

picnic, and in the first five minutes almost every one of more than a hundred girls had a beautiful bouquet. In these bright July and August days you tread at every step on white and red prairie roses, tender bluebells, richly-coloured marigolds, lilies, vetches, and ornamental grasses and flowering shrubs. A combined aroma of crushed strawberries and roses fills the air as you walk across the country, and the abundant electricity in the atmosphere purifies and stirs the blood with a stimulus that has in it no threat of after lassitude or depression.

Here and there, granite boulders are imbedded in the dark, loamy soil, stray foreigners from far distant regions, testifying to very different forces from those to which we owe the regular stratified rocks of limestone that underlie the whole of this Red River valley. Not far from us is a quarry where stones are being quarried, and the fossil shells and curiously inwrought chain coral tell, as clearly as the printed page, of the time when all this now resplendent sea of green and gold was the bottom of a vast lake whose ancient bounds are indicated by clearly defined distant escarpments, and whose present comparatively modest dimensions are indicated by the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and of its adjoining little sisters, Manitoba and Winnipegosis. The deeply-scored stræ on the limestone still point out the course that the icebergs took during the glacial epoch, and no better testimony to their grinding pressure can be desired than such lines or the polished surface of the hard rock everywhere else.

And now, after the long reign of the waters, and the upheavals and subsidences of geologic ages, and the slow formation of the rich surface loam by the death of countless generations of all kinds of vegetable life, we have come to the time of man's

appearance on the scene, with the demand that this portion of earth shall no longer be only pasture for buffaloes and a hunting-ground for a few Indians, but that it shall yield tribute and tilth to him to whom dominion over all the earth has been given.

It is a pleasant sight to see this great expanse of prairie undergoing the preliminary processes of breaking, and to reflect that it will from this time forward yield food for the hungry. Here it has been lying unoccupied for ages; bearing its crops of grass, flowers, and shrubs, under the influence of soft rains and summer skies, but with no one save the Eternal to rejoice in its beauty. And now myriads are coming from older lands to plough and sow and reap the fertile wilderness. Fifty thousand entered in 1882, and more than thirty thousand in the first half of this year. They are flowing in quietly as a river. They appear for a moment at the railway stations, and then they vanish, leaving as little trace as yesterday's thunder-shower which this morning's sun and breeze licked up in two or three hours. Go where you will, the land is waiting for inhabitants.

It is Sunday morning, and though tired with the work of the week and—even on Sunday morning—with the work of house, stable, and dairy, the horses are hitched to the big waggon and the family drives to the kirk in the nearest village. Of course, it is not called a village. There are no villages in the North-West. It is called a city, or has at least "ville" tacked to its tail. The population of the city and of the country for three or four miles round is somewhere about five or six hundred souls. Is there not something delightful in the thought that these toilers, from various provinces and lands beyond the sea can meet together at least once a week, and through the indwelling of one Spirit