

interested in Western missions. We may learn something from our American friends, though it is not possible for us to enter into the work upon so large a scale. When they can spend on the northern half of a single State twice as much money as we have to spare for the whole Dominion we cannot expect to quite keep step with them in the onward march. Then, too, New England is constantly sending to the front men and capital and enterprise—the latter at any rate—whose Congregationalism is historic. Our reserve is altogether inferior to theirs.

Is there then a work for us to do in this country? I cannot but think that there is; but both our resources and the state of the country will prevent it from being a large work for some time to come. In the first place the population is small. The whole population, white and red, of this vast territory could be contained within the city of Montreal. Then the growth at present is very slow. There is no pouring in of the people. They come in in straggling companies, and I am told that many who come soon take their leave. Again, the spiritual needs of the people are pretty well supplied. In the whole North-West there are but a little more than 100,000 Protestants, and for these, besides what little is done by Congregationalists, Baptists and Lutherans, the Presbyterians supply about seventy ministers, and the Episcopalians six bishops and about 100 clergy. All these facts seem to forbid the hope of very extended operations just at present.

Yet we ought to have our arrangements of such a nature that whenever a door was opened we could enter in. If it were at all within our means to have a Missionary Superintendent, we ought to have one. There might be scores of Congregational families come into the country, and no one know it. It is not possible for a pastor, and especially a city pastor, to do the work that is needed. He has enough to do to get heart and mind ready for each Sunday's demands. He cannot be expected to attend to the correspondence and travel necessary in keeping oversight of so vast a region. The man for this office is the man who can give himself wholly to the office. Then the men adapted for the ministry in this country are young men in sympathy with the new life of the land, and not too much encumbered with conventional ideas about the way to do Christ's work. Such men will have a fair chance here. Denominational lines are not so closely drawn. In some of the towns of Ontario, once a Presbyterian, or once a Methodist, always such. The perseverance of the sects is even more remarkable than the perseverance of the saints. In this Western country people rally round the man that loves them, that sympathizes with their struggles, and has brains enough to talk common sense to them. With a few such men to begin with, and a wise super-

intendent to advise and be on the outlook, I think we might take our stand in the country.

But I must close this letter, as in an hour or two I take the train for British Columbia. My stay with the Winnipeg people has been an exceedingly pleasant one. Congregations have been good. Last night the church was filled with an audience containing many scores of young men. The people have been very kind to me, and I wish them a safe and speedy deliverance from their share of the financial troubles that have come upon the churches of this city. I did not manage the trip to Southern Manitoba. I went out, however, to Portage la Prairie, where I was warmly welcomed by two sons and a daughter of Rev. Joseph Unsworth; and to Brandon, where I met a little handful of Congregationalists who keep on cherishing the hope that the state of the town will some day warrant the founding of a Congregational Church. There, too, I met with Rev. John McKinnon, of Pilot Mound, and his young wife on a horse and buggy expedition west and north. They give a charming account of their work to the south. When in Dakota I was so unfortunate as to miss seeing my old fellow-student—Ewing. After walking ten miles, and encountering one of the worst of Dakota storms, in the hope of seeing him, I woke the next morning to learn that as I lay asleep in the hotel he had taken the train not a hundred feet from where I lay.

To-day I leave for the West. Providence has been kind to me in sending on the Rev. J. G. Sanderson as my travelling companion. He came in on Saturday, took part in the service last night, and is going with me as far as Calgary. I hope to take him as far as Victoria.

HUGH PEDLEY.

*Winnipeg, August 22, 1887.*

MR. EDITOR,—The long expressed wish of four years' growth has been at last realized, under such glorious auspices, that I am fain to tell you all about it. My desire was to see "Sunday Point"—the spot where they landed whom we call our Nova Scotian Pilgrim Fathers (and mothers, too). I had often seen it at a distance, but that only lent enchantment. So, when it was suggested to hold our Sabbath school picnic on the memorable ground, it fairly made my toes tingle with pleasure. The day was fixed for Thursday, the 11th August, and many were the wistful glances cast at the sun as he bade good-night to this part of the world. Ominous prophecies were disregarded, and hope, bright and joyous, said it must and shall be fine—and hope had the right of it—was it for nothing we had waited these four weary years? Never! Well, we had a splendid day, and at nine o'clock a.m., the champing steeds could be seen pawing the earth and keeping their drivers busy all the time. For, let me tell you here, in passing, we