

The Best.

"I am tired of making the best of things,"
She said with a little sigh;
Of smoothing the hard, rough places,
And straightening things awry.

"Of taking the snarled and broken ends,
Of many a worry and pain,
And trying to make from the tangled threads,
A beautiful, even skein.

"I wish just once, for a little while,
I could stop the struggle and strife,
And have for my own, a great broad piece
From the very best of life.

"A piece all fresh and beautiful,
Not saddened like the rest;
That I need not make, because it was
Already, the very best.

"Just once I would feel it through and
through
With all the joy it brings,
And then more willingly I'd go back,
To make the best of things."

We thought of her words as we folded
Her patient hands in their rest,
And said in low broken voices—
"Dear heart, she has found the best!"
—Bessie Chandler.

Band Work.

THIS remarkable work under the labours of the Rev. D. Savag has attracted much attention. From the August No. of the *Expositor of Holiness* we take the following account of it:

"The Band movement in the western part of Ontario grew out of a powerful revival of religion experienced in the town of Petrolia during the winter of 1884. While far from endorsing indiscriminately all the methods of the Salvation Army, it is only due to that organization to say, that their first few weeks of labour in Petrolia, in association with the labour of other Christian people of the place, in a wonderful spiritual awakening through the entire community. Hundreds were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. It was an unmistakable work of the Holy Spirit. And one proof of this, among many others, was a deep and somewhat general interest in the subject of entire holiness, with an earnest desire on the part of many to enter into the experience of this grace. Hungering and thirsting after righteousness, many, very many, were 'filled,' 'filled with all the fulness of God.' It was a time of great rejoicing. The services of the sanctuary were 'seasons of grace and sweet delight.' Full of zeal for God and love for perishing sinners, the people of my charge were yearning for increased facilities to give expression to their longings for souls.

"Just at this juncture, and as I was looking for God's guidance with an impression upon my spirit that some new door of usefulness was about to be opened, I met a notice over the signature of the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, of Belleville, of the organization in that city of what was called a 'Hallelujah Band.' This was under circumstances very similar to our own in Petrolia. Immediately following Bro. Clarkson's statement, and in the same column of the *Christian Guardian*, was a letter from the Rev. W. Young, of Trenton, giving a most thrilling account of the visit of the Belleville Band to Trenton, and its wonderful results. I took this as a Divine intimation for myself and for Petrolia. Not conferring with flesh and blood, I announced on the following Sabbath my intention to organize a similar Band. The conditions of membership were, 1. The experience of conscious salvation. 2. Consecration to God and His work. 3. Above the

ago of fourteen. 4. Abstinence from tobacco and intoxicants. 5. Willingness to bear testimony for Christ on any fitting occasion. 6. To be under the direction of the 'Band' leader for service at any point and at any time, circumstances permitting.

"I was astonished at the response. Some sixty enrolled themselves for membership the first day. The announcement was made at the Sabbath morning service, and the Band was organized at the close of that service. I appointed myself leader of the Band, with Brother John Murdoch as my assistant. At night we held our first public service, after preaching. Some eleven souls professed conversion at that service. It was a day that will never be forgotten in Petrolia.

"The following week, by consent of the Marlborough minister, a strong contingent of the new organization went out from night to night, some three miles, to hold services in the Methodist church there. The effort was tentative. Our work was hardly well in hand, still God gave us a number of souls that week.

"Then, by invitation of the Rev. G. J. Kerr, our minister at Brigden, we went to that village, some eleven miles away, for our second campaign. Here God gave us over a hundred souls in about ten days. The mighty power of God led us on, enjoying the hearty sympathetic co-operation of many of our ministers, and indeed of Christian ministers and people of other communities as well. In each succeeding number of this Magazine I propose to give reminiscences of our work in the West during the sixteen months of its history.

"DAVID SAVAGE."

I Will not Question his Intent.

SHALL not the Lord of all the earth
In everything do right?
Why should I question His intent
Whether He loves or smites?

His love and power are infinite,
And marvellous His skill;
A single atom cannot fall
Without His sovereign will.

Safe in the sunshine of His grace
The whole creation moves,
Better than we can love ourselves
The Lord His creatures loves.

I see but little of His plans,
And cannot know what's best;
I'll take His precious promises
And trust Him for the rest.
—Mrs. Annie Willenmey.

The Prayer in the Deep Canon.

NOR quite twenty years since, three men, Baker, Strole and White, were searching the river-beds in Colorado for gold. The rivers there are different from other rivers in the country. They do not run between green banks, with trees or corn-fields on either side, and so near that we can always see them and, if we wish, wade in them. They run deep down, hundreds, in some places thousands, of feet out of sight, between great walls of rock. Imagine a range of mountains split lengthways from their ridge to the root, and a river flowing far down at the very bottom of the split, and tumbling over precipices and rushing in wild through the darkness. That is how the rivers of Colorado flow.

One morning the three men I have named, having slept over night at the entrance to one of these slits, which in that country are called canons, were coming up the steep sides of the canon to continue their search for gold. As they came near the surface the wild war-whoop of the Indians burst on their ears, and at the same time a shower of arrows and bullets fell on them. Baker was hit, and, as it turned out, so sorely that he died. And as he was captain, he cried to the other two to escape for their lives. But they were loyal men and stood by their dying captain, facing the cruel savages and beating them back, until the last quiver of his strong body told them he was dead. Then they fled back and down the canon or deep slit in the rocks through which the river ran. And thither the Indians were afraid to follow.

At a bend of a river they found some drift-wood, plenty and strong enough to make a raft. And with ropes and horse-harness they had they made a raft, and tying a bag of provisions to it, they launched into the unknown stream. Never raft sailed on that stream before. As they went on the darkness became nearly as great as that of a tunnel; only, far up, they could see a thin line of blue sky, over which for one short half-hour in the day the sunlight passed. Then night came and there was total darkness. Higher and higher rose the walls on either side as they sailed further on. At one place they reached the height of a mile. Meanwhile the little raft sped on, but on a terrible voyage. The turns in the river were frequent, and the falls and whirlpools terrible. The men clung to the raft for dear life, the one keeping it from bumping against the sides, the other guiding it with a pole.

Only the night before their captain had told them at the foot of the canon, if it could be reached, was a village called Caville. And the hope of the two men was that they might arrive there before long. But one day passed, another, a third, a fourth, in the terrible darkness, on the terrible stream, and Caville was not reached. On the fourth day, as the raft was caught by the rushing stream and dashed around a sharp bend in the canon, it went to pieces, and Strole, trying to guide it with his pole, was tossed into the roaring whirl of waters, gave a loud shriek, and was seen no more.

White was now alone and with a broken raft. A feeling of despair and terror came over him; he wished he had Baker in the fight. He felt the temptation to throw himself into the scething waters and end his sorrows where Strole's had ended. But the good Lord had something better in store for him. He helped him to put away those evil thoughts and bind the raft together again. This time, that Strole's fate might not happen to him, he tied himself to the raft. But when he searched for the bag of provisions it was gone. And thus tied to the raft in the awful gloom, on the awful stream, without companion, without food, the poor man launched oncemore. Alas! he was caught in a whirlpool, fiercer and stronger than that which had swallowed Strole. The raft was whirled round and round and round. The thought came to him that he should whirl on there till raft and he sank. "This is the end," he said to himself. He grew dizzy; he fainted.

When he came to himself he glanced upward. The rocks rose nearly a mile

on either side. A red line along the open showed that it was evening. Then the red changed to black, and all was dark. And then and there, in that terrible depth, in that thick darkness, and amid the roaring of the whirling and rushing of waters, the poor man found God. "I fell on my knees," he told afterward, "and as the raft swept round in the current I asked God to help me. I spoke as if from my very soul, 'Oh, God, if there is a way out of this fearful place, show it to me; take me to it.'" He was still looking up with his hands clasped, when he felt a different movement in the raft, and turning to look at the whirlpool, it was behind, and he was floating down the smoothest current he had yet seen in the canon. Six days more, and he came to a bank where the rocks disappeared and some Indians lived. From them he received food and started oncemore on his voyage; and three days later he came to Caville and to the homes of white men, where his troubles came to an end.

It was a terrible voyage, the most terrible, perhaps, ever sailed by man; but it had this good for White; it put the thought and faith of God into his heart. When in later days, he told the story to Dr. Bell, who records it in "Across America," his voice grew husky as he described the awful scene in the whirlpool—the appeal to God, and God's loving and helpful reply.—A. McLeod, D.D., in *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The Scott Act in Operation.

No one expects that the revolution in a day. No one imagines that the coming into force of the Scott Act means the immediate extermination of drinking and drunkenness. All that is claimed is that the Scott Act will at once materially diminish the terrible evils of intemperance, that it will prevent the acquirement of drinking habits, that it will educate the public conscience, and that it will lead to still better legislation in the not far-off future. All this we claim is being accomplished with a completeness and rapidity that surpasses the anticipations of even the friends of the new measure. The writer of this article has had good opportunities recently of seeing the practical results of the working of the law. In villages that were formerly the scenes of nightly revel and disturbance, the change is fairly startling. Bar-rooms still lie open, but the noisy crowds that used to fill them are no longer seen. The harmless beverages now retailed incite no lawlessness or turmoil, and men who formerly spent their evenings in riot and dissipation, may be found taking needed rest or playing with their little ones credit of the cottage door at home. The credit of workingmen is better than it was before, manufacturers and other employers of labour testify to the increased steadiness and working capacity of their employees, police officials give unhesitating evidence as to the marked diminution of crime, and from many a home go up daily songs of thanksgiving for the removal of the terrible crime that was leading loved ones far astray.

CHILDREN, when going to a feast, eat sparingly that they may have a keener relish for the coming dainties; so we, who are going to the feast above, should not dull our appetites with earthly joys.—McCheyne.