A CHRISTMAS SKETCH OF COLONIAL DAYS.

Sydney Dale.

"She is a shy, quiet little thing; not used to society, you know. Been educated at an old-fashioned school in an English country town, so of course we did not expect much."

So Miss Muriel Aylmer described her cousin Violet, who had recently crossed the Atlantic to visit her uncle's family in Victoria, British Columbia. She was just eighteen, a slim "petite" girl, with nothing remarkable about her except a pair of large eyes, the shade of the flower after which she was named. She had a pale, little face and light brown hair, brushed severely back from her white forehead, a decided contrast to her cousin's tresses, which were elaborately arranged in the prevailing fashion. Her uncle's wife, whom she had been taught to call "Aunt Leonora," was a stately, massive woman, with a smiling exterior, and an iron will. Her four daughters, the eldest of whom was married, were handsome, lively girls, and in Violet's eyes, almost alarmingly "up-to-date," both in their manners and conversation. Their father was a wealthy, easy-going man, who allowed them "carte blanche," as far as entertaining and dressing were concerned. The result being that they were extremely popular in the little colonial town. Doris, the youngest, who was a year Violet's senior, took her under her special charge.

"If you want to know anything, or are in doubt, come to me!" she said in the privacy of Violet's bedroom. "The others will only laugh at you and chaff."

"Thank you," returned Violet, whose blue eyes were filled with wonder and amazement at the new scenes around her—"I suppose I shall become accustomed to things after a time, and you must forgive me if I appear stupid and countryfied" she added,a pathetic ring in her low voice, "you know I have lived at "Woodridge" all my life, and it's so very different from this place."

"I can quite believe that," observed Doris. "Never mind, Vi; Don't be afraid; and above all, don't look nervous. That never does; you will soon get into the 'swim,' and I'll back you up."

And with this comforting assurance, Doris patted her cousin kindly on the shoulders. If Violet failed to understand all Doris' expressions, she was prudent enough to conceal the fact. She had listened in silence when advised "not to seem surprised at her surroundings, or the people she met. If she thought anything unusual, not to show her feelings. It was 'bad form' to be emotional" "Take in everything, but don't let any one know you are observing them." So Doris finished her first "lecture," as she called it, and Violet determined to profit by it. When the two elder girls, Muriel and Adela, appeared at breakfast the following morning, looking pale and tired, and mere shadows of the sparkling beauties of the previous evening, she just gave one swift glance at their altered faces, and Doris' sharp eyes were the only ones to detect it.

"I saw you!" she exclaimed as soon as they were alone. "You only looked once at the girls, but that look expressed a great deal; you were startled to see them so pale and washed out. They always come to breakfast like that, unless there are any men here. They 'make-up' later in the day, you know, . Thank goodness I don't have to resort to that yet"; and Doris glanced complacently in the mirror,, as she spoke, at her pink cheeks. "Do you mean to say they paint their faces?" asked Violet.

"Hush! don't call a 'spade a spade' in that brusque manner, dear 'Improving the complexion with the aid of cosmetics' is what they call it. It means the same as what you said, only it sounds better."

"Really," said Violet in a hushed voice, too surprised to say anything else.

"Yes—really!" laughed Doris. "Why, nearly everyone goes in for that now; even Mother!" she added in a confidential whisper. "Just a little, you know—when there's anything special on."

Violet opened her blue eyes wide in silent astonishment, and ever after regarded her aunt's smiling visage with renewed interest. A few days later her three cousins were discussing her in the bright morning room, where they usually spent their leisure hours.

"She looks as simple as a Puritan!" declared Muriel, who was comfortably established in an arm-chair with a new novel. "I wonder what the men will think of her?"

"Nothing!" retorted Adela; the second girl, glancing up quickly from her fancy work. "Those insipid creatures don't 'take' nowadays."

"She certainly has lovely eyes," continued Muriel.

"And not the first idea how to use them!" exclaimed Adela, thinking of her own brown orbs.

