

went merrily in the glorious sunshine, our ponies, as well as ourselves, seemed elated in the pleasant light prairie breeze.

The first day, we drove about 25 miles, halting half-way at a Mennonite settlement, to give our ponies rest and to obtain a little refreshment for ourselves, as we were anxious not to break into the little store we were carrying, while we were within the confines of civilization.

These Mennonites are a people who emigrated from the South of Russia only a few years ago. The Government of Canada gave them a large tract of land, where they have now established many villages. They appear to be very industrious, strictly religious, but very dirty in their habits and customs; a great many of them having their cows, horses, and even pigs living under the same roof as themselves.

After feeding our ponies, we enquired at a house if we could get a cup of tea and a little of something to eat. A burly looking fellow asked us in broken English if we would pay for it if he got it. Having made him understand that we would do so, he invited us inside; on entering, we saw in one corner of the room, a bed covered with huge buffalo robes, in another corner, an old hen, tied by its leg to the cooking stove and surrounded by half-a-dozen chickens; and dirty clothes of all descriptions lying about in great disorder; the