

God in Nature.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly fish and a saurian,
Then caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face raised from the clod—
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

A mist on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the corn fields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over marshes and lowland
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like a tide on the crescent sea beach,
When the moon is low and thin,
Into our hearts, deep yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
In from the mystic ocean
Whose path no foot has trod—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

—Rev. R. Murray, in *Presbyterian Witness*.

The Silvery Slocan.

BY REV. A. E. ROBERTS.

THE eyes of the Empire are turned towards our wonderful Western heritage and every day sees hundreds of the stalwart sons of the Old Land and the East journeying towards the land of the Setting Sun. Amid all the talk of tremendous wheat areas and gigantic grazing farms perhaps a few words concerning one of Nature's beauty spots in British Columbia may not be unwell come. We, in the Province by the Sea, begin to feel something of the rush towards the farm lands of the West and every train bears its quota of immigrants to our beautiful land. But very little of our great Province is actually known to the Eastern world and these few words concerning the Slocan are written with the thought of helping to open some eyes to understand more of the wealth of beauty and utility that God has given us here.

The term "Slocan" comprises the whole district round Slocan Lake, in which are situated the towns of New Denver, Silverton, Slocan, Sandon and Kaslo. The writer is particularly acquainted with the three first-named, being stationed on the New Denver and Slocan mission for three years. The mission, as it was then constituted, had for headquarters New Denver, a very neat and exceedingly prettily situated mining town on the shores of Slocan Lake. Here the missionary lived and from the parsonage window could be seen a glacier, nestled in between two giant mountain peaks across the lake, and all the wonderful vista of mountain peaks and placid lake. To reach Silverton, four miles from New Denver, the missionary had his choice of two ways of travelling, he could walk the distance along a typical mountain road, winding prettily along the lake shore, or, if he went on a week day, the steamer *Slocan* would carry him from one place to the other. Services were then held at New Denver and Silverton every fortnight, morning and evening at New Denver and in the afternoon at Silverton. The walk in the heat of the day during the summer season was often very hot and tiresome. But the opportunities for communion with Nature more than made up for the fatigue of the walk.

Services were held in the town of Slocan on the alternate Sunday and it was necessary for the missionary to leave home on Saturday and travel by the C. P. R. steamer *Slocan* a journey of 18 miles, returning on Monday or Tuesday, according to the work to be done. Slocan now has a young man stationed there and the preacher at New Denver travels north on the train to Nakusp, where service is held.

Besides these services in the towns there are a great number of mines in the "hills," and the preacher is always welcome to visit the bunk-houses and talk and eat with the men. These trips to the mountain home of the miners entail a good deal of stiff climbing, but more than repay for all the trouble in the good-will and kindly feeling that is brought about between men and ministers. To have met the men in camp and while at their work gives the missionary a good lever, and when the miner comes to town the latter realizes that he has a friend at the parsonage.

When one has travelled through the mighty Rockies and then takes the train southward towards Arrowhead from Revelstoke the scenery looks to be very tame and uninteresting. The eye has been surfeited with grandeur and giant mountain peaks, and there is a feeling as though a sight of the limitless prairie would do one good. But after passing down the Arrow Lake as far as Nakusp, and then taking the train for the Slocan, one begins to have eyes again for the beautiful and the grand. But the traveller making the journey for the first time is not prepared for the sight of a perfect gem of beauty, in the midst of mountain peaks, that greets his eye as he comes within sight of Slocan Lake. As we rounded the curve and had our first glimpse of New Denver I said to a friend, "What town is that?" "Why," was the reply, "that's the town in which you are to live." I thought I had never seen such beauty and never would. The clear blue of the lake, and the dark green of the forest-covered mountain, set off the neatly-painted houses of the town in a way which leaves a first impression that can never be removed. It was the delight of the writer to go again and again to that spot and look down upon the scene which had first greeted his eyes as he came within sight of his new home.

Many will be planning a holiday trip through British



CITY OF SLOCAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Photo by J. A. Anderson.

Columbia next summer, and, let me say, it will be wise not to be content with a rapid run through to the Coast and then a return by the same route, but take a look at the Slocan and see some of Nature's grand and rugged beauty, and see also the place where some of the richest silver-lead mines of the world have been found.

Enderby, B. C.

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