

The third plateau or steppe begins on the boundary line at the 104th meridian, where it has an elevation of about 2,000 feet, and extends west for 465 miles to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where it has an altitude of about 4,200 feet, making an average height above the sea of about 3,000 feet. Generally speaking, the first two steppes are those which are most favourable for agriculture, and the third for grazing. Settlement is proceeding in the first two at a very rapid rate; and in the third plateau numerous and prosperous cattle ranches have been established.

The prairie section of the Canadian North-West, extending westward from the neighbourhood of Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of over 800 miles, contains large tracts of the finest agricultural lands in the world. The prairie is generally rolling or undulating, with clumps of woods and lines of forest here and there. It abounds with lakes, lakelets, and running streams, in the neighbourhood of which the scenery has been described as the finest park scenery in the world.

The richness of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, which is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of grain and raising of stock, will assuredly cause this vast tract of country to become in the near future the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.

There is a generally accepted theory that the great fertility of the land in the North-West is due generally to three causes:—First, the droppings of birds and animals on the plains; second, the ashes left by the annual prairie fires; and third, the constant accumulation of decayed vegetable matter; and when the fact is considered that great herds of buffalo and other game have roamed for generations over the prairies; that wild fowl, to this day, are found in vast numbers everywhere; and that prairie fires have raged every year for many generations in the North-West, there is doubtless sound reason for this theory.

Whatever may have been the cause of the extreme richness of the land, however, there is one feature which is of great importance, and that is the depth of good soil in the prairie country. It has been frequently stated that the depth of black-loam in the North-West will range from one to four feet, and, in some instances, even deeper, but the statement, though received with a good deal of doubt, has in many cases been verified.

A supply of good water is an indispensable necessity to the farmer, not only for household purposes, but also for stock. The Canadian North-West has not only numerous rivers and creeks, but also a very large number of lakes and lakelets throughout the whole country, and it has now been ascertained definitely that good water can be obtained almost anywhere throughout the territory by means of wells; in addition to which there are numerous, clear-running, never-failing springs to be found throughout the country.

"WERE you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the good man; "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

## SCHOOLTIME.

WHAT is all this great commotion? What's the matter with the boys? Seems to me the house is bursting With their clatter and their noise.

"Mamma, put up lots of dinner,"  
"Mamma, won't you brush my hair?"  
"Mamma, where's my cap and mittens?"  
"There! I've tumbled over a chair."

Here they rush and there they go.  
With noise of boots and noise of tongues;  
Three boys hurrying to and fro,  
With active feet and good strong lungs.

"Almost schooltime;" "Hurry up, Ed;"  
"Where's the dinner pail?" "Where's my skates?"

With skip and jump and 'Good-bye, mamma,'  
Gone are the boys, and books and slates.

Oh, busy mothers of happy boys,  
Who feel the silence a blessed rest,  
Bear with the boys the best you can,  
For soon they'll leave the old home nest.

They'll be grave men, with boys of their own  
Perhaps will sleep in the churchyard low,  
While you hold them fast with mother's love,  
Remember, sometime your boys must go.

## GIDEON OUSELEY.

HE was a typical Irishman and a typical Irish Methodist—brave as a lion, bubbling over with wit, and with the magic gift of eloquence. He was a wild youth, possessing extraordinary physical strength, a leader in athletic sports, a dashing rider, at home, at horse-races, weddings, and wakes, ready to bet, drink, or fight. Yet from his childhood he had felt deep religious impressions, and like many others destined to large usefulness, he seems to have had early premonitions of his high calling of God. A godly mother taught him to pray, and to read the Bible, and other good books. He married very young, and with his girl-wife he set up housekeeping, but did not make much change in his way of living. In a drinking bout he was shot in the face and neck, and lost one of his eyes. This event sobered him for awhile, but he relapsed into his former courses, and even his devoted wife gave up all hope that he would reform.

In 1789 the Methodists came to Dunmore, where he lived. He went to hear them, and went away feeling that he was a lost sinner. His conviction was deep and his anguish of soul intense. The old Adam in him was strong, and evil held him fast. After a desperate struggle, one day he fell on his knees alone in his house, and cried, "O God, I will submit!" Soon afterwards, under the instructions of the Methodists, whose meetings he now regularly attended, and with the help of their prayers, he broke through all difficulties, and one Sunday morning, in May, 1791, he was born of God. It was a powerful conversion. It was a glad memory to him through life. He could not contain the mighty joy that flooded his soul. The hand of the Lord was upon him. He felt that he must tell the perishing masses around what a Saviour he had found.

