but these men will not deceive us, and I shall sign it.” This settled the matter, and right triumphed over priestcraft. Here, I met with an afflicted Christian who for two months has been very ill, and in addition to his bodily pain the priests have continually pursued him with their sophistries, promising to relieve him if he would embrace Popery. Our humble brother told them that if that was their price they need not trouble him any more, for he would die before he would change his religion. Fortunately, I had about a pound of flour, which I had carried for fear of hard times; this, with a little tea, proved a timely help for the afflicted man, and I left him, both physically and spiritually, much better. Our watch-night service was the best we have witnessed in the country,—joy and peace filled the heart of the believer, and the sinner was constrained to cry for mercy. January 2nd, we held our Quarterly Meeting. Bro. Steinhaur was with us, and though many of our Crees were absent, the Church was full. In the love-feast, many testified to the grace of God. Our prospects at this Mission are encouraging.

I ask an interest in your prayers; also of those of our Friends in Canada.

Letter from the Rev. H. STEINHAUR, dated White Fish Lake, 6th January, 1870.

Through the good providence of God I am again permitted to address you from this remote station, amid many changes ever taking place around us. Myself and family have been mercifully preserved in health and strength; and though we have to mourn over the loss of another of our children, yet in the midst of the sorrows of bereavement,

we are enabled to look up to our great Father above, and bless him for a gospel which has brought life and immortality to light, even to us, once a benighted race: thus there is hope for us.

God in his wise providence has seen fit to visit the people of this station, during the past year, with much sickness and death. Many a loved one has

were called away from among us. Five children and three adults have died. Two of the adults were members in Society here, whom I trust now rest in the Lord, enjoying and rejoicing in God their Saviour; for while they were with us they bore the testimony that they loved God: the means of grace were their joy and rejoicing, and when the last enemy came, they were ready. One of them said, "When I was in God's house, I loved to sing his praise; and while I was well and about my earthly employments, I used to feel that God was with me. I praise him he is still with me." Speaking to those around her, she said, "You and everything appear receding from me, but my God comes nearer and nearer, and into his hands I commit my soul." These were the last words spoken by Jane Stanley, the wife of one of our class-leaders. Old Maria, as we used to call her, also testified in life and death that she was the Lord's, and died happy, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. Such has been the testimony of many who have departed from this, to that better world above, where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease from troubling.

The general state of the Mission may be spoken of as yet retaining its former religious character. There have been a few instances wherein discipline has been exercised in the case of some of our younger members; yet it is a cause of gratitude to God, that exposed as they are to influences so detrimental to their progress in the divine life, that they have been kept hitherto from falling back to their former ways. Apparently there is that same zeal for the service of God by our members keeping sacred their vows and professions as shown forth by their outward conduct, that they have not received the grace of God in vain. It is also a matter of gratitude to God and consolation to me, who am trying to lead this people in the good and right way, to hear it remarked by outsiders, that there is a marked difference in the demeanor of the White Fish Lake Indian from the rest of his brethren; wherever he is—whether with his more sedate and better-conducted brother, the *Wood*, *Cree*, or with the wild and untamed that roam over the wide plain, or with the half-caste, he shows by his out-

ward deportment that he professes a religion whose realities are superior to that of his brother's, the *Conjuror*, or to that of him who professes Roman Catholicism, that *bane* of the whole world. In view of this, it may be allowed us to use the words of the great apostle of the Gentiles: "They are our epistles known and read of all men." These tokens are my consolation and encouragement amid my trials and discouragements.

There have been sixteen baptisms; seven marriages have been solemnized. I have also an appointment at Lac la Biche, some 40 or 50 miles from here, which I visit once in a month. Our few people there are strong and staunch adherents to Protestantism. They are among Roman Catholics, and are exceedingly troubled by the priests and their adherents. They have, however, held out unwaveringly. We have eight persons whom I have taken as members of our church.

At present most of the people are away from the station, our usual complaint being the great want of provisions. I trust however they are better established in their religious feelings than they ever were, which I hope will enable them to resist temptation, and the many inducements to sin which they will meet with, when they come to mingle with their Plain Cree friends.

