

ended. But there can be no excuse whatever for the loading and unloading of all kinds of vessels and the ceaseless work and traffic in the freight sheds of the C. P. R. all day long on Sabbath, the engines are busy shunting cars and making up trains. Our Canadian Sabbaths are fast becoming like those across the line, and will very soon, I fear, be devoted to buying and selling, pleasure seeking and amusement rather than rest from secular labour and the worship of Almighty God.

RAT PORTAGE.—Leaving Port Arthur by the C. P. R. we reach this point after a journey of eighteen hours. Ten years ago the Dawson Route, by waggon and steam launches on the many lakes that traverse this section, was put in operation, but was not, to say the least, very popular. The long dreary road with its fatigue, exposure and misquitos was too much even for the tourists and sportsmen, and even less relished by the ordinary traveller. It was indeed only intended as a temporary experiment, until the railway was completed to Winnipeg, but it was given up sooner even than expected. The C. P. R. for a considerable part of the journey towards the "Barclay Station," half way between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, is anything but smooth. It reminds one of the rocking of a ship rather than the steady run of a well ballasted railway. The first half of the journey is through an exceedingly poor and sterile country, destitute of settlements and roads and wooded with scraggy trees that look more like hop poles than serviceable timber. Some of the bridges along the route are exceedingly shakey constructions—at least they appear so to the ordinary traveller. That the road has been so soon completed as it is, is indeed a marvel of perseverance and it is in no spirit of fault finding that we mention the feelings of many who patronise it, and hope that ere long stronger bridges may be built, and any real or fancied fears of disaster removed.

Rat Portage, which has of late gained considerable notoriety as the scene of a bloodless conflict between representatives of Manitoba and the Ontario Government, is a beautiful little town of some 1,500 or 2,000 of a population, six hours journey from Winnipeg and eighteen from Port Arthur. It is situated on and around the "*Lake of the Woods*," one of prettiest sheets of water anywhere to be found on the British American Continent. The C. P. R. enters the town through a deep cutting of rock peculiar to this whole region. The comparatively rapid growth and settlement of Rat Portage within the last two or three years is due to the lumber and mining interests all along the "*Lake of the Woods*," and the Winnipeg River. There are several large saw-mills at Rat Portage and Keewatin, the Hudson Bay Company has also a large store

and warehouse here and nearly every branch of industry is represented. In addition to the mining and lumbering interests, the place is destined to become a fashionable watering place for the people of Winnipeg and other cities on the Western Prairie. The scenery and boating and fishing facilities cannot be surpassed. The Roman Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches have missionaries stationed here—the latter having just finished a beautiful house of worship, and a comfortable parsonage for the Rev. Mr. Tibbs, who has recently been taken from Rapid City to this important point. Mr. Tibbs has already gained the affections of his people and the confidence of the community, and both in the pulpit and other public occasions, most ably represents our Church. Altogether the prospects of Rat Portage are exceedingly good, although it suffers at present from the general depression in Winnipeg and the unsettled political relations which it has sustained for some time towards Manitoba and Ontario. Six hours travel land us once more in Winnipeg. The first half of the journey between Rat Portage and the capital is exceedingly attractive by reason of the numerous lakes that are seen along the railway track. Then the country assumes an entirely different appearance and the wide-spreading prairies of the great North-West come into view.

WINNIPEG.—So much has been written of this city during the last few months, that it is unnecessary to repeat what has been better said by others. The contrast presented between what it was ten years ago on my first visit, and indeed between what it was two years ago and is now, is simply marvellous. Main street radiantly lit up by electricity and many of the stores ablaze with the same light, gives to the city an exceedingly attractive appearance by night. Street cars running in different directions, omnibuses and carriages of every possible description carrying passengers between the station and hotels—many of the places of business still opened and thronged with customers, auctioneers selling their wares and music sounding from out gilded saloons—which are sadly numerous in this new city—make up a scene that is scarcely conceivable in what some twelve years ago was nothing but prairie and the home of the Red man. Winnipeg is now suffering from severe depression. The boom of 1881 has collapsed and men who boasted of their riches a year ago are now very poor. The papers are pretty full of sales of insolvent stocks and notices of meetings of creditors; but in spite of all, building operations are continued in many directions, and the streets and stores seem anything but dull. The fact is that two years ago business was carried on far from legitimately. Men were unwilling to amass