

or of any of those with whom he has been compared. The Christian's philosophy, it seems to me, needs only to be tested by this higher one, to be set side by side with that of Paul of Tarsus, David, Shakespeare, Tennyson, in order to lose, if not its charm, for charm of form it has— at least its venom, all its subtle poison. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then, face to face. Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known." Is not that enough?

"In Lumine Tuo videbimus lumen."

F. W. G.

A TRACE OF INDIAN ART.

Just below the Thousand Islands and near the picturesque town of Brockville the river banks take the form of rugged cliffs descending abruptly to the water's edge. On a prominent one of these, looking towards the American shore, is a rude painting of a birch-bark canoe in which are seated five Indians. The redmen are in the traditional dress and paddling with might and main to stem the painted waters. The whole, though lacking the conception of an Angelo or the coloring of a Sanzio, gives proof of native talent in representing a familiar scene with the primary pigments at hand. It is one of the few specimens of the art-gallery of the aborigines of this Continent.

The origin of it dates back to a period when Brockville had no place on the map. The Algonquins, whose camping ground was where some of Brockville's most splendid mansions stand to-day, were ever at dagger- or rather tomahawks—drawn with the ferocious Iroquois of the State of New York. One day the Iroquois planned a surprise party and with murder in their redman hearts left under cover of darkness, in a large bark canoe. Nature, however, was no ally of the truculent braves, and despite resolute and steering and strenuous paddling, the storm together with the current foundered their frail man-of-war just at the base of the cliffs where the Algonquins slept. But one Iroquois brave survived the acci-