

receipts greatly exceed outlay, for the first expenses of residence are not always made up in a few years. Some eight or ten buildings form the "town" in which is a hall built for school purposes and dancing, as well as for services. The proceeds of a social primarily intended to begin a fund for church-building were given to pay off part of the debt on this hall; and we hope to have it more comfortable for Sabbath School and service. At the former we have about twelve children of all denominations, for it is a union school; at the monthly service the attendance is between thirty and forty.

At Pincher Creek we are among the foot-hills of the Rockies, and the whole country is a vast pasture field. Upon these hills, or hidden in the valleys, thousands of cattle feed. Everywhere are streams of pure, cold, sparkling water, and during most of the year small lakes or sloughs hold a water supply. So cattle thrive well, and by their increase in kind and in value, owners add to their wealth without that keenness of pursuit which is necessary in the busy marts of the East. Ruskin names three essentials of life without which no one knows how to live; in the West these three necessities are remarkably well represented, for they are pure air, water and earth. One feels continually invigorated by the tonic air, and so pure is it that meat will keep sweet if raised above the reach of flies; a saccharine solution does not ferment when exposed to it as it quickly would were the air less pure; by its dryness the carcasses on the prairie are soon mummified, and the water—clear like crystal, except in time of flood when the swift streams are carrying away the hills to exalt valleys elsewhere. Deep down one can see the trout darting among the boulders of the stream, and the water is cool to drink even in the heat of summer.

Before I left the district I spent a few days visiting. The weather continued crisp and cool so it was pleasant riding about, and the ride home was no hardship—as it has been when chilly rain was falling, or when the cold was 40° below zero. On the Thursday of this week there was a heavy fall of snow, and for some days the white covering lay upon the earth. At noon on Sunday a Chinook wind began, and before a dozen hours the snow was gone. The fury of the wind may be understood when you know that it took over an hour to walk a couple of miles against it to hold service—two men who started out to attend were exhausted and turned back after going half the distance.

On the last Sabbath of the month I was to hold service at Lethbridge, or as it is familiarly called, from the designation on the maps, the Coal Banks. A year ago a large force of men were at work, but this summer the place has been almost deserted; for the attempt to freight out coal by the Saskatchewan river practically failed; and until the railway from Medicine Hat is finished, the colliery will not be much worked. When, however, the railway reaches the place, it is likely that a large population will flow in and build up a prosperous town. After a ride of nearly thirty miles I reached the bank of the river, on the other side of which was my destination. Shouting nor shooting was sufficient to attract the ferryman's attention so I had to stay with a Roman Catholic friend who was working a seam of coal on his side of the river. Some freighters and miners happened to be there and a profitable time was spent in conversation. The offer to conduct worship was cordially accepted, and a chance given to sow good seed in the hearts of some I shall likely never see again. Next morning through a mistake in directions I was nearly plunging into thirty feet of water, for I had to ford, the ferry being frozen in. However, I turned back and eventually made the proper ford, though not