

St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Minnehaha Park is one that attracts the crowd. The famous falls give the Park its name. Longfellow has done Minneapolis as big a favor as he has done for Nova Scotia. Students of Hiawatha come here to see Minnehaha and they come in droves and they read the poem by the brink of the "Laughing Water" and they truthfully and tenderly—and sometimes shrilly—say, "My! how beeyewtee-full." The cadence of the falling brook as it ripples over the stones and races along in happy humour is pretty and the hot city and hard pavements are quickly forgotten beneath the bird haunted trees of Minnehaha Park. How good it was to hear the birds! The mountains and the west coast are not bird lands and one who has heard and loved the birds all his days misses their singing in the West. Perhaps the mountains make the birds so modest that they hush the songs that tremble in their throats. I know not. But Minneapolis is a bird land and like the homeland for that reason and other reasons.

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Minneapolis is called "The Flour City." No city in the world does as much business in flour as this. The output of the mills here reaches the enormous figures of ten million barrels yearly. If this were the only industry the prosperity of Minneapolis would be well assured but in addition to this the city is famous for its furniture factories and wood working industries. Its trade in cattle is enormous too and it has candy factories that are the largest on the continent west of Chicago. It is not only a market and mercantile city; the University of Minnesota, a large and good standing college is here. The campus and buildings are quite up to the high standard for American colleges. Money is ever plenty for them and one cannot understand how it is that in many of these seats of learning in Uncle Sam's land there should be a financial scheme that markets the degree that "doctors" men. But in truth it must be said that only the poorer ones do this.

This city is not better than it ought to be but it has much regard for the day of rest. It can teach some of our Canadian cities how to guard the Sabbath from abuses. The saloon does a thriving trade here six days of the week but it keeps—perforce and in the letter only no doubt—the fourth Commandment. And this is surely right and proper. The saloon is a soiler of our civilization any time, but when it is sanctioned on the sacred day to spread its sin and sorrow it is a shame and a disgrace to have it so. Minneapolis has had its dark days and they are in all likelihood not past, but her best men are awake to try and lift the life of the community to higher things.