The crops on the Upper Saskatchewan have failed, and of course we have suffered with the rest. The fish in our lake is also failing, so that we are greatly put about for want of something to live upon. However, there is a gracious God of providence; we have all along trusted in that providence—we have been sustained; and will yet trust in Him, who satisfieth the desire of every thing.

Our school is progressing prosperously. Our school-teacher is the right man, who is very much interested in his work and in the children themselves. And all are delighted in the advantage of having the means for our children's education. I believe Mr. Synder himself has written to the Committee reporting his position and school, so I need not say any thing on this subject.

Now we have the teacher, but the books for the use of the school we

have not. If the Society cannot furnish us the books, will you be kind enough to draw from the Treasurers the sum of \$10 or \$20 out of the appropriation for the White Fish Lake Mission.

If the books be bought and packed, they can be sent to Sandford, McGinnis and Co., of Hamilton, who will send

them on with other goods required from them for the use of your Missionaries in this country.

I must now conclude, and beg an interest in your prayers that God may bless us and prosper the work in which we are engaged, and that we may be preserved from the bloody and cruel man.

*Letter from Mr. ADAM J. SNYDER, dated White Fish Lake, December 30th, 1869.*

Last Spring I accompanied Messrs. McDougall and Campbell to the White Fish Lake Mission to attend a Quarterly Meeting, and while there engaged to teach their school for the present year. I was deeply impressed with what I saw, in particular the anxiety manifested by the people to have their children instructed, and their willingness to contribute as far as they were able towards the support of a school. Two of the Hon. H. B. Company's officers and also your Missionaries subscribed liberally, and Mr. Steinhaur was to board the teacher, which is no small item in the Saskatchewan, where everything is at least six times dearer than in Canadian markets. I was informed that my first duties were to be performed on the plains, where the Missionaries and their people were going in search of provisions; and on the 9th of May I left Fort Edmonton with Bros. P. Campbell and J. McDougall, accompanied by the Mountain Stoneys. After crossing the Saskatchewan River we started for the great camp. To a Canadian this was a novel, and in some respects not very pleasant journey, for we were dependent on Providence for provender, and for the first time I witnessed sufferings from starvation. We were travelling nearly two weeks before we reached the buffalo, and during that time the poor children had to exist on the few roots they could collect, with occasionally a beaver or a duck.

On the 28th of May we arrived at the great Camp, when abundance of

fresh meat obliterated from the Stony mind all remembrance of past sufferings.

I was now to enter on active duties twice each day—a suitable spot was selected, the hand-bell rung, and the little folks collected for school exercises; and then the mixed multitude of Stoneys, Crees, and Half-breeds, frequently numbering 140, attired in the wildest costume, surrounded the teacher, and the fruits of our prairie school were very encouraging, for before we had completed our nine weeks' journey, many of the children could sing quite a number of Sabbath-school hymns, repeat the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and answer a number of Scripture questions.

Our White Fish Lake school now numbers 80, most of these are regular in their attendance, at least 25 can read the New Testament, and some of them write a good hand, and their general conduct will compare favorably with any school in the civilized world.

The Sabbath-school is doing a good work. In the five months past 1,550 verses have been recited. When we contrast the condition of these children, both as regards their temporal and spiritual interests, with those of the unfortunate heathen of these lands, we feel to thank God and take courage.

If the friends of Missions would send us some Bibles and school-books we would be able to give a more favorable report; but with Divine aid we will do our best for those wandering tribes. Pray for us.

*Latest from the Rev. GEORGE McDUGALL, Victoria Mission.*

Many thanks for your timely advice in the *Missionary Notices*. Only let the Government act up to those suggestions, and untold trouble will be avert-

ed. We are doing all in our power to save the country from bloodshed. A large number of Crees and mixed-bloods have signed an address to the new

