

Cannington itself, however, a very remarkable change has taken place. Several new families have come in, and houses of a substantial, and even palatial, character have been built, the interiors of which make one almost forget that one is in the Northwest of Canada, and fancy that one is back again in England. There is nothing like them to be found anywhere else in the Northwest. Capt. Pierce, the founder of this settlement, whose death, last year, was much lamented, must have had a wonderful imaginative power to select for his own settlement, and afterwards to attract thereto so many others, a spot forty miles from the railway, that seems in itself to outsiders to differ very little from the rest of the prairie, except, perhaps, in its nearness to the well wooded and watered Moose Mountains. The Mountains themselves, however, almost entirely belong to Indian reserves. The little log church in the village has been well plastered, and looks, with its low roof, tower, and cruciform ground plan, more like a little village church of England, than any other church in the Diocese. The clergyman's house, which was never quite completed, sadly needs repairs and plastering before it is taken possession of by a married clergyman. We were glad that the parishioners are fully conscious of this need, and have determined to do all that is necessary before the arrival of Mr. Agassiz.

On Sunday there was a Celebration of Holy Communion, at 8.30; Matins and Litany at 11; Confirmation, at which candidates, males and females, were presented, in the afternoon, and Even-

song. There were very good congregations at all the services.

Monday and Tuesday the Bishop spent in visiting among the people. On Wednesday a start was made for the south country, an account of which, written by Mr. Cartwright, appeared in our June number, and which, as we then announced, was to be divided into a separate district under Mr. Cartwright's charge. Our first stage was a short one, only about 15 miles, to Dennington P.O., the homestead of Mr. Kisby, but we were anxious to visit on our way a woman who was to have been Confirmed on the Sunday, but who did not appear. We heard she was ill, and we found that this was what prevented her from being present. Our next day was a very long and tedious one—to the Souris Coal Fields, about 45 miles—35 miles of which was across country without an inhabited house or a drop of water. The heat, also, was intense. To our dismay, when we arrived at the stopping house where we had intended to put up, we found that the owners were away at Alameda, and only a few little children left in charge of one another and the house. Though the horses were naturally very much done, we thought we should have to press on some six or seven miles more, but fortunately Mr. Cartwright remembered some people (Mr. Price and family) who lived in the valley close to the Souris River, only about a mile distant. We hastened on and were most hospitably entertained for the night. It was a most delightful spot, and it was a real pleasure to be once more by the side of a river with wooded