

GOD'S CHARIOT WHEELS.

BY E. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

"Thy paths drop fatness."

THIS in the rich imagery of Hebrew is, "the tracks of thy chariot wheels flow with rich blessings." The King drives forth scattering his largess on every hand, throughout the entire year. He maketh the clouds his chariot, he walketh upon the wings of the wind. Through the fierce chill of the frost, the blackness and the bitterness of the winter storm, the shiver of March, the fickleness of April, the resurrection days of May, the flowery splendor of June, the scorching heat of July, the ripening suns of August, the mellow richness of September, the autumnal gold of October, down the

scutecheon on its side is a baby's hand grasping a crown of thorn. He starts from the stable at Bethlehem, through Galilee, past Calvary, on through the Antioch of Paul, the Alexandria of Origen, the Hippo of Augustine, the Oxford of Wycliffe, the Wittenberg of Luther, the Geneva of Calvin, the Edinburgh of Knox, the Epworth of the Wesleys, the Northampton of Jonathan Edwards, to the London of Spurgeon and Price Hughes and the Chicago and Northfield of D. L. Moody. On, ever on. To-day he rides along the highways of science and literature and art and philanthropy and missionary enterprise and Bible distribution, his paths dropping fatness.

Men say the pace cannot be maintained, the coursers must grow weary, the chariot old and rickety, the driver faint and fall from his place. But as He

and then after half an hour's ride, we seemed only abreast of it. Down the sides of this warden of the Yosemite, fed by melting snows, little rivulets and cascades are formed and may be seen winding down the dizzy height for 3,000 feet. Bound by our trail El Capitan, the roaning of the mighty Yosemite Fall is heard, and in a few minutes is seen, in all its grandeur. A curve in the bridle path brings us face to face with this whirling, racing, leaping torrent, springing as from the vaulted, blue sky, 2,634 feet above us, and falling with a crash like thunder at our feet.

This fall is divided into three parts or divisions, which you do not notice until you give it closer inspection. The first has a clear leap of 1,000 feet, the second a fall of 436 feet, and the third, 600 feet.

From the crest of yonder mountain, there comes the falling flood

"Punctual as day, unheeding life or death,

Wasting the granite rock, with ceaseless throe,
Remorseless, strong, resistless, resting never

The floods come on, the flood comes on forever!"

Striking, as with a master's touch, notes of grandest harmony, whose music fills the air, while the refrain falls upon our ears,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

There came, born in a day, from storm and flood, that which will continue the wonder of the ages, the Yosemite Fall.

Standing about midway in the valley and looking in a southwesterly direction, towering above us may be seen the "Three Graces," 3,750 feet high, also "Cathedral Rocks," 2,670 feet. Across the valley are the "Three Brothers," playing leap-frog in the air 4,000 feet. Down on the north side runs up the "North Dome" 3,750 feet. On the south side is "Mount Star King" 5,000 feet, and lastly in the distance, "Cloud's Rest," 6,450 feet above where we stand.

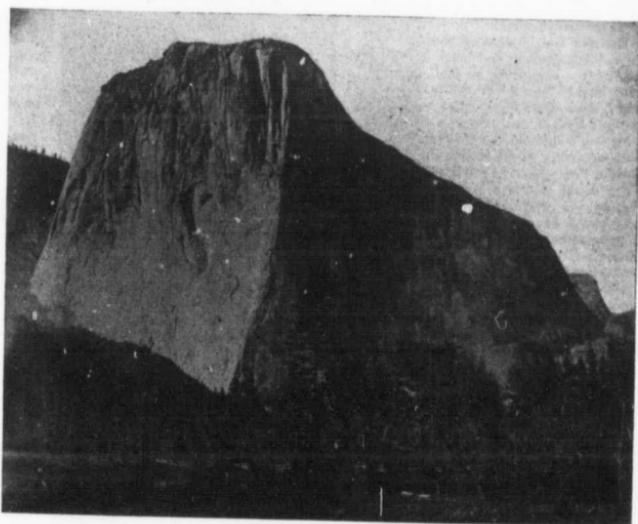
In this article, I can only mention "Pi-wy-ack," or Vernal Fall, the Indian name signifying "a cataract of diamonds," 350 feet high, or by continuing up the Merced Canyon, and climbing what is called "the ladders," point out to you Nevada Fall, 700 feet in height.

Standing amid earth's scenes of loveliness and beauty, feeling the pulses of her life, can man, dare man say there is no God? Walking the busy streets of our crowded cities, pushing our way through the busy marts of commerce, we might as truthfully say, "there is no man!"

Here are towering rugged mountains, Granite rocks all scarred and gray,
Nature's altars whence her incense
Flows in wreaths of mists away.

Lovely valley, can I paint thee,
With thy scenery wild and grand?
No, 't would take a magic pencil
And divine must be the hand."

Gananoque, Ont.



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

slanting rays of November toward the ever-joyous Christmas-tide, and back to January's zeroes, pushes on God's chariot of goodness laden with the fat things of his love.

"Hark the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings,
Let us join the choral song
And the grateful notes prolong."

The vista widens! God's chariot drives adown the centuries. He sweeps out from Eden's gate between the circling sword of flame, and the cherubim radiant with mercy and hope, past Ararat and Ur of the Chaldees, through the Egypt of the Pharaohs, the Jerusalem of David, the Chebar of Ezekiel, and the Babylon of Daniel. Then a halt. The King henceforth is known as the Man of Nazareth, but divinity flashes in his eye and the strength of omnipotence in his arm. He drives a new chariot, and the

sweeps across the threshold of the twentieth century the steeds seem to quicken their speed, and fling their heads into the air as if their sinews had found a new life, the dust is shaken from the chariot scutecheon and it flashes in the steady radiance of the noonday sun, the charioter holds still a steady rein, and his face is lighted with the inspiration of coming triumph. The tracks of his chariot will soon have engirdled the world, his blessings fallen on every land. Bethlehem and Jerusalem the starting points will soon loom up as the goal upon the western horizon.

We have reached the last Thanksgiving Day of the nineteenth century. Let us sing as never before:

Praise God from all blessings flow,
Praise him all creature here below,
Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Arthur, Ont.