Governor, asking for a peaceable settlement. Our position at the present time is one of the most perplexing possible. The Blackfeet are the trouble. They profess to be friendly with your Missionaries, and yet kill our people and rob your Missionaries. When good old Mas-kee-pe-ton was murdered, I felt it was time to take a stand. Since then they have made a raid on Victoria, and some fighting has taken place. I then sent the Blackfeet a message, stating that I had often saved their lives and buried their dead, and that now they must send back the stolen property, and give me a promise never again to attack our Missions. Their reply was, "You harbor our enemies, and we must fight them." Since that time my son has ventured amongst them, and he intends going again in February. But I feel there is danger. These men have shed so much American blood that there is no trusting them until they get a humbling. Until a treaty is made with the Crees, it is highly important that my son John should be among the plain Crees. His thorough knowledge of the Cree language has been of great service to us during the past summer. If our poor Indians are to be saved from the terrible fate of the American tribes, the earnest Missionary must be the agency. Impressed with these feelings, I shall keep my son amongst the plain Crees until I hear from you. He is there now, and I assure you our anxieties are not lessened by knowing that two murders have been committed on the track he was to travel, and these within the last two months. No change can be for the worse in this blood-stained land. Next spring I expect to have to move my family into the woods until the men return from Red River and the

plains, as there will be no safety along the banks of the river. Our plan is, what few men who will remain in the country will reside at the Mission, but the women and children we shall have to hide. Fortunately for us, the Blackfeet are greatly afraid of the Wood Indians. Pray for us. We are resolved, come what may, to remain at our posts. Woodville Mission is out of the way, and the Blackfeet dread the Stoneys. Bro. Steinhaur is comparatively safe, being twenty miles from the plains. Last summer we had no crops, and flesh must be our food for many months to come. Since early fall I have suffered from inflammation of the eyes; this, with other trials, has often made my proud heart groan; but I trust my God will, according to the riches in Christ Jesus, uphold his unworthy servant.

Knowing the deep interest you have felt in the poor Blackfeet, I will offer my opinion. These men will yet be humbled by the Americans, and that very soon; things cannot rest as they are now; let us be ready to improve the first opportunity. This country is the finest part of the North West, and must be occupied; and it is worthy of note that twice in the last two years the buffalo have left the country. This will bring them to terms faster than military power. On the plains the buffalo are the sole dependence of the Indian. In the mean time we must watch and pray. As regards the Cree, national interest, humanity, and love for perishing souls combine to make their case a pressing one. Had we ten faithful laborers they could all be well employed. At present there is a chance of a peaceful settlement with them. But I must close. I can with difficulty see the letters.

## RED RIVER.

*Letter from the Rev. GEO. YOUNG, dated Winnipeg, Jan. 25, 1870.*

Many thanks for your very kind and most welcome letters, with your assurances of sympathy and a continued interest in your prayers. Yesterday's mail brought us letters with the financial statement, schedules, and authorised bills. I believe the contents of each envelope were safe, but curiosity, or something worse, led some one to

open each one of the large envelopes, including the one addressed to Mr. McDougall, Saskatchewan. I felt uneasy when I saw that all the large letters in the mail had been tampered with, (I presume at Pembina), lest you should have penned any advice or directions to me that could be construed into an offence; but on reading them I

was glad to find them free from any word that could have given offence. Bearing large seals, I suppose they thought they contained some important official document of a different character. I feel deeply grateful for the kind consideration shown by yourselves and the Committee to us in the appropriations made, and only regret that at present I cannot report more encouragingly of our country's prospects. At present a convention is being held, or conference between twenty of each class, French and English, to decide on the question what shall we do with Commissioner Smith's papers from the Government of Canada, and the propositions he may be authorized to make. I have hoped and been disappointed so frequently, that I know not what to hope for now. I ardently desire and fervently pray that some right and wise settlement may be decided on at once.

✓ On Sabbath evening last, Dr. Schultz, the chief political prisoner here, contrived in some way, unaccountable to me, to make his escape from his prison in the fort. I was in on Sabbath morning, with each of the four rooms of prisoners, read Scripture and prayed, and also with Dr. Schultz; but a guard was with me, so that, of course, I had no communication at all with them except in the worship. It is said that he cut out the sash, and making lines of his buffalo robes, let himself down from the second story to the ground, and

then jumped from the walls into a deep drift of snow, and his absence was not known till eight a.m. next day. Where he is supposed to be I have not heard. His property will most probably be all confiscated, as a part seems to have been already.

