

meals. As he will also at present be pretty sure to come across deer, he should bring, not a rifle, but a store of buckshot cartridges with him. The air he would breathe is delicious. He might do a good stroke of genuine Christian work. He will see a fresh people striking their roots into and rising from a soil which has waited for them from the creation of the world. He will watch the growth of cities, feeling their own life, and help to keep up the sense of England's expansion. He might then go back, after a few years, with a reserve of experience which would enable him to realise humanity as he hardly could otherwise; or he may become so charmed with his work as to take up his residence in this England which is beyond the seas, but which is continually being brought closer to the old country by ships and railways. In the use of these, interchange of visits becomes easier every year. I stumbled on Mr. Bolton, the chaplain of Bishop Anson, cooking his dinner in a new deal hut, and just then washing his potatoes. He was full of enthusiasm about his pastoral work, but will not thank me for calling his residence a hut, since I think he has dubbed it "Church House," and holds service there. Anyhow, the pot was beginning to boil in the middle of the Mission-room, some hymn-books and leaflets lay about, and a belt of cartridges hung on a nail in the wall.

But I must return to Winnipeg for a minute before I lay down my pen. Though wages are high—bricklayers being now on strike here for four dollars, *i.e.*, 16s., a day,—some things are rather costly, and some kinds of work, such, *e.g.*, as bricklaying, cannot be done in the winter, which is long and very cold. Of course hotel prices are always excessive (I have to pay ten cents, *i.e.*,