

old anecdote that is told of Dr. Talmage and the self-made man. It is old but some reader may not have heard it. This little self-made man, with a large head, little body, pointed beard, and penetrating eye, accosted Dr. Talmage after the latter had preached on self-made men. "Dr. Talmage, Dr. Talmage, I'm a self-made man—I'm a self-made man." "Well," said the good Doctor, "I'm very glad of that. For you relieve the Almighty of a great responsibly."

There was one little home in this district that I shall not soon forget. A little log house with nothing to attract, but within a perfect bower. The piano and stringed instruments and other luxuries told of what had been. A young couple they were, who had lived amidst the gayety of Toronto life. Reduced in circumstances they were forced to leave the dreamy dance, the festal board, the lamp's flash. All these were their's once, when they little thought of the lonely house upon the western plains, where, shut out from the frivolities of life, they would find time for contact with the mind of Deity. There are many such homes in the West. This is the mystery of existence.—

"Our joys are three parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ;
Dare, never grudge the throe ?"

But, if we go on moralizing thus, we

will never reach the Rocky Mountains. Ninety miles west of Brandon, we enter the North-West Territory. Moosimin is about the first place to stop at. Here is the land of the gophers, miserable little pests, that do the harvesting for the anxious farmer. At the time of my visit, for miles around the town, these little chatterers were at work. The town council passed an order to the effect that two cents would be given for each gopher tail. And so the traditional "small boy" and the Indian went to the slaughter. The Indian, however soon hit upon a new plan. He felt that the gopher would soon be exterminated and his means of livelihood would come to an end. Accordingly, he cut off the tails and let the gophers go in the hope that they would grow on more the next year.

We are now in Assiniboia Territory, 90,000 sq. miles. Here we find Regina, the capital, with about 2000 souls. And we must not forget the *Regina Leader*, which was once edited by the Hon. Nicholas Flood Davin, whose Irish wit has often convulsed the House of Commons. Here, too, the executive Council of the Territories meets. It is expected that some time in the history of the race, a railway will run from U.S. Territory to Regina, and from Regina North-East to connect with the anticipated Hudson Bay route. Should this come about, the western country