Commissioner Smith, and Hardiste, and Dr. Cowan, all are little better than prisoners in the Fort—every movement watched, and not allowed to leave the Fort. I held service with them also on Sabbath morning—so you see I chaplained for the prisoners and officials in the morning, and then took my three services after during the day.

As to the direction in which we are drifting I give no opinion. My trust is in God:—"I know in whom I have believed," &c—but with a sick wife—no better—and my present surroundings, and the forebodings of many frequently ringing in my ears, it will be no marvel to you if I say I have some rather dark hours. But rest assured, *I shall not flee*,—in accordance with your instructions, *I stay, even if Mrs. Young's failing health renders it a matter of humanity, and so of duty, for me to get her away for medical treatment in early spring.*

In neither of your communications is there any reference to Dr. Taylor's visit here in the spring. Norway and Oxford must be visited by some one. 'The work requires inspection.' Still write often, for your letters are as a means of grace to us here.

Letter from the Rev. M. ROBISON, dated High Bluff, January 3rd, 1870.

I was somewhat surprised this morning, on looking at my diary, to find that two months had passed since last I wrote you. I had been for some weeks previous to that date engaged in a special service, which, notwithstanding a fierce onset of the devil, was attended with encouraging results. Eleven united with us in Church fellowship, some of whom have received the pearl of great price; while others still show their desire for salvation by a regular attendance upon the means of grace, as well as by abstinence from outward sin, to which they had been formerly addicted. The language of their hearts is, "Oh that we knew where we might find him!"

The people here have decided to build a small church, part of the timber for which is already cut. We would long remember our friends in Canada if they would render us some assistance in this undertaking. As we are not a very particular people, we would receive it in the shape of nails, glass, putty, lamps, a stove, money or anything else that can be used in building. The children must be helped if we would have them become helpers. The first two weeks in November were spent in a revival service about five miles distant from the place above referred to. Aroused at seeing poor sinners converted to Christ, and in consequence changing their church re-

lationship, persons, professedly Christians, gave us much opposition. Our numbers were not so large as desired, but the Lord was graciously with us. Having made previous arrangements to visit a distant post, I was obliged to bring the meeting to a close sooner than I would have done under other circumstances. I did not see much present fruit from the seed sown; only one professed conversion; but the seed is springing up in other hearts, and they are seeking to know Him "whom to know aright is life eternal." The Lord is still adding to the number of anxious enquirers, and we are becoming more encouraged to labor on at God's command and offer all our work to him. My heart is cheered as I receive invitations to visit families and instruct them in things belonging to their eternal peace, and as the silence in my humble home is broken by visits from heart-burdened ones enquiring the way to Zion. I spent an hour or two to-day with a man and his wife, who for some time past have been longing to know Jesus, and who drove 10 miles for the purpose of unbosoming their grief and asking advice about spiritual matters. I told them about the great love of God in giving his Son to die for them, and his willingness and ability to save them now. They have not yet found mercy, but, like Jacob, have come to this conclusion, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" or like an humble Brother who says, "If I perish it will be at the foot of the cross." If "he that winneth souls is wise," then I ask that wisdom from on high. On Wednesday, 1st of December, I started on my trip for Manitobah Post, which is situated on the shore of Manitobah Lake, and is distant from my place 125 miles. Our first day's drive was across a plain about 25 miles wide, when there is not a bush to be seen. At 6 o'clock p. m. we arrived at White Mud River, where there are a number of families residing. Notice of my arrival was given; and at 8 o'clock I preached to about 20 persons who had congregated to hear the word of life.

