

At the lower part of the gorge are arrowy rapids, where the waters are lashed to fury and seem determined to swallow up the adventurous tourists who dare to invade their ancient and solitary domain. But the barge, skilfully steered, bounds over their crest and glides swiftly down into the calm water below. The tortured stream seems glad to emerge from its gloomy prison into the glorious sunlight, and glides on its way to blend its sandy tribute, derived from the disintegration of the rocks, to the waters of Lake Champlain. This is the feature which has unquestionably given it its name, Au Sable—"River of Sand."

Having climbed again the cliff, I lay long upon the bank, gazing at the inky waters, flecked with snowy foam bells, gliding darkly in the shadows of the mighty cliffs. Madame Pfeiffer, the famous Swedish traveller, describes the Chasm as well worth a journey across the ocean to see. It has been compared to the wonderful gorge of the Trient, in Switzerland; but is, I think, much more beautiful.

The tourist to the Au Sable Chasm will find the comforts of a home, and that "warmest welcome" of which Ben Jonson writes, at the Lake View House, a first-class hotel under the experienced management of Mr. Bard-sall. Here I spent a quiet Sabbath, attending the Methodist service in the neighbouring village. From the pavilion is gained a superb view of the Falls and Chasm near at hand; of the broad sweep of Lake Champlain, where the stately steamers and white-winged vessels glide, swan-like, among the islands; and in the distance Old White-face, Jay Peak, and the hoary brotherhood of the Adirondacks and White Mountains climb the skies and melt softly away in the ethereal blue.

As I walked back to the landing, the snow-crowned crest of Mount Mansfield, beyond Lake Champlain, gleamed like pale gold in the afternoon light, as I have seen the Alps from the tower of St. Mark's, at Venice. Then it flushed to rosy red, and faded to ashen gray and spectral white as the dusk of twilight deepened. The railway along the shore of the lake is here a piece of grand engineering. It runs on a narrow ledge hewn out of the rock, giving most picturesque views of the many bays and capes below, and of the towering cliffs above.

#### TICONDEROGA.

I had to forego a visit to Fort Crown Point, that I might more fully explore the more interesting ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, or Old Ti, as the natives call it. This fort was situated on a tongue of land commanding the pass between Lakes George and Champlain, and was long the stern warder of the gateway of Canada. Nowhere on the continent have such desperate battles been fought as here, except during the late American civil war.

The fort and field-works embraced a vast area. The military lines, it is said, extended for miles. The ruins are still very extensive, although they have been used for a hundred years as a quarry for building material. A star-shaped redan rises abruptly from the waves, its deep moat, broad glacis, massive masonry, curtains, and demilunes, all clearly traceable. The remains of great stone barracks still "stand four square to all the winds that blow." They resemble in construction the oldest buildings in Quebec and Montreal,

with steep gables, thick walls and empty windows, which look like the eyeless sockets of a skull. The great fireplace, around which gathered the gallant cavaliers of France, and roared their marching songs and told their tales of Ramillies and Malplaquet, was empty and cold. While I explored the ruins, a timid sheep showed its face at the door, and the bleat of lambs, instead of the sound of war, was heard. It is easy to re-people in fancy this crumbling ruin with the ghosts of the dead warriors who assailed or defended its walls, or dyed with their blood its gory slopes. Upon this very scene, through these crumbling windows, gazed the eyes of Montcalm and Bourlemaque, and from yonder height the gallant Howe, whose grave is in Westminster Abbey, and Abercrombie and Amherst, scanned with eager interest the scene.

Then when the lifted flag of France has given place to the red cross of St. George, other scenes come up. The blazing light of the barrack fire gleams on the sombre uniform of the famous "Black Watch," on the tartan plaid of the Highland clansman, on the frieze coat and Brown Bess of the colonial militiaman, on the red skin and hideous war-paint of the Indian scout. In the corner is heard the crooning of the Scottish pipes, as an old piper plays the sad sweet air of "Annie Laurie," or "Bonnie Doon," or "Auld Lang Syne." And now a red-coated guardsman trolls a merry marching song:—

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these;  
But of all the world's great heroes  
There are none that can compare  
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row-row,  
To the British Grenadiers."

In another corner an old veteran is reading his well-thumbed Bible, while around him others are shuffling a pack of greasy cards and filling the air with reeking tobacco smoke and strange soldiers' oaths.

Again is heard the quick challenge and reply, the bugle-call, the roll of drums, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. From the throats of the great guns leap forth the fell death-bolts of war. The fierce shells scream through the air. The gunners stand to their pieces, though an iron hail is crashing all round them.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

But all now is peaceful and silent. The lamb crops the herbage on the once gory slope—the blue-bird makes her nest in the cannon's mouth. Great trees have grown up inside the fort, and their sinewy roots have overturned its massy walls. The eternal bastions of nature mock the puny structures of man, and on the surface of the primeval rock may be traced the grooves and striae made by the sea of ice in the old years before the flood.

I clambered down into a crumbling vault, and found it a large arched, and once bomb proof, magazine with lateral chambers which were too dark to be explored. On the walls of the old fort some mercenary wretch had painted in huge letters the words, "Use Rising Sun Stove Polish." Such vandalism degrades the national character.

