

Here we had to stay six hours, and some who had accompanied the party left us, among them the wife and family of a catechist already at work in the Diocese, who had come out to re-join him. Mrs. Norris was going by the C.N.R., and had to wait until the following day for a train. So we saw her comfortably installed in the Immigration Hall, which surprised us by its accomodation and spaciousness. Here they had a room with beds, and everything in first-class order, provided by the Government without charge.

Taking advantage of the stop at Winnipeg we called upon the Archbishop, (who was unfortunately away from home), and Mr. Burman, the Society's Hon. Secretary for Rupertsland, who has since our return received a well deserved honour in the shape of a Canonry conferred upon him by the Archbishop.

From Winnipeg onwards the journey lay over the prairie, rich black loam land, but too flat to be interesting. Prairie fires were burning on both sides of the track, which was thus illuminated for miles. Our Irish catechists would have it that these were illuminations of welcome to the party.

At 9-30 on Wednesday morning the train drew up at Regina, and our cars were side-tracked. The C.N.R. train for the Prince Albert Branch had gone out to time and we had to remain until next morning.

Splitting up into parties we explored the city, which is the Capital of the Province of Saskatchewan. Here great development has taken place, and substantial buildings are being rapidly erected. The English Church is a fine new structure, and stands by the old wooden shack which was for years the Church in Regina,