

covered with cotton, so that a perfect imitation of our Eastern houses is maintained without plaster. Upstairs there are no partitions, but the different sections are curtained off with cretonne. Thus where lumber and lime and brick are scarce, very fair substitutes have been found, and these on the whole render the houses both cosy and comfortable.

In Manitoba one need not look for mountain scenery, but to the lover of the simple and picturesque the country affords many delights. It is not a monotonous plain as some suppose, for here and there one beholds a quiet glade, a babbling brook, or a lakelet, on whose bosom hundreds of water fowl are sailing hither and thither. There are many points of vantage from which, for miles around, nature in all her wild loveliness is revealed, with nothing to break the harmony of the scene. But not for long will this continue. The wealth of Manitoba's soil is attracting earth's hardy sons of labor, and soon what is now wild and native and primitive loveliness will give place to thriving towns and cultivated fields and quiet farm steadings.

But coming more particularly to my work. The field consists of three appointments, lying in a straight line running north and south, the extreme points of which are 20 miles apart. Of course this distance had to be travelled every Sunday. At points 1 and 3 I held service in school houses, and at No. 2 we worshipped in a private dwelling till the middle of the season when we moved into a church, which was built during the summer. At all the points the attendance was good, the people coming several miles to attend services, and giving appreciative attention to all that was said. And they are a thoughtful developing people. The old straight-laced ideas of the East have found development in the broader principle of individual liberty, which rules in the pulpit and the pew, in the congregations of the West.

In a short article such as this it is impossible to give in detail all that happened during my stay in Manitoba. Nothing very startling occurred, but yet each day furnished sufficient variety, so that one could hardly call life there dull and monotonous. And indeed I know of no pleasanter way to spend the summer than in doing mission work in the west.

I shall now give a couple of incidents of my career there, that may furnish fun for readers and perhaps may be of service to those who intend to follow my footsteps:

I drove in to Gladstone to attend a picnic one day, and of course I left my pulpit habiliments behind, being dressed in blazer, regatta shirt and slouch hat. Meeting an old Scotchman, I fell into conversation with him, and in the course of it I inquired where he lived. I found out he was a bachelor living five miles from Station No. 1. I asked him to come to church, but he said there was

no preaching. I replied that there was, as I myself preached. "Oh," said he, "you're no preacher, your clothes don't show it." His Scotch ideas of dress and decorum on the part of the ministry no doubt were insulted. However, he came next Sabbath, and was kind enough to say—"After all clothes do not always make a man." Afterwards, he was a constant attender at service.

While building the church at No. 2, as the labor was volunteer, it became my duty to notify the men when they were needed. When not engaged thus, I took a turn at the saw and hammer. One day while out hunting up men, I tried to time myself so as to arrive at a certain place about noon. I was a little too early, however, so I drove on to another house about three miles away. When I arrived there I found that the husband was away, and the good-natured woman of the house informed me she could not ask me in, as she was washing and the house was turned upside down. It was now late, and my only alternative was to beg my dinner from a Methodist family living some distance away, but on my road home. I was not well acquainted, but the thought of my horse, which had travelled far that morning, urged me to make the appeal. I was greeted cordially when I entered, but to my dismay dinner had been over for some time, and no sign of it remained. However, fortune came to my relief. The good lady of the house in a kind affable way remarked that she had just finished washing, and as I was too late to help with that, I might help to scrub the floor. Here is my chance, and overcoming all restraint, I make the proposition—"If you will give me my dinner I will scrub the floor." "All right," replies my hostess, and forthwith proceeds to procure refreshments. After the meal my share of the contract must be carried out; and it was. Behold me with a broom scrubbing vigorously, while the lady followed wiping up. When all was done it was declared to be well and splendidly performed. In this case I was like a tramp begging for my dinner, but unlike him I had to work for it.

But I must hasten to a close. After a most enjoyable summer, full of profit to myself and I hope of some benefit to those among whom I labored, I set my face once more toward Kingston, arriving just too late for the Ottawa vs. Queen's match. When Queen's defeated Ottawa in the second turn, the first man I met was the genial captain of the team himself, and as I congratulated him he caught my sombrero and tossing it in the air cried—"Just off the plains."

SHORT REVIEW OF MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

Owing to the fact that China comprises such a vast extent of territory, it is impossible in the space at my disposal to do more than give a mere outline of Mission Work in Central and Northern China.