

THE END OF THE WAY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years:—

**M**y life is a wearisome journey,  
I'm sick of the dust and the heat,  
The rays of the sun beat upon me,  
The briars are wounding my feet;  
But the city to which I am journeying,  
Will more than my trials repay,  
All the toils of the road will be nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,  
I often am longing for rest,  
But He who appoints me my pathway,  
Knows what is needful and best;  
I know in His word He has promised,  
That my strength shall be as my day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,  
Or give me one trial too much;  
All his people have been dearly purchased,  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By-and-by I shall see Him and praise Him,  
In the city of unending day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble steps have been taken,  
And the gates of the city appear,  
And the beautiful songs of the angels,  
Float out on my listening ear;  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
Will be plain and clear as the day;  
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,  
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,  
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Saviour Himself has said, Come.  
So when I am weary in body,  
And sinking in spirit I say,  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,  
There are cordials for those who are faint,  
There are robes that are whiter and purer,  
Than any that fancy can paint;  
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day,  
The toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

CHAUTAUQUA.

BY LEWIS C. PEAKE.



**HERE?** How? What? What of it? I propose to follow, with a little change, the plan propounded by Dr. Wilkinson in the last number of the *Banner* for studying a given subject, and—

1. *Where?* This, to many, must seem a very foolish question. Of course, everybody knows where Chautauqua is. Nevertheless, I have met with some, even in this age of geographical study and travel, who had no idea where it was, except that it was over in the States somewhere, a long way off. Well, then, take up your map, and look for the western corner of New York State, and there, 65 miles west of Buffalo, almost adjoining Pennsylvania, and a very short distance from the Ohio state line, lies a beautiful sheet of water about 16 miles in length, with a width varying from 100 yards to 3 miles, and with an elevation above lake Erie (only 9 miles distant) of 730 feet. This is Chautauqua Lake, and on a point on the southern shore, near the western extremity is located the wonderful place which now claims our attention, Chautauqua.

2. *How?* Having found the place, how shall we reach it? We will suppose our party to be gathered together from many places, (as was our case on the morning of August 8th, 1882) on the wharf at the foot of Yonge Street in Toronto. Embarking upon the magnificent steamer "Chicora" at 7 a.m., a delightful sail of nearly 3 hours rendered additionally pleasant by the courteous treatment received from the officers, brings us to the wharf at Niagara, the ancient capital of the province. Here we take the cars of the Canada Southern Railway, which, if it does not rain, will bring us to Buffalo at a few minutes after noon. On the way we pause a few minutes at the platform above Niagara Falls, and get one of the best views of the great cataract which is to be had from any point. Arriving in Buffalo the first thought is, of course, dinner; this disposed of, we seat ourselves in the coaches of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, and at 1 o'clock are off again. Passing through Dunkirk we arrive at Brockton, where we change to the cars of Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Western Railway, by which we are conveyed up the steep ascent already alluded to, until we reach Mayville at the west end of the lake. This point should be reached about 3.30 p.m., but as the rain prevented our making proper connection at Buffalo, we find ourselves several hours later. Here we separate. Some of our party conclude to spend the night at Mayville, while the larger portion go through to Chautauqua; some by the Branch Railway to the depot within the grounds; most of us by one of the many steamers which ply up and down the lake. And now I think we are compensated for our few hours delay, for as we approach the landing-place the scene is indescribably weird and beautiful. What, with the brilliancy of the electric light, the beauty of the Chinese lanterns hanging in every direction, and the musical laughter of the occupants of the small boats as they row around, one can easily imagine it to be Fairyland. But, we are not yet in Paradise, the gate-keeper is in the way; there are various ways of satisfying him, and yet only one way—a ticket; this may be purchased for a day, a week, two weeks, or the season, according as our stay may be. But, once within the gates, we are at liberty to attend as many lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc., as we can crowd in, without any fee whatever. Thanks to arrangements previously made our party is soon settled in comfortable quarters, either in some of the many cottages, or in the magnificent Hotel Athenæum. Perhaps a memorandum of necessary expenses of a week's trip from Toronto might not be amiss here: 1. Special excursion ticket \$4; 2. Gate fee, one week \$2; 3. Board \$7 (or more); Total necessary expenses for one week \$13.

We are now ready to consider our next question.

