

about an inch and a-half apart, like the teeth of a comb. They draw the pole quickly through the water, and with a backward sweep impale several on the sharp teeth. They secure a canoe load in two or three hours. Two persons usually occupy one canoe, one to manage the craft, while the other does the fishing. The former sits on the bottom of the canoe near the stern, and uses a light paddle to propel the vessel, while the latter kneels in the bow facing the direction in which the canoe is paddled. When the canoe is filled the Indians take the fish ashore, salt and dry them for winter use. The waters of the North-West literally swarm with fish. The "schools" of which I have written extend over surfaces embracing many acres during the spawning season. At Sitka, Alaska, the girls in the training school for Indian children went to the beach of the bay, and with their hands caught several bushels of herring in a few minutes. Besides herring, salmon, cod, flounder, and halibut abound. The natives of these shores live chiefly on a fish diet. Their houses, their clothes and their persons have a disagreeable fishy odour. In Clarence Strait, Alaska, I saw a school of porpoises. Thousands of heads were popping above the water, and for several hours they kept alongside of our steamer, which was going at the rate of ten knots an hour. I am sure many who read this sketch would enjoy a trip to this "Land of the Midnight Sun." Mountains, glaciers, cascades, lakes, rivers, straits, bays, islands—every natural division of land and water—here present themselves to the delighted gaze of the tourist in almost infinite variety of form, embodying both beauty and grandeur. As I write, Mt. Edgecombe, an extinct volcano, six thousand feet high and crested with snow, is visible from my window. The crater, from my room, looks

like the top of a huge funnel. It has not been active for fifty years, but should it belch forth smoke, ashes and melted lava again, there will be an exciting time in Sitka. But I began writing about a "School of Fish," and must defer these other matters for a future article.—*Fountain.*

THE BEST WINE LAST.

So Cana said : but still the first was good,
For skilful Nature wrought her very best ;
Turning the sunshine into hues of blood,
Bringing the ripened clusters to be pressed.

But this the Master brings : His silent eye
Flushes the sunshine of a loitering year ;
Be still, O guests, for heaven is passing by !
Bow down, O Nature, for your God is here !

And it is always so. Earth's joys grow dim,
Like waning moons they slowly disappear ;
Our heavenly joys fill up the widening brim,
Ever more deep and full, more sweet and clear.

Sweet were His words, when o'er the mountain slope
He breathed his benedictions on the air ;
Waking the sleeping angels, Faith and Hope,
Bidding them sing away the grief and care.

And yet, methinks, He speaks in sweeter tones,
Out of the shadow of the nearing cross ;
Telling of mansions and the heavenly thrones,
Which soon shall recompense for earthly loss.

The good, the better, and the last the best,
This is the order of the Master's wine ;
More than the yesterdays to-days are blest,
And life's to-morrow may be more divine.

And what beyond ? Ah ! eye has never seen,
Ear hath not heard the wonders that await ;
Earth's lights are paling shadows to the sheen
Of untold glories just within the gate.

We "bid" thee, Master, come and be our guest !
Life's common things Thou turnest into wine ;
Our cares, our woes, our bitter tears are blest,
If only thou dost "cause Thy face to shine."

Good Words.

—HENRY BURTON.