



"Laden deep with fruity cluster,
Then September, ripe and hale;
Bees about his basket fluster,
Laden deep with fruity cluster.
Skies have now a softer lustre,
Barns resound to flap of sail."

The Red River Settlement.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

After a bishop, in due and fitting sequence, should come an archdeacon; but the especial archdeacon of whom I would take note to-day might with some show of reason have been mentioned before his bishop, for he had lived and labored amongst the Indians of the Northwest before Rupert's Land was formed into a diocese, and, consequently, before it had any bishop at all.

One can realize what an immense relief it must have been to good Bishop Anderson to find, ready to greet him on his arrival, such a coadjutor as the Rev. W. Cochrane. Tall and stalwart of frame, big of body as of soul, I can picture the mighty grip with which he grasped the hand of his bishop, and what a strength to him he became from that day forth. In my childhood I had lived in a very conservative corner of conservative Old England, where a butcher was a butcher, a baker was a baker, a candlestick-maker just that and nothing else, and where one looked up to the rector of one's parish as at one who had been originally constructed of more spiritual and of less human material than mere ordinary folks or he would never have become a clergyman at all. So it came almost as a shock to all my preconceived notions to learn that the very house in which we were to live, the fine big church of St. Andrews at the Rapids, and much of the building of the smaller church and school at the Indian Settlement, had been either constructed wholly or helped in its building by the Venerable Archdeacon Cochrane himself. And such good work too—much of it standing to this day, even that which remains of the original old St. Cross refusing to own itself a ruin. A grand old man indeed was Archdeacon Cochrane, and the church to-day owes much to the firm spiritual

foundation laid by him in that long ago of which I speak. How many remain, I wonder, who can recall as I do his rugged features, breaking into a very gust of laughter when the humor of a thing struck him? I have seen the broad smile creep over his lips even as he pounded his little pulpit cushions, when he talked on familiar topics, rather than preached, to his Indians at the Indian Settlement. I can almost hear his voice when, after a positively stern remonstrance against what he considered had been an act of levity which could not be passed over, the comicality of the situation and the overpowering nature of the temptation to use it suddenly took possession of his senses, and his lecture to the delinquent ended with a, "Well, get you away then. I suppose it was in ye and had to come out." There must surely be some who received and can never forget the whole-souled hospitality not only of the Archdeacon, but of Mrs. Cochrane and their family. My early memories always include their familiar faces, all but one of whom have passed into the invisible.

"Doctors?" Well, yes, we had two, and they, as far as I understood it, were almost the only medical men from Red River to the North Pole. Dr. Cowan ranked as an officer of the Hudson's Bay service, but never refused to lend a hand outside his apportioned domain when asked. Kindly natured, florid of complexion, light brown of hair, blue of eyes, large of size, taking life and its duties without unnecessary worry, such was the Doctor Cowan of Upper Fort Garry as I recall him. "Take out your tooth, eh? Well, I'll do my best, but you had better not let me try. I know I shall hurt you horribly. Before I came the people all went to the blacksmith, and I am only a degree better than the blacksmith." And never was a truer word said, for sc-cr-r-r-crunching through my head I have felt, time and time again, as in a nightmare, that terrible, old-fashioned dentist's key of Dr. Cowan's. From that day to this, I positively have never had the courage to face the dentist's chair for any process but that which defers the evil day. Scattered in the broad Northwest, are there, I wonder, any members left of the family of our doctor at the Fort?

Perhaps there was no one amongst the old pillars of the past with a name more irrevocably knitted to the very soil of the old Settlement than that of Dr. Bunn. There always must have been Bunn's, and there always must be Bunn's in the Northwest, for on enquiry I have learnt that even in Winnipeg several of his descendants revere in him, and that wherever they may be there are traces that in some measure, at any rate, his mantle has fallen upon them. But not altogether. No Bunn who has since followed him gether. No Bunn who has since followed him could ever fill the unique position in the heads

and hearts of young and old such as was filled by the Dr. Bunn of the old, old days. True, there was a good deal of bitter-sweet about him. One had to get through the rind to find the pleasant, or flavor of the kernel. We young folks were, at first, anyway, a little in awe of him, and some of us never quite got over it, but to those who did, it was evident that the little bit of sarcasm had a kinder object than just to be disagreeable or merely to be "funny," and his friendship and regard, once won, were a gift worth the prizing. A package of letters in his cramped, old-fashioned handwriting, in his quaint, Johnsonian-like sentences, full of wit and humorous description, were one of my cherished possessions for years, until in the exigencies of travel, and because the thin sheets would hardly any longer hold together, I laid them reverently to rest amongst the ashes of other relics of a past which could have no interest for those who come after me.

H. A. B.

From Angell's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
5. That earthworms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.
6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes, slowly dying.
7. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
8. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and that his blanket is properly put on.
9. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a docked or poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.
10. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
11. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.



"VENETIAN FRUIT SELLERS."