3. *What?* And here, if we are novices, our bewilderment commences. After a good night's rest we are awakened at 6 a.m. by the sound of the "bells, bells, bells," and immediately a familiar sound is heard; do we hear aright? are we in the woods or in town? "Chautauqua Assembly Herald," "morning paper," "all about Dr. Buckley's great lecture," etc., the newsboy in every direction selling

the paper printed upon the grounds and containing wonderfully full reports of yesterday's proceedings. Now as it would be manifestly impossible in this article to give even an intelligible synopsis of the bill of fare provided for the season, I will give an outline of a single day, and this, is a fair specimen of the whole, excepting that some days a concert or elocutionary entertainment takes the place of a lecture:—

- 8.00 a.m. Early lecture, Prof. B. P. Bowne. C. L. S. C., class in Geology. Lecture on the Tabernacle. Children's class.
- 8.30. Class in Harmony, Prof. C. C. Case.
- 9.00. Devotional hour. Intermediate Normal class. Class in voice culture. Normal class, Bible section.
- 9.30. Children's class in clay modeling.
- 9.40. Choir rehearsal, Prot. Sherwin.
- 10.00. Women's devotional meeting.
- 11.00. Lecture, Bishop H. W. Warren. Children's Kindergarten.
- 2.00 p.m. Lecture, John B. Gough.
- 4.00. Primary class, Teachers' conference. Choir rehearsal. Normal class, Bible section. Lecture to children, Bible manners and customs, A. O. Van Lennep. Lectures on Palestine, Jerusalem, the Pyramids.
- 5.00. C. L. S. C., Round table.
- 7.00. Conference; Training at home.
- 8.00. Lecture, A. D. Vail, D.D.
- 9.00. C. L. S. C., class vigil, class of 1883.

Many items of a special character, such as classes in Greek, Latin, German, French, Anglo Saxon, Hebrew, Phonography, Elocution, Clay modeling, Art, etc., etc., I do not include, thinking that for the average individual the list is long enough. I fancy I hear some one asking—How can I take in all this? Just as you take in all that is on the bill of fare of a first-class hotel. Choose what is most congenial or needful to you, and leave the rest for those whose tastes and requirements differ from your own.

A careful perusal of the above day's programme will readily furnish an answer to this third question. Not a single item in the list that does not deal with those questions which are of vital importance to the Sunday-school teacher, while at the same time they are so arranged and presented as to attract and interest not only the teachers but all thinking people.

The Sunday-school is the centre around which Chautauqua revolves, and toward which everything connected with it converges. The Alumni of the Normal department now number upwards of one thousand, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle numbers twenty seven thousand members, of whom two thousand have given evidence of having completed the four years' course of study, and are enrolled as members of "Society of the Hall in the Grove." Where is there another place upon this planet, where for three weeks together, audiences of from three to six thousand can be brought out three times a day to listen to lectures of the very highest order? and how is it that it can be seen here? It must be that the thousands who throng the avenues of this city in the woods are drawn here by something stronger than the desire for rest or amusement. One common bond unites them, they are mostly Christians and Sunday-school teachers; one common

motive animates them, a desire to do more and better work for the Master; they realize that to be a successful Sunday-school teacher it is not necessary to be ignorant or unlearned; they believe that a little knowledge of history, science, and art, with a great deal of Bible knowledge, does not lessen their zeal for souls, but on the contrary, gives them an immense advantage in their personal hand to hand contact with the members of their classes. The development of this spirit is the "What" of Chautauqua.

4. *What of it?* When Lewis Miller and Dr. Vincent laid the foundation of the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly in 1874, they built better than they knew. But with such a wise counsellor and generous patron as the former, and such a consummate architect and builder as the latter, both thoroughly consecrated to God in heart, head, and pocket, nothing is too wonderful to expect in the future. Take the outlook, for example, from the present standpoint:—

What of the thousand Alumni of the Normal department? Does it not mean that one thousand teachers have been sent to their classes better qualified than before for their work? Nor is this all. Think of the vast army of teachers who have been benefited through the same course of instruction at home, by those who were thus sent back as missionaries; and this process is going on, and will repeat itself *ad infinitum*.

Then take the C. L. S. C. phase of the prospect, twenty seven thousand persons reading in carefully prepared lines, on subjects which cannot fail to develop their better faculties. What does it mean for the future? I cannot tell! it is beyond my comprehension. I look upon the C. L. S. C. as one of the most far-reaching, in its possibilities, of any instrumentality which has yet been devised for the intellectual elevation of our race. That, the interest in the course is not a transient one is evident from the fact that nearly, if not quite, all of the graduates of the present year have expressed their intention to continue the work in the special courses provided. This is a result which Dr. Vincent has confidently expected from the outset; it is a life-long course of study.

And so I say, Chautauqua for ever! and may God bless and preserve Dr. J. H. Vincent, the beloved king of Chautauqua.

THE PROPOSED SHORT VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

**T**HE scheme for constructing a railway across Newfoundland as a link in a system of swift transportation between New York and Europe has been indorsed by the Assembly of that Province. By making the ocean voyage as short as possible, selecting points on the east coast of Newfoundland and the west of Ireland, and thus reducing the voyage to 1,700 miles—and establishing connection with fast express trains on both sides of the Atlantic—it is proposed to effect a saving of time between London and New York amounting to forty-eight hours. The Syndicate intend to do things on a large scale, employing ten steam-ships for the ocean traffic, and anticipate a monopoly of mail carrying, and conveying 300,000 passengers annually.