

was past of the appointed day, each cut around as wide a space of grass as possible, and that was his, and was so regarded. The Hudson's Bay Company was in the habit of taking eight bushels of wheat only from each settler, and this, except to supply the Indians, was the only market. There was little inducement to farm. Accordingly the influx of Canadians even in 1871 raised the price of provisions and made food scarce. I can remember a load of provisions arriving at Christmas from St. Paul by sleigh and being so great a boon, that the little newspaper of the time announced as having come:—"a supply of Turkeys, hams, and other delicacies."

During winter we were cut off from the outside world. Sheriff Ross is said in early days to have got the *London Times* for the year, and to have read through one every day, being just a year behind. The mail then came once a month. In 1871 it was twice or thrice a week. In winter we saw once an interval of twenty-one days without a mail. There was no telegraph. We cheered ourselves with the reflection that "if we didn't know anything about our friends, they did not know anything about us," the loss being mutual. The merchants used all to run out of certain lines of goods toward Spring. Salt has been known to have been exhausted; coal oil also, and so on. The common mercantile answer to the enquiring purchaser for all articles not on hand was: "We expect them in by the first boat." Arithmeticians used to calculate that to hold all that every merchant expected would take a fleet of a dozen boats as large as the one long wished-for vessel. The arrival of the first boat was certainly the event of the year, and you breathed freely after its arrival as being again a citizen of the world.

Such was the Red River in which our pioneer missionary spent the first twenty years of his ministerial life. It is noticeable that all who passed through it looked back to it now with fond regrets. Life moved slowly, but men were thus