

but one organization. The majority decided in favour of the Presbyterian form of worship, and the decision was made unanimous. The Presbytery of Quebec have been looking after their interests for a year. Mr. N. A. MacLeod, B.A., of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, supplied them acceptably during the past six months.

Here we hold a preparatory service this evening; receive five—mostly young—people into full communion on profession of faith, and thirteen by certificate, and administer the ordinance of baptism. On the following Sabbath, the Saviour's death is commemorated, and set forth in His own appointment—the first communion ever held in these wilds of the St. Maurice. Morning and evening services, S.S. and C.E. meeting, fill in the day. About thirty-five attend the Sabbath services, and frequently some French come in.

Monday morning we recross the river and return to Lac a la Tortue station to continue the railway journey to Grandes Piles. We arrive there and bid farewell to a branch of the R.R., which affords the poorest accommodation and is the most mismanaged R.R. we have ever travelled by. We at once make for the banks of the St. Maurice to enquire about the departure of the little steamer which is to be our home for some two days. We are informed that she will start tomorrow morning at break of day. This place—the Grandes Piles—is situated on the St. Maurice, thirty miles from Three Rivers, and nestles on the river bank at the foot of a very high range of hills, the upper end of the village being suddenly terminated by a beautiful bend of the St. Maurice. Here magnificent Government booms span the river to regulate the immense drives of logs, which come down annually.

The logs of all the lumbering firms being detained here, a grand jam occurs. They pile up, it is said, to the height of twenty to twenty-five feet or more. So it is called the great piles—to which the French give the name "Grandes Piles"; and so the place has derived the name Grandes Piles (pronounced gra peel). Here we were fortunate enough to fall in with a family, two of whom were former members of the church in Three Rivers, and are kindly and comfortably housed for the night. There are several Protestant families here, but the nearest minister to them is at Three Rivers, thirty miles away. We learn of two young men, strangers, who are sick. We seek them out and find them, in noisy French boarding-houses, suffering from fever. Poor fellows, (one from England, the other from Ontario) their comforts are few enough! We read with them the word of consolation, and one of them asks us to let his mother in New Brighton, Eng., know, as he is too ill to write.

Early next day, at the gray of morning, we are on board. The little steamer puffs energetically, as if impatient to begin her fight with the swift-flowing waters and the strong rapids of the St. Maurice. We see a poor-looking wreck of humanity coming down the hill, held by one or two men. His muscles are relaxed, his face scratched, black and battered, his vision indistinct, and his brain reeling. He is slid down the plank as if he were a side of pork and falls prone on the deck. He rises and at the very first attempt at locomotion, the cry, "Man overboard!" would certainly have been heard, were it not for the "priest's steamer," which lies beside ours.

But this is only the shadow of events of which we will have much experience before the day is ended. We steam out and in the morning mists face the wonderful river of the north. We have about twenty passengers on board. The greater part of them are lumbermen on their way to the shanties—French chiefly, but one is a Highland lad from Cape Breton. The most of these men are under the influence of that curse of the race—legalized by human folly—whiskey. Four are in an advanced state of intoxication, and require the constant vigilance of the sober to keep them from falling over the narrow deck into the seething waters below, until overcome by drink, in a drunken stupor they are piled together in a corner and sleep a stupefied sleep for hours.

The eyes of all who are making the trip for the first time are on the scenery which is truly interesting and grand. When we have put a little distance between us and "The Piles," we see a gigantic rocky eminence lifting its lofty head far above us and even above the morning mists. This announces to us that we are soon to enter into the heart of the Laurentians. Very soon we are closed in on all sides by the everlasting hills.

The scene changes constantly. As the river winds around this hill, and at the base of that mountain and under the shadow of that rock only a short stretch of the river is visible at any time; and with every turn in the river the scene changes. But whatever change

the enchanting panorama undergoes there is no getting rid of hills and mountains and rocks. They are to the right, to the left, now in our wake, and seem to shut out the hope of further progress in advance. Nothing but hills or mountain ranges and the river which we are ascending. They differ in height, shape colouring and arrangement. Here to the right is a part of a rocky range rising perhaps more than 500 feet, almost perpendicular, bare, its feet planted in the water, its naked brow snowing the primeval rock which was once the bottom of the primeval ocean, and that can

"Such a tale unfold"

of hoary antiquity to those who understand its language. To the left an elevation which slopes gradually bearing a scrubby growth. Here another, clad with a richer and more youthful vegetation; there a height with trees of fair proportions; and yonder a mountain on whose high, steep side many a valuable pine shall fall this winter under the woodman's axe to be floated down to the Trifluvian City next spring, and which in the near future may help to build or adorn some of

"The merry homes of England"

or of a more distant one in Australia. That smooth space, from summit to base of that mountain coming in view, is a "timber slide" down which thousands of logs leaped, slid or rolled into the waters below; the ragged-looking track on the face of that other mountain indicates that a "land slide" has taken place.

