

with the mercury at zero, than here with it at twenty below. We do not have as much snow as you do in Ontario, and the atmosphere is very much dryer. We claim to have more sunshine in the year than any other Province in the Dominion. This is one of the few things that the political parties of the day have not been able to take from us for their friends in the East. We have a pretty steady cold for about four months (except when it is colder), no rain, no thaw, no mud, such as certain parts of Ontario enjoy, to relieve the monotony of her winters. We have a large public school, attended by about 400 children and young people.

There are six places of worship, two Presbyterian, a Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Roman Catholic. The last named, as usual, have a very valuable property, in connection with which is a convent school, which, to the shame of the parents be it said, is largely attended by Protestant children.

We sometimes ask, Is our city sufficiently church-ed, or is there room for one that we would dearly like to see? At present we are forced to believe that it is, and that the time is past. Four years ago there was an opportunity, and if the right man and the necessary money had been forthcoming there might have been a strong Congregational church here to-day; but now others have come in, and now Brandon is supporting all the churches that she can satisfactorily.

True, we do not feel as much at home in any of these churches as we would in one of our own faith and order; yet we can feel that they are our brethren, doing in their way for Christ what we try to do in ours.

There has been a grand revival work going on here during the last six weeks. Special union services have been held in the various churches, and God has indeed blessed us; sinners have been converted, and Christians built up. This was indeed needed five years ago. By far too many came to this country for the sole purpose of making money. To-day they can thank God that He did not fulfil all their expectations. Now they may be poorer but wiser men, having learnt in a hard and bitter school that it is not all of life to make money, and that there are everlasting riches that do not take to themselves wings, and fly away.

The Salvation Army have lately established themselves here, and are doing a good work; many careless and indifferent ones are being aroused. We do not like all their ways of working, but must keep down that John-like spirit that would forbid because they do not follow us.

Rev. Mr. Silcox was up here a couple of weeks ago, lecturing for the Baptist Church. He gave his very popular lecture, "Grip and Grit," to a full house. We have had him here before, and his name is always sufficient to attract a large audience. A talk with our old pastor calls up many pleasant recollections of church life in Toronto.

We cannot close without saying how much we prize THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT—looking for its coming as an old and well tried friend—almost the only remaining link between us and the happy memories of Christian work in the East. And sir, if you ever get discouraged (you will be more than human if you do not), feeling that your labour of love is not appreciated, let this word from the Far West help to comfort you.

Brandon, March 5, 1887.

C. A. MOOR.

[We thank our friend for his kindly words, and would press upon the attention of our readers the manifest lessons of the letter.—ED.]

QUESTIONINGS.

Why are we told that faith alone can save

A human soul?

Deep meanings lie between this side the grave

And life's long goal,

Which we interpret slowly till we come,
Through tribulation oft, to rest and home.

Oh! where is home? that picture of repose

We see in dreams,

And sometimes fancy ours, until we lose,

In meeting streams,

Our visions, our sweet rest, our hopes, our all,
Which melt like snowflakes, and like raindrops fall.

Is it so strange that doubt in this world thrives,

When so much pain,

And pangs of suffering, fill so many lives,

That death were gain,

If only freedom from a quivering sense
Of weakness and of sadness, banished hence?

If this world were the end and goal of life,

A failure then

We must have felt it, pregnant with a strife

Which could not tend

To worthy recompense for all the pain;

It must have made us feel all life is vain.

Ah, Faith! good angel from the kingly skies,

Blessed child of love,

We need thy influence, open thou our eyes;

Bring from above

The soothing balm, the genial warmth of heaven,
Which oft to troubled hearts sweet peace has given.

Oh, teach us thus, what most we need to know

When life is sad,

That Christ looks humanly upon our woe,

Divinely glad

That He has power in earth and heaven to save,

And keeps our crown of life beyond the grave

Montreal, March 7, 1887.

S. HUNLEY.

THE *British Weekly*, referring to Dr. Parker's recent visit to Scotland, says. He has had an extraordinary reception, and has had a crowd before him in every pulpit he has occupied. The leaders of all the three Presbyterian churches cordially supported Dr. Parker. No other English preacher, with the exception of Mr. Spurgeon, has ever had such a welcome in the North.