"She is going out driving with me this morning," chimed in Doris, who was perched on the table in out-door costume. "I shall give her a few hints, and initiate her into the mysteries of colonial society"; she added mischievously.

"You had better leave her to form her own impressions!" cried Adela sharply; but Doris ran out of the room with a merry laugh. A few minutes later she and Violet were driving down the avenue in a trim little dog-cart.

"That's Harry Morris!" remarked the elder girl, after bestowing a sweet smile and bow on a young man who passed them at the gate on a bicycle. "He is a nice boy, but as poor as the proverbial mouse. By the way, Violet, the Mater had a letter from Tom to-day; you know he is in a bank at Vancouver. He is coming down soon for Christmas, and the girls are in a state of mental excitement because he intends bringing a friend with him. Most of Tom's friends are 'remittance men.' Very nice to flirt with and all that, but no earthly use otherwise. I suppose Muriel and Addie will quarrel over this one."

"Why?" inquired Violet, who was listening attentively.

"Why! Can you ask? My dear, he is wealthy, single, and—an Englishman, and he can't marry them both."

"But perhaps they won't like him."

"That's a secondary consideration," returned Doris, curling her lips slightly. "Look at Frances! She married Hector Lester because he was a 'good catch,' and I am sure she was not in love with him. But she has the loveliest home, and you ought to see her diamonds. Mother was awfully pleased about that match. It's quite time Muriel and Addie were doing something in that line."

"And what about yourself?"

"Oh! I am not in it"; and at this point Doris hastily changed the conversation, evidently thinking she had given Violet enough 'hints" for one day. When they returned home "afternoon tea" was in process in the Aylmer's handsome drawingroom, and several visitors were present. Muriel, looking remarkably pretty, was presiding at the tea-table, with two young men in attendance.

There was always a large contingent of naval officers "en evideince" at the Aylmers' entertainments, and on this occasion Adela was surrounded by a group of them. As soon as she caught sight of Violet following Doris shyly into the room, she advanced to meet her, and began introducing them in rapid succession. Mrs. Aylmer drew the girl down on a couch beside her, and one young man brought her a cup of tea, while another followed with the silver cake-basket, and took a seat near her.

"You have not been out long?" he remarked by way of beginning the conversation.

"We went out at three," replied Violet., and then blushed furiously as she realized her mistake.

"I meant from home," continued the young man, apparently not noticing her confusion. "Awfully jolly house, this; they will give you a good time. I hear they are thinking of giving a dance; Mrs. Lester was telling me."

"Yes; at Christmas time; I am looking forward to it so much," returned the girl, wondering who her companion was.

"Addie introduced so many, I have mixed them all up and don't know who is who!" she thought, glancing at her neighbor, whom she could only see indistinctly, as the dusk was falling.

"I suppose you are out?" he inquired presently, thinking of the dance in view.

"No!" said Violet, determined not to make another mistake.

"Oh!—a pleasure to come; I hope you will keep a dance for me, Miss Aylmer? I shall be here, as I am an old friend," he said with a smile.

"I shall be delighted," murmured Violet, wondering what Doris would say. "And I don't know his name, even. I must ask her to tell me," she thought, as she escaped to her room to remove her hat and jacket. She did make inquiries that evening when Doris came to have a chat before retiring.

"A young man who handed you the cake, and conversed for ten minutes? My dear Violet, do give a more lucid description; there were a dozen men at tea. Was he one of the officers?"

"I don't think so, because he called himself an old friend," replied Violet. "It was so dark I could not see him well, but I think he was tall and slight, and had a pale face, and his hair was parted in the middle."

"Anything else you can remember?"

"He wore eye glasses."

"Why did you not say that at first? I would have known directly. You have described Earle Milford; I can tell you all about him. Violet, I wish you would let me cut your hair in a fringe like mine; it would suit you."

"You may if you wish," returned Violet. "They liked it this way at home."

"Well, wait a moment," and Doris disappeared, to return in a few moments, armed with a pair of large scissors.

