

pools and moss-garnished walls, over-arched by stately forest trees and thick shrubbery, with a broad light flooding the distance; and far above is seen through the emerald foliage, like a web of gossamer, the beautiful Iron Bridge spanning the Glen.

It is a singular fact, that nowhere, perhaps, upon the Continent, can such a range of vegetation be found within such narrow limits and in such close juxtaposition. On the northern slopes, in sheltered nooks protected from the winds, and in a great measure from frost and snow, and exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is almost tropical. Many plants are here found, especially among the lower orders, that are indigenous to Tennessee and the Carolinas. The fern family is largely represented, and some of the most beautiful species are found. Many of the varieties attain a degree of luxuriance that astonishes the student who is familiar with them. High up on the southern cliffs, exposed to the keen north winds, many plants are found that belong far to the north. Stunted firs, mosses and lichens, that are rarely found south of the Hudson's Bay country, are here represented.

#### IN SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

**M**AN, like a silly sheep, doth often stray;  
Not knowing of his way,  
Blind deserts and the wildness of sin  
He daily travels in.

There's nothing will reduce him sooner than  
Afflictions to his pen.  
He wanders in the sunshine, but in rain  
And stormy weather hastens home again.

Thou, the great Shepherd of my soul, O  
keep  
Me, Thy unworthy sheep  
From gadding: or, if fair means will not  
do it,

Let foul, then, bring me to it.  
Rather than I should perish in my error,  
Lord, bring me back with terror:  
Better I be chastised with thy rod  
And Shepherd's staff, than stray from Thee,  
my God.

Though for the present stripes do grieve me  
sore,  
At last they profit more,  
And make me to observe Thy Word, which I  
Neglected formerly:  
Let me come home rather by weeping cross  
Than still be at a loss.  
For health I'd rather take a bitter pill,  
Than eating sweetmeats to be always ill.  
—Thomas Washbourne, 1606-1687.

#### "TAKE UP THE BOOK, AND READ."

In the midst of all the publishing of books, 7,452 books manufactured year after year, there is one book, containing more wisdom than all books, which goes through its editions and its editions, and is now, I believe, brought down to the price of one penny—a marvellous typographical feat in this age.

You may remember the story about St. Augustine. He was once in great doubt and trouble. He had a dream in which he dreamt that after he had tried all philosophy, and could find no real peace, no real wisdom in any book, he thought he heard some one say, "Tolle, lege"—"Take up the book, and read." He took up the Gospels and read them, and found they were the books which he wanted, and that wisdom was to be found there.

"So I say, Tolle, lege, and in that book you will find the greatest wisdom and happiness in this world, and that it is the best book for you."—*The Bishop of Carlisle.*

#### LIGHT AND SHADE OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY ROBIN RUSTLER.

SUNDAY morning found us as usual wending our way on the Blood Reserve from camp to camp, teaching, guiding, and blessing the minds and souls and bodies of the Blood Indians. Ever since sickness seriously attacked the people in their houses, they have dwelt in lodges, and thus for a time returned to the migratory habits of such a life. When the location where the camp is pitched becomes unclean, a new site is chosen, and the people move. The place of their habitation is often changed, consequent upon seeking cleanliness, fresh pasture for the animals, and other matters of more or less interest. Enter with us into one of the camps and see for yourself the lights and shades of missionary work among the Indians. One of the largest lodges is selected for holding service. Take this particular Sunday as representative of nearly all the others. As we went through the camp, we invited the people to come with us. One woman sat on the ground scraping the hair off the skin of a deer, who left her work and came with us to hear the good news of salvation through Christ. We entered the lodge of a chief. The seat of honour was given to the missionary, and soon the men, women, and children assembled. With the help of an interpreter a sermon was preached to the people, after which all joined together in committing to memory the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in their own language. The children sang very sweetly "Come to Jesus," in Blackfoot, and English prayer was offered, and some Sunday-school papers distributed.

