

they are very powerless and commonplace. After you have used a telephone for a few months, it may add to your comfort, but it will not add to your happiness. For happiness is invisible, and feeds on the invisible. A man and a woman, who love and trust God and each other, can find more happiness in a shack on the prairie than another pair, whose lives are lived apart from God and each other, can discover in the grandest palace that was ever built. Don't waste your time envying millionaires. Happiness is as close to you as it is to them, if you choose to look for it in the right direction. The Carpenter of Nazareth had had no experience of the life of a rich and prosperous man on earth—though He knew well what poverty was like—yet He was too clear-sighted to think that riches were a great advantage. Listen to His words: "Woe unto you that are rich. . . . Woe unto you that are full. . . . Woe unto you that laugh now. . . . Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."—S. Luke vi.: 24-26. Notice how little He makes of the four great objects of worldly ambition—money, comfortable prosperity, pleasure, fame. Instead of envying, He tenderly pities those who seek—and still more those who find—their satisfaction in temporal things. Soon these will be left behind, and souls that have succeeded in finding satisfaction in things temporal, must have crushed down and almost killed their natural ambition for holiness, courage, endurance and love. One who is rich, and rests his heart upon his riches, has lost his higher aspirations—has already, as Christ says, received his consolation. Ideals encourage us to climb, and as long as we are not satisfied with ourselves or our condition, we shall try to improve. If we look only at visible things we shall be commonplace, and shall miss the glory hidden in every common thing, which is "afire with God." We may find God in the Lord's Supper, and may be filled with His Life—or we may see only the bread and wine. A tray of wedding-rings in a jeweller's window may be only a collection of plain bands of gold, prosaic and commonplace enough. But each of those rings, held in the eager hand of a young bridegroom, or pressed by him on the finger of the woman he loves, is shining with mystery and romance. Jacob, Moses, and Joshua, were each given a new revelation of God, and they felt that even the common earth where they stood had become holy ground.

If we constantly try to see everything from God's point of view, our spiritual vision will grow steadily more strong and clear. Then, if anyone gains riches by underhand dealing or oppression of God's children, we shall not say: "What a successful man that is!" but "What a terrible thing it is to sell honor and righteousness for money!" If we, or those whom we love, lose health of body or mind—still keeping unshaken the health of the spirit—we can wait God's time of restoration, knowing that all things will certainly work together for the real good of all who love God. When God stoops down and lifts out of sight our nearest and dearest, we need not look to the past as if life's joy were over. "The best is yet to be"; the one we loved no longer lives in that familiar tabernacle of the body, but the invisible love which bound us together still binds us. Death can only touch the body, the person is unchanged. We can still walk together in the secret mystery of love. We are not hopeless of the harvest because there is no sign of it in early spring. We look forward, and wait in hope and trust. Let us try to trust God's way of working—then He can do wondrously in us and through us. George Macdonald says:

"Courage! for life is hasting
To endless life away:
The inner life unwasting
Transfigures thy dull clay.
Lost, lost, are all our losses;
Love sets forever free:
The full life heaves and tosses
Like an eternal sea:
One endless, living story,
One poem spread abroad!
And the sun of all our glory
Is the countenance of God!"
DORA FARNCOMB.

Many a man collects his thoughts from other people.

The Precious Hours.

The one thought that comes to the mind of the old man when he speaks to the young, is this: Oh, that it were possible to make them know how precious are the hours, how fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, which now fill up each and every day of their comparatively easy lives. I would not ask you to relax your attention to the games that fill up your leisure hours; but, I say, let every one, with the same energy with which he plays cricket or football, with the same energy with which he applies himself to leaping and running, or to any exercise whatever, of his corporal powers, and he wants very little exhortation, so far as my experience goes, to be energetic with that portion of his duties—let him carry the very same spirit into the work which is intended to develop his mental faculties. The extension of Government employments has given an enormous enlargement to what may be called the official classes—in fact, there is a much larger number of professionals competing now than competed together in the days when I came into this

Some Old-time Echoes.

ON TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL—WE LEAVE DURBAN.

IV.

14th May, 1875.—I doubt if we could call ourselves fairly on trek when we left Durban early this morning by 'bus for Maritzburg. Passengers are requested not to take their seats until the driver is upon the box. Passengers do take their seats, in disobedience to this rule, and mishaps sometimes occur, as well they may, when the six steeds, fresh from their stable, do not always think it necessary to wait for that event before career-ing away towards the road over the Berea, which they must traverse at more sober pace presently. However, stiff, tired and very, very dusty, we arrived at Pieter-Maritzburg before night fall.

How often we changed our six horses, and how unclothed were the Kaffir grooms who changed them; how their jargon could not be interpreted by a little boy whom I questioned, "because their words were naughty," is it not written? And the scenery—over the Berea—over the In-

the point of a pistol in Queen's birthday week.