What is that peculiar sensation which we have experienced, and which makes the ladies nervous and serious? Our steamer touched bottom, that is all. Here are mighty rapids. The descent of the swift-flowing waters is so great that we notice the grade which we are to ascend for hundreds of yards in advance. Our steamer, under full pressure of steam, quivers from bow to stern—now in mid-stream, turns right across the seething waters to avoid the rocks and soon gains the smoother waters above.

Hills! hills! mountains! Mountain ranges! and ever-winding stream yet maintaining its course due north! In many places these hills and ranges come down to the water's edge; in some instances they recede from the river, leaving a narrow strip of alluvial land between their base and the river bank. On many of these arable and fertile spots a small house (a very small one) may be seen. Here the ubiquitous Frenchman cultivates a few acres during the short summer, and for the rest of the year leaves his wife, children and cow there, while he goes far northward to ply the lumberman's axe or follow the drive.

As we ascend, the grandeur heightens, the beauty of the scene increases. Right and left the mighty Laurentians lift their towering heads and cast their sombre shadows on land and water. Their grand proportions and solid formation, hoary with the age of centuries unknown to man, speak to us of the solidity of the back-bone of the eastern part of our country; the lofty heights, the deep cuts and the ragged rents tell us of the awful convulsions of nature which threw these ponderous portions of the earth's solid crust from their primeval resting place; and suggest the greatness and power of Him "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hands, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

But as we look on the deck astern and see three or four of our number stretched out in the autumnal sun unconscious of all danger and grandeur, we are forcibly and sally reminded of Heber's words

"Only man is vile."

The day is wearing on. At the mouth of that river which we have left behind, we parted with a number of our shanty-men, and here we are putting in to shore to leave another batch for the camp in among yonder hills. Even our drunken fellow-voyagers are led, pushed or slid down the plank as if they were of no more account than the chest of tea or the grindstone which preceded them. We are told that they will work well when they sober off, and that this will be their last opportunity for a debauch until next March or April. What is that flat, peculiar craft ascending the river near the shore, to which two plucky horses are attached, one of them mounted by a cautious driver? Poor horses! Now walking on a good beach, now wading in water, now floundering and falling in water among great and slippery boulders! That is a lumbering supply scow. It has sixty-five barrels of flour, chests of tea, supply of beans, etc. And in this way the supplies are hauled up the stream from the R.R. terminus to the depot, a distance of fifty miles. Where the horses cannot get track or bottom, they are taken on board, and with poles and oars the scow is propelled to good track on the opposite shore or further up the stream.

The shades of evening are now gathering around us. The Northern Laurentians lift their shoulders and heads higher, and cast longer shadows, and their rich and variegated autumn tints become more marked. What is that beautiful expanse of water, and where has the St. Maurice gone? It has turned eastward clean out of sight, and that expanse is the bend of the river into which the Rat River flows. And that cluster of buildings on the elevated plateau above? That is our destination—the headquarters of Mr. Alex. Baptist's great lumbering operations in every direction around. Here we drop anchor for the night. Mr. "Sandy" Adams (Mr. Baptist's factor) and his hospitable wife, extend us a kind welcome. Here, among the sublime solitudes, three Presbyterian families are found, and their Church connection, so far as they have any, is Three Rivers. At 7 p.m., they are all gathered at Sandy's house. Prayers rise to the God among whose sublime, "lower works" the day has been spent. We speak for half an hour on the words: "I am that Bread of Life"; and the work of this trip is largely done.

Next morning, we are up before the sun. What a panorama greets us! To the right, the river on which we came up late last evening, is visible for about a mile. Three mountain ranges slope down to its bank. To the left and near at hand, an elevated plateau overlooking the Rat River and the bend in the St. Maurice, and at the far end of this plateau, a towering cliff rises above its immediate surroundings. Right before us a fine expanse of water, on the other side of which there is a level, low-lying farm; and in the background, a large, pudding-like mountain lifts his head to greet the morning sun. Those who are bent on mere sight-seeing may continue the trip by steamer as far as La Tuque, where the river, owing to falls and rapids, ceases to be navigable. The river keeps its additional uniform-width for an additional one hundred miles—possibly more—along which are Hudson Bay posts and hunting-grounds. The scenery compares favorably with that of the far-famed Saguenay. The hills or mountains are not as high, the river not so broad, and the navigation not so good. J. R. M. Three Rivers, Sept. 30th, 1893.

BARRIE PRESBYTERY'S MISSION FIELD.

