

the drawing-room and see if you can get some money put into that box, and you can say what it is for, only don't be troublesome, darling."

Off ran Bill, and mother lay back on the sofa in the inner drawing-room, watching the bright little figure moving about among the many guests assembled in the large drawing-room that wet Sunday afternoon. She saw him coaxing money out of a fat old lady, and then pretending to steal a purse from a young lady sitting in the window; now climbing on the knee of an old gentleman; now shaking his box before a group of men talking over the fire—full of his story of the African slave children. Finally he ran off in great joy to the old housekeeper's room to tell of his success; and as the young widowed mother sat looking lovingly at her boy, she mused on what he had said and his wish to help those poor heathen boys, and she prayed that God would lead him to do the work prepared for him.

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One more picture and our story is told.

It is the evening of a long hot day of African sun. A lady is sitting under a verandah, surrounded by a little group of African boys. Her face is fair and white, with lines of sorrow and care, and there is a soft shining light in her blue eyes. She is telling them a story of a little golden-haired boy who wanted to come and tell them about the Saviour's love. She tells of a little grave, with a tiny white cross, under a shady tree, where her darling is at rest; and, as we look at her among those dusky boys, we think that little Bill has indeed done his work.

### Grenfell.

FROM QU'APPELLE "OCCASIONAL PAPER," No. 13.

**T**HE Rev. W. Lyon, who has gone out to reinforce the missions, sends us his first experiences which include the exciting one of a prairie fire:—

"Before leaving England I received an oddly worded cablegram from the Bishop (Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Anson, Bishop of Qu'Appelle) to this effect.—'Medicine hat no.' It was interpreted to me thus: 'You are to take medicine but not the hat.' It is needless to say that the interpreter had neither visited the North-West nor read much about the Diocese of Qu'Appelle. I was awaiting final orders from the Bishop before leaving England, and as it was an open question whether I should go to take charge of the Grenfell or Medicine Hat district, I took the cablegram as a decision for the former. It turned out afterwards that the 'no' had been added to the message somewhere *en route*. The authorities made no extra charge for the addition. Thus it came about that my first stopping place in this diocese was 'Grenfell.' Oh! the strangeness of one's surroundings on leaving the Pullman car of the Canadian Pacific Railway Western Express, and

landing at a place like Grenfell! going to school for the first time and being turned out of the head master's study, and the affectionate parent's arms, straight into the midst of a rudely inquisitive set of boys with 'here, youngster, what's your name?' was nothing to it. I should have been delighted to have met with even such apparent interest as an enquiry to my name might imply, but there was none. It was a dark night, and twenty-two o'clock as they call it here, which increased the strangeness and made you think you ought to have been in bed hours ago; and there was apparently no place of shelter near; silence and darkness reigned supreme! What a place to come to I thought, and to *whom* have I come? The hotel was behind the station and really quite close; daylight disclosed other houses which formed the town, and also the church and clergy house. I am very glad now that I spent a fortnight at Grenfell as it gave me some idea of the kind of work one meets with in a scattered district in this country. All credit to him who set the work on foot there and bravely and successfully contended with many difficulties and great hardships. There is only a lay reader at Grenfell now, so that a priest is sorely needed to take charge of the district.

"On one of the Sundays at Grenfell, the morning service was much disturbed through a large prairie fire which ran very close to the town and took most of the male population, and some of the female too, to fight it and keep it away. Some of the very small congregation that I had, kept going out of church to see how the fire was going on, and whether there was likely to be need of further help. After service I went to look at the fire and saw that it was indeed threatening part of the town.

"A very strong wind was blowing, the fire rushed along the ground at a furious rate, the flames leaping up again and again some four or five feet. It was a very large and destructive fire, and before it had been got under control it had burnt itself out and destroyed all the prairie grass over a tract nearly ten miles long by two wide. The people keep the fire out by running along with it and beating it out along the edge with house brooms and wet sacks to turn it away. It is no use at all to try and meet it straight and to beat it out.

"From Grenfell I came on to Medicine Hat to take Mr. Tudor's place, another Wells man, who is now rector of All Saints, Winnipeg.

"The church here has just been very much improved by the addition of a chancel, the gift of the late Mr. Mountain, and is now one of the very best in the diocese. We are to have an east window of stained glass very shortly. It will be the only one in the North-West. I have also a church at Maple Creek, sixty-four miles east of this, built a little while ago. Mr. Flatt, who was mainly instrumental in getting this church built, wished it to be dedicated to S. Mary the Virgin, as a remembrance of the Salisbury days and the beautiful cathedral there."