I aroused my companions rather earlier next morning than I would have done had I enjoyed the luxury of a good warm bed, and after feeding our horses and their drivers we hastened

on our journey, and at 3 o'clock arrived at Big Point, which extends some miles into the lake, and affords a home for fishermen and fur traders. We got quarters for the night, in a 10 by 12 log shanty, with a mud fire-place in one corner, and 7 of us tried to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The people, young and old, came together to hear the first sermon ever preached at Big Point. I called attention to the great fact that it is possible for guilty man to be justified before God, and to the means by which this may be effected; urging the necessity of forsaking all sin and seeking at once those blessings without which they could not be happy, much less be permitted to share the happiness of heaven. Several persons promised, by the grace of God assisting, to forsake the service of the devil and lead new lives following the commandments. The people here live almost entirely on fish, muskrats, &c., not seeing a pound of flour for months at a time. Our loads grew lighter daily, especially as my flour bag came in contact with hungry children. At an early hour next morning we were moving northward, along the west shore of the lake, and after passing here and there an Indian hut or tent, we arrived about noon at our intended camping place, the residence of an old English half-breed, where we had things a little more after the manner of civilized life; for instead of sitting *cross legged* on the floor and taking our dinner Indian fashion, we had a table minus the legs, and boxes which answered in the place of chairs. Our horses which had fared well up to this time were obliged to provide for themselves. We did not rest long, as my companions were anxious to make a point that night, where there was an old tent, which had been built and occupied by some fishermen. It is made in the shape of a cone, and enclosed to the height of 8 or 10 feet, the upper part having no covering but the sky above it. We were soon seated around a blazing fire, congratulating ourselves that we were drawing near the end of our journey.

At 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, although it was not yet daylight, we bid farewell to the tent in the bush; but finding it impossible to make the



post by noon, we camped on the bank of a little creek in a sheltered place, built our fire and prepared dinner, for which we were quite ready after a tramp of about 15 miles. I fancy some of my friends would smile to see me roasting prairie chickens on a stick before the fire, and their smiling would, no doubt, be turned into hearty laughter if, when hungry, they could always get one to roast. In about 3 hours we were at the end of our journey, where we found a number of families; part of whom are Protestants and part Roman Catholic. I venture to say I was not there an hour until all were apprised of my arrival, and that evening I preached to a congregation of about twenty persons. On Sabbath there were about 30 present both morning and evening. On Monday I visited each family in the place, and in the evening had the last service I was able to hold with them, as we had to start on the return trip on Tuesday morning. After preaching I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a few anxious ones, who I have reason to believe were fit persons to come to the table of the Lord. During my stay I baptised two children. Several persons manifested a desire for salvation, and one of the three members we have there agreed to take charge of a prayer-meeting.

He and his wife were received as members of the Methodist Church by Bro. Young. I found him with his Bible on his bench beside him, and several times while there did I miss him from the room, he having repaired to his closet for prayer. May the seed sown find a lodgment in many hearts, and bring forth fruit to perfection to the glory of Him "who doeth all things well!"

I am looking forward to the time when "the little one shall become a thousand and the small one a great nation." On Tuesday morning we began to retrace our steps, holding services at each of the places above referred to; and on Friday we arrived at home. I shall not soon forget the hearty welcome I received on my return; nor shall I ever forget to thank God for giving me favor in the eyes of the people; but more especially "for giving me souls." Our watch-meeting was a season of enjoyment to our souls—but especially at our love-feast and Sacrament on the first Sabbath of this year did we realize the presence of God. I think I have never enjoyed any service more. Those who have not been permitted before to enjoy these means of grace find them a source of great blessing, and are often unable to give utterance to their feelings of enraptured joy.

Our last communication from the Rev. G. Young is dated March 12th, in which he says,—

"After a most careful and prayerful consideration of the circumstances of the case, including the country and that of Mrs. Young's health, and future exposure should she remain, we have decided that it is advisable she should accompany George to Canada. The journey now, with snow three, and in some places four feet deep, and the cold severe, will involve suffering and peril; yet we have looked at all the points and made careful enquiry, and after all we see and know we have decided wisely. Mrs. Young's health has been giving way under the excitements and agitations of the past two months: just now she is a little better. Should she remain, I should be compelled to keep more closely at home for her safety than the interests of the work seem to demand. If she once gets fairly across the prairies, my mind will be greatly relieved. Then I can go to the extremities of the Mission, or to Norway and Oxford House, if required, and feel free from a crushing anxiety."

✓ Mrs. Young and son have arrived safely in Toronto, in better health, notwithstanding her exposures and inconveniences in completing such a journey, than when she left the Mission-House at Winnipeg, Red River.

Amount received to date, by the Treasurers, for 1869-70... \$17,087.16