

Our Contributors.

NOTES BY THE WAY—THE ROCKIES, THE SELKIRKS, AND SEVERAL CANYONS.

BY KNOXIAN.

The first view of the Rockies, like the first view of Niagara Falls, disappoints some people. The tourist has heard wonderful stories about this great mountain range and he expects to see Mount Stephen and Sir Donald and several other famous mountains at the first view. In fact some tourists expect to see the whole thing at one glance, forgetting that the mountain scenery extends for about five hundred miles or about the distance from Toronto to Quebec. The time too at which a west-bound train runs into the "gap" is somewhat unfortunate. If a poorly-informed, thoughtless man tumbles suddenly out of his warm berth at five o'clock on a chilly morning he wants to see something grand in the way of scenery to compensate him for his early rising. If he does not see a few mountain peaks piercing the sky with their ice-clad summits he is likely to feel more or less disappointed. The fault is his own. Either he did not inform himself beforehand about these indescribable mountain ranges or he has no sense. In either case he might as well have stayed in his berth and saved his sleep or stayed at home and saved his money. To travel with any degree of profit one must "read up" beforehand and have some idea of the route. Principal Grant's well-known book "Ocean to Ocean" and the various descriptions of the mountain scenery by Lady Macdonald are the best things I know on this Western trip, and if an intending tourist reads them and carries with him the annotated time-table of the Canadian Pacific Railway he has all the literature on the route that he needs.

Once for all let me say I have not the slightest idea of trying to describe this mountain scenery. There are few men living that could do it under any circumstances, and perhaps no man living that could do it in notes hurriedly written by the way. The managing editor of a New York daily once sent a reporter to "take" John B. Gough *verbatim*. When the young man returned the editor asked him if he had succeeded in making a good report. "Report him, report him," replied the pencil driver, "You might as well try to report thunder and lightning." It would be just as easy to report a terrific thunder storm or by written words to convey an exact idea of lightning as to write in an ordinary newspaper letter a description of the five hundred miles of mountain scenery through which the Canadian Pacific Railway runs. I shall not be guilty of any such folly. I may, however, remove some erroneous ideas which I know prevail in the East in regard to this part of our Dominion, and may also point out a few places of special interest that every tourist should try to see.

A considerable number of people have the idea that there is just one range of mountains through which the train goes with a dash and then you are out on the level grazing lands of British Columbia! As a matter of fact you run through mountain scenery for five hundred miles. It is easy to say five hundred miles but that may be said without any adequate idea of the distance. Imagine yourself running through the grandest mountain scenery in the world all the way from Toronto to Quebec. You enter the "gap" sixty miles west of Calgary about five o'clock in the morning, run through scenes of terrific grandeur all that day, sleep while running over twenty miles an hour through mountains and canyons during the night, awake winding along a mountain side in the Thompson River canyon in the morning, run through the wild Fraser canyon in the forenoon and get out of this mountain scenery only two or three hours' run from Vancouver City. Of course the scenery is not equally wild or impressive on every mile of the five hundred. I was told that we passed some quiet places during the night where the people make a living on farms, but I rather think that all the farming done in that region will never materially effect the grain markets of Europe, or even of Canada.

The entire mountain scenery may be roughly divided into three parts. There is just the Rockies which you enter about five o'clock in the morning and leave about noon, the summit having been passed at Stephen at half-past nine. Then comes the Selkirks and out of all sight a grander and more majestic range than the Rockies. A mountain clad with verdure and capped with ice must always be a more pleasing spectacle than a huge pile of ragged rock with snow or ice at its summit. After the Selkirks come the canyons, which being interpreted mean a tremendous gorge cut through the mountains by a river. Had it not been for the work done by rivers for thousands, perhaps millions, of years, no railway would ever have crossed these mountains. You enter the Rockies beside the Bow River and five hundred miles further on run out of the western slope along with the Fraser River, and between these two points wherever the railway can find a river it invariably seeks its company. [It may seem like heresy to those people who are always speaking about the Rockies as if they were the only things worth looking at to say that some of the scenery on the Thompson and Fraser Rivers is quite as impressive and much more beautiful than anything between Banff and Mount Stephen, but certainly that is my opinion. The western slope is at least more beautiful than the eastern, for wooded scenery must always be more beautiful than bare, tilted rock.

After entering the Rockies, the first point of special interest is

BANFF.

Surrounded by mountains there is here a natural park about twenty miles long and ten wide. Two miles from the station is the C. P. R. and one or two other hotels. The chief attraction for invalids is the sulphur baths; for people in health, the romantic walks and drives and magnificent views of the surrounding mountains. You may meet almost any distinguished man in the world at Banff. The day I went through, Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator, was there, and Sir Charles Russell was expected. The Canadian Pacific Railway are booming the place and no doubt it will become famous some day. But I must leave my readers at Banff for a week, merely reminding them that they should take a sulphurous bath on week days and go and hear the Rev. C. W. Gordon on Sunday. Mr. Gordon ought to be a good young man and a good minister, and I have no doubt he is both. His mother was a noble Christian woman and his father was one of the manliest men that ever served the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He could and often did stand up alone for his convictions, and a man who does that in an age when so many men and not a few ministers want no higher endorsement of their conduct than the howl of a crowd is a good manly man.

THE JERUSALEM PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

THE POOR JEWS OF JERUSALEM.

At the kind desire and expense of a Christian lady who has been spending some months in Jerusalem and Palestine, the Rev. A. Ben-Oliel invited the Sephardi (Spanish-speaking) poor Jews and Jewesses to a little *fete* at his mission house on Tuesday afternoon, July 7, 1891.

The lady's wish was to give them a dinner, but as the Jews will not eat food cooked by Christians, that was impossible, and some influential rabbis who happened to call and were consulted, expressed themselves most gratefully that their poor should be thus cared for, and gave it as their opinion that it would be much better to give them a trifle of money than cooked food.

The hour named was four p.m., but soon after mid-day they began to arrive, and the missionary's kind heart forbade letting them wait outside in the scorching sun. So they were allowed to come in and sit in the cool hall prepared for them, which was quite full by two p.m.

A portable harmonium kindly lent by a lady worker of the C. M. S. was very useful, Mrs. and Miss Ben-Oliel taking it by turns to play and sing hymns to them. They also taught them the words of the Spanish hymn, "Venici pecadares, que Dios por su amor Al ciclo nos blama que es patria, mejor," intended to be sung later on; so the time passed pleasantly in repeating over and over the verses and singing them again and again.

Mr. Ben-Oliel spoke to them at intervals, and shortly before four o'clock told them the lady would soon be arriving, and he hoped they would show her respect. He asked them if the Greeks, Russians or Roman Catholics were kind to the Jews. They cried out: "No, no!" Then he asked what people were kind to them. "The English," was the general reply. He explained that it was because they love the Prince of Israel who gave Himself for the salvation of the world. At four they were refreshed with slices of watermelon, and soon after their benefactress arrived, bringing 100 tiny bunches of flowers, which she distributed herself to the women. When all was quiet again the hymn was sung, and the missionary read Psalm li. first in Hebrew, then in Judeo-Spanish, and explained it in a few telling words in both languages, and they frequently responded affirmatively to his questions on the need of a pure heart and the Holy Spirit.

Then coffee and buns were distributed, first to all the children and then to the men and women, after which Mr. Ben-Oliel brought the women one by one into a room, where their kind friend gave them each a loaf, a bishlic (six-pence), and a card with a prayer, which he had translated into Hebrew and had printed for the occasion at her request.

Then followed the men, who, instead of money, received a present of a Hebrew book of Psalms, except the blind or very poor, who received the bishlic as well. They all—over 250 men, women and children—behaved exceedingly well, and expressed their gratitude most warmly and respectfully. One sweet little girl, leading her blind father, when she saw the loaf put into his hand, jumped and clapped her hands, saying: "Now we have some bread," upon which a second loaf was gladly given her. How willingly the missionary and his family would frequently gather these poor outcasts and feed them bodily as well as spiritually if those who have enough and to spare would obey our Saviour's injunction, "Give ye them to eat." The poverty of numbers of the Jews in Jerusalem is heart-rending. Sometimes when Miss Ben-Oliel visits among them she finds they have not even a drop of water nor money to buy it. While waiting the women were told that they might come on Wednesday afternoons from three to five, and materials would be given them to sew for their children, while of course they will be taught Gospel truths. Many were delighted, and some a little better off said they would come and sew for the poorer ones. For this materials are needed, and would be gratefully acknowledged by

MRS. BEN-OLIEL.
Jerusalem, Palestine, July 8, 1891.

P.S.—July 15.—This afternoon we received the invited poor Jewesses to sew for their young children. Fourteen

came, mostly widows and the wives of blind men, several bringing their babies. They were very well behaved and grateful. As soon as they were settled to work we began to teach them the text Psalm li. 10 in Judeo-Spanish, interspersing it with remarks and asking them to make it their prayer to God night and morning. They seemed pleased to learn it and listened attentively when it was explained that the blood of God's sacrifice, the Messiah, was needed that our souls might be washed and made clean in the sight of God. At the close Mr. Ben-Oliel read to them the whole Psalm and spoke a while to them enforcing their individual duty to know the word of God and His laws for themselves, as also the duty of daily prayer to God from the heart and not from liturgies. Coffee and biscuits were then given them, and they all went happily to their homes.

By this morning's post came a letter from a dear lady of Dr. Miller's congregation, Charlotte, N. C., saying that the young ladies of the Randolph Society had made a purchase of materials for the poor of Jerusalem, and that they were on the way to us.

It brought tears of thankfulness to our eyes to think that the very day we had determined to trust God for the means and to take the first step in so expensive an undertaking as to invite these poor Jewesses with the promise of giving them the materials, that this sign of God's approval and the practical sympathy of our friends across the water should arrive to encourage us. It is in keeping with all our experience since the day we decided to come up to Jerusalem, as we believe, at the divine call.

An article has been printed in the organ of the Episcopal Society for Jews written by a Mr. Sterns, making strictures on Mr. Ben-Oliel's work, and urging that money should rather be added to the \$35,000 already spent yearly by that Society, mainly on schools and hospital, than sent to him to be used in preaching and teaching the Jews in their own languages.

This paper has been written by a man who professes to be the forerunner of a "Christus Secundus," whom he has known for seventeen years, and who, he says, is shortly to appear in Jerusalem, work miracles, raise the dead and get into people's houses without opening the doors!

This man is going about Jerusalem insinuating himself with the people, and when he has got all he can get out of them, writing papers against them under the assumed title of Official Reporter of the C. O., and sending disgustingly abusive letters to them.

He denies the doctrine of eternal punishment, casts a slur on those who believe in St. Paul, and yet he is accepted as an upholder of the London Society! See the *Jewish Intelligence* of July, which the Rev. T. T. N. Hull, the senior Wesleyan minister in England and the oldest friend of Mr. Ben-Oliel, sends to us saying: "I am sorry to see such a spirit. I would have expected that any Christian society would have hailed you as a fellow-labourer, where one would suppose there was ample room for every evangelical missionary."

As for the strictures themselves, so far from "everything being in Mr. Ben-Oliel's favour at Jaffa," his then Society, the British, gave him not a penny for working expenses beyond his salary, and objected to his interesting friends, through the press, so that he could not take the responsibility of baptizing several who requested it, knowing they would be cast off by the Jews, and he had no means to assist them and their families. He has always been very cautious in baptizing, taking as his example St. Paul (1 Cor. i. 17). For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

COLLISION AND BACKWARD.

Half-past four in the morning and a tremendous shock! a staggering and swinging of the vessel and the silence of the engines. Shouting and tramping on deck and below, loud cries of anxious enquirers from every corner, answered from everywhere in diverse alarming ways: "Struck on a reef, and fast;" "Run into by a steamer, and sinking;" "Boiler burst and firemen blown to pieces!" The wildest excitement! and the lady, who the evening before was warmly denouncing her native island of St. Kitts as intolerable to her returning from a lengthened visit to lovely Scotland, is almost beside herself with terror, and is now of opinion that her dear St. Kitts is worth a million dollars a foot. The truth is we have run into a schooner that madly crossed our bows, and we have smashed to splinters one-half of her stern. What a feeling of relief to all when it clearly appeared that we ourselves were safe, and that only others were sinking! "Let us be thankful," said a wise like man, "for we might have been rushed into eternity and the best of us would be all the better of a few hours' notice." "We ought to be thankful even for small mercies," said a pale-faced, nervous little woman, not yet restored to her usual amount of good sense. "I knew that something disastrous was going to happen," said a quiet, contemplative lady bound for Barbadoes, "for I have always a presentiment when trouble is approaching, and I felt very uneasy in mind the whole of last night." "I was certain before I set foot on the boat that we would be wrecked," shrieked a female of large dimensions in the sharp, nasal twang of Ohio, "for I have never yet been to sea without such perilous adventures, and this makes the fifth in three years." If her previous wrecks were all as mildly ter-