

occasionally a spruce, though these are scarcely noticeable until the winter, when their pretty dark green looks bright and cheerful amongst their other leafless companions.

Everywhere the prairie is dotted with tiny rose bushes which bloom all summer, sweet, scented, and resemble our old English monthly rose. This was the only flower we noticed with any perfume, like the birds, their brilliant colours are their chief attraction. Eight of the neighbours assembled on the 17th of August, to help at erecting our log house, two of them bringing their wives to help in the domestic arrangements.

I could not help admiring the way those hardy sons of Ontario stood on the logs and chopped with as much ease as when on the ground. These log houses are made with a gable at each end, and a ridge pole across; they look simple and in character with the country, but when well finished are warm and comfortable.

On the second week in October we moved into our new house, and now I may say,—“so far I live to the northward, no man lives north of me.”

Having bought in a large supply of vegetables, we stored them in the cellar under the house. The entrance to the cellar is through a trap door in the floor, and it seemed most curious at first to see people disappear down these queer little places whenever anything was required, as the cellar is frequently used as larder and pantry.

Beavers and pigs are slaughtered in the beginning of winter, and when frozen, keep good until the spring, which is a great convenience. At this season the Indians are allowed to leave their reserves and hunt deer, beaver, muskrat and mink, wherever found. They sell the venison and poultry very reasonable. Prairie chickens are plentiful at this season, also partridge or wood grouse. The rabbits, like some of the birds, turn white in winter, are numerous, but rarely seen; they are more often snared than shot. Our Indian visitors have behaved so pleasantly that I have quite lost my fear of them, and do not in the least mind their unceremonious style in coming and going. They have, so far, been extremely well mannered, and have not the objectionable habit of spitting on the floor, so common in Canada and the States.

My husband having rented 8 acres of land ready for crop, at \$2 per acre, put it under wheat this spring, and having planted sufficient vegetables he went to work breaking the virgin soil. He has now about 40 acres broken, and intends breaking 20 more in time to put all under crop this Spring of '82. Early in April, we watched the little patches of green spring up with so much pleasure, as we sought for the violets and primroses in our hedge rows at home; and the children came in great glee to show us the first strawberry blossom one day in Easter week. The beginning of May brought marsh marigolds; these and the blue-bell violet are the only flowers exactly like our English wild flowers. A fortnight later it seemed as if the prairie was a large garden. I have this year collected large quantities of wild fruit for preserving, and my husband has reaped a bountiful harvest off those eight acres.