

ery, through tunnels, around huge rocks, along the banks of rapid streams, in view of lofty mountains, down whose sides tumble innumerable waterfalls. At Vossevangen we breakfast, and then take carriages and stolkærres (the two-wheeled vehicles peculiar to the country), and start upon a twenty-eight-mile drive to Sudvangen, where our ship was then to meet us.

It was a quaint procession that left Vossevangen that morning. The ride to Stalheim, which we shall call the half-way house, though it is more than half way, is along a road which "threads a picturesque ravine," well wooded, and always on the bank of a beautiful mountain stream is not soon to be forgotten.

From Stalheim we descended, on foot, by a very precipitous and zigzag road, 275 feet to the Nærodal. Here the rain, which had continued to fall almost all morning, ceased, and the sun came out from the thick clouds. Soon after we begin our descent we come into full view on our right of the Stalheimfoss, and a little further down, on our left, we see the still grander Sevelfoss, two magnificent waterfalls. There is no language that can describe the sublimity of the picture which is now before us. We look down a narrow gorge, through which winds our road, beside a crystal stream, between mountains rising as bare and perpendicular as walls to a height of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, down whose dark sides run in continuous succession beautiful waterfalls. I counted twenty in sight at one time. Some twelve miles before us the valley seems to come to a sudden termination, closed by impassable steep, over which hangs as a veil a deep blue mist.

The scenery here is among the finest in the world, as many who had travelled much in both Europe and America testified.

At Sudvangen we rejoined our ship, and sailed, during all the evening, in the grandest mountain scenery. Ever and anon we seemed to have entered a bay from which there was no exit, but as we approached, the huge storm gates swung back, and we passed on our way.

At Throndhjem we left our steamer, having borne testimony to the courtesy of officers and crew, who spared no pains to make our trip not only comfortable but pleasant. Here we again took a special train, and with only one change (though we did not travel at night), which was at the Swedish frontier, we went on to Sweden's capital. The cars were a model of comfort, being a combination of the American and English plans. You get on by a guarded platform at the end, but the passage through is on the side, and not in the centre, and the interior is divided into compartments, with sliding doors between each compartment and the aisle.

At every station the people who had heard of our coming turned out to greet us. While the train stopped, an organized band from our party went out and sung some of our Gospel hymns and spoke a few words for Christ, to which the people listened with the greatest attention and interest. We were fortunate in having with us two who could interpret, so that the short addresses were not lost.

At half-past ten, Saturday night, we arrived at Östersund—a town (in Sweden) of some 4,000 inhabitants, where we were to spend Sunday. We were met at the station by some 1,500 or 2,000 people of the place. Arrangements had been made for our accommodation at the houses of the people, whither, after supper at the station, we repaired. We paid a trifle for our beds, and during our stay took our meals together at a public hall. Meetings, each attended by at least 2,000, were held in Good Templar Hall at half-past ten a.m. and six p.m.; a meeting for men only at five p.m., and an open-air meeting at half-past one, were conducted by delegates, the addresses being interpreted. As we left Östersund on Monday morning a large crowd assembled at the station to say good-bye. Some ladies of the town brought handsome button-hole bouquets and presented one to each delegate as we stood upon the platform. Monday night we spent at Bollnas. Tuesday we stopped at Upsala, the great university town of Sweden, where there are some fifty professors and 1,800 students. In a large library, containing some 230,000 volumes, we were shown the "Codex Argenteus," a copy of the four Gospels made about 400 A.D. On Tuesday evening we arrived in Stockholm, where the whole of the delegates to the Conference, numbering several hundred, were royally entertained

(To be concluded.)

## Pastor and People.

### WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

We have not passed this way before,  
And we shall not pass again;  
Make the most of time, the most of life,  
And mind not the mingled pain.

If the path is bright and flower-strewn,  
Take in all the fragrance sweet,  
Thank God for the joy that comes to you  
In paths marked out for your feet.

If round the hearth an unbroken band  
Make up the circle of home,  
O love them to-day, and love them well,  
Ere the angel of death shall come.

You will not pass this way again;  
Be sure that you pass not by  
The old and tired, the sick and weak,  
And those not ready to die.

Only once you will pass this way,  
You'll not live this day again;  
Take in the rapidly-passing hours  
Lest you long for them in vain.

Look out for flowers along the way,  
And heed not the stinging thorn;  
There are stars above the darkest night,  
And sure is the coming morn.

You will not pass this way again;  
Take some weary ones by the hand,  
And lead them into the narrow way  
That reaches the better land.

And if the gathering storm is heard  
And the waves beat wild and high,  
Look up for help to the far-off hills,  
And watch for the rifted sky.

Look up through tears, for on beyond  
Is the gleaming, golden shore;  
We can bravely bear a little while,  
For we pass this way no more.

—Mrs. H. F. Thomas.

