

a great strong sturdy lad, it does one's heart good to see him. The life suits him perfectly. He is out all day with his oxen ploughing or 'breaking' new ground ready for ploughing again. . . . Our house is built of poplar logs—two rooms down, two up ; it is a tight fit for the six of us, but we are really very comfortable and settled quite into our daily rounds. There is work, and plenty of it, for all who come out here, but the life is pure and healthy, and there is a living to be made by any one who will work. Mr. — says he gets very sad with young fellows sometimes. They work a month, then come into town and spend the little they have earned and 'boom' about the hotel, running deeper and deeper into debt. They write home piteous accounts of everything, and their starving condition, get money sent out probably, which goes as their last did. If parents would only send what money they can give their boys out, to be in trust of the parson for them, to be given when needed, Mr. — said, it would be better for the lads themselves and the country. There is plenty of work for all, and no one need starve, but *work* they must.

"The wild flowers are quite exquisite, growing quite up to our door among the prairie grass. Little rose bushes, from six inches to a foot high—the roses scented just like an old-fashioned cabbage rose—tiger lilies, dwarf sunflowers—all sorts of beautiful things ; and the birds are such songsters. The one drawback is the mosquitoes, which are a terrible worry. The sunsets are exquisite, and make one feel as if one was looking through the gates into Heaven. It is a glorious land, and I hope the Great Maker of it all will give us His blessing in it."

Here is just the touch of poetry that we need. The male mind somehow overlooks the roses and tiger lilies, and if the male ear hears the birds, the male pen does not relate it. This lady has not yet wintered in the North-west ; hoar frost on her sheets in the morning, or legless chickens in her cellar are yet unknown to her, except by hearsay ; but when the rigours of the cold season are upon her she will meet it with as great fortitude as any man ; for the motto of her household is a beautiful one—"Happiness is a great love, and much serving."

The Bishop sailed in the *Parisian* on August 5. We have heard of the *Parisian's* safe arrival at Quebec on August 14.