I climbed to the top of Mount Defiance, nearly a thousand feet above

the lake, to the spot where Burgoyne shelled the fort, which lay beneath. For sixty miles Lake Champlain and its winding shores lay spread out like a map, and on the opposite slope of the hill the lovely Lake George—the French *Lac St. Sacrement*, the Indian *Horicon*, the scene of many a bloody fight—like a sapphire in its setting of emerald, lay guarded by its engirdling hills. There are few such historic outlooks on the continent or in the world.

Again taking the D. and H. Canal Company's train, I hastened on through charming landscapes and over historic ground through to Saratoga and Albany, next to Jamestown, the earliest settlement in the original thirteen colonies. The glory of Albany is the new Capitol, one of the largest and noblest buildings in the world. It is even more noble within than without. The Senate Chamber is richer than that of Venice in its golden prime. Its walls are of carved mahogany, of Mexican onyx, and of stamped and gilt leather. The grand staircase, for majestic effect, I have never seen equalled. But the building has cost enough to be splendid. Begun on an appropriation of \$1,000,000, \$14,000,000 have already been expended, and it is said that \$7,000,000 more will be required to complete it.

#### Life and Death.

"WHAT is Life, father?"  
"A Battle, my child,  
Where the strongest lance may fall,  
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,  
And the stoutest heart may quail,  
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,  
And rest not day or night,  
And the feeble little ones must stand  
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"  
"The rest, my child,  
When the strife and toil are o'er;  
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,  
Says we need fight no more;  
Who, driving away the demon band,  
Bids the din of the battle cease;  
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,  
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear  
To yield in that terrible strife!"  
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,  
In the battle-field of life;  
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,  
He loveth the weak and small;  
The angels of heaven are on thy side,  
And God is over all!"

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

#### The Duty of the Hour.

FELLOW-CITIZENS! Electors of Canada! Men, upon whom the nations look to-day as the pioneers in the march of social progress and moral reform; whose country's name, in the dark days gone by, was the very watchword of those who would flee the stinging scourge of slavery and the galling fetters of despotism; whose beardless boys with hearts of patriotic fire leaped only yesterday to the battle front, and fearlessly offered their lives in defence of their country's homes at the first cry of help from those in peril and distress! Sons of the heroism that manfully hewed itself a home in the forest wilds, and that guards with sleepless love and pride the national life that has come to that hard-earned home! What have you to say as the awful beer-curse, that has trampled under the strength and purity of other nationalities now dares to menace our own young country's peace, and seeks to fasten upon us the cruel tyranny of its relentless selfishness and avarice? The Beer-Power is fighting

for the mastery of Canada to-day. It is rallying in its support every agency that can be flattered or bribed into giving it aid. Learning and Social Position have stepped down from their pedestal to ally themselves with ignorance and insolence stamping the country in its effort to stay the rising tide of moral sentiment and force the cursing liquor traffic upon a suffering community. The battle is upon us, and it is a battle to the death. It is a struggle between the beer-barrel and the home; between lust for money and moral principle, and upon you lies the responsibility of deciding where the victory shall rest.—*Canada Citizen.*

#### Through Darkness unto Light.

We are toiling through the darkness, but  
our eyes behold the light,  
That is mounting up the eastern sky and  
beating back the night;  
Soon with joy we'll hail the morning when  
our Lord shall come in might,  
His truth is marching on!

He will come in glorious majesty to sweep  
away all wrong,  
To heal the broken-hearted, and to make  
His people strong;  
He will teach our souls His righteousness,  
our hearts a glad new song,  
Our God is marching on!

We long have had His promise that His  
people should be free,  
And His word has ne'er been broken yet, nor  
will it ever be!  
If we but prove our loyalty, His glory we  
shall see;  
For God is marching on!

He is calling on His people to be faithful,  
prompt, and brave;  
To lift again the fallen, and to help from sin  
to save;  
To give themselves for others, as Himself  
for them He gave,  
His voice is calling now!

Then let us fight 'gainst evil with our faces  
turned toward light,  
God seeth through the darkness and watch-  
eth o'er the fight,  
His joy will be our recompense, His triumph  
crown the right,  
Our God is marching on!

—*National Temperance Advocate.*

#### Death at a Welcome.

MR. JAMES F. LYON, a deacon of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, during an address of welcome to Rev. Dr. Thomas, who the other evening was being greeted by his congregation on his return from a visit to Europe, spoke of the hearty reception which little children extend to their parents. He pictured the demonstrations of joy shown even by the prattler who cannot speak, and perhaps is not able to walk. He expressed the hope that all present would meet in Heaven. He quoted the text so full of meaning, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." He then paused, leaned against a table for an instant, then fell forward over the platform and down to the floor. Immediately nearly every person in the room rushed towards the prostrate man. Dr. Buchan, who occupied the chair, and Dr. Robinson, who also was present, could do nothing to save him, and on examination found that he had died from heart disease. It is a good way to die—in the service of the Master.

MOODY AND SANKEY'S hymns have been translated into Chinese, as also the International Sunday-school Lessons.

A WORLD without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden.