

derful fact that for all parts of our Lord's great vineyard the workmen are being found—for tropical heat, and for arctic cold, for densely populated towns, and for lonely prairies. "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," seems to be the motto of these devoted servants of God.

So, as it has been our privilege during the passing (not yet past) year to meet with and receive into our home two of the clergy from the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, and to be quickened into interest in the work of the Church abroad by the simple story of their lives, ay, and perhaps yet more by the pathos of their worn and patient faces, it seems incumbent on us to try and transmit, if only in feeble measure, this interest to such readers of the OCCASIONAL as have not shared our privilege.

One of these had come home on sick leave, suffering from insomnia and general exhaustion. He has three Churches to serve, respectively twelve, fifteen and thirty miles from him. The last, he said, he had not yet been able to discover! In addition to sleeplessness he was still suffering from frost-bite in the feet. He lives entirely alone, cooking, cleaning, mending and darning for himself. At times, as when the one laundress of the settlement had influenza, he has had to add his own washing to his many cares. Of course he has to groom his own horse, and he has made some of his own furniture. After his long and cold journeys he returns home to find the contents of larder and store-room all frozen, and the first thing is to light the stove and thaw the food. Milk is bought by the pound in Assiniboia, and instead of a pint of milk, a "chunk of milk" is asked for. But sometimes there is no time to groom and feed the horse, light the stove, thaw the food and then cook it between the return home from a long journey and the hour of service in his little Church close by, and as the congregation cannot wait, the food must. Then there are young settlers living in lonely shanties on the prairie; these fall sick, and there is no one to nurse them but the clergyman, and nursing typhoid patients day and night had been the main cause of this young priest's shattered condition. Even the sea-voyage did not restore sleep; only with the shores of old England did he recover it, and then the strained, anxious and weary look in his eyes remained. Perhaps, however, to many a woman's heart the appeal that would have gone home most would have been the unconscious one, "When I have darned my socks I cannot wear them, they are so full of *lumps*."

"I picked up an appeal of Bishop Anson's out of a waste paper basket," was his answer to the inquiry how he came to volunteer for Qu'Appelle. "I wrote to the Bishop's Secretary and offered myself. He said they could not take more men then; however, I meant to go, and so I went."

Another, lately returned to the diocese after a successful appeal in England for help for his parish, had meant to offer himself for work in Central Africa. But one day talking with a friend or an acquaintance, the subject of the work in Qu'Appelle was mooted. "The Bishop wants some one who can minister to a colony of Hungarians" was