"Sit down here, Vi," she commanded. "If you don't like it, there is plenty of time for it to grow before you go home. And you must have your photograph taken at "Savannah's," and send it to your mother for inspection."

"Very well," said Violet, who had discovered that it was the best and easiest plan to agree with Doris.

"We were talking about Earle Milford," continued the latter, busily clipping the soft brown locks. "You must not flirt with hem Vi, or Frances will get after you."

"I don't know how to flirt!" cried Violet indignantly.

"Well, keep your head still; you will soon learn if you see much of Earle," said Doris, significantly. He is a nice boy, and a rich one too. His people have a lovely place at Oak Bay. He is handsome and clever, and is a terrible flirt, and we have all been in love with him; but he won't look at a girl. He cultivates the society of married women, and Just now he is Frances' chum—her particular special boy."

"I don't understand you."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Doris, stepping back and regarding her work critically. "How can I explain?And don't move Vi. But about Earle and Frances. He's her friend, you know; takes her to the opera and out riding, carries her golf clubs to the links, and her fan at dances; is her devoted slave, in fact. Frances is a pretty woman, you know, and Hector is so disagreeable at times,and it's so nice to have a good looking boy like Earle on the string. Now go and look in the glass Violet; you look sweet."

Violet rose and crossed the room to the toilet table, with its glittering array of cut glass and silver. She glanced in the mirror and gave a little cry of dismay.

"Oh Doris! What have you done? I don't look the least like myself."

"You look awfully nice," replied her cousin, nodding her head approvingly. "Those little curls suit you, Vi; natural curls, too."

"I shall be ashamed to go down to breakfast," said Violet, sadly.

"Nonsense! They will all admire you. Now," with a mischievous smile, "don't dream of Earle Milford; he only talked to you because you are Frances' cousin." And with this parting remark, Doris withdrew, leaving Violet to mourn her lost locks, and to wonder about many things.

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"Dad says the boat is late, so you and Mr. Gascoigne won't arrive until after the dance has begun."

Doris made this announcement at 8 o'clock on Christmas Eve. The Aylmer's house was looking very gay and festive, and was brilliant with lights in every room. All day the girls had been busy decorating it for the occasion, with many able assistants, and their efforts were rewarded by the rooms looking like fairyland, as Violet declared. Doris assisted her to dress, and when her toilet was complete, gave her an approving glance, and conducted her downstairs.

Violet looked, as her cousin expressed it, "remarkably sweet" in a smart white satin dress her aunt had selected for her. The small white slippers, long gloves and the exquisite fan, her uncle's gift, made her costume both complete and becoming, and when Doris had dressed her hair in the very latest style, the girl regarded herself in the long mirror with unconcealed surprise.

"What would mother say? How different you have made me look!" she cried.

"You make a dear little debutante!" said her cousin, smiling at her flushed face, "and you don't require any rouge!" she added. Your cheeks are quite pink to-night."

"It's with excitement—my first dance; and, oh, I'm so happy," exclaimed Violet.

She looked it an hour later, when the guests where arriving and she was the centre of a litle group of young men soliciting dances. Doris had decided to give her a good time, and brought up all her favorite partners. Presently Violet, studying her programme, which was rapidly becoming filled up, heard a familiar voice, and glancing up saw Earle Milford, looking very handsome,standing before her.

"I hope you have kept those dances you promised me?" he said, smiling down at her.

"You asked me for one!" she replied, returning the smile. She had seen a good deal of him during the last few weeks, and was beginning to lose her shyness.

"Let me see your programme," he said, persuasively, "I've broken my pencil."

Violet handed him her programme, and when he returned it with a bow and disappeared in the gay crowd, she saw that he had scrawled his initials against the three dances she had left. Perhaps she had some "arriere pensee" when she refused to give them away to her other partners. Violet had been exactly one month in Victoria, but Doris' advice was certainly not being wasted. She was filled with dismay though, when she discovered that Earle's first dance was a set of lancers, which came second on the list. "I'll never be able to get through them without mistakes, and he will consider me so stupid," she thought, and presently the string band began playing the opening bars of "Her Majesty's" lancers, and Mr. Milford came to claim his partner.

