

wheat in their aprons. Meanwhile the old farmer was asking many questions. He was particularly anxious to know the value of Russian money in New York, for he still had a little stock of rubles which he had brought with him from his old home. The Mennonites are, almost without exception, well-to-do people. What is the mysterious connection between the doctrine of non-resistance and worldly prosperity? Why do they always go together?

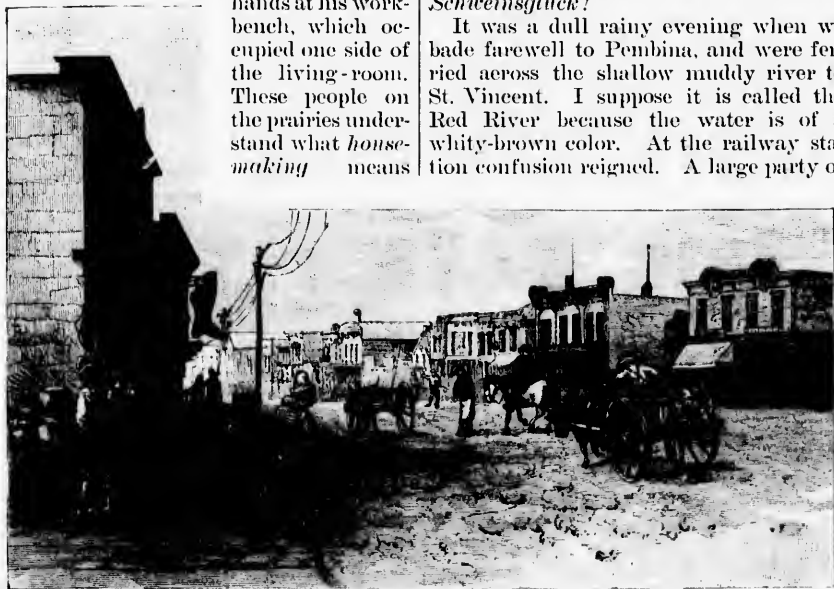
After a while Brother Peters asked us to go home with him, and see his house, which was but a few yards away from the threshing-floor. It was built of logs, plastered with clay, and thatched with straw. The chimney was a square hole in the roof. The inside of the house was rough, but comfortable, or at least it might be made so. The floor was made of clay. Peters was particular to impress upon us that the house was not finished; he had bought the shell, as it stood, from another man, and he pointed out with admirable pride how he proposed to wall off a *Gastzimmer* here and a *Speisezimmer* there. The central point of the establishment was the great oven, which answered at once for purposes of cooking the food and warming the rooms. All improvements in the place the old man intended to make

with his own hands at his work-bench, which occupied one side of the living-room. These people on the prairies understand what *house-making* means

very much better than the dwellers in cities can possibly understand it. We dabble in the refinements of decorative art, and fret ourselves because a color does not harmonize or a line is out of symmetry. It is, after all, only a question of what kind of veneer we shall use to cover the frame-work of life. The men and women of the frontier touch the solid facts of existence. They have to face the problem—*given a prairie and a pile of lumber, how to make a house?*

As we sat there in that rude room talking with the old Russian, puffing away quietly at a pipe of the peace-making Indian weed, we seemed to have entered quite into the circle of his domestic life. In one corner of the room sat the old *Hausfrau* combing her scanty locks. The eldest daughter was very busy with some household work, while the little grandchild played on the floor beside the work-bench. In the middle of the room was the dinner table; presently three or four girls came in from their work, and we were cordially asked to sit down with them to their *Vesperbrod* of black bread, melons, and coffee. When we went away the old man invoked many blessings on us, and we promised to send him a copy of *Harper's Magazine*. Here's a greeting to you, Peters. May you have *Schweinsglück!*

It was a dull rainy evening when we bade farewell to Pembina, and were ferried across the shallow muddy river to St. Vincent. I suppose it is called the Red River because the water is of a whity-brown color. At the railway station confusion reigned. A large party of



STREET VIEW IN CITY OF WINNIPEG.