

They covered the trees and the fields, they swarmed in the houses. At night the earth was smiling and green. In the morning it was a grey wilderness.

Once again ruin and famine stared the settlers in the face. The onslaught of wild half-breeds had been easier to bear than this. They at least could be fought. But against this new enemy the stoutest arm, the bravest heart, was helpless. Stricken with despair, many a strong man bowed his head and sobbed as if his heart would break.

Once more, with weary feet, the colonists trudged the well-known way to Pembina, there to spend the winter on the charity of the Hudson Bay Company.

The next year it was found to be useless to plough or sow, for the locusts still swarmed everywhere, killing each green blade as it sprang to life, and poisoning both air and water with their dying millions. But the colonists lit great fires which attracted the locusts; they fell into the fires in thousands, and at last the plague was burned out. The land was sown once more, and after eight years of struggle and disaster Red River Settlement began to prosper. Then tired of fighting, the Hudson Bay Company and the North-West Company joined together and shared the fur trade between them. So there was peace.

But the struggles of the Red River colonists were by no means over. For many a year their life was full of hardship, but bit by bit they won success. And to-day the great corn prairies of Manitoba stretch mile upon mile. The golden grain ripens in the summer sun, falls beneath the sharp knives of the reaping-machine, and is carried far and wide to give food to the world and bring wealth to Canada. And we look back, and