"I'm awfuly sorry," began the girl, "but I can't dance them very well. They taught me at school, but I have forgotten them."

"Never mind," responded Earle, cheerfully; "I've forgotten them too. Square dances are a bore anyway. Suppose we sit them out instead?"

"Very well," returned Violet, somewhat doubtfully, unaware that every other girl present would have received his suggestion with delight. He noticed her hesitation at once.

"Of course, if you would prefer dancing," he began, but she gave him a shy glance from beneath her long lashes and interrupted him quickly.

"I would like to sit them out; I would really!" she exclaimed. "Only it's my first dance, you know, and I thought"

"You have all the evening to do that," observed the young man, leading her towards the door. "I know the run of the house," he added, as they crossed the hall and began to ascend the staircase. Their progress was slow, for numerous couples were in possession of the stairs; but Earle conducted Violet past them with skill and many apologies for disturbing the "tete-a-tetes," and in a few minutes gained the upper hall. He led her to a little alcove which had been arranged by Doris's experienced hands. Two armchairs, a quantity of silk cushions, a solitary Chinese lantern and a handsome black and gold screen, made a "cosy corner" complete in all respects.

"Now," observed Mr. Milford, as he took up his position beside his companion, "don't you like this better than the noise and glare downstairs?"

"It's pretty," replied Violet cautiously. "But we can't see anything," she added in rather an aggrieved tone.

"We can see each other,"said Earle, reproachfully, taking her fan and waving it to and fro with a practised hand.

"So this is what they call 'sittingout,'" continued the girl, glancing at the Chinese lanterns with a distinctly disappointed expression. 'I've heard the girls talking about it."

"You don't seem to appreciate it," remarked Mr. Milford, studying her face curiously.

"It's my first experience," she said gravely, "and—well—perhaps you will think me very stupid, but it's not very amusing, is it?"

"Well," exclaimed the young man, and then he laughed, "you are not very complimentary," he went on, loking at her with an amused smile.

"I hope I have not been rude?" cried Violet, anxiously. "Doris told me to be careful. She says I say things at the wrong time."

'You are a dear, original little girl," he said, looking earnestly at her with the blue eyes which had won so many hearts.

'Are you trying to flirt now?" she inquired, returning his glance seriously. "You must remember I am not married, and Doris said—"she paused abruptly, and flushed slightly beneath his gaze.

"Go on!" he said quickly. By Jove! Miss Violet, you could not beat that speech if you tried for a week. What else did Doris say? That I was a terrible flirt and a bad boy generally?"

There was a trace of bitterness in his voice, which the girl noticed.

"I'm sorry! Let us talk of something else, or go down again," she said, rising abruptly.

"No!—No! 'Don't go yet! I'll promise not to talk personalities any more. Please don't go yet! They are only beginning the "grand chain," he added,as the gay strains of the Lancers came floating up to them.

"Have you seen the hero of the evening, Mr. Gascoigne?" he inquired, as Violet reseated herself in the large armchair, which was placed as near as possible to the one he occupied.

"No! Has he arrived?" she asked, delighted that he had turned the conversation. "Then Tom is here too?"

"Yes! They arrived just before we came up here. I suppose all the girls will be on the 'qui vive!'"

"Don't you think we had better go down?" observed Violet. "The music has stopped!"

Earle, who had discovered that a flirtation with this shy, demure "little girl," as he called her, was evidently out of the question, rose in silence and offered her his arm. As they were descending the stairs they passed to look at the gay scene in the hall below.

"There's Tom!" exclaimed the young man suddenly, "by the drawingroom door, talking to your aunt; and that's the new Johnnie with him."