He was of good blood, coming of a family distinguished in arms, statesmanship, and letters. Being the eldest son, rarely gifted, and classically educated, he might have hoped to achieve distinction in any line of secular ambition; but the word of the Lord was as a fire in his bones. Breaking over all the conventionalities attached to his social position, renouncing fully

and gladly all worldly ambition, and counting all things but loss that he might win Christ, he was soon going from town to town a flaming evangelist, exciting the wonder of the people, and moving them with a strange power. This is his own way of telling how he was called to preach:

"The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the Gospel.'

"'How can I go?' says I: 'O Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child.'

"'Do you not know the disease?'

"'O, yes, Lord, I do,' says I.

"'And do you not know the cure?'

"'Indeed I do, glory be to thy holy name!' says I.

"'Go, then, and tell them these two things—the disease and the cure. All the rest is nothing but talk.'"

For forty years he lived to tell of the disease and the cure. It was a ministry of marvellous power and success. He preached in the Irish tongue as well as in English. The wondering multitudes wept or swore and raved at him as the mood moved them. To the simple and plaintive Irish airs he would sing the Methodist hymns, the tender-hearted people swaying and sobbing as they listened. His pulpit was in the saddle. On market-days and other occasions that drew the people together he would ride into the midst of a crowd, start a hymn or begin an exhortation, and with a voice of remarkable clearness and power would make himself heard above all the noises of carts, cattle, pigs, poultry, and the howlings of the mob. Extraordinary power attended his word. His method was direct—he showed that there was but one Saviour, and one way of salvation by him. Sinners were cut to the heart, and great numbers were brought to Christ. Wherever he went the flame kindled and spread, both among Romanists and Protestants. It tested all his wit to control the mixed multitudes that heard him, but his tact was equal to all occasions. The mob that could not be convinced by argument was conciliated by his good humor, or captured by a stroke of ready wit. His Irish heart knew the way to their hearts, and when once he got hold of them he led them by a straight line to the Saviour of sinners. He and his companions went through nearly all the northern half of Ireland, "storming the little towns as they rode along." The conversions were many and clear, and the converts were often so demonstrative as to make a great stir in both friendly and hostile circles. Scenes of indescribable excitement attended his preaching—some weeping, some shouting defiance and curses, some throwing stones, some ready to attack and others to defend him, brandishing shillalahs, and breaking each other's heads until the police or a platoon of soldiers came and put an end to the riot. His soldier-blood was quickened in his veins and his fearless heart beat high amid such scenes, and he was always able to ride the storm he had raised. If there is one quality that wins an Irishman's admiration, it is courage—it touches a chord in the hearts of a race that is the mother of heroes. There was a generous and princely element in his nature that showed itself in dealing with the most violent opposers. There was more than this—a mighty faith in God and a Christliness of spirit that went beyond nature in its reach and power.

He was pre-eminently the apostle of Irish Methodism.

To the last he was active, preaching when he was seventy-four years old, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes twenty sermons a week. Loved and venerated by all classes, he died in Dublin in 1839, the Centennial year of British Methodism. "I have no fear of death!" he exclaimed with his dying breath, and the brave, generous, glowing heart ceased to beat, and his immortal spirit was taken up to be with his Lord.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A LUNATIC.

COULD we with ink the ocean fill;  
Were every blade of grass a quill;  
Were the whole world of parchment made,  
And every man a scribe by trade.

To write the love  
Of God above,

Would drain that ocean dry;  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.

## HOW WOODEN SHOES ARE MADE.

AN industry that cannot last many years more, thanks to the rapid cheapening of leather shoes by means of machinery, is the manufacture of wooden shoes, still the only wear of thousands of French peasantry. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* pleasantly describes the manner in which this industry is carried on. The surroundings are certainly picturesque. An encampment has been formed in the beech woods, and suitable trees are selected and felled. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp, but the beech sabots are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud, and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabots* roughly with the hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the hole for the interior, scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cuiller*.

The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it, carving a rose or primrose upon the top if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border around the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the washhouse, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd, who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school-boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.