

miles, there is no station, no one being required owing to the unsettled and barren state of the country. As the road, however, requires to be kept in order, the company has erected section houses at intervals of 10, 15, 20 miles, in each of which a station of railway employes live. The staff usually consists in the summer season of two section foremen, with five or six men under them. A section of the road, usually ten miles each way from the house, is allotted each way to the staff or gang. One foreman takes half of the section "hands," and starts out in the morning on his hand car, which is pumped by some of the men, to some faulty spot on his beat. The other foreman does the same, in the opposite direction. They take out their dinner with them, and do not meet again until night.

They lead lonely lives, as may be imagined in this desolate country, the express rushing past once a day, or an occasional freight stopping to replenish their water barrels, or leave them provisions, are the only breaks in their monotonous lives. Church—there is none to attend, and unless the "missionary" penetrates their solitude, to administer to their spiritual needs, they may pass weeks or months without a public service, or a word spoken to guide or help them in their daily life, or to teach them the first principles of the Christian faith.

It was with the object of doing such work as this that I undertook the journey in October last, through this country, by trail, if trail it can be called. I left Estevan on Oct. 5th and reached Pasqua on the 14th inst., being six days on the road. A more lonely trip I never took. From the time of leaving one of the houses in the morning to "making," another at night, nothing was to be seen but a trackless desert, swept continually by high winds, a low line of blue to the far south—the Dirt Hills of Dakota—being the only landmark. The whole country had a short time before been ravaged by prairie fires, so its dreary condition can be imagined. It was sometimes with difficulty that I could find a little patch of dry grass that had escaped the fire for my horse to feed on at noon.

Most of the country is of a "hum-mucky" description, such as may be seen here and there in small patches in Manitoba. Viewed from the windows of a railroad car by a casual observer, when it is covered with grass, it may look fair enough, but attempt to drive over it! One might just as well attempt to drive over a town of ant hills; and, even going at a walking pace, the process is most painful, and hard on both horse and rig. This may be some solution to the railroad traveler of the somewhat unaccountable sight of a trail running in the railroad ditch, almost touching the rails on which his carriage runs, and causing him to wonder what the prairie traveler sees so attractive in such close and dangerous proximity to a road constructed for vehicles of a different mode of locomotion, and one that is usually carefully avoided. The

fact is that the soft clay at the bottom of the railroad ditch, uneven as it is, forms a far better service for rigs to travel over than the "hum-mucky" prairie. This condition of the ground is really caused by the nature of the soil, which is of the kind known as "gumbo." It is pure clay; there is no surface soil or black loam, and it cracks with the heat of the midsummer sun.—the fissures gradually forming permanent depressions.

Very little travelling is done here by rig, consequently there is little or no trail; and if, one summer, some little track is formed, it is completely obliterated the next. The ditches being full of water half the summer, a fresh crop of weeds spring up as it dries.

The houses visited were six in number, and although the services were of the simplest description, they were evidently appreciated; and, there was often a greater reverence shown than is sometimes the case on more formal occasions. A chair or two, an old box, or even the foot of a staircase served for seating accommodation,—the "kitchen table for prayer desk and pul-

pit. It was a touching sight to see the rough men, in soiled overalls, on their knees in prayer, and it was pleasing to see the attention with which they listened to words of explanation, exhortation, and pleading of the simplest kind,—in reality a mere talk, and an attempt to bring some of the beauties of the faith and the love of Jesus into the roughness and loneliness of their uncultured lives.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, REGINA.

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One time, a foreigner, who understood little English, had, owing to violent toothache, remained in a distant corner of the room, but for all that joined reverently in the service. When it was over, he came and pressed a quarter into my hand as his contribution to the offertory. The offertories on these occasions were always good; as much as \$2.25 being sometimes given by a congregation of six or eight men.

It was indeed a relief, after six days spent in these wild solitudes, to drav-

near to Pasqua Junction, and a few miles further on to the thriving town of Moosejaw, a place with about a thousand inhabitants. This is essentially a railroad town,—a divisional point on the C.P.R. There are large repair shops and an engine house; and, the numerous and often pretty little brick and stone villas, are the residence of railway employes. The Church is built of brick, and is roomy and well-furnished, while a cosy parsonage stands near at hand. I spent a week here, and was able to assist at the harvest services, and to enjoy again the convenience and accessories of well-ordered ritual.

I drove from here to Regina, some forty miles. This is the capital of the Province, and the largest town in the diocese; and, it is a matter of thankfulness that we have here a church worthy of the place. St. Paul's has only recently been built, and is a handsome structure of brick and stone,—lighted by electricity, and handsomely furnished. There is no chancel as yet; but, the internal arrangements are such that the absence of it

is not so noticeable as it might be. The vestry on the north side, and the organ chamber on the south, reduce the width of the Church at the east end, and form a temporary sanctuary. The Sarum colors are in use here, and seem to be taking precedence over the Roman throughout this diocese.

The work here on Sunday is very severe—too much for one man. The Sunday I spent in Regina, there was an early celebration at 7.30. Immediately afterwards we hurried back to the vicarage, in our cassocks, for breakfast. Before we had the kettle boiling and the tea made, the team appeared to take us to the barracks of the N. W. Mounted Police for the 9 o'clock service. We arrived two or three minutes late, and the soldiers had marched in, and taken their seats. The musical part of the service was well rendered,—the organ being accompanied by other instruments played