

ress. An excavation about 20 feet square and 15 feet deep had been made—in Laurentian rock, at that, an improbable source for silver. As said before, the rocks of this section consist of Laurentian, Keewatin, Huronian, or, as tabulated by Mr. Burrows:

Post-middle Huronian.—Diabase.

Huronian.—Quartzite; arkose; grey-wacke; conglomerate; and slate.

Laurentian.—Granite; syenite; gneiss—intrusive into the Keewatin, but not into the Huronian; igneous contact.

Keewatin.—An igneous complex.

Discoveries of native silver are here confined usually to the diabase, thus differing from Cobalt, where the silver finds have been made chiefly in the conglomerate. Some good finds have, however, been made in the conglomerate near its junction with the diabase.

If the mines prove valuable, this wild, rough, broken district is bound to see a great influx of people during the next few years. If not, it is likely to lie dead enough. Farming will never be done on the rocky bluffs which lie for many miles about Gowganda, and, although pulpwood timber is plentiful enough, it is small and spindling. We have talked with several regarding the pulpwood prospects, and find the general opinion to be that, until facilities are greatly improved, the cost of getting it out must amount to more than its value.

Nevertheless, it is beautiful, this Northern country of hill and lake and river. We left Obushkong nearly a fortnight ago, and are now (towards the close of July) camping on an extension of the Montreal, a beautiful little lake, with a glen and waterfall at its southern end. Within sight of our domain are two other white tents, which gleam through the trees, and throw glistening reflections into the water of a still evening. Later in the season, they say, the sunsets are magnificent, but as yet we have only the reflections to marvel at, the wonderful streaks of green and russet and gold that strike deep into the water ere the sun dips.

The blueberries have not yet ripened, but there is a bountiful harvest of American laurel, pink with bloom. On our table to-day stands a bouquet of it, with feathery meadow-rue and white water lilies, and we hear of wonderful orchids growing high and dry on the rocks. A pink dicentra, too, the garden bleeding-heart, in miniature, is quite common.

We are still on the Gowganda trail, and at any hour the dip of paddles may be heard passing, an average of twenty canoes, probably, going by during the day—sometimes French-Canadians, sometimes Indians, sometimes prospectors, sometimes men-of-affairs on speculation—but all interesting, partly, perhaps, because of the never-ending glamor of the canoe. For we have learned to love the canoe. Henceforth it must be to us, among watercraft, the thing of beauty, of grace, the spirit of this North land, whose lure draws back again so many who have ever once ventured upon its endless wilderness.

DAME DURDEN.

(To be continued.)

Alaska and the Yukon.

"Right here I want to refer to the story of Prof. John Macoun, naturalist and botanist of the Geological Survey of Canada. In 1877 he was asked by the Premier to write a report on the capabilities of the Northwest. He found that the possibilities were unlimited, and that it was only a question of the capacity of the cultivators. They came, and have shown their ability to do things. Manitoba demonstrates what Professor Macoun pointed out in 1877. Again, in 1902, it was suggested that this same man, in the ripeness of his knowledge and experience, examine the Yukon country

