

difficult to find the true source of all that is now working for the universal elevation of the long-despised and neglected races, than it is to trace a sunbeam to its source in the sun. All the alleviating institutions and influences in operation to-day, all the emancipating and redeeming efforts which distinguish and crown this kingly age, are the result of the life and teachings, the purposes and aims of that Saviour, who through His power upholds the pillars of the whole created universe, yet to the weak and suffering He is infinitely gentle and kind, for "the bruised reed He will not break," and the dimly "smoking flax He will not quench." Do not these two expressive figures fitly describe the condition of the vast multitudes who have lived, and are still living, in the regions of unspeakable degradation, and in all the bitter experiences of a sad and immeasurable gloom?

To the Christian Church the world of to-day is indebted for the social and moral achievements which have been won among the peoples and tribes who have carried the deep, black brand of sensuality, cruelty and animalism for years and generations which we cannot name; and though the Church has not during the present century worked up to the full measure of her ability, her endeavors to reach the immense population of the heathen world have been on a wider scale than in any former period in her long and eventful history. More has really been done within the past eighty years for the civilization and salvation of the great outside, down-trodden and morally shipwrecked world, than in all the two thousand previous years put together. Whatever men may say, one thing is certain and clear, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that is that scores and hundreds of tribes are not *what* they were, nor *where* they were before the humanizing and elevating influences of the Gospel were brought to bear upon them. The barbaric and bloody scenes of purely pagan days, in many lands, have passed away to return no more forever. The "miracles of modern missions," as sketched in the various issues of this review, are among the most thrilling pages ever written, and constitute an argument for the universal propagation of Gospel truth, which nothing can resist.

When the apostle, in the name of his risen Lord, poured strength into the ankle-bones of the lame man at the gate Beautiful, it was a symbol and prediction of what Christianity would, in a higher sense, do for the morally and spiritually bruised, afflicted millions of our weak and staggering world. By the agencies of Divine appointment, applied by a faithful and consecrated Church, the long-despised and neglected tribes and races are receiving strength and healing, and thousands and tens of thousands have already appeared

in the temple praising and glorifying God for His wonderful works; and the days are coming when the temple shall be crowded with such as have been healed, emancipated and saved through the same blessed and enduring name. Yes, the mighty lever of believing prayer, of uplifting educational forces, and of an ever-extending Christian endeavor has been successfully placed under the very lowest strata of this living, human world; and gradually, but surely, the whole vast bed is rising upward into liberty and light. The fulcrum cannot move, and the lever cannot break, for into their constitution has been poured, not only all that is best of the human, but also the richest and most abiding of that which is Divine. This work cannot die. The redeeming, upward movements of the age cannot, and will not, go back, for they are the fruit of principles which are immortal, and the outcome of the teachings of that Saviour who, in the might and majesty of a boundless mercy, came to seek and to save that which was lost.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

(Continued from page 111.)

AS soon as breakfast was dispatched we left Scarlett's, for a drive of sixty miles lay before us ere the desired stopping-place could be reached. I watched with interest certain points on the route, well-remembered since my my first journey over the trail, eight years before. A halt, for lunch, at the "Lone Pine," recalled the sudden breaking of a spring, and the welcome help afforded by John and David McDougall in tying up the wounded vehicle with a piece of dried poplar and a coil of "shanganappi." Strange to say, on the return journey this time, within a few miles of the same spot, I met with a precisely similar accident. While driving in a waggon, owned by John McDougall, an exact counterpart of the former one, another spring broke, and had to be tied up in the same way, rope being substituted for "shanganappi."

About the middle of the afternoon, we passed the scene of my first encampment on the banks of the Red Deer, and I remember, with great distinctness, and a good deal of pleasure, the quiet Sabbath rest we then enjoyed. In all the North-West, I know of no other spot so beautiful as the valley of the Red Deer; nor one possessing so many attractions for the prospective settler. Already there is the nucleus of a prosperous settlement, and the lovely fields of recently cut grain which we saw, bore evidence at once of the richness of the soil and the suitability of the climate for agricultural purposes. This region is destined to become one of the garden spots of the great North-West.