

## GLIMPSES OF MISSION LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

ON the evening of October 27th, 1891, three young men left Knox College for the Mission fields of Manitoba and the North-West, myself among them. After an enjoyable trip we arrived in that Chicago of the West, Winnipeg. There we parted company, one going south, another going west to Calgary, and I to Brandon.

The field to which I was appointed lay a few miles northwest of that city and along the banks of the Assiniboine and Little Saskatchewan rivers, in one of the best wheat growing sections of Manitoba. Here to my glad surprise I found a number of old friends and was saved the trouble of becoming acquainted with strangers.

The first thing to do was to find out the lay of the field. There were three stations, in two of which were churches, while in the third the services were held in a school house.

The most easterly of these is called Saskatchewan Point, and is situated near the confluence of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, the church being built on a level space midway between the flats and the heights, from which it commands a fine view of the valley stretching away to the north and west, while to the south as far as the eye can reach are the beautiful Brandon plains backed up by a range of hills.

Here on a peaceful Sabbath afternoon nothing breaks the stillness but the murmuring of the water in the swift flowing Saskatchewan, or the chanting of God's praises by a congregation of His devout worshippers.

About twenty miles west lies the second church, Tarbolton, from which the whole Mission charge derives its name. It is a very neat structure and beautifully situated, and I have seldom seen a more pleasant country church yard than that by which it is surrounded.

Eight miles northeast from Tarbolton, and twelve miles northwest from Saskatchewan Point was my third station called Daly. Here the service was held in a school house.

Arriving late in the week and no service having been announced, no congregation gathered, which was somewhat discouraging at the first. Yet I found much to encourage me. The people were very kind and listened with the best of attention to my feeble attempts at delivering the gospel message.

The first thing necessary after I was settled was to procure some kind of conveyance, and for this purpose I invested in a broncho i.e. a pony, and saddle.

I had an opportunity of visiting most of the people before the winter set in, and by this means became acquainted with their circumstances and was the better able to sympathize with them in their difficulties.

During the months of November and Decem-

ber the weather was beautiful, the work went on very pleasantly and good congregations gathered every Sabbath. But the New Year brought a change; the weather grew stormy, the attendance smaller, and one Sabbath after tramping (my pony being ill) eight miles against a stiff breeze with the mercury about 20° below zero, I found a cold kirk and nane in't. Fuel being available and a good supply of coal oil on hand, I soon had a roaring fire, and after warming myself proceeded to my boarding house nine miles farther, a little downcast but not discouraged, as I realized that summer was drawing near with its magnificent weather, and I felt satisfied that my duty was performed in keeping my appointment—whether the people came out in the cold or not.

As soon as warm weather arrived work took on a different aspect. A new station was opened between Saskatchewan Point and Daly, four Sabbath schools were started which were attended by nearly all the children, and in the new station I held a Bible class for young men attended by quite a number. The congregation increased until instead of twenty-five or thirty people, some sixty-five or seventy gathered every Sabbath to hear the Gospel.

The first Sabbath in June, Dr. Robertson visited the field, and I was directed to supply another station called Rugby, which made the fifth on my list. I was relieved of this on the first of August, and left the field for college on the ninth of October with many sincere regrets, and shall always look back with pleasure upon my first year in the Home Mission field.

A. E.

## GLIMPSES OF MISSION LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.

A MISSIONARY in British Columbia writing to a friend about his field, says:—"My territory is eighty miles long. I pass by rail over thirty of it, the other fifty must be travelled by boat. This is a great difficulty. I cannot walk on water, and the steamer makes no regular trips to the camps which ought to be visited by the preacher. I want a light skiff or canoe in which I can take a life preserver and my Bible and some hymn books."

"The whole Christian status of this region may be described in very few words. The appalling destruction of the bodies, intellects, and souls of our brothers and sisters here, by giving free rein to every passion, cannot be written. This state of affairs could have been prevented, and can to a large extent be remedied by the Eastern church, by Canadian Christians becoming saviors, according to the Book, Obadiah, 21. It is neglect that makes men what they often are in the Kootenay valley."

A man and a bad woman were laughing and