The service being over, the sick began to tell of their diseases, and the missionary gave them medicines out of the small stock at his command. Another camp has to be sought and off we went. A few miles distant we came to a camp of twenty lodges. On our way there we saw a group of Indian lads sitting on the ground gambling, and about a dozen men with very little clothing on, were busily engaged in a tea dance. When we reached the camp the people saw us, and came to the lodge where we were. An old chief stood outside calling the people to come to prayer. As we could not afford to pay the interpreter for another service on that day, and as it would be helpful to us in getting a clearer insight into the language, and enabling us to gain greater fluency in its use, we had to dispense with the services. The same routine had to be gone through, varied with answers to many questions asked, relating to the welfare of the people. Visits made to the sick and aged filled up the remainder of the day, and we returned to the mission-house praying that the good seed sown might produce blessed results. Sadness filled our hearts when we thought of the intense love manifested by some for the practice of heathenism. When we saw some of them following the evil ways of the unrighteous paleface, we mourned because of the unholy example of those who, because of their privileges, ought to have been our helpers in the good work; still we were encouraged. We beheld the attentive look of young and old, we listened to some of the people who said: "We have been praying to the Great Spirit to help us to do right,

and we want to do what the Bible tells us," and we felt that the reading of God's Word in the native language, with the memorizing of prayers and promises, would not fail of having the desired results. There is a bright living to the clouds, and the day is coming when those who are now near the kingdom shall enter in, and become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Blood Reserve,  
Alberta, N. W. T.

#### BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and mimes foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chameleon in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of truth, already counts friends who will last his life and holds a capital which will bring him a surer interest than money. Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar who took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practised firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours who is promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellows usually turn out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself nor be fooled by shame.

On the 20th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the fiftieth year of her reign, and preparations are being made for a grand year of rejoicing over the event. But three sovereigns of England have reached the year of jubilee. These were Henry III., whose coronation took place October 16, 1216, and his death occurred November 16, 1272, giving him a reign of fifty-six years. The year 1266 was his jubilee. Edward III., crowned January 25, 1327, and died June 21, 1377, having closed his jubilee but six months before his death; George III., who came to the throne in 1760 and died in 1820, after a turbulent reign of sixty years. The peculiarity of the long reign of Victoria is that it has been one of almost unbroken peace and wonderful prosperity, which may well be celebrated with a jubilee.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

THE New York *Independent* says: "The Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., of Canada, who has been lecturing of late to the Christian Philosophers of New Jersey, is the author of 'Valeria,' a tale of early Christian life in Rome. Dr. Withrow is at home with his subject, and his enthusiasm for the catacombs might well tempt the Sunday-school reader to look up his larger volume on the same subject."

#### KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

**K**EEP to the right, as the law directs,  
For such is the rule of the road;  
Keep to the right, whoever expects  
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his truth;  
Nor wander, though folly allurs;  
Keep to the right, from the day of thy youth,  
Nor turn from what's faithful and pure.

Keep to the right, within an l without,  
With stranger and kindred and friend;  
Keep to the right, and you need have no  
doubt  
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,  
Nor claim but your own on the way;  
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true  
From the morn to the close of life's day.

#### WHY WE ARE TEMPTED.

SUPPOSE I made a very wonderful steam engine, and put it into a ship, to make it into a steam packet. It is all beautifully made, and complete, and I want to "try" whether it is all good; whether the machinery is right, and works well. Where should I send it, into a smooth sea, or a rough sea? Should I send it "up the rapids"—up the river—against the stream, to see whether it would go up? I should.

So God does with you. He furnishes you with everything you want, then puts you up "the rapids," sends you on the rough water, just to "try" you, to see what you are made of.

In Eastern lands swords are made of such fine steel that men can bend them almost double without breaking them. In order to "try" them, when they are being made men bend them, to see if they can be relied upon. So God "tries" you, to see what you are made of. In this way, then, it is a good thing to be "tempted." Even Jesus was "tempted." Luther said, "Prayer and temptations make the Christian."—*Fireside News.*

#### AN EVERYDAY TEMPERANCE SERMON.

THE hired preachers may go out of town for summer vacations, but the temperance sermons are preached all the same. What may be termed personally conducted arguments for total abstinence are constantly being made, summer and winter, spring and fall, night and day. Libby and Struthers were poor clerks, side by side in Alex. T. Stewart's store a quarter of a century ago. For a few years Struthers got along faster than Libby did, for he became the head of the upholstery department at a time when Libby was still behind the ribbon counter. Then Struthers began to drink whiskey, while Libby stuck pretty much to water, and the difference in their beverages soon began to have the usual results. Struthers had the more fun for a while, but he went down a peg at a time in the Stewart establishment until finally he was literally kicked out, a sot. By that time Libby had risen clear out of the drunkard's sight and was in charge of the most important branches of that vast business. Last week Struthers was picked up as a vagrant in the streets by the police. Libby is a millionaire.—*Blakely Hall's "Life in New York."*

A MANUFACTURER of glass eyes says that his products are now so skillfully made as to defy detection. Even the wearers of the glass eyes cannot see through the deception.