

white men. Not much better are many who live in this town of mud-plastered huts—"Many dirty houses," as the Indians call it. The professional gambler, the escaped road-agent, dealers in contraband whiskey, men with the mark of Cain upon them jostle those who are respectable citizens. The motto almost everyone seems to have taken for his own is: Make money, honestly if you can, but—make money. The business done in the town is enormous. Ranchers and cattle men of this vast grazing district make McLeod their metropolis; supplies for the Police, the Indian trade, the banking business of the companies about bring thousands upon thousands of money to those here engaged in business.

It was in this old town, whose population is at continual ebb and flow, averaging about two hundred, that I held service on the first Sabbath in November. The building used was put up while a Methodist missionary was working here, and it is the only one in the town built for religious or educational purposes. Once before, I had preached to three of a congregation, but that evening there were present twelve times three; so even here there is encouragement of a certain kind. Those to whom church-going is a rarity are serious and earnest, but some lately come from the more privileged east, preserve their insane desire to titter at everything and make the service a pastime.

There is a better time dawning for this district. The Government have at last designated a town site and sold lots, so that those who wish may have a certain home. In this old town no one has a government deed for property, and squatters rights are not so religiously regarded in Canada as in the States. Uncertainty of residence prevented improvements being made; on the new site, however, there are many fine buildings. No doubt the clean tidy surroundings will react upon the people and make them less careless of appearances. We are straining every nerve to raise funds for church-building, and if present success be prophetic of the future, a church will be ready next summer worth a thousand dollars or over. At present services are held in the Recreation Room of the New Barracks, a short distance beyond the new town. No provision is made for religious services among the Police, and most of them have completely lost interest. However, quite a number turn out to the services regularly held on the second and fourth Sabbaths of the month. Several times in the beginning of the work the congregation has numbered three, but in November as many as twenty-eight were present. Some have been benefited by the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, and as they try to follow His example there can be no doubt of the genuine purpose in their hearts. The man who professes to be a Christian here must be a hero, for he has much to contend with, not only lack of sympathy and ridicule, but the continual deadening influence of surrounding carelessness, impurity and profanity as well. I must testify, however, to the respectful behavior of those whose life here is necessarily rough; and also to the sympathy and cordial assistance of those in command of the post.

A few days before the third Sabbath, I rode to Pincher Creek, a distance of over thirty miles. The morning was frosty, but there was no snow save on the mountains, which were full in view as I journeyed westward. The creek is a beautiful clear stream which rises in a mountain lake and thence winds about in a deep gravel bed, watering the finest section of the grazing country. On the "bottoms" along its course are the ranches of settlers and cattle-men built within the last few years; so as yet there are few who are able to make