

An Eastern Beauty Spot.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE people of Ontario who have not travelled through the Province of Quebec can have no idea of the beauty of the "Eastern Townships," as they are called. The scenery certainly surpasses anything to be found in Ontario. Thriving towns and villages are to be found everywhere, surrounded by fertile farms and magnificent mountain ranges. The water supply is abundant and pure. Springs without number bubble up in the hills, and in driving through the country, every mile or two there is a spring of water



METHODIST CHURCH, KNOWLTON, QUE.

clear as crystal and cool as ice, pouring out from the roadside and providing refreshment for man and beast.

Nearly all the villages through this section are picturesque, and are usually supplied with water-works, electric lights and other city conveniences. Perhaps the prettiest place of them all is the village of Knowlton, situated on Brome Lake, which has become quite a noted summer resort. The lake is five miles long and three miles wide, nestling among the mountains, with woods, lawns, gardens and cosy residences around it. Branching out into the country in every direction are splendid roads for driving or bicycling, and kept in perfect condition. One of the loveliest drives is around the lake, a distance of fifteen miles. The road winds its way through trees and woods throughout almost its entire length, with the lake nearly always in sight.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Knowlton should be a popular summer resort, in view of the natural beauty of the surroundings, and the fact that the lake provides splendid boating, bathing and fishing. During July and August the hotels and boarding houses are crowded, and almost every residence has one or more visitors.

Every year a "summer school" is held here for ten days, under the auspices of the Brome County Sunday School Association, and participated in by workers of all the Evangelical churches. It is always an occasion of great interest and profit. Special attention is paid to Bible study, and methods of Sunday-school work. It is a splendid idea to combine a summer outing with self-improvement in this way.

The Methodist church in Knowlton is a very pretty building, both inside and out, and occupies a prominent site in the village. Rev. W. H. Stevens is the popular pastor, who in addition to his ability as a preacher is gifted in song, leading the singing at the summer school.

One of the most prominent institutions in the village is known as The Pettes Memorial, which is a public library and reading-room, probably unequalled in size and completeness by any similar village building in Canada. On the first floor is a library containing 2,000 volumes, and also a reading-room and conversation room. The second floor contains a large hall for holding concerts and literary entertainments. The whole institution, which cost \$10,000, was presented to the

village by Mrs. Pettes in memory of her husband, Mr. Nathaniel Pettes, who was for many years a member of Parliament, and who occupied many other important positions in the community. Mrs. Pettes has not only erected the building, but maintains it at her own expense. How much better a memorial of this kind is than a costly monument of marble out in the cemetery, where it can do no one any good!

In connection with this institution there is a Literary Club, which subscribes for twenty-five high-class magazines. It must be admitted that the Eastern Townships in the Province of Quebec are far away ahead of Ontario in regard to literary culture. Almost every town and village has its "Literary Society" with regular weekly meetings for debates, essays and discussions on important questions. The most intelligent people from all the Protestant churches are invariably members of this organization.

A Bear Story.

BY REV. S. A. STEEL, D.D.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been bear hunting in Mississippi. And that reminds me. He was in my old haunts, and though I may not have given him any pointers in regard to hunting bear, I could have told him some big yarns that were true. I lived in "The Delta" during "the war"—O, I mean the sure enough war we had between the North and South. It was a much wilder country then than it is now, and there are many parts of it now as wild as when Columbus first sighted the Western hemisphere. During the years of 1863 and 1864 nearly all the men from our part of the country were away in the Southern army, and all kinds of wild animals, wolves, panthers, and bears, multiplied immensely, and became very troublesome and dangerous. I had a gun, but I had to keep it hid to prevent it falling into the hands of the Yankees. I oiled it well, wrapped it in a piece of blanket, then in a piece of oilcloth, and slipping away from the house one night after dark, I put it in an old hollow log in the cane-brake. It was safe there, but of little use.

Bears, or Mississippi bears at any rate, are very fond of roasting ears. They are worse than hogs in a cornfield. So during two or three weeks of the midsummer in 1863 and 1864, it was very regular business to take a gang of niggers and a fine pack of dogs, (thank the Lord, the Yankees left us our dogs) and go out about midnight to patrol the cornfield. The bears usually entered the field about midnight, but sometimes they got in ahead of the schedule, and often we ran as many as half a dozen big rascals out of the corn in one night. As a rule if they did not have their young with them, they hustled away as soon as they got wind of our coming. Our dogs were well trained, and would not attack a bear with cubs. We could always tell by the actions of the dogs whether the little scamps were with their mothers. If they were, we set up a furious racket, but gave them plenty of time to clear out. Is it not a wonderful example of Divine wisdom that implanted in the nature of such a surly beast as the bear such a powerful love for its offspring! All God's works do praise Him.

But I started to write about my bear hunt. One day, I think it was in '64, I ventured to bring my gun out of its hiding place about sundown for a hunt. My companion was Dennis, Dennis was my *alter ego*, my shadow. O, that nigger! I never knew Dennis was a slave until after the war brought up the question. We played together, ate together, slept together, with never a thought of social equality or inequality. If I had candy, Dennis always got some. If I had an orange Dennis usually got half of it. If I got a licking, so did Dennis, for we were usually yoked



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