

drunkenness, he had gone and hanged himself; and he, the speaker, had brought to the meeting that night the brother of this drunken suicide, and asked those present to pray for him. The effect produced by this testimony was deepened still further when a woman got up and told how her own brother had gone down to a drunkard's grave. "I sometimes wish I were a Catholic," she said, "that I might pray for him; but we can pray for this man here to-night."

The spirit of the workers was excellent. There was no elation, no boasting, no sanguine forecasting of results. Sometimes, they said, they were tempted to despond; and then they would hear of people getting good, whom they never remembered to have seen, who had not come back to tell them of it.

If any one should doubt the need of some special agency to reach the people in that district, he should take a walk round the streets on a Sunday afternoon. The houses are large and good. They bear nothing of the appearance of Seven Dials, as it was some years ago. They are comparatively new, well built, and apparently "respectable." But the inhabitants! The passers-by need not remain in doubt. The young men of that quarter are of a cheerful and familiar affability. They address strangers without the slightest pride or bashfulness. They are, many of them, as near barbarians as could well be in a great and civilized city like New York.

Even if one could point out mistakes or disadvantages in connection with such a work, he might well have his mouth shut by the remembrance of the sore need. If you know a better way than this, try it. If not, at least bid God-speed to those who are doing their best, according to their lights.

But the writer saw nothing to find fault with, much to be thankful for, much to admire. Doubtless the work will need vigilant supervision; but without this no work can be successful.

One possible evil should be mentioned as having a tendency to connect itself with such a work—especially where the clergyman is single handed. It might be supposed by an enthusiastic and ill taught evangelist, that the type of work which is adapted for such purposes might equally be employed in the public services of the Church. There is no great danger of this error in a place where there are so many clergymen and laymen at work. Each one has his own gift, and his own work. But there might be such a danger where a clergyman was alone, or had only laymen to assist him. The more useful he found these Christy Minstrel like melodies, the more he accustomed himself to use them, the more he might come to suppose that they should supplant the historical hymnody of the Church. It would be a miserable degradation of Christian music. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" is a pretty thing enough, and useful in its way. But compare it with "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul;" or compare the music of the one with the other!

So there may be a like danger in regard to Christian teaching. A mere hortatory, experimental, and practical kind of preaching, consisting largely in appeals based upon personal experience, has its use. If it were to supplant the solid didactic method in the ordinary congregation, it would be most mischievous. The ordinary worshippers in church do not need it. It is not adapted for them. Except as a special thing, it would do them no good. But this is the only danger that seems likely to be connected with these methods of work, and it ought not to be difficult to guard against it. With educated and cultivated clergymen it will be possible to do the one work without neglecting the other. C.

AUGUST AMONG THE ISLANDS.

THE beautiful pleasure ground of the St. Lawrence is all alive at present with the seekers of rest and holiday among its island mazes, and the "Meet" of the American Canoe Association is in full force. Steamboats and steam launches of all sorts and sizes, alternating with white-winged yachts, are perpetually darting up and down with their cargoes of holiday-makers; and a pleasanter vacation rest can scarcely be imagined than drifting in a skiff among the winding channels, or swinging in a hammock under the shade of oak or pine, catching, through the interlacing boughs swaying lightly in the breeze, charming little vignettes of blue river and clustered islets; while above your head a gray squirrel or a chipmunk is busily chattering, and the woodpecker is tapping away with his resonant bill a few yards from your hand. There is no way of really seeing the beauty of the Thousand Islands except sojourning among them for a few days at least. He who merely rushes through them in a river steamer is generally wearied by the monotony of seeing thirty miles of a scenery which has no striking features, and which must be seen in detail and at leisure to be appreciated at all. But to the patient explorer the islands more and more unfold their almost inexhaustible beauty, and hold him a willing captive under their spell.

