

ment of which I write here is only one of many in North Dakota. There are already thirty thousand Russians living in that state, and there are many people of other nationalities living in the same way—Swedes, Germans, Danes. The story of the young colonies is marvellously touching; when you read one of the excellent novels of to-day, such as Miss Cather's *O Pioneers*, which tells of the growth of a Swedish colony in the middle-west, you are obliged to admit that it is no wonder the Americans find their own such an exclusively interesting country.

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I returned to New York by train, and on the way saw the Niagara Falls, one morning at dawn; the procession of white-headed rapids, the vapour and mist rising in volumes veiling the sun, darkening it. A sight of holiness and wonder that left me breathless. I was glad to be alone, and just close the picture into the heart, in silence!

Late one Saturday night I arrived in New York and stepped out of the Great Central Station, pack on back, and searched for a hotel. The grand "Knickerbocker," with sky-sign the length of the Great Bear, was not for me. I wandered into a queer-looking little palace, all mirrors, deep carpets, white paint, and niggers. My room faced the street, and opposite me was a pleasure-resort, a cabaret, a dance-hall, a pool-house, with three stories of billiard-rooms, through whose open windows I saw many