

A Retrospect.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

REV. W. W. Carson was a young man and as such took a deep interest in the young people. Under his direction a Literary Society was organized which developed the minds and cultivated the social element among them. But best of all a deep spiritual influence was abroad in the church, and many were led to consecrate themselves to God. Two of the number are now preaching the gospel, one in British Columbia, the other in Ontario. We have reason to feel grateful when we think of the young men that have gone from our school to carry the "glad tidings of great joy" to the people.

Benjamin Clement was a scholar in our school in 1838 and has spent many years in the ministry. James Allan, Thomas McNair, John Morris Robert Harper, Walter Rigsby, James White, Charles Keays, Thos. L. Kerruish and Walter Dunnett have all gone forth from the school as Ministers of the Gospel. Of this number, John Morris and Robert Harper have crossed the river, and are now rejoicing in the presence of God. Many of the boys and girls of earlier days hold high and responsible positions. Mr. G. H. Benedict has been a member of the United States Senate. How can we know the number of lives that have been moulded by the influence of the school. The life-long friendships that have been formed and the union of heart and interest that has resulted in—

"The happy day, when a new household found its place,

Among the myriad homes of earth;

Like a new star, sprung to birth,

And rolled on its harmonious way

Into the boundless realms of space.

The teachers and officers who devoted their time and strength to this work, have not received as yet their full reward. We cannot mention their names, but know that in God's book their names are written in letters of light. For even the cup of cold water given in His name, shall not lose its reward. Our hearts grow tender as we think of those we love, who have left us.

"Teachers and scholars have passed on before,

Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,

Singing to cheer us while passing along,

Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come."

In September, 1879, we took possession of our present school room. At that time the average attendance was two hundred and sixty-one, since then the school has been

steadily progressing. Mr. W. A. Edwards and H. S. Williams have filled the position of Superintendent for the school and at present it is under the direction of Mr. Thomas Morris, Jr. Our school was never in a better position than at present. There is perfect harmony between teachers, officers, and scholars. Our great need at present is better accommodation, and we hope very soon to see the way clear to build a school room that will meet the requirements of those who come to study the word of God. As we look into the faces of the hundreds who come every Sabbath, we think of the future and what it holds for each one, praying earnestly that the teachers may have wisdom to direct their scholars into the way of life, and that God's blessing, may even more abundantly in the future, than in the past, rest upon their efforts.

—C. K.

CONCLUDED.

Life on the Prairies.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

AFTER supper, we proposed to turn in to get a little sleep before day break. What a preparation it was! As I look back now, from my present surroundings, I wonder how any civilized being could endure such living. For instance, it never occurred to us, for a moment, to change our working clothes before going to bed. We were accustomed to throw ourselves down just as we were. One easily becomes adapted to circumstances. We had no nice, clean bed with soft white covers and feather pillows, no carpet on the floor, no home-like comforts, but on the contrary, everything was coarse, daubed and greasy, cracks in the boards, yawned dismally. The rough floor was half covered with melting snow, nothing in the shanty but what was damp and sticky. Then, I did not mind it much, now it seems barbarous.

We took off our long leather boots, threw our coats on top of the blankets, then, just before blowing the lights out, I pulled down the covers and was just on the point of jumping in, when to our amazement and disgust, we saw the black and white hairs of a fourth snake, curled up in the centre of the bed, quickly replacing the blankets we turned and gazed into each others faces, utterly at a loss what to think or do. Must we yet have to spend the night without a roof over our heads, because of those beastly animals? We men-