

Christmas presents ; anything that comes from the "Old Country" people are sure to buy. I am quite ashamed to write all this about our many wants, but people so often ask what sort of things we want that I am glad to have the opportunity of letting them know ; and some one who has not already helped us might be induced to give a little time to this Diocese. If they saw how the things are appreciated they would feel more than repaid for any trouble they had taken. Another time I shall hope to send a list of the different parishes which have received parcels towards their summer sales, also the objects to which the proceeds have been devoted. I think it would be of interest to the workers.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
M. MAUD F. BURN.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF QU'APPELLE.

We are allowed to make extracts from a paper contributed by the Rev. W. Watson to the "All Saints' and St. Columba's Parish Magazine" (Middlesbrough).

I could not even attempt to describe the whole Diocese, it is too extensive. The little district that I travel over you will probably think is big enough when I tell you that it extends for over 200 miles east and west, and at the east end we drive twenty-three miles north to take a Service, and at the west end we have Church people living thirty-five miles south. The district is a rolling prairie, treeless, waterless, barren and uncultivated, and for the most part destitute of population. It has beauties all its own ; the sky is usually clear, we have glorious sunsets, and at night time the stars shine out with a brilliancy that is almost dazzling in splendour. Withal the climate is healthy and bracing, so that we get used to the lack of pretty scenery.

I have to take a Service at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, English Village, in the Qu'Appelle Valley, twenty-three miles from Moose Jaw. After Matins I spend Saturday morning in making preparations. As it is 10° below zero, I dress, in view of a possible blizzard, in three pairs of socks inside slippers and overshoes, and three pairs of everything else, and over all a 'coon skin fur coat and cap—for further details consult a picture of an Esquimaux. At "13 o'clock" my "rig" arrives. It is a one-horse sleigh, a "jumper," driven by a corporal of the N.W. Mounted Police. The drive is very exhilarating, the trail across the snow is almost invisible for the greater part of the journey, and how my semi-military friend manages to keep to the trail is to me almost a mystery. We arrive at the settlers' a little after dark, we receive a hearty welcome, and they prepare a substantial supper. Then we have Evensong with the family, and they