

All these parts are new ground for the Colonial, and, though the times have been very dull in business, something can be done for our work. For years there has been great commercial depression all over the North of England. Last winter in Sunderland 15,000 people had to be supported by charitable contributions. One pawnbroker received 1,500 wedding rings. What a condition the poor people must have been in! Yet, through all these times, the liquor sellers have been doing a thriving business. Here I must close for the present. By the time this reaches you, I will have passed the half of my exile in England. The winter has not yet set in, and we have had most beautiful weather—good for this much-abused climate. Very truly yours,  
THOMAS HALL.

MR. EDITOR,—Home again! after a most delightful eight weeks' trip.

We parted at St. Catharines, our hearts warmed with hope and promise for the Church there, by the installation of our brother, Colclough, whose modest manliness won many hearts.

Domestic matters would not interest your readers, so, after spending some days with my three boys, at St. Paul, Minnesota, I went south into Iowa, to visit a dear cousin, the friend and companion of my boyhood. She and her family are members of a Congregational Church. The pastor there has as hard and up-hill work as any of our ministers in Ontario. His membership is less than twenty, all told; but with a meek and quiet spirit, and with a face and manner that strongly remind one of our departed brother, Edward Ebbs, he presses on, aided in his work of faith by the more pronounced energy of his earnest wife. It was their communion service, and after preaching for him, I sat with my cousin and her household. It was a red-letter day for all of us, as for the first time we partook together of the tokens of our Saviour's love and suffering.

Out on the boundless prairie in October is like getting a glimpse of paradise. The bracing air, the sun rising just as we have watched it rise at sea, the sense of freedom, of health inhaled with every inspiration, buoyancy of spirit as if youth had returned, all combined to make a ten days' sojourn restful and invigorating. Brown sandhill cranes were abundant. Now and then a lordly white one raised his head about as high as my own, and inquired as best he could why a foreign biped intruded there.

Six hundred miles to the north lies Winnipeg, whether I went the week following, calling of course at St. Paul by the way. The park region, sparsely wooded and dotted with lovely lakes, is a fine, attractive country; but further north the prairie presents a dead, uninteresting level, far less pleasing to the eye than the undulating prairies of Iowa. Our

good brother Silcox gave me a fraternal greeting and welcome, and I preached for him twice on November 7, their communion Sunday. In the evening the house was crowded with its usual concourse of about a thousand thoughtful and attentive listeners, and services were continued, by request, for four evenings. Our talented brother has secured a strong hold upon the heads and hearts of the young and energetic in Winnipeg, and, whatever criticism some may be disposed to indulge in as to his modes of action and style of teaching, I think no one on the spot could doubt for a moment that the hand of God is with him, and his people are fed with the bread of life. It is no marvel that a sense of isolation, almost amounting to homesickness, comes at times upon him and his devoted wife. After pleasant interviews with many whom I had known in days past, and a time of rest and peace at the parsonage, I returned to St. Paul. There an earnest invitation awaited me to return to Iowa, to hold more meetings, to celebrate my cousin's birthday, to share Thanksgiving turkey, and hold Thanksgiving service in an adjoining schoolhouse. Her home is seven miles from the church. The fourfold temptation was too strong to be resisted, and all but the first item were faithfully carried out. It was impossible to hold divine service, because the special glory of a North-West autumn had departed. The storms of winter had set in, and seventy-five miles south of Minneapolis the train with two engines stuck fast in a snow-drift. There we remained for thirty hours. Many of the passengers had nothing to eat for twenty-six hours, and when at length an engine reached us from behind, there was great joy on that train, as bushel baskets of provisions and apples, abundant in quantity and of excellent quality, were handed round, and all were invited to secure an ample supply. Arriving at length within three miles of my destination, I hired a team and had, what many a younger man has craved, a new sensation: I was, or thought I was, lost on the prairie. Tracks were obliterated by the snow storm, and a heavy fog had settled over the land. After what seemed to me to be hours of wandering, my jehu suddenly assumed a confident air, turned off at right angles, and landed me at my cousin's door. They did not expect me because of the storm. Such incidents of travel are pleasant in the retrospect, but I do not covet a repetition of them.

What a change of scene! Instead of the inviting prairie of a month ago, around us lies a wide stretch of almost limitless desolation. No small danger attends winter life on the prairie, and its dreariness, even when home comforts abound, can be realized only by experience. I learn by letter that less than a week after I left my cousin's comfortable home, her son was at a village three miles away, "Young man,"