From the midst of a dusty city to a tent in some sequestered island-nook, or to one of the pleasant country houses or summer cottages abounding on the river, is as great a contrast as can be imagined. Those whose holiday is limited often prefer the primitive tent in the midst of nature's wildness, while those who can remain longer generally like best the more permanent home, where the comforts of ordinary life are combined with perfect freedom—air of the purest, bathing *ad libitum* in the clearest water—albeit *fresh*—and such exquisite views as one may see set in the frame of the open French window, or between veranda pillars, where all about you are islands, river, and rocks of all picturesque forms, and tender hues of rose and gray. The granitic formation of the rock is indeed one of the chief beauties of the scenery, for the rich, ruddy tones and delicate shades of rose, gray, and sea-green, contrast most charmingly with the varying tints of the foliage, from the exquisite pale hues of early spring, to all the glow and splendour of October. In August, of course, the colouring is not so varied, and we have neither the rich scarlet clusters of the wild columbine, nor the crimson and purple festoons of the Virginia creepers and the sumach, to contrast with the gray, lichen-crusting crags. But there are still a few bright wild roses left among the gray rocks, and the golden red quickly lights them up with a mass of rich colour. And the river itself is always beautiful, in its constantly changing tints, from sunrise to sunset, passing through all the exquisite gradations of purple, gray, sapphire, and turquoise blue, to the mingled gold and rose and purple of a rich summer sunset. An August morning or afternoon, when the river lies calm and almost colourless as a glass mirror, giving back every outline and tint of the clusters of rock and foliage that seem to lie lightly on its breast,—while the distant woods and islands are veiled in a soft purple haze, and here and there a white line on the river indicates the slight ripple of a wandering breeze, and your boat may drift idly and aimlessly through one charming vista after another—gives as good an idea of the land of the lotus eaters, where "it seemeth always afternoon," as could easily be found. While, if you want a striking contrast, you may chance upon a wild night of wind and rain, and thunder and lightning, when the green islands look like dark, frowning river giants, and the crags give back the thunder peals in endless reverberations, and the white surf dashes madly on the more exposed rocks with a force that would threaten instant destruction to your skill if it were caught and dashed against them. But such things are rare at this season, and, in general, the river greets its summer visitors with its gentlest and softest aspects.

These miles of rocky islands—most of them richly wooded—were for years given up to the sole possession of their furred and feathered inhabitants, only looked at from afar by the passengers on our river steamers, or more fully appreciated by the enterprising yachting and camping parties who occasionally pitched their tents among these almost untrodden solitudes. Sir Richard Cartwright, as a youth, was one of the earliest campers among these islands, whose capabilities as a summer resort he always fully appreciated. It is only within the last ten or twelve years that the idea of building summer cottages on them, for permanent occupation, has become so comparatively widespread and popular. It only needed a few pioneers to set the example, which every year is more numerous followed. The building of the great summer hotel at Alexandria Bay, the "Thousand Island House," gave a marked impetus to the occupation of islands on the American side of the river; and the formation of the "Thousand Island Park" on Well's Island, by a company of shrewd Americans, transformed one of the largest American islands into a populous little summer city of tents, cottages, hotels, and boarding-houses. The bustling scene on the crowded docks, where excursion steamers are perpetually disgorging passengers' luggage during July and August, does not seem much like Arcadia; but a few minutes' walk takes one into sylvan arcades where the white tents and gaily painted cottages gleam with a pleasant suggestiveness through the embowering trees, while you catch glimpses decidedly Arcadian, of families enjoying their dinner or tea *al fresco*, or of some staid and respectable citizen and *pater familias* taking his *otium cum dignitate* at full length in a hammock—slung between over-arching trees, decidedly the most luxurious mode of taking a siesta. Most of these summer residents are Americans, with a sprinkling of Canadians from the vicinity. Our American friends carry some of their characteristic traits with them into this sylvan life. The writer chanced to hear one buxom dame narrating to a friend how a party of transient visitors had asked her to let them have the use of her tent and dinner table for an evening repast, after her own family had done with it, and how she had, after some consideration, acceded to the request and had charged the party fifty cents for her trouble in washing the dishes used:

Colum non animum mutantur qui trans fluvium currunt.

Alexandria Bay, as well as Well's Island, is an animated scene with the arriving and departing steamers, and trim, luxurious yachts, the daintily