

through the neighborhood; the railway places every facility at my disposal, and as a result of all this, it becomes the most difficult of tasks to hide one's self for a sufficient period to write a letter. No sooner had I returned to Winnipeg to conclude this series, than I found it necessary to leave immediately, in order to have the advantage of the company of several particularly well informed persons and officials over the next part of my trip. Consequently, it is useless to date this letter from anywhere, because I have no means of knowing when or where it may be finished.

AT DELORAINE,

the terminus of the southern branch of the Canadian Pacific railway in Manitoba, my experience of the genuine prairie began. Until one has visited the Canadian and American West, Nature has only two great impressive aspects—when she takes the form of sea or mountains. After a journey like this, however, the prairie has to be added to these, and one's first sight of it is in every respect as memorable as one's first glimpse of the ocean or the Alps. It is a sensation, however, difficult if not impossible to describe. One feels one's self to be the centre or focus of a kind of indescribable vastness or emptiness. One's house, or one's sleigh, or one's own person projects from the surface of the earth in complete solitude. There is simply nothing else but surface. Life on the prairie must be a realization of the mathematician's illustration of existence in two dimensions of space. If the day is dull and the sun happens to be obscured, one may travel for hours without noticing