

grass; a sound like thunder strikes your ear, but it is not thunder, it is only the "fa o' their fairy feet" in the final run. We will watch them as they march, to music, out to their various class-rooms. Like a mighty army they come—left—right—left—right, square corners, toes on the line, detachments swinging off with dexterous, flank-movements to their own class-rooms as they pass. Let us drop a pitying tear for the teachers to whose lot they fall in this first half hour after lunch and gymnastic frolic, for they are as frisky as colts, and pass on to the next floor.

In this assembly room the musical director is teaching the older pupils the old plantation melodies, which they are inclined to cast aside when the first shallow draughts of learning have produced the inevitable attack of *magnanimitas*. They are not allowed to forget them, though, as long as they remain here. You want to stay, I know, and hear the hundreds of sweet, rich voices sounding out those weird, pathetic melodies, and you had best do so, for you may never hear the like again.

On the next floor are the class rooms of the missionary training and normal students. You may pass the time here, or anywhere you choose, until dinner time, only you must be on hand to watch, when the bell sounds at four forty-five, the long procession of girls issuing from the various buildings in military lines. Just now you may see a train of blue-gowned, white-aproned and white-capped nurses going over to a lecture in the chapel. They make a pretty touch of color here and there, as they wind in and out among the trees. Between three o'clock and dinner hour, if you visit the laundry, you will find the clothes being ironed which were washed before breakfast, and in most of the buildings a small army of sweepers and dusters making short work of the matter out of place which zealous housekeepers call dirt.

Dinner over, you will join us after a half hour's recreation, in a rousing prayer meeting from six to seven—the regular Thursday night service. The teachers take turns leading this meeting, therefore there is always a note of expectation in the congregation, for each week there is a new leader. One finds no place for dullness in these meetings; every moment is occupied, and an earnest, fervent spirit pervades each prayer and testimony. After meeting you will find the girls of each dormitory assembled for two hours of silent study, presided over by their hall-teacher. Then a hymn is sung and the girls go to their rooms. Again the big bell falls a-clanging, and out go all the lights in the dormitories. One more busy day at Spelman is over.

This day is a type of most school days, save that each night another variety of meeting is held. But there are days not school days—Friday, Saturday and Sunday, when a different program is in order for each day. Friday a half-day session, closing with prayer meetings. Saturday there is laundry work for the girls who rip and tear—excuse me, I mean wash and iron—for the teachers, and recreation for those who do not have to work their way. And Sunday, the "day of all the week—the most full, six services and frequently an inquiry meeting. Whether you pronounce it also "day of all the week the best" depends upon your capacity for assimilating more than you will hold. Just here, perhaps, my friend, you will solve a conundrum with which the present scribe has vainly battled, namely, what is the difference between an overdose of plum pudding, and an overdose of prayer meeting? Both are composed of all that's good; both are most excellent in and of themselves. But plum pudding becomes a serious obstacle to one's well-being when taken to excess. How then about the prayer meeting? This one day's work also has given you no idea of the many cares and duties that come to the teachers every day; of the hundreds of girls to be mothered and taught to live their every day lives as Christians should; of the line upon line, and precept upon precept, by which they are taught to be a blessing to themselves and to their people. But all that is another story, and one which you can only learn by becoming one of its characters.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

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## MANITOBA LETTER.

### Life and Opportunity in the Prairie Province.

(St. John Sun.)

It may be too soon for me to undertake to write my impressions of this great western country, having been a sojourner in it but three weeks, and having seen it only in its most severe winter mood. But later on I will no doubt feel like writing more pleasant things concerning it than my experience so far would justify. Every one east and west, is quite ready to admit that the building of the C. P. R. was a great and expensive enterprise, but one must pass over it before he can have any adequate conception of how vast an undertaking it was. As one rides all day around the shore of Lake Superior, through tunnels, over deep ravines and around bold precipices, he is amazed that it could even have occurred to any body of men to undertake such a work. One could scarcely be surprised if told that it would tax heavily the resources of the country to build a highway through such a region.

