

From Port Arthur to Winnipeg the distance is 430 miles and occupies 19 hours of the tourist's time. The country between is very uninteresting and, if often travelled, would become quite monotonous. But one who has never seen it before finds many things to interest him. After passing Fort William and Mt McKay, rising 900 feet, we touched the banks of the swiftly flowing Kaministiquia river, and followed it for several miles. Where the river is deep it appears calm and still, but, where shallow, its mighty force can be seen as it rushes over the rocks like a perpetual rapids. The land is generally flat and the view limited, though here and there we sped past a pretty ravine through which trickled a "living stream" from a spring hard by. The bed of the road passes through muskeg, sand and granite rock in turn. Brushwood abounds, consisting mostly of poplar and spruce, but no large trees are seen. The white strawberry blossom, the yellow of the marigold, the silver bark of the poplar, and the red-tipped crests of moss gave a change of color to nature. Once or twice as we sped along not looking for any change we shot suddenly into midnight darkness when, after the first moment of astonishment, there came before our eyes a vision of the poor old Irish woman whose first experience of a tunnel frightened her so that she fancied herself being hurled at once, and without any warning or preparation into the place of darkness, and had "niver a blissed candle to light her through." Lakelet after lakelet seemed to pass us by. Anon a hillside covered with charred logs of fallen timber, like soldiers slain on the field of battle, while the spruce saplings stood up, fresh in their greenness, and seemed to be keeping watch over their fallen comrades around. The only signs of life are clustered near the stations which are passed at regular intervals in that undeveloped country. For 300 miles the land looks uninviting. Rat Portage is the only town in that long stretch of country. But as we approach Winnipeg more signs of life are evident, horses and cattle graze on the prairie, and the wire fence is seen for the first time running alongside the track. Soon the quiet into which the travellers had settled for the journey is disturbed by the conscious approach to a stopping place of importance, and about ten o'clock in the morning we crossed the muddy waters of Red River into the Prairie City of the West, whose 22,000 children are full of activity and push, though still feeling the reaction which naturally followed the high prices of the "Boom."

I remained a few days in Winnipeg and had the pleasure of meeting several of the clergy who seem to be a hard working band of men, and fully alive to the requirements of the Church in this day, and in this young province. The Church has large opportunities for work in the city. I saw All Saints, Christ Church and Holy Trinity, and was present at services in the two last named. The churches are noted in the order of ritual, though Holy Trinity is by far the most costly and

substantial and has many claims to architectural beauty. Both All Saints and Christ Church have good surpliced choirs and are well appointed internally. I also tried to see the interior of the cathedral but, though it was a Sunday afternoon, I found the doors locked and was obliged to content myself with a walk through the old cemetery, noting many of the interesting records on the tombs. The Church in Manitoba and the Northwest about ties the Presbyterians for first place, but the latter are sending in more men and more money, and we, in Eastern Canada, if we do not respond more liberally to the calls for help from our friends up there, shall find the Church of our father's gradually falling behind. The Presbyterians have secured a capital of \$100,000 for a Church and Parsonage Fund which is loaned at little or no interest to parishes desiring to build. Thus they are getting many centres for their work. Why could not the Church in Canada take a leaf from their book? But strong as is the cry for money, the need of men is greatly felt.

The journey from Winnipeg to Qu'Appelle (323 miles) occupies about 13½ hours. From Winnipeg to Brandon the prairie is very level and scarcely a tree is to be seen except in some bluffs far to the north, and along the banks of the Assiniboine to the south. The country is becoming fairly well settled, especially around and between Portage la Prairie and Brandon, where the soil is very good. Brandon is prettily situated on the southern slope of the Assiniboine. Here we saw about thirty Indian *tepees* clustered on the west side of the city, the Indian children with long jet black hair, ran in playful glee, dancing and shouting at the train. From this point west the aspect of the prairie varies—plain, rolling and broken ground are passed in turn. The Qu'Appelle district, especially a tract of country about 25 miles wide, lying between Indian Head and Balgonie, is very pretty. Bluffs of willow and poplar, in which are often sloughs of water, dot the rolling prairie. This district is not very often seen by the through traveller, as the train passes Qu'Appelle about midnight and the tourist can only see it by stopping over. Qu'Appelle Station, or Troy as it was formerly called, is the centre of a very good farming district. Like other towns in the North-west it grew very rapidly for a time after the railway was built, and then came to a standstill. There is, however, a very fair business done here, and besides a daily stage to Fort Qu'Appelle, 18 miles to the north, a weekly stage with mail and passengers goes by the Touchwood trail to Prince Albert. St. Peter's Church,—the Pro-Cathedral of the Diocese—is a pretty little white brick building with a large chancel for Diocesan functions. The interior is well arranged, with well raised altar and fitting appointments. There is also a surpliced choir. The services are taken from St. John's College where the Bishop and clergy live. The college buildings, consisting of Theological College, See House and Boys' School, stand on a