

of cold and scurvy, a disease at that time quite unknown in Europe. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and most of us would probably be glad to exchange our dull and foggy winter season for the bright and serene atmosphere of our great American colony."

Niagara in Winter

BY ANTOINETTE SMITH.

I HAD always been desirous of seeing Niagara, the magnificent, in winter. So, when the opportunity came, I accepted it, and on one of the brightest of January mornings set out, with a few congenial friends, to visit the Falls. We left the train at the town of Niagara Falls, where we procured a covered sleigh and plenty of fur robes, for the sleighing was fine and the air nipping cold.

Everything was covered with a heavy mantle of frost that sparkled in the sunlight as if woven of diamonds. Goat Island was a land of wonders, where trees and shrubs were turned into fairy bowers and marvellous palaces with shining minarets; Luna Island had become a labyrinth of frosty loveliness. While upon the glittering surface of the Three Sister Islands we walked with fear and trembling, watching the raging torrent sweep past and shivering in the bitter wind, for the mist rendered the cold biting and intense.

I can not remember at what particular place we first looked upon those mighty cascades in all their grandeur, with the arching rainbow in their waters; nor do I remember when we first heard the thunder of their voices. From the first they seemed to be always present.

For us the beauty of the river scenery below the falls culminated in the awe-inspiring whirlpool, with its vortex of boiling waters of a deep blue color—such a wonderful deep blue—that plunged and writhed with a wild and sullen roar, like some huge creature in the last mortal throes.

Our one adventure, which might have proved thrilling, occurred in going "under the sheet" on the Canadian side. Arrayed in the becoming uniform provided for such excursions, we took our places in the icy elevator, and, with much groaning of the dripping cables, slowly made the descent. Preceded by our guide, we entered a long, narrow, rocky cavern, where the icy water dripped on us in a most uncomfortable way, and our teeth chattered so we could scarcely speak. When about half way through the channel, our guide, with an exclamation more energetic than elegant, suddenly deserted us. There we were, alone in that dark passage, perfectly ignorant of where it led, afraid to move, almost deafened by the roar of the waters, and almost perishing with the intense cold. It was an anxious moment, and our anxiety was not greatly lessened when, at last, the guide returned and explained the cause of his sudden departure:

"We'd a bin in a box, I tell you, if that fire had a gone out," he said, cheerfully; "I forgot to fix it when we left the elevator, and it was a most dread when I got back."

"What harm would have been done if it had gone out?" we asked, indignantly, not relishing the plight he had left us in.

The guide laughed comfortably as he answered:

"Well, we'd a bin fixed for sure if they cables had once got froze solid. Guess they'd a got us up some time next spring."

As we beheld, from the mouth of the cavern the rainbow splendors of those matchless cataracts, now almost within touch, we realized as nowhere else their magnitude and their sublimity. Such a vast volume of water wielding such an awful power! The strength of the hills and the unconquerable forces of the inland seas rushing on to the ocean. We stood at the verge of the cavern and looked over the icy precipice, down, down, down into the maelstrom of dark green waters, where great blocks of ice were being ground into atoms under the billows of foam and the whirling spray. We walked along the narrow, rocky ledge, close to the wall of the cliff, among the huge stalagmites of ice, whose exquisite blue colorings outvalued the brightest turquoise and the rarest sapphire, often showing the opal's heart of flame through their blue transparency. But more marvellous and beautiful was the great icicle depending from the cliffs far above, that the guide assured us was the largest in the world. It was of a delicate green tint and symmetrical in form.

We were beginning to fear lest we, too, were turning into

icy statues when the guide suggested our return. We quickly retraced our steps, and were much relieved to find the cables in working order, and heartily glad that we had braved the descent.

The weather had suddenly changed, and the snow was falling so rapidly by this time that further sight-seeing was impossible. We crossed the last, swaying suspension bridge in a blizzard, with the sleet beating against the sleigh windows, and the last glimpse we had of the great waterfalls of Niagara was through the almost blinding veil of snow.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Do Children Need to be Converted?

BY REV. R. WHITTINGTON, M.A., D.D.

I FEEL compelled to write a few words with respect to the point of greatest weakness in the attitude of the Church toward our young people, and one which gives rise to most of the mischief arising from the drifting of our young people away from the Church.

I refer to the fact that our children are considered not to understand what it is to be a member of the Church and so are not considered to be members until they have "reached the years of understanding." If we count them out for such a reason they unconsciously accept the fact, and when the time comes for them to make their decision they find themselves outside of the Church through no fault of their own, and the question is, "Being out, shall they come in?" But before that momentous period arrives it is to be wondered at that they should drift away! The Lord rebuked the disciples for turning such away, saying that of such is the kingdom of heaven. The lesson, it seems, would need to be taught over again to many at the present day, and I think that the Church at large should give greater consideration to the relation of children to the Church, for there can be no question as to their relation to the Kingdom. Would it not be better to enroll all our children as members of the Church, since they are members of the Church above? and as they gradually assume their responsibilities for themselves, they will assume them without question as members of the Church. Anyway, I would rather have my children in the Church when they come to the day of decision, and have them answer the question: "Being in, shall we go out?" rather than, "Being out, shall we come in?" The spiritual and psychological attitude of the Church towards the children is wrong at this point, in my opinion. And the logical converse of that is that the spiritual and psychological attitude of the children towards the Church and consequently towards religion is correspondingly wrong, and all the more mischievous because unconsciously so. Where are we taught in the Bible the age at which children may be received into the Church and until which it is better that they remain out?

To illustrate. A good brother once addressed my Sunday school and did it well, but at the close he said, "All you who are converted and know that you are the children of God, please stand up." About half a dozen of the elder pupils stood up. The implication on the part of the others could be nothing less than that these are the children of God and *we are not*. The expression of the school as a whole was not bright nor pleasant. I could not allow it to pass. When the brother sat down I asked all those who loved God and the Lord Jesus Christ because they believed they were good, to raise their hands. Instantly every hand went up. Again I asked them if they thought they ought to try to be good, to be like God and to please Him. Again their hands went up with brightening faces. Finally I asked all who would try, just simply try a real good honest try, to love and serve God and be good to those about them, to stand up. Instantly they all came to their feet and the expression of their faces was totally changed. They felt, although they could not put it in so many words, that they were counted in, not counted out, and in the depths of their innocent hearts that is instinctively where they wanted to be.

Again, a dear good boy, but a boy and not an angel, came to me in great trouble one day and said that Miss So-and-so had told him he was not converted and that it was time he was. He had been doing something that was not right in her estimation and that probably really was wrong. I told the