But the C. P. R. has been built, sure, and has brought Winnipeg very near to St. John, for leaving the latter city at 4.30 p. m. on Friday, we arrived in the former at 4.30 p. m. on Monday. If the people generally in the east are as ignorant on this point as I was they will be quite surprised to learn that the journey can be made in so short a time. A little less than four days from Halifax to Winnipeg, this young giant of the west. Think of it, will you? Twenty-five years ago and Winnipeg was

not, or at most was but a small cluster of wooden shanties and today it outnumbers, I believe, in population, any Canadian city east of Quebec, and there seems no reason why it should not double, or even treble, its present population in the twenty-five years to come. The city hall, post office, assembly hall, court house, hotels, churches and residences will bear comparison with any city of its size. Every city has its Main street, Winnipeg has one, very broad and very crooked, following evidently the trail, made probably by the Indians, before cities began to move so far west. One day only was spent there, and with the temperature at 40 below zero did not afford the most desirable condition for observation, but even this hasty glance could not fail to impress a stranger very favorably. If one should come from the east to Winnipeg blindfolded, not knowing where he was going, it would not take him long on arriving there to discover that he was not in an eastern city. The business atmosphere is different, the currents of life move more quickly, the rush is greater, the people you meet on the street seem in a hurry, but very courteous and obliging. Cold as it was the day I was there, I was able to gather no small amount of information by interviewing men of the street. One man so interviewed proved to be a very intelligent farmer, who came to this country from Ontario nine years ago. He had farmed on a large scale in that province, and sold his property then, he said, at a great sacrifice. His brother, living on an adjoining farm, caught the western fever about the same time that he did, but not being able to sell his property for the figure asked, he remained in the east, and in that, said he, my brother made a great mistake, for now I make as much money in one year as he does in three. This man's success would not be a fair illustration of what the average man could do in the west. I called his attention to that view of the case, with which, of course, his modesty prevented him from agreeing, but finding me firm in that conviction, and evidently regarding me as a stranger who was anxious to settle on a farm, he said: "Very well, then, here is a case in point." Six years ago a Swede with his wife and two little boys came to my house and offered some little trinkets, all they possessed, for their supper and a night's lodging. The next day, he continued, I hired the man; he worked for me a year, and then took up a homestead and has since bought more land; today he owns three hundred acres, and real estate clear of debt worth at least fifteen hundred dollars, and in six years more, if this man lives, he will be independent. My informant was very much in earnest, and very confident that any young man in the east of ordinary intelligence and industry could come here, take up land and make a comfortable home in a few years.

I have since interviewed many others, and find that almost without exception they have unbounded faith in the country, and agree as between the east and the west, the chances of success are ten to one in favor of the west. I am beginning to think, Mr. Editor, that you were about right in saying to me that "no man was ever known to be discouraged west of Lake Superior." I have talked with a number of men who have been here from two to eight years, and have not yet gotten on their feet, but I certainly have not met a discouraged man. Every one can tell you exactly why he has not succeeded better, and is just as confident that he is now just entering upon the trail in which he cannot fail to succeed.

From Winnipeg I came to Boissevain, a very stirring and prosperous town, 180 miles southwest of Winnipeg, on the Pembina branch of the C. P. R., and about 15 miles from the American line. The prairie at this point is rolling, and the town stands, not like the Eternal City, on seven hills, with a level between about fifty yards wide, on which the railway and the six elevators are located. Boissevain has grown to its present proportions in ten years and promises in ten years more to be the most important town in Southern Manitoba. It has the appearance of a young city of rapid and substantial growth. Many of its stores, residences, school buildings, two of its churches and many less pretentious buildings are of stone. It stands in the centre of the finest wheat growing section of the province, and even at this season of the year is a scene of constant activity. It is quite within the mark to say that a hundred teams per day come in from the surrounding country loaded with wheat, which just now is selling at from 55 to 57 cents per bushel. The price was much higher earlier in the season, but even at present prices the farmers can do well. It is not an easy matter to give a description of the country as it appears at this season. From this point you can easily fancy that you were on an island in the midst of a frozen sea. Looking east, west and north, you see nothing save far extending plains covered with snow, the drifts have the appearance of waves of the sea that had been congealed while yet in motion, and just waiting for the south wind to set them free once more; and the houses which are visible for miles in every direction,

