

the taking of Rome, Garibaldi published his famous proclamation, 'Soldiers, I have nothing but rags, wounds, hardships, and beggary to offer you. Let him who loves his country follow me!' the youth of Italy sprang to their feet in answer to that glorious appeal. Were there thousands in Italy to cry, 'Dear City of Rome,' and shall there be none in the Church of England to cry, 'Dear City of God'?"

"But," he goes on, "if I am wrong in this confidence; if it indeed be true that the Church of England is powerless to call forth that absolutely free, disinterested, gratuitous service which is ready to serve God even for nought, and which has never been lacking since the days of the Apostles; if she can no longer evoke any of the multitudes who in past ages have left all and followed Christ; if none of her innumerable wealthy sons be ready to serve, and to enable others to serve her, without adding to her present burdens; if the sole condition of working for God in the waste places 'fertile of sorrow' be £150 a year; if Salvationists and Methodists and Moravians can work together in devoted communities for little more than food and raiment, but all the young men in the Church of England, when the call sounds forth to them, begin with one consent to make excuse, and are unanimous in their desire to join that whirling multitude of the neither-one-thing-nor-the-other, among whom was the soul of him 'who made the great refusal'—I say that I do not believe that this will be so; but if this indeed be so, I shudder lest the day should come when on the barren tree, exuberant of large and glossy leaves, the axe should fall, and the fiat go forth, 'Never fruit grow upon thee more!'"

These are noble and earnest words, and may be laid to heart by all Churches in all parts of the world. Where there is no sacrifice, there is no love. Where there is no love, there is no true life. And the demand for self-sacrifice on the part of the clergy is as great here in Canada as in any part of the world. It is true that we have not the great moral wastes in our cities which are found amid the crowded populations of the old world; although even these are not altogether wanting among us. But there is something nearly as serious. There are mission stations abandoned and there are considerable townships without the ministrations of our Church, and there seems no prospect of these needs being met unless the spirit of self-sacrifice is stirred up among our people.

But here we are apt to begin at the wrong end, and complain that the clergy are not full of the spirit of self-sacrifice. In other words, we want to make our sacrifices for nothing. We want other people to do them for us. As if that were a thing at all likely to happen! A dead Church is little likely to bring forth living sons. A lukewarm Church does not usually give birth to children filled with ardent zeal. It is quite true that God does sometimes work a moral miracle, and raise up a Baptist-ministry with the call to repentance; and this He may do when He sees fit. But it is not for us to cherish such expectations, or to ask the head of the Church to do in miraculous ways what He is ready graciously to bring about by more ordinary means.

When we come to realize more deeply the needs of the Church and the world, the rich provision which has been made for the supply of those needs, and our own solemn duty to put forth all our energies in applying the Divine provision to human wants, then we may expect that we shall

have rising up among us men of burning zeal and love for souls, who will count it their glory to spend and be spent for God and humanity.

#### OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. RURAL DEAN LANGTRY, D.C.L.

At 2.30 p.m., on the Wednesday after the Conference, we started from Winnipeg on our journey to the Pacific Coast. It was a bright afternoon, and we had a good view of the surrounding country as we were borne away through its boundless prairies. For 20 miles or more beyond Winnipeg there were but very few settlers. And the land was only cultivated at intervals and at some distance from the railway. The explanation of this unexpected phenomenon, given by those who were familiar with the history of the country, was that in the days of the first boom, all the land had been bought up by speculators who had never intended to cultivate it themselves, and who held it at such exorbitant prices that no one could afford to buy it from them. This is manifestly a great injury to *bona fide* settlers, and a great hindrance to the progress of the city. Government interference is needed. Such heavy taxes ought to be levied upon lands held for speculative purposes as would force the owners either to sell or to cultivate the land themselves. There is not much change in the character of the soil till Portage La Prairie, sixty miles west of Winnipeg, is passed. This bright, thriving town is built upon a perfectly level prairie, and is far enough from Winnipeg and Brandon to grow into a great city. It is claimed by the settlers that the very best wheat country in the world lies around this rising town. The appearance of both the land and the crops would seem, to a passing traveller, to justify this claim. Many villages, some of them rising rapidly, are passed all along the line. The sun was setting as we reached Brandon. This is a beautifully situated town of five or six thousand inhabitants, built on the banks of the Assinaboine. In situation it far surpasses Winnipeg, and the people who live in and around it are quite persuaded that it will very soon outstrip the capital in population and in business. Like Winnipeg, it is the centre not only of a great railway system but of a magnificent farming country. The greatest wheat farms of Manitoba are here, though the whole country from Winnipeg, with the exception of the first twenty miles, seems to the traveller to be one long wheat-field. The distance is one hundred and fifty miles. All the land around for fifty or one hundred miles to the west and north of Brandon is said to be admirably adapted for wheat growing. The crops this year have been most abundant, and the settlers say that though the land is not so black and rich looking as that in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg and La Prairie, it is more friable and productive. Darkness fell upon us as we left Brandon, and we saw nothing of the undulating plains through which we were passing all night long. With the first grey streaks of dawn we passed Regina, a lonely looking town in the midst of an endless prairie. It had not a prosperous appearance. The houses seemed to be unpainted and poor. The crops in the neighbourhood were very short in stalk, and looked poor. We heard a great deal, however, of the abundant yield a few miles away. The houses now grew very sparse. The little dwellings seen far away, every now and then, upon the horizon, without a barn or shed, or tree or shrub, looked, O so desolate. Soon the villages ceased. The houses on the horizon were seen no more. The station-house, sometimes alone, sometimes with

the companionship of one or two small habitations, and then nothing for over three hundred miles but a desolate rolling prairie. Not a living thing but the gophers and an occasional wolf, not a tree nor a shrub, nor a green blade of grass to be seen anywhere. The land is not as rich looking as in Manitoba—still, wherever it was ploughed, a dark, rich loamy soil was turned up; but there is no rain. The snow fall is very light. It only yields sufficient moisture, when it thaws, to cause the prairie grass to grow two or three inches high; then, as the parching sun falls upon it, it is turned into dry hay. And the cattle, we were told, live and thrive upon it all the rest of the year. This dry, desolate district, three hundred miles wide at its base, runs up in the shape of a smoothing iron for one hundred and fifty miles into one territory. An American gentleman, a civil engineer and surveyor by profession, was sitting opposite us in the Pullman. He knew all the land to the south, and told us that that dry, treeless region stretched away through the United States to the borders of Mexico, and varied in width from three hundred to a thousand miles. It only differed from the territory through which we were passing by being very much poorer land. It was, he told us, for a long time regarded as a barren and hopeless land. The great American desert, it was called, but of recent years it was found that by boring wells about a thousand feet deep, water was struck which came up with such force that it was thrown from 30 to 60 feet into the air. This was used for irrigation, and now forests were springing up, and farms of the most unfailing productiveness in the United States were spreading over this once desolate land. It is evident at once that until the Government or the companies owning this land provide for its irrigation, it is nothing but criminal cruelty to induce settlers to go in and occupy this territory. For agricultural purposes it is, for the present, useless. The crops that had been sown were not six inches high, and were so thin as not to be worth cutting. Men who can take up wide regions as ranching land may make it pay, but ordinary settlers manifestly cannot live upon it. And yet it is in this region that several of the Indian reservations are situated. The Government's policy with regard to the Indians seems the worst that could be devised. They have set themselves to teach these wanderers, who can live no longer by the chase, to support themselves by agricultural and industrial pursuits, but they have allotted them their lands in a region where skilled farmers could not live, so that nothing but failure and discouragement await them. And in the meantime they are supplied with rations sufficient to pamper and increase their natural indolence. We crossed the Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat, and were told that it was a navigable river for eighteen hundred miles to its mouth. We have abundant and varied testimony to the fact that the land lying to the north and east of this barren tongue was of the same rich character as the land of Manitoba; and for eight or nine hundred miles to the north of us was as free from frost as the land through which we were passing. And it lies there in tracts larger than all the arable land of Europe, wholly untouched, God's great, rich gift for the crowded populations of the older lands, who, before many years, will, by millions, be pouring into it.

—If we have little grace we shall do but little good, but if we are filled with all the fullness of God, we shall exert a vast influence upon the interests of men.

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