

was near the end of October, 1871. That year the General Assembly had resolved to establish a college in Manitoba, and the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the Commissioner, had been in Ontario during the Summer, in its interests, and now we were returning. From a point 60 or 70 miles on an incomplete railway from St. Paul, we took, some 400 miles distant from Winnipeg, our leap into the wilderness. The covered stage, drawn by four horses was our conveyance. The prairie roads were beautiful and we bowled along at a fine rate. Soon we reached the upper waters of Red River, crossed to the west side, and then, after a short run, back to the east side. The Northern Pacific Railway had not yet reached Red River. Five or six days' ride brought us to Winnipeg. We crossed the Assiniboine, passed Fort Garry, which was then a point of remarkable, even tragic interest, as the spot where the Scott murder had been committed in the year before. Down Main street we came and alighted at Davis House, which proved too full to accommodate us. There was no other place that we knew of in Winnipeg, and Winnipeg itself was a little wretched looking village of some 300 souls. Those of us who were new comers had not entertained very high expectations, but I confess that the one wide street without grading, without a sidewalk, running between two rows of log houses, no two of them alike, all isolated and positively ugly, caused my heart to sink in looking on this as the future scene of action. So Winnipeg affording us no shelter, we started out about 8 o'clock that night, as the sky was clear and the roads good, to walk to Kildonan Manse. On arriving there, we met the pastor of Kildonan who had been looking anxiously for our coming. He was a quick-moving, active man, then of about 29. Of medium size, he was of a wiry make. His heavy head of hair was turning a little gray. He had on moccasins. His face beamed with a kindly smile when he spoke, and his gestures were rapid and well marked.