Few people have any adequate conception of the extent of the mission field under the charge of this Presbytery. When the students return to college in autumn many an hour is spent by the Home Mission Committee of Presbytery to find out some plan by which the 40 mission fields and 110 preaching stations within its bounds can be supplied with the means of grace during the winter months. In several places only partial supply can be given. The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, who resides here, has been appointed ordained missionary at Alrie, Black Bank and Banda, in place of the Rev. J. Garrioch, who becomes ordained missionary at Burk's Falls. Mr. Magnus J. Leith, who is unable to return to college, takes charge of Ardrea and Gray Church. Severn Bridge, Washago and St. David's, Cooper's Falls, as well as Kiltworthy, are supplied from Knox College. Mr. Wm. McMahon, of Oro, who was appointed a catechist at last meeting of Presbytery, has been sent to Baysville, etc. Several fields, from lack of men and money, will be left for some months without ordinances except during the Christmas holidays. Those of us in this town who have full religious privileges, ought to think of our fellow-citizens, constrained for weeks to spend silent Sabbaths, and in this way exposed to the danger of sinking into barbarism. On account of the many claims upon its mission funds, the Presbytery resolved at its last meeting to recommend that the thanksgiving offerings taken up on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23rd, by the several congregations and mission stations within its bounds, be apportioned to the special Home Mission Fund of the Presbytery.

The Rev. C. A. Aharon, preaching on a recent Sunday evening in Montreal, said that French evangelization had much to do with arousing the spirit of dissatisfaction among French Canadian Roman Catholics with the state of things as it is found in Quebec under the sway of the R. C. Church. The number of French Protestants now in Montreal is upwards of 3,000, and they have nine places of worship. In addition to other evangelizing agencies an attempt is being made to establish a French Protestant newspaper, chiefly though not entirely in connection with our Church. Our evangelizing and liberalizing agencies cannot be said to be complete until we have such a newspaper. We sincerely hope the attempt may be entirely successful.

Christian Endeavor.

OUR LOVE TESTED BY OUR GIFTS.

BY REV. W. S. M'AVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Nov. 12.—11 Cor. 8: 1-9; 11 Cor. 9: 6-8.

Giving is not always a proof of love. A man may contribute for the support of Gospel ordinances, at home or abroad, because he has been asked to do so, or because he fears that he may be considered mean or penurious if he does not do so, or because others have been giving, or because he thinks he may advance his own interests by a display of liberality. On the other hand, even where there is love, the gifts may not be large, simply because the person is not in a position to give largely. Still, where there is love, there will be gifts, whether large or small, and certainly there will be also a desire to give.

When we consider the circumstances of the Churches in Macedoula, we cannot refrain from expressing our hearty commendation of their conduct in the matter of giving. Though they were poor, they offered their contributions. They were in deep poverty, but their poverty did not prevent them from bringing their offerings, and for this they are to be commended. It was for this reason that Christ so highly praised the poor widow who cast her two mites into the Temple treasury. A great many people who are not poor widows, offer as small a sum, but they shall not receive, because they do not deserve the praise accorded to her. The lesson suggested by her conduct, and by that of the Churches in Macedoula, is that even the poor should give something. No one is in such deep poverty, but that he can give a little, and if his heart is only overflowing with love, he cannot refrain from giving. One must admire the wisdom of Dr. Chalmers, who, when floating his favorite Sustentation Fund, undertook to do it all with pennies. Dr. Blaikie says, "He often quoted the Scotch proverb that 'many lillies mak' a muckle'; and he used to affirm with great vehemence, that if even the Highlanders, who were proverbially poor, would give their tenth pinch of snuff to the Sustentation Fund, the result would be easily achieved."

The Macedonian Churches gave liberally; they gave beyond their ability to give. We know not what their contributions amounted to, but we do know that they were large enough to win the approbation of the apostle.

They gave cheerfully also. "They were willing of themselves." They even pressed the apostle to take their contribution. They were not like the man who left the Church because, as he expressed it, "there were too many tolls upon the road."

Observe the three arguments by which the apostle sets before the Corinthians the duty of liberality. 1. Others who were poor had given liberally and cheerfully. This is not a very cogent reason in itself, but when it is presented as Paul presents it here, it is not to be neglected. It shows that their liberality was the outcome of their love. If we profess to be Christians as others do, why should not the same principle within us operate in the same manner as it does in others? If their love constrains them to be liberal, why should not ours? 2. He indicates that liberality is a grace, and that it should be cultivated just as other graces are. "As ye abound in faith, in utterance, in knowledge and in all diligence, see that ye abound in this grace also." If we wish to develop a complete, symmetrical Christian character we cannot afford to neglect this grace. It is pitiful to see an otherwise beautiful life marred by penuriousness. 3. He recalls the example of Christ. He was rich, yet for our sakes, He became so poor that He had not where to lay His head. He sailed in a borrowed boat; He rode upon a borrowed colt; He was buried in a borrowed sepulchre. If we sufficiently realize that it was for our sakes that Christ became poor, our love to Him would be fervent, and the more fervent our love, the greater our desire to present Him with liberal offerings for the furtherance of His cause.