might be taken for large rocks projecting above the surface of the sea. Looking south, you see a dark streak on the horizon; you ask the old settler what it is, and he is amused to discover such ignorance, but he replies: "That! Why, that's the bush." They never say the woods or the forest here; it is always "the bush," and this bush, as they designate it, you soon learn is a large forest of poplar wood, which is the only fuel supply for the farmers within a distance of 35 to 40 miles. It will be difficult for people in the east to conceive of farmers drawing firewood that distance. It would be like farmers living near Sussex drawing wood with teams from St. John. It takes some of the farmers three days to get a load of wood. But they seem to think nothing of it. The farmers here are as jolly a lot of men as are to be met with anywhere. They have able teams, and not much else to do in winter but get wood. You can buy wood cheaper here than in any of our eastern towns. Most of the people here come from Ontario. I have met so far in this town, only one man from New Brunswick, John Drost, Esq., whose boyhood home was somewhere on the bank of the majestic St. John river. He has spent most of his life in different parts of the west, and has done well. He has now, though a comparatively young man, practically retired from business, and is comfortably situated in this town, he and his wife both, valued members of the Baptist church here.

Dr. F. L. Shaffner, easily the leading doctor of this town, with a very beautiful home and a large and remunerative practice, is an Annapolis county, N. S., boy, is a graduate of Acadia College, who settled here ten years ago and has done remarkably well. Dr. S. is one of the strong men of the Baptist church here. Arthur Shaffner, a brother of the doctor, has recently settled on a farm one and a half miles from town. He is full of energy and buoyant hope, and will introduce some of the Nova Scotia notions about farming. Mr. Shaffner and his amiable wife (who, by the way, is a Hopewell, Albert Co., N. B., lady) are both highly esteemed members of the Baptist church here, having recently joined by letter from the home church.

Kings Co., N. S., is also ably represented in my congregation in the person of I. E. Bill, son of Hon. W. C. Bill, so well and favorably known throughout Nova Scotia. Mrs. Bill is a daughter of John Ruland, Esq., of Halifax, and a graduate of Acadia Seminary. So you will see that we are not without cultured and refined people on these snowy plains of the west. Mr. Bill is farming on quite an extensive scale, and looks as if he were enjoying it immensely. It would have been a wise thing for many of our eastern province young men had they come here and gone into wheat raising instead of going to New England to clerk in stores or work in factories. I am quite sure that most of them would have more to show for their toil at the end of ten or fifteen years than they will as a result of their toil in "Uncle Sam's country."

The best way by far for young men in the east to do, who are thinking of coming west, is to come out and hire with a farmer and work for a year or two and get some experience of western life, and learn by observation and enquiry the most suitable sections of the country best adapted to the kind of farming they would like to engage in. Young men coming here at this season of the year would have no difficulty in securing employment at fairly good pay. It is my purpose a month or two later to go as far west as Edmonton and look the country over, and from time to time will send you some notes of what I see, and hear, and think.

E. J. GRANT.

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### How a Little Boy Learned a Lesson.

It was a very hot day, and the little boy was lying on his stomach under the linden tree, reading the "Scottish Chiefs."

"My little boy," said his mother, "will you go out in the garden and bring me a nice head of lettuce?"

"Oh, I can't!" said the little boy, "I'm too hot!"

The little boy's father happened to be close by weeding the geranium bed, and when he heard this he lifted the little boy gently by the shoulders and dipped him in the great tub of water that stood all ready for watering the plants.

"There, my son," said the father. "Now you are cool enough to get the lettuce; but remember next time it will be easier to go at once when you are told, as then you will not have to change your clothes."

The little boy went drip, drip, dripping out into the garden and brought the lettuce. Then he went drip, drip, dripping into the house and changed his clothes; but he never said a word, for he knew there was nothing to say.

That is the way they do things where the little boy lives. Would you like to live there? Perhaps not. Yet he is a very happy boy, and he is learning the truth of the old saying,

"Come when you're called, do as you're bid,  
Shut the door after you, and you'll never be chid."

—Youth's Companion.

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A philosopher says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for something to eat, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy.