

British Government, who was one of the first to turn the key in the lock that opened up the West to white settlers.

"The Great North-West of Canada was at that time a sealed book, except to the Hudson Bay Company, which was reaping a rich harvest. It was represented as uninhabitable, stern and frost-bound. The records of the company were never divulged.

"Mr. Roche, like all leaders of great movements, was a man of vision, in advance of his times. Even at that time he dreamed of an Empire moving westward; of happy homes, of villages, towns, cities in the prairie land which might be made to yield its riches through cultivation. He secured statistics inaccessible to others, and, as before stated, a man in advance, he kept hammering away through the press, to use Mrs. Boomer's own expression."

To the above it may be added that Dean Boomer, Mrs. Boomer's second husband, was at one time Principal of Huron College, the Boomer residence being then the old central part of the Western University, now used for college purposes. In spite of her terrible bruises, Mrs. Boomer, when we called to see her this week, was able to talk brightly of those old days when the City of London, Ont., was new, and when one man was not afraid to undertake the joint duty of principal of a college and rector of a church. Mrs. Boomer has passed through many experiences, but has never let go of her energy and her courage. She has known what it was to ride long days across the plains of Africa, where she lived for part of her youth, and over Western prairies by dog-sleigh; she has travelled much by both water and land, and at all times of her life, and in every place has found work to do for others. In such a life she has gained self-control, such a self-control as has helped to bring her through the painful experience of the present. Cheery as ever—those who like to read what "H. A. B." writes would assuredly like to hear her talk.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Ye also Shall Bear Witness.

When the Comforter is come He shall testify of Me: and ye also shall bear witness.—St. John xv., 26, 27.

"For earth hath martyrs now, a saintly throng,
Each day unnoticed do we pass them by;
'Mid busy crowds they calmly move along,
Bearing a hidden cross, how patiently!
Not theirs the sudden anguish, swift and keen,
Their hearts are worn and wasted with small cares,
With daily griefs and thrusts from foes unseen,
Troubles and trials that take them un-
aware:
Their's is a lingering, silent martyrdom,
They weep through weary years, and long for rest to come.
They weep, but murmur not; it is God's will,
And they have learned to bind their own to His,
Simply enduring, knowing that each ill
Is but the herald of some future bliss;
Striving and suffering, yet so silently
They know it least who seem to know them best,
Faithful and true through long adversity,
They work and wait until God gives them rest;
These surely share with those of bygone days,
The branch and crown, and swell their song of praise."

How often we have sung those inspiring words of the glorious Te Deum: "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee"; but it is our business to remember that there is a gap in the ranks unless we are filling our allotted place in that "noble" (white-robed) army. The word "martyr" means a witness, and our Lord's last

command to His disciples before the cloud hid Him from their straining eyes, was: "Ye shall be witness to Me unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The Comforter, the Lord and Giver of life, still testifying of Christ, and every one who has heard the Spirit and the Bride saying "Come!" and has obeyed that call, must also bear witness or be disloyal to his Master.

Nicodemus came to visit JESUS by night, and Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple secretly, for fear of the Jews; but when the Master they followed secretly was attacked, and His cause seemed likely to be a failure, they fearlessly dared scorn and danger, standing loyally forth

"Any common man may face a cannon, but how many men dare face the sneers and calumny of their brethren?" says a modern writer. He goes on to say: "Those of us who consort much with people in humble life, often see bold men submitted to trials that test their essential courage to the last degree. Does anyone ever give a thought to the sufferings of a workman in a rough shop when he leaves off drinking and takes to religion? Life is often made bitter for him, and it is the more bitter in that he is almost accused of hypocrisy. Daily he is told that the feelings and beliefs which are the breath of life to him are shams, and worse; he may even be ob-

always makes good His promise: "Them that honor Me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." And such downright witnessing for Christ is sure to draw others nearer to Him. There is nothing so attractive as real Christianity. But half-hearted, lukewarm allegiance, brings contempt on our holy religion. Is our faith real? Let us prove it, then. What right have we to be anxious and troubled about many things? That is an admission to a watching world that we have no real trust in the wisdom, love and power of the One in whose hands we profess to have left the direction of our affairs. Are we willing to do a shady thing for the sake of money? Then we are witnessing to the fact that we don't believe in a righteous God, Who has said that those who use unjust weights and measures, and all that do unrighteously, are "an abomination" unto Him.—Deut. xxv., 13-16.

Do you ever think of the joy of our God as He sees the noble army of witnesses laying down their lives splendidly on the altar of penitent, cheerful suffering, or quiet, unselfish service? We have only one life to live. How is it being spent? When we look back, shall we be glad to see that this life has been poured out joyously in the highest possible service; or shall we look sadly back on selfish aims and defiling thoughts, which have borne their natural fruit in ignoble acts? A life is made up of days. What sort of witness has our watching Master seen to-day? What shall be our witness to-morrow? We don't need to shout our beliefs on the street, nor talk about God to everyone we meet. If a man is loyal to a woman, he is often very silent about her. But let any slighting word be spoken about her, and he will soon let his opinion be known. If anyone is really loyal to Christ, he can't help bearing witness. It is always the heart that must be kept right. Let us keep our hearts fixed on God and the beauty of holiness; then the attraction of earth will have less and less power to drag us down. Let us never be sure of our own strength, but draw hourly strength from the Giver of Life. People will take knowledge of us that we have been with JESUS—if we have been with Him. To say that we have been with Him will not impress anyone, except with the conviction that we are shams and hypocrites. A false profession of Christianity does far more harm than no profession at all.

We say that we love Him, and yet we grow angry at the smallest injury. Our Master went on loving those who repaid His love by insult, treachery and torture. Have we not love enough to forgive anything?

We say we love Him, and yet when He offers us some light cross of pain or disappointment, we accept it ungraciously and complainingly; instead of rejoicing over the opportunity of bearing or sacrificing something for Him Who gave up everything because of His love for us.

How ashamed of our poor love-offering we are, as He holds out His pierced hands—pierced for love of us—and says tenderly to us, "His chosen witnesses:

"Lovest thou Me? prove love thine own. What has it given, or borne, or done? So secret—fearful—faint—it seems Like transient, fitful, brainsick dreams. What is a love, e'en in earth's view, That cannot bear, believe, or do?"

DORA FARNCOMB.

My Prayer.

By Luther Bentley Adams.

O Lord, I pray
That Thou, this day,
Wilt make my life both strong and clean;
Make me to see
He best serves Thee
Who lives aright the life unseen.
The tempter near,
Let me not fear
But bravely stand 'gainst all that's wrong;
Of grief and care,
Give me my share,
And with them strength to sing a song.
And when at eve
My tasks I leave
And watch the low-descending sun;
As the soft light
Fades into night,
Let me but hear Thy glad "Well done."



Transplanting in the Cold Frame, at the Rittenhouse School.

as His friends when nothing earthly could be gained by open profession of His Name.

It is easy to profess and call ourselves Christians sometimes, but sometimes it takes a lot of moral courage. A young man once went to a city minister and said: "I am engaged in the antique trade. Someone comes into the place of business in search of antiquarian goods. I am instructed to pass over to him articles which I know are not genuinely antique, and to ask ten times their value. I must obey my instructions or go. If you were in my place, what would you do?"

The minister answered: "I don't know what I would do, but I know, and you know, what ought to be done."

liged to brook violence, which his principles will not suffer him to return. It is cruel work, and yet how many fine fellows go through the ordeal proudly and gravely! These obscure and modest folk are the real heroes."

The world may heap honors on the soldiers who have killed or wounded their fellow-men; but, if we see God's seed, perhaps we may give higher praise to the men and women who stay at home and go cheerily on with "the trivial round, the common task,"—plowing, sowing and threshing, or cooking, washing and sewing, year after year. Some people may admire the dashing courage of a general who forces his way to victory, utterly careless of the lives sacrificed, that he may win success,—an excellent general at



Athletic Meet, with Beamsville Band, on School Campus.

Of course, he knew. We all know—when the question is put down in black and white, and honestly faced—that we have no business to disobey our conscience for the sake of money or to please anybody. We all know—are we always brave enough to stand firm, in the face of loss or ridicule?

Christianity is not an easy business—did you think it was? It asks all our powers and all our life to satisfy God's desire that we should be perfect. Can He be satisfied with anything short of our perfection? Can we?

ten thousand men a day,"—but I think General Gordon showed far greater courage in his frank, unabashed loyalty to his God. It is said that in the Sudan a handkerchief was spread before his tent for half an hour every morning. This was a warning to the whole camp that he was having his daily interview with his Divine Captain, and must not be interrupted. No man—white or black, Christian or unbeliever—dared to enter the tent while that token lay outside. A fearless loyalty to Christ, like that, is certain to win the respect of all. God