

very many years since the white man was scarce and the Indian and buffalo numerous, but the railway joining together the Atlantic and Pacific has changed all that. Now it is the white man who tills the land, the buffalo is seen no more, and the Indian, his old pursuit denied him, is forced against his will to 'acclimatise' himself to a different mode of life; it is hard on the Indian, but one man's meat is another's poison, and the weaker go to the wall. But under the circumstances what can be done is as far as possible being done both for the spiritual and material welfare of the red man. My work is among the settlers. In my parish I have three churches. One at home in the Fort, a substantial stone one, built about twelve years ago, and to which we hope to add a tower shortly. For this Church I am taking back with me a handsome brass lectern, given anonymously in memory of our late Bishop; I also have a most beautiful white frontal worked for us by a lady friend in England; we supplied part of the funds for material, and the rest of the cost was defrayed by the subscription of friends at home, but the work is of course the chief part, and will I am sure be fully appreciated. Then I have a Church at Katepwa about twelve and a half miles off, such a lovely situation close to the bank of the lower of our chain of lakes in the Qu'Appelle valley; round this Church is a good settlement and many of the settlers are Church people. We have service every Sunday in the summer, every fortnight in the winter, and very bright and hearty the services here are. And about nineteen miles off I have another Church at Abernethy, a very dear friend of mine; I helped to build it myself when I was working as a layman in that district; little did I think one hot summer day in 1886, as I dug the foundations for this Church, that some day I should be its vicar, but so it is. Here we have a fortnightly service, with a congregation which, like many country congregations, consists chiefly of men. In another direction at Balcarres, I hold monthly services in a schoolroom; and in yet another direction in the Hayward district, we have a monthly service in a farmhouse. To hold these services means a lot of driving; my easiest Sunday is three services, with twenty-three miles, my hardest is four services, with fifty miles to drive. In the winter, however, quite so much cannot be done, the days are too short, the snow track often bad to travel on, and the weather precarious, but it is most helpful to see the way in which a few faithful ones always attend the service in spite of weather. Early Celebration I have only in the home Church, and in winter, when the thermometer is 40° below zero, I have known the water to freeze on to the paten and chalice in the ablution; I always use warm water in the cruet. To have an early Celebration means that I have to get up long enough beforehand to attend to my two or three horses, clean the stable out, &c., and then go in and wash and change, but there is no other service to me ever so helpful, and the extra work perhaps makes it more helpful still.

"Last summer I held two or three services at Pheasant Forks, a place forty-five miles off, but I am glad to hear that arrangements have