

on base, and a cross with wreath, bunches of flowers and monogram—a kind of monumental design, fanciful and clever enough, but decidedly odd. A third cabinet held plumbago, in the rough, as well as prepared as pencils, etc. A table of inlaid woods, with sample of window-frames, doors, etc., we found just outside, and they repaid examination, whilst we refreshed our inner man by a taste of the big cheese, which was handed in small slabs to any who cared to know what a good article of its kind Canadian farmers make. Geoff, partly for mischief, and partly because he thought 'the stuff not half bad' to eat, with the remains of a broken biscuit in his pocket, walked around the trophy twice, so as to present himself as a newcomer and thus get a double portion. The fourth glass case showed wools, wax, fruits, and so forth, and when I have named the large block or column of coal from the Atlantic coast, and the comparatively small ditto representing the gold found in Canada, I think I have only left myself space to speak of the short visit we paid to Mr. Keefer's office, facing upon the street of model houses, where more particular information about the Colony is readily and courteously given when asked for. Here we met several Canadian friends, and at their recommendation tasted not only some excellent light wine from the Isabella grape, a vintage from Pelee Island, Lake Erie, but some of that specialty of Canada, the maple sugar. 'Some people inquire if this is a model Canadian house—(it is that of an Old English, probably a Chester dwelling). We tell

ful conjunction upon our dessert tables, but indeed we do nothing of the kind. Our idea of what they really are, is, at best, but an approximate one, and as "half a loaf is better than no bread," this is something to be thankful for; but it is not the fruit itself as Nature would hand it to us from the parent stem.

Acres and acres of pineapples! It requires a very distinct effort of the imagination to believe in their existence even in beautiful Hawaii, but that is just why we want you to have our picture, which speaks for itself.

H. A. B.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Leading Captivity Captive.

"The Lord gave me a bitter draft, and said
'Drink it quite up.'
I, slowly lifting up my languid head,
Turned from the cup.
'Be brave, my child, be brave and falter not;
'Tis for thy good.'
I looked again, I looked and trembled not,
And said I would.
I reached the cup and set it to my lip,
Hearing Him speak,
But set it down again without a sip,
For faith was weak.
Again He said, so sweetly and so soft,
'Be brave, my child.'
As with both hands I raised the cup aloft,
He looked and smiled.

everyday life, as well as to the death of martyrs. They would have dishonored their Master's name if they had proved themselves cowards when called to witness for Him. Why should we think we have a monopoly of defeat and cowardice? If we intend to be conquerors in the end, it would be wise to begin the victory at once. This life is full of paradoxes: though we may be sorrowful, yet we are to be always rejoicing; we may be weak, yet that weakness is to be full of strength; we may be passing through a desert, yet it is to blossom as the rose, and the parched ground is to be refreshed with pools and springs. This is not idealism; it is a sober fact, or should be. As the Cross of Christ marks the blackest crime in all history and yet shines with a light sufficient to illuminate eternity, so it should be, in our measure, with each one of us. Our crosses, whether they be great trials which cut us to the heart or little everyday vexations which have a tendency to destroy our peace and make us irritable or downhearted, may be led captive and forced to do us service. The darker they are, the more light they may yield. Only he who, like Christ, willingly accepts his cross can understand what it means to lead captivity captive.

"If Himself He come to thee, and stand
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
That smile and suffer, that will smite thy heart
With their own pity to a passionate peace;
And reach to thee HIMSELF the Holy cup,
Pallid and royal, saying, 'Drink with Me!'
Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for Paradise!
The pale brow will compel thee, the pure hands



PINEAPPLE CULTIVATION IN HAWAII.

them "No," but that we could show them some quite as good, if not better, over the water, if they would like to come and see them," said young Mr. Keefer, with a merry twinkle of his eye. I think I cannot better wind up my little account of my visit to 'Canada' as it is in Paris, than by recommending those who would like to make a better acquaintance with that grand old Colony itself to follow Mr. Keefer's advice by coming to visit it themselves at as early a date as possible. We can promise them a hearty welcome." H. A. B.

Pineapple Cultivation in Hawaii.

Our picture represents a pineapple plantation in the Hawaiian Islands, where responsive nature offers a prompt and ready welcome by means of soil, climate, and frequent rainfall to almost every species of vegetable product which the hand of man may entrust to her natural bosom. Not only what is indigenous grows with a magnificent profusion only possible in a tropical climate, but it also will grow and flourish diverse crops which have failed in many other places where their cultivation has been attempted, rewarding richly by their luxuriance the agricultural wealth of the Islands.

To know the real taste of any fruit, we should enjoy it upon the spot. We think we know the actual flavor of the luscious orange, the banana, the pineapple, etc., when, our fruiterer's cart having delivered them at our doors, we place them in taste-

I drained the chalice to its dregs, and lo!
Before mine eyes—
What He Himself, the Lord who loved me so,
For my surprise
Had hidden there with His most loving hand—
Beyond all price.
A rich and radiant jewel from the land
Of Paradise."

Most Christians look forward to a final victory. They expect to bear the palm when this life is over; but is there any reason to wait for death to make us conquerors? Does not St. Paul say that God giveth us the victory? "Victory is not only a thing of to-morrow; it belongs to to-day. The Christian's life is victory all along the line." We are the followers of One who reigned as King upon a cross. Could any situation be more unlike a throne? The cross was then as the gallows is now, the very symbol of shame and disgrace; yet He was as truly a conqueror then as when He rose triumphant from the grave. How simply He accepted as His right the homage of the dying thief, how kindly was the royal pardon extended to the soldiers, how grand His perfect mastery over pain, and calm refusal of the offered anodyne! The royal composure and thoughtfulness for others, in the midst of terrible pain, was the outward sign of a marvellous victory—a victory that has been the birthright of His servants ever since, although they often fail to grasp it. It has shone out in the death of countless martyrs, who have astonished the world by their fearlessness. But it belongs to

Will minister unto thee; thou shalt take
Of this communion through the solemn depths
Of the dark waters of thine agony.
With heart that praises Him, that yearns to Him
The closer for that hour. Hold fast His hand,
Though the nails pierce thine too! Take only care
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine
Be spilled, of that which ever shall unite
Thee, soul and body, to thy living Lord!"

It is easy to recognize this victory over pain and sorrow—in other people. One, who has seemed a commonplace individual enough, is terribly injured in some accident. He is suffering excruciating pain, but makes no fuss, and acts, as we say, like a hero. Is he not a conqueror? Don't we admire and respect him far more than we did before? He has not only shown himself capable of heroism, but also gained a larger store of true nobility than he possessed before. We all admit that such a crisis is a grand opportunity for strengthening and testing a man's character; but such crises are rare. Granted; but why not insist on being the victor in all the smaller trials, which are by no means rare? Every little temptation to irritability may be taken as an opportunity for an extra supply of good temper. A slight disappointment, or crossing of our own will, may be an opportunity of offering a real gift—a gift that costs us something—to our King. We may meet pain and sorrow fearlessly, and even joyfully, if we remember that by these God intends to lift us higher, more near to Himself.