

the alcove are powerful carvings of cranes, tortoises, and cocks, the latter perched on a drum. In one of the bird panels in another room is a hole cut out exactly the shape of a swallow, the myth being that the painter made so perfect a swallow that it flew away in the night and left its place vacant!

"At the bottom of the keep is a very deep and inexhaustible well. It is difficult to describe the massive piles of wood employed in this huge structure. The boards of the corridors are so arranged that it is impossible to walk on them without their creaking, and so warning is given of any one's approach. Each story is roofed with sheets of copper, and it is said the fortress could accommodate 25,000 defenders. From the top of it we had a magnificent view of the vast plain, using our glasses to some purpose.

"The angles of the roof of the summit are ornamented by two golden dolphins gleaming in the sunlight, and catching the eye from every part of the city. One of these was sent to the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, and was wrecked on its way back, but with great difficulty recovered from the sea, and restored to its height, whence it is never to descend again. But there is a tale of a thief who took advantage of a stormy night to fly a kite over one of them, and thus attempted to get the gold plating, but was caught and boiled in oil for his pains, after which the flying of large kites was prohibited in the province. The dolphins are eight feet and a half in height, and are said to be worth £40,000."

CHRISTIAN ALTRUISM.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

IF thou hadst asked me twenty years ago What were the secret of life's blessedness, I had made answer, "My best happiness Is the sweet consciousness of sin forgiven, The smiling sunshine of my Father's face, The strength and solace of that unseen Friend Who gave Himself for me, and gives me still More than all earthly joys." And hadst thou ask'd, "What meanest thou by 'Heaven'?" I had said, "Heaven is the palace of my God and King, Where I shall tread the golden floor, and hear The music of celestial harmonies, And see all forms of perfect loveliness Undimm'd by mists of earth; where I shall dwell In bliss unspeakable, amid the throng Of saints and angels blest for evermore, Before the throne of God."

Such were my thoughts In the warm glow of new experience, When first th' entrancing sense of pardon'd guilt Thrill'd thro' my inmost soul, and, like a child, I hugg'd the prize as all my own.

Since then The years have calmed that earlier ecstasy, And Christ hath taught me something better far Than aims which end in self. Dost ask we what? It is to give my life to Him who gave His life for me; to say, "Thy will be done," Not in the grip of some relentless fate,

But willingly because He wills it so;
To bear my cross with Him who bore His cross
For me; to seek and win for Him the lost;
To pour the balm of love on aching hearts;
To suffer with the sad, finding my joy
In making others happier.

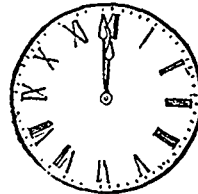
Is not this
More blessed? Is not this more like the Christ?
And if to-day thou askest, "What is Heaven?"
I do not chiefly think of crystal streams,
Of jewell'd gates, or music rapturous,
Or crowns that never fade—if these were all,
'Twere but the mirror of our earthliness,
Like some fantastic Moslem paradise—
The Heaven I seek is that transcendent sphere
Where aims of self all vanish in the sight
Of utter holiness; where priestly souls,
Link'd in a thousand ministries of love,
Stand day and night before the altar throne,
And yield to God the sacrifice of praise,
Or fly with loyal speed on His behests.
The Heaven I seek is no delicious dream
Of boundless luxury through endless days;
I should not care for one continual feast;
I long to serve my God with ampler powers,
I long to help the brotherhood of saints,
I long for countless new activities,
To find the joy of giving.

This is Heaven;
And He, perchance, whom there I hope to see,
May smile upon my choice; for He has said,
"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

—S.C.L., in *Good Will*.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to
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14 Harbord Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession."—Ps. ii. 8.

JOURNEY TO MOOSE FORT.

Mrs. and Miss Newnham and the three little children have arrived safely at Moose Fort. They took to the canoes at Missanabie, and reached Moose Fort after twelve days travelling, nine of which were wet with rain that was more like snow and ice. Two of the children had colds, but they slept well on their beds made of boughs, and played and laughed when awake. They "rose at from 4 to 6 a.m., in order to make an early start as soon as prayers were said. The last two days were the worst, for, as there were not any portages to oblige them to walk, they suffered much from their cramped position. Mrs. Newnham writes that, with regard to the crew, six in number, they could not have been more tender and attentive, each one vying with the others as to how best they could minister to her comfort.