### DON'T LEAVE YOUR RELIGION BEHIND.

A religion good enough for winter is good enough for summer. A religion needed in January and February is as much needed in July and August. Theoretically these truths are affirmed, while practically they are denied. Many church members who go away from city homes during the heated term leave what little religion they possess packed away with furs and great coats, as being comfortable enough for winter, but useless in summer. "Let us remember," says a popular preacher, "that iniquity does not cease in summer time. She never takes a vacation. The devil never leaves town. . . . Our charge, therefore, is, make no adjournment of your religion till the cool weather. Whether you stay in town, or seek the farm house, or the sea shore, or the mountains, be faithful in prayer, in Bible reading, and in attendance upon Christian ordinances. He who throws away two months of life wastes that for which many a dying sinner would have been willing to give all his possessions when he found that the harvest was passed and the summer was ended."

### EVIL SPEAKING.

Is it a part, I wonder, of the fruit of that "forbidden tree which brought death into the world, and all our woe," that so many of us are too ready to say of others the thing which is unkind, to attribute the wrong motive to our fellow beings, to judge unfairly? Is it not, in truth, one of its worst effects, since no one can think of Eden, peace and beauty, in a world where it is possible for one person to speak with anything but gentleness and sincerity of a neighbour. "Charity thinketh no evil," says the best of books, linking the sweet declaration in a golden chain, on which several descriptions of charity or love are strung like gems which glitter and flash at every turn.

"A lie that is half truth, is ever the worst of lies," is the conclusion of a poet who sees deeply into the heart of things. Do we remember this when we permit in ourselves the license to speak doubtfully of some friend whose good fame should be a sacred trust; when we listen to the innuendo, or fail to resent the slur cast upon the character of the absent; when we happen to know something concerning an acquaintance, which our inner consciences tell us would be better left to silence than whispered in a

confidential corner, thence presently to be bruited on the house-tops? Should there not be cultivated in every child a delicate sense of honour, which should act as a guard on the door of the lips, barring the way for censorious, evil, or untrue speech? "By thy words shalt thou be justified." "By thy words—condemned."

Would not society be better, our home life happier, our friendships stronger, our own souls nobler, if we were, God helping, determined hereafter to speak in kindness only of the absent, therefore, the defenceless? And in cases where such speech is unfortunately impossible, is it not a Christian duty to bear in mind that silence is golden?—Margaret E. Sangster.

### CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I think the pain you have recently felt is meant to reveal to you that a separate, independent will—a will unsubdued to God's will—still lives within you. I know you have long since received the will of God as your law, and have made obedience to those written commands in which His will is expressed the only rule of your life; without some such submission of your own natural will as this implies, you could never have become a true convert of God. But God teaches His faithful servants ever deeper and deeper lessons concerning the surrender of the will, and in this way He prepares His people for the communication of that abundance of peace which it is His good pleasure to bestow upon them. When God is teaching us lessons upon this subject, we begin to see that circumstances as well as commands are but an expression of His will. We then feel that no outward thing can really hinder us. A vexatious interruption to duty we perceive to be a contradiction in terms. If we have ever formed to ourselves an ideal of moral dignity and beauty, after which we have sought to model our life, and which we have thus desired to realise for its own sake and without reference to the will of God for us, then we shall surely find ourselves disappointed, balked and baffled. Let us thank God and take courage when it is so with us; let us take the full comfort of this fact, that we are "servants," and have really no work of our own to do—nothing which we are striving to accomplish on our own account. We have no selfish schemes which circumstances may thwart; we acknowledge no selfish hopes which they may destroy. It is blessedness, indeed, to have accepted for our only portion that His will should be done in us and for us and by us forever. Home Life.

### JOINING THE CHURCH.

This is the common way in which many regard the solemn act of confirmation; and yet the ceremonies of confirmation rather signify the truth that our children already belong to the Church, and now, in personal and voluntary consecration acknowledge the solemn fact and personally take upon themselves the duties and responsibilities of the Christian life. Thus Jesus Himself, "a Son of the covenant" from His infancy, was brought to the temple at the feast of the Passover, when He was twelve years of age, and began to be a "Son of the commandment," according to the custom of the Jews. We honour the example of the Master when, as parents, we bring our children early to the Gospel Passover, to the Lord's supper that they may make it their own act and deed to join themselves unto the Lord. Blessed are those Christian parents who can look upon their little children as already "lambs of the Saviour's flock," and find them willing in early life to consecrate themselves to his service and to own Him as the "Shepherd and Bishop" of their souls. Let no young disciple be hindered in any religious purposes of this sort; but let them be encouraged to come into the privileges and duties of the Gospel, and to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." We call the attention of parents to their duty in directing their children, prayerfully, to the importance of this submission and consecration. Christianity and the Church mean the whole family for Jesus and for heaven. What a blessed sight to see the entire family at the communion table! How unutterably blessed the final gathering at "the Marriage Supper of the Lamb," when parents and children "shall meet to part no more."—Dr. S. Demer.