

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

Provisional lists for the summer series of meetings, which will begin in most of the sections on May 27th, have been sent out for the approval of the Institute officers. The number will be considerably in excess of last year. The total to date, including the northern sections of the Province, numbers 298. As an indication of what the Institutes in New Ontario, which were formed last year, are doing, we beg to quote the following extract from a letter received from the secretary of the Hanbury Women's Institute, Temiscamingue District:

"In reply to your inquiry as to the method adopted by our Institute, in carrying on our work, I may say that the subjects chosen are usually those which interest or concern our daily lives. For instance, spring is almost here, and our subject for March was 'Seeds,' dealing with the places from which to procure them, the best kinds to get for our locality, and the best methods of planting, etc. Of course, you know this is quite a newly-settled country, and our members, a majority of whom are either from town or the Old Country, found our subject quite interesting and instructive. We intend to carry the subject through the season, taking up 'Transplanting' next month, with our other subject, 'Care of Poultry,' and so on as the season advances.

In furtherance of this, we have applied, as an Institute, to the Ontario Agricultural College for plants for experiments in fruit. The women here have the care of the gardens, the men being busy clearing the land.

The members seem to prefer a conversational style of conducting the meetings to a formal one, although we always have a short address or paper read on the subject chosen."

The officers of the Women's Institutes would do well to plan at an early date for the holding of the Branch Annual Meetings during the month of May. Communications have been sent to all officers regarding this, and it is hoped that the members generally will see to it that at the annual meeting enthusiastic and competent persons are placed in office. There is no one meeting which will tell for more in the work of the Institute than the annual meeting.

Arrangements have been made for the holding of a special conference for those who will attend Women's Institute meetings this season, beginning the last week in May, and continuing until the first or second week in July. By having the speakers—some twenty-two in number—spend a couple of days at Guelph in talking over the work in hand, and in visiting the different departments of the Macdonald Institute, thus acquiring additional material and information, will, it is thought, much strengthen the work of the delegates this year. There will be a uniform and definite purpose, which has not always existed among delegates sent out. Final announcements as to dates of meetings, delegates and subjects will be made about the 20th inst.

GEO. A. PUTNAM,
Supt. Farmers' Institutes.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

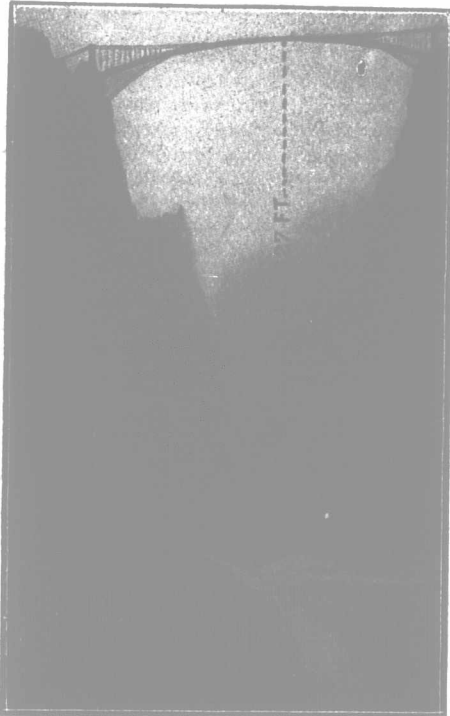
PROF. LEACOCK'S "CRY FOR IMPERIAL RIGHTS."

In a recent article, headed "Canada's Cry for Imperial Rights," the Literary Digest (N.Y.) quotes extensively from a recent article written by Prof. Stephen Leacock, of Montreal, in which he makes much of our "trucking subservience to English people," and declares that his spirit rebels against being a colonial. Surely a publication so eminent as the Literary Digest cannot take all this seriously, at least so far as the general sentiment of Canada is concerned. Canada is made up of at least two or three people beside Prof. Leacock—two or three very quiet, contented people, too, who have never even seen or felt the pricks against which the

learned Professor so vigorously kicks. Were it not too late, it might be suggested that "Prof. Leacock's Cry for Imperial Rights" might have been a much more suitable caption for the article in question than the one given in Literary Digest.

THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

One of the most unique trolley trips in America is that which will soon be possible from Canyon City, Colo., to the top of the Royal Gorge and back. The ascent will cover a distance by rail of 2,800 feet, and on the return trip gravity alone will be the propelling power, the speed being regulated by brakes. On the way, the cars will cross the highest bridge in the world, and a pause will be made to enable tourists to view from it one of the most magnificent panoramas of mountain scenery, even in mountain-filled Colorado. But quite as much as the



The Highest Bridge in the World.
(From Literary Digest.)

scenery will the wonders of the bridge (which is now under construction) engage the attention of the visitor. Braced upon steel girders which are planted in the solid rock, it will swing across a dizzy chasm 230 feet wide. Two thousand six hundred and twenty-seven feet—nearly half a mile—below, the waters of the river swirl and boil, finding their way between precipices at that point only 50 feet apart. The bridge itself is 22 feet wide, and will, when completed, cost \$1,000,000. It is made of flat steel and steel cables. Its floor is of plate glass, 1½ inches thick, set in a strong framework of steel, this provision being for the benefit of tourists, who may thus look down the terrible chasm below without danger from dizziness; while, to still further insure safety, high steel railings are being erected at each side.

The building of this bridge has been described as "one of the most difficult and dangerous projects yet attempted by engineers." For many years even the route at either side was deemed impracticable, but the seemingly impregnable mountains must, it seems, give way before twentieth-century skill.

The next highest bridge in the world is that over the Zambesi River, in South Africa, built by the British in 1905, to afford a passage for the Cape-to-Cairo Railway. This bridge is only 450 feet in height, but it was built under other conditions, whose difficulty rendered the engineering achievement of the year, while its economic value as a factor in African civilization can scarcely be overestimated.

The Quiet Hour.

WALKING WITH GOD.

Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him.—St. Luke xxiv. 15, 16.

"Come Thou as Guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.
Within our heart of hearts,
In nearest nearness be;
Set up Thy throne within Thine own,
Go, Lord; we follow Thee."

There is a wonderful biography contained in one short verse in the Book of Genesis. It is the story of a life which shines still in radiant beauty, though 6,000 years have passed since it was lived on this earth: "Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." He was translated that he should not see death, but that is not the fact which makes his record so splendid; but, as we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews, he "pleased God." Anyone who is ambitious to achieve greatness should study that short biography and discover the best kind of greatness to aim at. Let us all aim at the highest; and the highest greatness is not reserved for a few, but is open to old and young, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. We can—each one of us—walk with God and please God. Then let us do it—NOW.

Though God may seem very far away, yet He is really close beside us. We may know this as a matter of theory and yet fail to realize His Presence, and so miss the gladness and strength of walking consciously with Him. We may, in the "darkness of a half-belief," grope for His heart, like a child blindly seeking its natural resting-place, as Margaret Deland says:

O distant Christ! the crowded, darkening years
Drift slow between Thy gracious face and me;
My hungry heart leans back to look for Thee.
But finds the way set thick with doubts and fears.
My groping hands would touch Thy garment's hem,
Would find some token Thou art walking near;
Instead they clasp but empty darkness drear,
And no diviner hands reach out to them!
Sometimes my listening soul, with bated breath,
Stands still to catch a footfall by my side,
Lest, haply, my earth-blinded eyes but hide
Thy stately figure, leading life and death;
My straining eyes, O Christ! but long to mark
A shadow of Thy presence, dim and sweet,
Or far-off light to guide my wandering feet,
Or hope for hands prayer-beating 'gainst the dark.
O Thou! unseen by me, that like a child
Tries in the night to find its mother's heart,
And weeping wanders only more apart,
Not knowing in the darkness that she smiled.
Thou, all unseen, dost hear my tired cry,
As I, in darkness of a half-belief,
Grope for Thy heart, in love and doubt and grief;
O Lord, speak soon to me—"Lo, here am I!"

But let us think of our next. Two men were walking along the road between Jerusalem and Emmaus, taking sadly about the tragedy of the first Good Friday, and feeling utterly hopeless and disheartened. Suddenly they noticed that a Stranger was walking with them. As they listened to His quiet words they learned that life had a grander object than just the attainment of present glory or happiness. They began to dimly understand the great mystery of the perfecting wrought through suffering. They saw that an easy, painless victory was a very small thing compared with patient, heroic endurance and self-sacrifice for love's sake. Their hearts burned

within them as the mysterious Stranger explained their own Scriptures, showing that all through the ages God had been leading up to His grand revelation of Love; preparing men by types, sacrifices and prophecies, so that they might understand that it was no new thing for glory to be won through suffering and shame.

That walk to Emmaus was indeed a bright spot in their lives, an hour which would stand out in memory as long as they lived. They had walked with God, though they did not drink in all the sweetness of the experience because their eyes were holden that they should not know Him.

How we should have liked to have made one of that little company. Think what it would have been like to have heard the words of Him who had passed through death as a Conqueror and yet lingered in the world He loved. Divine tenderness must have thrilled in His tones, and His face must have been beautiful as He pleaded with them to trust God in spite of the downfall of their hopes.

But what is the use of wishing we had been there, when we know quite well that we have never had such an opportunity. Have we not? Then the great Christian faith, which can transfigure the dullest lives and sweeten the most bitter trials, cannot be founded on truth. He who is the Truth has said that where two or three are gathered together in His name He will always be present, and that He will be with His own until the end of the world.

We can, to-day, walk with God as truly as those disciples did that Easter afternoon; and if our eyes are holden so that we do not know Him, it is entirely our own fault.

Think of the joy of walking hand-in-hand with our Lord! Perhaps we are living through a time of perplexity and cannot see how the tangle is to be straightened out. We can look up in His face and tell Him simply and trustfully that we put our affairs into His hands, that we are willing to do what He commands, and to accept whatever He gives, knowing that He is able and willing to make all things work together for our good. We can, as has been said, tie our lives to God at the center; and so remain fixed in the midst of turmoil and unrest because our anchor is sunk deep in the Heart of God.

To walk with God all the time, conscious of His presence and leaning on His strength, is to drink in joy and peace with every breath and to press on eagerly in spite of rocky road and stormy weather.

We are worried and anxious, careful and troubled about many things, just because we forget or doubt His presence. It cannot be that we doubt His power. The universe in which we live—from the wonderful, blazing, life-giving sun, down to the tiniest insect whose life is beyond our powers of understanding—testifies with millions of voices to His power. We can hardly doubt His love—the Cross witnesses to that with a voice which grows louder all through the centuries, as we see more and more that no other ideal of love can compare with that once for all revealed on Calvary. No, what we doubt is not God's power to love, but His near presence. We could not murmur and complain if we felt that He was close beside us, for if we walked always with Him we must know certainly that all was well. Then the pressure of daily work could not crush out all freshness and spring. Why does it fret and chafe us until we grow cross and impatient? Is it not—partly at least—because it is piling up ahead of us and we see no way to get it done? There is always more work than we have time or strength to do? Yes, there is more work that we can see, but in reality God never requires of us more than we can do: To walk with God means to take duties straight from His hand, one at a time; not to stay awake at night wondering how we can ever get through all there is to do. There is a wonderful gladness in the remembrance that our days are planned out for us, down to the smallest detail, the work to be done this minute is laid in my hands by my Master. I can touch His hand as I take it and as I give it back to Him. All the other work I can see—which he has not given to me yet and may not give to me at all—is still in His hand. He will see to that, and give it out bit by bit to the work-