for his Government. He did so, and in the following year, April 17th, he gave his evidence before the select Standing Committee on Agriculture and Colonization of the House of Commons. He reached Dawson, July 10th, 1902. It is in lat. 64° 15', which is about four degrees north of the northern extremity of the coast of Labrador. He found on that same day, July 10th, red currants, blueberries and strawberries, perfectly ripe, on the hill-sides, and even he was more than astonished. A species of rose which bloomed June 3rd of that year, 9 miles from Ottawa, bloomed on the hillside at Dawson June 2nd of the same year, as he was able to prove by a friend who had plucked the flower. He found one strange thing after another which upset all preconceived ideas, and set him to thinking. He found beautiful spruce 10 to 20 inches through, and 100 feet tall, upon the exposed hillside—white spruce, the cleanest and most beautiful he had ever looked at. His study brought him to emphasize the fact that frost is an important factor in agriculture. It conserves the moisture in what would be a dry and arid region, and grudgingly but surely gives it up under the pumping influence of the sun's rays as they daily increase in intensity. How wonderfully wise it all is, and how far removed from our previous conceptions of wisdom! As our living must come from the earth, agriculture is of more importance to us all than any other industry. I am constrained to quote the closing paragraph of his evidence: "Now, this wheat (showing a sample) was grown in the Yellowhead Pass, 150 miles north-west of Edmonton, four years ago last fall. Now, the reason I brought this up, gentlemen, is to show you this, that, according to my standpoint thirty-one years ago, Edmonton was outside where you could raise wheat with safety. Now, here is grain raised up in the mountains 150 miles north-west. Now, the Peace River country has been spoken of as unfitted for wheat-raising by some parties. I tell you the Peace River country is well fitted; in fact, I reported, the same year I was at Edmonton, that the land in the Peace River country was better and better suited for grain than the Edmonton district. I wrote that thirty-one years ago, and it is true yet. Now, you will be considering railway matters. I am the discoverer of that Pine Pass, away up on the Peace River. I discovered it thirty-one years ago. Beyond that pass you begin to descend to the Pacific Ocean, and along there, through that part of the interior of British Columbia, I tell you, gentlemen, the day is coming when they will be growing any amount of grain up there, and away up into the Yukon. In my report on the Yukon that is just now being printed, I have added 100,000,000 acres more to our valuable land for settlement than I could have twenty-five years ago, because our people are prepared to believe it."

Prof. C. C. Georgeson, a cultivated Dane, has compared districts of Alaska with Finland, and feels sure that they can comfortably support a population of 5,000,000. The exhibits of grasses, berries, vegetables, grains, and mosses, will be of the greatest interest to thoughtful visitors. The native grasses are abundant and nutritious. They mature their seeds north of the Arctic Circle, and where they cease the deer moss carpets the earth to the rim of the frozen ocean. The possibilities for stock-raising and dairy-farming are almost beyond calculation. Sunlight and moisture sufficient for plant life are unfailing. (John G. Brady in New York Independent)

Uncle Hiram "They say that the sun never sets on the British Empire." And Hannah—"Doesn't it now?" And we have such lovely sunsets over here."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

"No Man Can Serve Two Masters."

—S. Matt. vi., 24.

Is our Lord making a mistake when He says that the serving of two masters is an impossible thing? It is plain that no one can make a real success of life unless he knows quite well what he wants, and works steadily towards the fulfilment of his ambition. But is it "impossible" to divide one's service? Surely there is no doubt about that, if the two masters are entirely opposed to one another.

And yet men and women everywhere are attempting this impossible and heart-breaking service. They want to be God's servants, but they are not quite ready to put themselves unreservedly under His orders. They say: "It is not always possible to know what is the right thing to do"; not considering that God's promises of guidance are for those—and for those alone—who keep their eyes fixed on His Face, prepared to obey His directions, whatever the cost may be.

Dr. Farrar says:

"It is not a Christian minister, it is a secular historian, who says that of all unsuccessful men, in every shape, 'whether divine or human, there is none equal to Bunyan's Facing-both-ways,—the fellow with one eye on heaven and one on earth,—who sincerely preaches one thing and sincerely does another, and from the intensity of his unreality is unable even to see or feel the contradiction. He is substantially trying to cheat both God and the devil, and is in reality only cheating himself and his neighbor.'"

Are we in any degree like "Mr. Facing-both-ways"? It is a solemn question, and one that we shall do well to answer honestly and searchingly, with no surface scrutiny. Joshua said to the Israelites: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," and the people answered with unhesitating unanimity: "We will serve the LORD." It was an easy answer, and one that any congregation would be likely to give, without hesitation. Joshua does not seem to have accepted that answer with much gratification. "Ye cannot serve the LORD: for He is an holy God," he declared. When the people still insisted that they would serve God, they were warned that they must put away the strange gods which were among them and incline their hearts unto the LORD God of Israel.—Josh. xxiv.

You see, Joshua had good reason to think that people could not serve God while they were cherishing "strange gods"—they could not serve two masters, any more than we can. It was a small matter to "say" that they would be God's servants—more than words are required of us. Our Lord—who is the Judge—has declared that men will be judged by "their fruits," not by their professions. Not those who claim to be His servants, saying, "Lord, Lord," shall enter the Kingdom, but those who "do the will" of the Father. And the "fruit" He is seeking is not preaching, not healing of sick souls or bodies, not "wonderful works" which astonish the world. Christ says that "many" will expect to be accepted as His servants because they have prophesied in His Name, cast out devils in His Name, and in His Name done many wonderful works. And yet they may be utterly disowned, cannot be owned by the God of Holiness if they have been working iniquity.—S. Matt. vii., 20-27.

