

Rest-Day," it matters not. The story is just the same, worry, anxious care, overwork! What depths of human experience they stir up in these modern days! No heart, no home is exempt, nor does age guarantee any immunity from the troubled waters. Here rich and poor, masses and classes, meet together.

"Water! water!" so ran the cry from company to company of the two millions of footsore, travel-stained pilgrims from Egypt. What enthusiasm and expectation as they hurried along! But in a moment it was exchanged for another cry, like the strange fickleness of our Lord's Passion week. "What shall we drink, for the waters are bitter?" Every one has not a Moses with his branch to sweeten the waters of Marah. So many times the very wine of life becomes vinegar while we stand beside the *bitter waters*. Beside the troubled waters latent powers are often discovered and developed. The eldest son takes the father's place; the eldest daughter becomes the angel of the home; the junior partner the directing mind of the corporation, revealing administrative ability unsuspected. But when the waters are bitter, vision fails, spirits wither, hearts faint, lips cry out, "O God, let this cup pass!" It is hard to believe that they contain a spiritual tonic, and the world's literature contains many angry letters written by souls when first they have tasted the bitter waters. Even those who have manufactured their own drugs, cry out, "All these things are against me." It takes time to convince us that everything in the universe comes to perfection by drill and marching, that out of the world's pain comes the world blessing, and that the agony of the Garden made possible the glory of Olivet.

The *still waters* are always near. Beside the still waters standing, we may hear a voice full of comfort and refreshment. Amid the roar of the city's traffic we can often hear faintly the chimes of a great cathedral. Pushing our way along, we find the great stone steps, pass through the iron gates and behind the oaken doors. In a moment the noise is shut out. There is a great calm deepened by soft musical notes of a well-known hymn floating down from the organ

loft. Tears take the place of sighs, and unspoken prayer ascends. You forget that the waters were ever troubled or bitter, and gratefully whisper, "Lord, it is good to be here." That stillness of spirit becomes to you a pool in which you can see the blue sky and the banks of the stream and your own face, in relation to all about you and above you. You discover the better life within, and feel the powers of One who makes the rough places smooth, and the crooked places straight, and the bitter waters sweet. A voice whispers in the midst of the moments so troubled and bitter, "Come ye apart, and rest awhile beside the still waters."

"We have but faith: we cannot know;

For knowledge is of things we see;

And yet we trust it comes from Thee,

A beam in darkness: let it grow."

New Glasgow, N.S.

Traveling

By Rev. Professor Robert Magill, Ph.D.

In the ordinary work of life men must travel more or less. We travel in infancy, in youth, and in manhood. We "come" into, life and we "go" out of life. It is little wonder then that the deep student goes one step further, and regards life itself as travel. This is the idea of the 16th Psalm, and the author throws light upon life as traveling.

The Traveler's Creed

The traveler meets with a great variety in matters religious—variety of organization, creed and worship. And he finds both pleasure and profit in endeavoring to widen his perspective, to grasp the universal as distinguished from the local, and thus arrive at the basal principles of all religious life. In this way he reaches the traveler's creed, the simplest, most intelligible, and most universal of all creeds—"In Thee do I put my trust."

The Traveler's Society

The selection of friends is an important matter for the traveler. Nothing could be more fatal to him than a bad selection, and on the other hand nothing could help him more than meeting and becoming friendly with one or more congenial spirits. And of his seeking the true, the beautiful and the