

which is being rapidly settled. Here I received a cordial welcome from Bro. Lawson, our faithful and energetic Missionary, who, for the past five years, has been doing noble service among the advancing settlements of the North-West. His field is extensive, and the people are widely scattered, but they gladly receive the visits of the Missionary, and the prospects are that we shall have here a strong, self-sustaining circuit at no distant day.

From the Little Saskatchewan, two trails lead to Manitoba, known as the North and South trails. We first decided to go by the North trail, as that would lead us through Salisbury and Palestine Missions, both of which I desired to visit, while on the line of the South trail there are no Missions between Rapid City and Portage la Prairie. As our horses were becoming travel-worn, and the roads ahead were reported very bad, Bro. Lawson kindly offered to accompany us with a fresh pair as far as the Portage; but, on the first afternoon, one of his horses—which he had hired for the journey—gave out, and he had no alternative but to return home. This necessarily changed our plans, as no one in our party knew anything of the North trail. We accordingly took the southerly track, and on the morning after leaving Rapid City reached

BIG PLAIN,

a beautiful tract of country, over twenty miles across, and rapidly filling up with settlers, chiefly from the older Provinces. No effort has yet been made to reach the people, beyond occasional visits from Bro. Lawson; but it is important that a man be sent at the earliest possible date. The Chairman of the Portage la Prairie District has his eye on the ground, and will endeavor to provide for occasional visits in the meantime, until a Missionary can be sent.

Between Big Plain and Rat Creek we passed through some of the worst country we had yet seen. The roads were in a frightful condition, and much of the country seemed to be under water; but after passing Rat Creek there was a manifest improvement, which continued all the way to Portage la Prairie. Beautiful homesteads were now continually in sight, and on every side were evidences of thrift and prosperity. After dark on Saturday evening I reached

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE,

and found pleasant quarters with Bro. Hewitt, the Chairman of the District. I can hardly express the delight I experienced at once more finding myself fairly within the bounds of civilization. To drive along roads with fences and fields on either side was inexpressibly delightful, and enabled me to sympathize more fully with