



CANOEING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WONDERLAND.

Above in the trees sings a robin;
I lie here on the ground,
I wonder where he learned that song,
And where his wings he found.

If I could become a robin,
And sing the livelong day,
I wonder if things that puzzle me
Would roll like the clouds away.

What is it makes the stars so bright?
What makes the sky so blue?
Do the angels, I wonder, up in their
homes,
See me as they look through?

But God is up in heaven
And the robin sings for joy:
He knows why He made all things,
And made me only a boy.

CANOEING IN THE NORTH-
WEST.

Till within a very few years, all the transportation to the far-off forts of the Hudson Bay Company was by means of canoes. For hundreds of miles they followed the rapid rivers, making frequent portages, when the canoes, and everything they contained, had to be carried around

some rapid or waterfall. Such a scene as that shown in our cut was of very frequent occurrence, and, in fine weather, a very delightful way of travelling it was.

TAKING OUT THE CHRIS-
TIANITY.

Norah had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up.

"What kind of a town is that, Norah?" asked her father. "Is it a Christian or a heathen town?"

"O, a Christian town," Norah answered quickly.

"Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested. "What must we take out?"

"The church," answered Norah, setting it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go. There are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library, too," her father directed.

"Anything else?" Norah asked sadly.

"Isn't that a hospital over there?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Norah very soberly.

"Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town."

"Why, father," Norah exclaimed, "there is not a good thing left! I wouldn't live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all that difference?"

—Selected.

THE SWISS BOY'S FAITH.

A man and his son were following a perilous path among the Alps. In passing along they gathered many beautiful flowers, which grew abundantly in that region. The father had for this purpose supplied himself with a long staff, on one end of which was fastened an iron hook. With this he pulled to him those flowers which he could not reach with his hands. He had told his son to keep close to him, and not to go too near the deep and dangerous gulfs around them; but ere long the boy saw at a distance some flowers waving in beautiful colours. Wishing to obtain them, and hurrying thoughtlessly along toward the object, he fell on the slippery grass, and began to roll down the steep until he was stopped by some tall bushes.

With all his strength the boy seized hold of the shrubbery, while, greatly terrified, he called to his father for help. The brush grew on the very brink of the yawning abyss, in whose fearful depths the poor boy, had he passed over the precipice, would have been crushed to atoms.

It was impossible for the father to reach the son with his hands, yet he soon adopted a plan. The boy had around him a leathern belt, which the father knew to be strong. Reaching down the staff, he fastened his iron hook in the girdle.

The lad, however, could not be drawn up without releasing his hold on the bushes. He could not see his father; nor did he, in his fright, even feel that his father held him up. He only heard his father's voice calling him: "Let go of the bushes, my son, and I will save you."

To the boy it seemed as if he would thus hurry himself to destruction. At last, relying on his father's words, he loosened his hold, and was drawn out of the danger into his father's arms.

This boy was saved through faith. His firm belief in his father's words saved his life. Had he doubted or hesitated, had he waited to find out how his father helped him up, he would have plunged, together with the slender bushes to which he clung, into the abyss beneath him.

For such faith as this in the Lord Jesus Christ we must constantly pray. He is always near to us; so that if any boy or girl is in trouble of any sort, the Lord will reward their faith if they earnestly ask him for help.