"Go the day after to-morrow," said an old resident. "Not a bit of it; you won't go for a fortnight."

This sounded too ridiculous, when such trifling additions were required to our equipments. We did not go for a fortnight, therefore it was clear that our informant knew Natal tradespeople better than we did.

Queen's birthday week means much to Pieter-Maritzburg. It is the week of the year. It means races, it means bazaars, it means picnics, it means shows. We, between us, saw all of them, and jointly the ball. We were told that Sir Garnet Wolseley's courtesy had extended itself quite beyond the usual limits, but if more Jacks, Toms and Harrys were present than should have been, I must own that they were very well behaved individuals indeed.

There was, of course, a peculiar significance in the appointment of not only a military governor, but of a man of such high standing in the counsels of the British Empire to the unsettled Colony of Natal. At this juncture much tact and wisdom was required to avert possible calamity, but it was also equally necessary to have at the head of affairs one who in the event of an open rupture could be a commander in the field as well as the governor of the colony.

As I stood by his side on the occasion of the special function which was to bring him into a closer acquaintanceship with the people whose interests had been committed to him, as I noted blazing upon his breast the almost uncountable number of orders which he had won by his valor in battle, I felt sure that come what may, the possible emergency would surely be met wisely and well, as indeed within only a few months later on it certainly was. It was very pleasant to find during that quiet ten minutes' chat by the sweet-scented shrubs in the conservatory opening out from the ball-room of Government House, that with all that Sir Garnet Wolseley must have to occupy his busy mind, he could still hold in clear and affectionate remembrance his old days in Canada, when, as Colonel Wolseley, he was known to so many Canadians, ourselves amongst them. He named old friends by dozens, and took up old links as if he had never dropped them at all, and more than that he had questions to ask of my own soldier brother, whom he had known in their earlier manhood many years ago in England.

SOMETHING ABOUT PIETER-MARITZBURG.

This is as we found it in 1875. Pieter-Maritzburg lies in what looks like a hollow, with hills mounting up some 1,200 feet garrisoning it around. It is about the size of Durban, and the streets are laid out much as those of that town. The houses are many of them in shape like bungalows, lofty and thatched, with cool, broad verandahs, flower-garlanded into rustic beauty, even where they face upon the main streets. Some might with advantage be larger, but wages are dear and material costly, so there is a good reason for very large homes being rather the exception than the rule. Water-courses run through the streets with a cool, refreshing trickle, tempting one sorely to off-shoe and paddle therein on a hot day. The Kaffirs are forbidden by law to stand in the streams, which, as they provide the citizens with drinking-water, would hardly be improved should such comfortable little dabbles be indulged in. Water is fetched early, and, after due filtering, is pure and good, and the supply is unfailing. Those old Dutch pioneers knew how to choose well when they selected this spot for their city!

The town has a fair proportion of public buildings: the Legislative Assembly, court house, post office, with its broad flight of steps, etc. The streets are wide, and there is a good market, whilst the grounds laid out as a public park give promise of great beauty when the young trees attain their full beauty, the kindly climate of Natal being always very indulgent in the matter of growth to every product of nature entrusted to it. The gardens everywhere testify to this. They are rich in vegetation, blue gums, seringas, weeping willows, bamboos, etc., flourishing apace. Fruit is abundant, and the ever-flowering rose hedges meet your eye everywhere. There are many churches, and excellent colleges for girls



Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.
From a painting by T. Gainsborough, R. A.

world; but, depend upon it, the profession of clergymen, if it be more arduous than it has ever been, is, on that account, nobler than it has ever been.—W. E. Gladstone.

The Lifters.

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer, Nor moralize with his despair. The man is down, and his great need Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

One grain of help just now is more To him than tomes of saintly lore. Pray if you must, in your full heart. But give him a lift—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice, Of prayer and praise, and preaching nice, But the generous souls who aid mankind Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds. A noble life's the best of creeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives them a lift when they are down.
—Anon.

changa! dip, dip! climb, climb! Oh, for an adjective wherewith to condense my admiration into one word! Dr. Johnson could not find one for me, and Lady Barker has travelled over the same ground and she has told you all about it!

PIETER-MARITZBURG.

Of Pieter-Maritzburg, though it was not then what it has become to me since, I must say something. "Sleepy Maritzburg!" quotha. Well, if it was asleep, it was, as we found it, after a very wide-awake fashion. A trifle, no, rather more than a trifle, I am afraid I must confess drowsy as to business; but as to pleasure it was open-eyed enough. It was our misfortune, seeing time was precious to us, to arrive during the Queen's birthday week. Natal is not one whit behind our other colonies in loyalty, and do not our colonies know how to honour our Queen?

We were eager to get "on trek," but, if the need of a nail might detain us to our utter discomfiture, that nail could not have been produced in Maritzburg at