

vast tracts of prairie land, whose very vastness causes one to recognise the pigmyism, the littleness of self, aye, causes even the smallness of Europe to enter with a distinct forcibility into the soul?

Have you gazed over the prairies during the Indian summer, joyed in that one field of vast verdure, enamelled with bright odoriferous wild flowers, whose brilliant beauty has few other witnesses than the azure firmament?

Have you scanned one by one its undulations, been borne as it were from wave to wave, from valley to hill-top, as you found yourself in that limitless plain?

The prairie, and the Indian summer, with its clear sunlight, its myriad wild flowers growing everywhere around that prairie home, could only have tempted one of those travellers to make trial of a Rancher's home, and stay those months in the "Far West" whither his friend had invited him.

It is a strange feeling to labor under at first, the knowledge that there is only the distance of thirty miles between yourself and the scalping knife; yet it is on the frontier formed by that band of whites who have no fears of Indians (thanks to the missionaries), that the events you are about reading happened. Judge yourselves if that strange life is worth the living.

Willie Woodhouse was lost in reverie, and his friend the Rancher was watching him from his seat in the light waggon. The smoke curled lazily from the Rancher's pipe, and the tired horses stooped their heads to drink