

anon. It was not enough that Captain Webb should lose his life some three years ago in his daring attempt to swim the rapids of Niagara, but a crank mus', the other day, put himself into a barrel and pass through the same terrible ordeal, then another of the species jumped from Brooklyn Bridge into the river beneath. Unfortunately we had nearly said, and for the sake of others it was unfortunate, both these men survived. Yet again a friend visiting Niagara Falls a few days ago was filled with fear as were many others, at seeing two boys crossing the river on the timbers under the Cantilever bridge, where the slightest false step would have been death. It is well that the authorities do their best to suppress such manifestations; let christians in like manner, unmoved by the cry of bigotry or what not, do their best to frown down the spiritual daring too often exhibited.

OF all the little meannesses and vices of life (did we say little?) God deliver us from *selfishness*. The man who is his own sun moves in the narrowest of orbits, the self-life is of all lives the most solitary, the poorest and the most barren. It would seem impossible that such a life could be led by those who profess to feel the influence of Christ's love, but is it? This self-life involves not only distance from man but from the Saviour, and the only cure is to be "in Christ," then is the man in circuit with myriads of loving hearts, for He is the centre that receives love from, and radiates love through, the universe of the good.

DURING the first week of August the Editor started on a holiday trip with his wife in a covered buggy, with the intention of seeing the country and visiting some of the friends. Alas for the uncertainties of human life, at the end of his first day's journey he was telegraphed back by the death of an old and faithful friend of the Northern Church, and the mother of one of our minister's wives. These jottings will therefore assume a somewhat different tone in some parts than at first intended, yet, gentle reader, such as they are you have. We shall try to be both instructive and interesting, lend us an appreciative ear.

YONGE Street begins at the Toronto bay and ends on the shore of Lake Simcoe. With a slight bend at Bond lake, a wind round a steep

hill near Holland Landing, it runs in a right line from the Mount Pleasant cemetery on to the lake where it ends. It rejoices, to the disgrace of the country through which it runs, in six relics of *ye* olden time named toll gates. Why the main roads to the queen city of Ontario should still be blocked with these marks of early settlement is to us a mystery; if the difficulty is vested rights, we demur to any one generation locking up public liberties for generations to come. We want no hold from a dead man's hand.

YONGE Street has many villages on its sides, most of them give tokens of a prosperity that has passed away. The large fish live on the smaller ones, and trade in these days of telegraphs and of railroads tends to the large centres. York Mills, once evidently full of life, has little now save decaying mills and buildings to present; and Holland Landing has an air of desolation which the few remaining stores and blacksmith's shops only seem to intensify. Fortunes have been made there, this may plainly be seen, but now it would be more easy to invest and lose. The railroad has carried all business away. Its present population is a little over five hundred. No room for a Congregational church there.

AURORA appears to be in a fairly prosperous condition, though the trend of progress is toward Newmarket, a town of over two thousand inhabitants. Here we enjoyed for an evening and morning the generous hospitality of the Gaius of Congregationalists in these parts, Mr. Joseph Millard, who with his family deserve notice among our friends. We also spent a few moments in the house of brother W. W. Smith, a home so lately bereaved, so full of christian submission and of humble faith. Our church here has been closed for some time, but our friend Mr. Millard has not been idle. The old building is undergoing thorough renovation. A substantial stone foundation has been built, the whole encased with white brick, a school house 36x30 feet erected in the rear, the old gallery removed, a tower entrance built, and a new roof put over the old one. The ground around has been graded and neatly fenced, a sidewalk was being laid while we were there, and a few weeks promise to show a place of worship which for neatness, comfort and capa-