

for the sun has risen with a bound, and throws a warm crimson glow over prairie and lake, and imparts a sense of warmth and companionship to us. We are nearing Birtle. This is Surrey surely—hill and dale, woods and river, farm-houses peeping out from their resting places, wheat and oats growing luxuriously. But my companion is sleeping. I hold him on to his perch, and then find myself violently bowing and nodding, and he is holding me on. A cry from the driver, "Birtle." We rub our eyes, and gaze about as if such a thing as sleep were unknown in our experience. Picture to yourselves a Malvern doubled, hills on each side. In the valley, a sweet little river dancing round and over rocks, and twisting here and there until it is lost to sight in the green foliage on either side. The hills broken into gullies, whose sides are wooded tier upon tier to the sky line. Over the Bird Tail Creek or river a wooden bridge, and a small village, with its church and school, its stores and houses. This will give you some sort of an idea of my first bird's eye view of Birtle. Time will not allow me to continue the record of our trip to Fort Ellice the following day; but I will call your attention to the fact that we reached Birtle, ninety-four miles from Grand Valley, at five in the morning, and without unduly distressing our horses. The neighbourhood of Birtle is exceedingly fertile and well farmed; there is quite a large agricultural community there, and most of them English. I was told that at the last ball given in the winter there were more than seventy ladies present, so you see it cannot be uncivilised. We had to drive ninety-four miles; now Elk Head, a station on the Central Pacific Railway, is only eighteen miles distant, and the Portage and Westbourne railway are pushing forward their line, which will be close to Birtle.

I fear I have failed to convey to your minds one half of the natural beauties of Manitoba. First I must give precedence to the Aurora Borealis. This is a