

an' afther a while I'd come till a blaze on the trees. Now, I thought to myself, where there's a blaze there must be fire an' smoke, but I lucked an' lucked an' niver a bit of either could I see. Anyway I went on an' afther stumblin' roun' for a long time I foun' the place alright, an' by an' by I foun' out what a blaze was too."

* * * * *

Preaching one day in a neighboring field from the one in which the writer was stationed he was accosted after service by a rather eccentric looking individual. This person was a tall angular-looking man whose right coat-sleeve from the elbow down hung empty. Reaching his left hand past several who were standing about he gripped the missionary by the hand and exclaimed "I don't know where ye come frum or who ye are, but I want to speak to ye anyway." As a start was made across the prairie to a farm house a short distance off, this old man shuffled up alongside and remarked "Yes, I liked yer sermon pretty well this mornin' It's jist what I think meself. We want a little more vim an' fire an' energy. As I tell them when I git on the platform we're like a lot of old boots kickin' aroun." Then after a pause he continued, "Yes, but that's not all. Now, there was Napoleon. He had lots o' vim an' fire an' energy, but he was so everlastingly, eternally fightin' he could never do any good." By this time the house was reached and the owner invited him in for dinner. First he refused and stood wiping his feet in the wet grass, but by-and-bye declared that if he could be of any use to the gentleman (meaning the missionary) he would go in and have dinner and drive with him right round the field and show him the road. Being assured that his company would be very acceptable, the bargain was concluded in a moment.

Those who have had prairie experience know that the conveyance of the missionary is not usually a very elaborate affair. The outfit in this particular case never had as part of its original design the accommodation of two; and although little of the original design now remained the accommodation had not increased. It was a cart with no back and a narrow seat. The driver who held the reins and was accustomed to the art of broncho-riding could usually keep his place, but any unexpected performances on the part of the pony might develop in a second occupant of the seat the most uncalled-for acrobatic freaks. On the present occasion our old friend was given a halter, the other end of which was fastened to the cross-bar of the cart. This at first he clung to very industriously, and so long as he did was carried along safely enough. But occasionally he was so carried away with an interesting theme that he found it an absolute necessity to

illustrate with his hand, and several times in consequence was nearly parting company with the conveyance. Once, indeed, in the midst of a violently illustrated lecture a spring of the cart broke (though the story did not) and both occupants were precipitated in the mud. Another slight alteration had to be made in the original design of the conveyance, but by the use of a few straps everything was set to rights.

To describe the conversations by the way would be no small task. Many things have slipped the writer's mind but a few remain. Our friend was loudly lamenting that he had not taken better advantage of the opportunities he had when a boy, but particularly he seemed to regret that he had ever "gone west." Not so much did he grieve over this for his own sake as for the sake of the whole country. Unavoidable circumstances had sadly impaired his usefulness. "I often think," he said, "I'm just like Elijah, buried away in the wilderness where I can do nothing. If I could only get back to Ontario and get at the head of this temperance business, and get on the platform, I think I could do something. The temperance people are like a great mighty army, but they're doin' nothin' because they haven't got any leader. Why, I once wrote an article and sent it to the — *Herald*, givin' my views on temperance, an' it was published, an' I have the paper yet. A while ago I wrote to a newspaper man in Toronto offerin' to give him some news for his paper—facts, from a man whose been in the country and knows all about farmin', an' the school question an' prohibition—if he'd only pay me a little for it. But do you suppose he'd give it to me? No! He'd rather go an' pay some fellow who knew nothin' about it. I have always thought since I wrote that piece I spoke about that I'd have made a good newspaper man. From my mother's side of the house I have a strong sense of the ridiculous, and from my father's side a facility of expression and a happy choice of words. I guess though I'll not get much done at it till I get out of this place. I'm goin' to get up a cartoon though on the Manitoba School Question. I'm not much of a drawer so I'll just send the idea to Mr. Grip an' he'll fix it up for me. First I'd draw a map of the world and mark Rome and Italy and Manitoba. Then I'd draw a great, mighty serpent with its head on Rome and its tail on Manitoba, and I'd write on that serpent, 'the power of Rome.' Then I'd show the vote of 18— against Separate Schools like a big broad-axe that had cut off a good piece of the tail, and I'd show those who want Separate Schools back again with this piece of tail trying to fasten it on again. Yes, I think that would be pretty good. I must try it to-morrow."