But what does the Judge mean when He says: "I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity"? We call Christianity the "Gospel," or "good news," because it declares glad tidings of the possibility of forgiveness and restored purity to sinners. Is it only preaching glad tidings to respectable people, to those who may call themselves "sinners," but who would be very indignant if other people gave them that title?

Oh, let us read our Bible honestly, and find out what our dear Lord really expects for His servants. His tenderness to sinners who want to be holy stands out clearly in the Gospel narrative; but how terrible were His scorching denunciations of those who wrapped themselves comfortably in the garments of respectability

and looked down on their neighbors. Read S. Matt. xxiii., and see how fearlessly He rebuked the people in high places—rebuked them in fiery words which roused their terrible fury against Him, drove His sharp sword straight to their secret sins, because He loved them dearly and could not leave them in blind ignorance. It was not to a few people, but openly, "to the multitude," that the words were spoken which no preacher would dare to speak unless he loved the souls of men infinitely more than his own safety. Over and over again is hurled the thunderbolt: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" The men who have posed as the religious leaders of the people are boldly accused of cheating widows and of gaining reputation by long prayers and scrupulous paying of tithes, while omitting the weightier duties of judgment, mercy, and faith. They are declared to be like "whited sepulchres," beautiful in outward appearance, but full of the horror of decay within.

Think of the solemn cursing of the fig tree that was making a show of being in a healthy condition and yet had failed to bear fruit—failed entirely to fulfil the purpose for which it was created! Let us take warning, and be careful not to make a show of greater zeal for God than we really possess. The outward sign is a lie, unless it is the natural outgrowth of the inward life within the soul. Pilate's washing of his hands only convicted him of knowing his own awful injustice, it certainly could not remove any stain of guilt. Somebody has quaintly said: "It takes more than manicuring to make hands clean for heavenly inspection."

Let us be very sure that we are not trying to serve two masters. Let us make the service of God our real business and object in life. Don't let us be satisfied with a surface religion that will pass muster in the world, one that is very secondary to our everyday work and pleasure. Let us really invite the Master in, throwing open all the dark corners of our hearts to His inspection, honestly asking Him to cleanse us through and through—no matter how painful or humiliating the restoring process may be. We shall be infinitely happier if we give the Holy Spirit the opportunity He is seeking to wash away the stains of the past and take full control of every thought. Those who lay each hour of life before God, asking Him what He wants them to do in that hour, and leaving all anxieties in His hands, find the peace of serving One Master—One Who is perfectly wise and loving. Does He give them pain to endure? Well, that is their business—the special task the Master has set—and they rejoice to endure splendidly under His eye. Does He send failure or disappointment? They can accept it bravely, knowing that One Who loves them is giving them the opportunity of growing strong and straight and beautiful in spirit. When His purpose for their perfecting is accepted, and the way is open for giving outward success without injuring the sensitive soul. He loves to pour out the sunshine of earthly prosperity on one who trusts Him.

Two weeks ago I bought a camera, and have been dabbling a little in photography ever since. In trying to develop the negative, I soon found how easily the light could ruin everything, until the sensitive film was "developed and fixed." Then the sunshine could be freely admitted without injury. Can we not trust God to know what is best, if He shuts us up in the darkness with Himself for a time? He cannot obtain good results unless we co-operate with Him trustfully.

Our Lord wept over Jerusalem—wept on the one day when His people hailed Him as King—because their outward homage was not the sign of a real surrender of the will. Those who are quite ready to choose His service, as long as it is pleasant, profitable, and the "correct thing to do," are not really serving Him at all unless they are also determined to follow in His steps when He calls them to sacrifice ease and popularity.

God has a great purpose in regard to you. He can help men mightily through any life that is genuinely surrendered. Professor Rhinlander, in a paper read recently at Hartford, declared that "the greatest tragedy, the only real tragedy, which any life can know, is that it should fail to find its true vocation, that