Violet leant forward and glanced at the group indicated. As she did so Earle felt the little hand on his arm tremble, and heard her give an exclamation of surprise.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" he inquired anxiously, noticing her startled expression. Her large eyes were fixed intently on the dark, handsome countenance of the "new Johnnie," and for a few moments she made no reply. Then, with a sudden impulse, which she never regretted, she turned and looked up into his boyish face.

"I am not ill, but I have had a start." she whispered. "I'll tell you what it is when we have our next dance."

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The seventh waltz was filling the air with its sweetness when Mrs. Lester, attired in a Paris gown and with diamonds glittering round her white neck and on her golden hair, swept through the hall before an admiring crowd on Mr. Gascoigne's arm, on her way to the ballroom. She glanced into the library as she passed the door, and frowned slightly as she caught a glimpse of her cousin Violet engaged in conversation with Earle Milford.

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[Extract from a letter written two months later by Miss Doris Aylmer to a friend at Dawson City:]

"Tom says he wrote to you last week, so I suppose he has told you all the news. How Muriel was almost engaged to that dreadful Mr. Gascoigne, and how we discovered through our cousin Violet that he was a married man, and has a wife living at 'Woodbridge,' where Violet's home is. And our quiet, shy little cousin was clever enough to write home and make inquiries before mentioning it to us. She recognized that horrid man the night of our dance. Never knew him personally, but by sight; and of course he had no idea that any one out in this part of the world would know him. And I am sure Violet had Earle Milford in her confidence from the first, because he did not seem the least surprised when I told him about it; and they are engaged now. We are all delighted about it. The only person who did not appear to appreciate the situation was Frances, and she has taken poor, dear Muriel down to California to recover from the shock. I hope you are not married, Dick, dear?"

AMERICA'S TALLEST CHIMNEY.

It Has Just Been Completed and Is 353 Feet High.

New York, Dec. 12.—This gigantic chimney is 55 feet in diameter at the ground, 27 feet in its narrowest part and 35 feet at the top, which flares outward from the "neck," or narrowest part. To build it required 3,400,000 bricks, enough, laid end to end, to reach across the State of New York from Buffalo to Albany. Or they would build a wall 4 feet high and 19 miles long. If the chimney extended along the ground instead of up into the air, a load of hay or the biggest band wagon that ever led a circus parade could be driven through it easily.

The object of this sky-scraping smokestack is, of course to furnish a steady draught for the giant furnaces which will generate steam to drive the machinery of the power plant. It has been built with scientific exactness, therefore, to secure just the right dimensions for the air passage. The air heated by the furnace fires rises and its place is taken by fresh air. When the flow of this air current is properly regulated it keeps the fires steadily at top heat. Attempts have been made to do away with tall smokestacks by the use of mechanical blowers, but the engineers who are building the new power house believe that the chimney flue still provides the most efficient draught.

The nicety with which the immense new chimney has been prepared for its work may be understood from the fact that inside its walls is a second and separate chimney built up to a height of 340 feet. The reason for this is that the inner surface will expand and lengthen under the action of the hot gases from the furnaces, while the outer surface will remain as it is laid. The result of this process, if there was only one wall, might be to cause the great structure to crack and crumble, or even to topple over. As it is now constructed nothing short of an earthquake will be likely to move it.

The chimney weighs over 8,000 tons, or more than the battle-ship Texas. To support this immense weight 1,300 40-foot wooden piles were driven into the ground as close together as they could be placed. On these the foundations rest, so that the total height of the smokestack, counting the distance its supports extend into the earth, is almost 400 feet.

One curious fact about the great smokestack is that it is the only part of the new power house thus far erected. The big building, which is to cover more than an acre of ground space, will be built about the chimney, which now stands in solitary grandeur in the middle of a city block. The chimney has been nearly a year in building and is not yet entirely completed. For the first 125 feet of its height the walls were carried upward by means of a wooden staging around the outside. Above that point the work was carried on entirely from the inside. All the brick and mortar in the upper part of the structure was hoisted up the flue, and the mason went to and from their work on a temporary elevator built inside the chimney. When it is completed one iron ladder will run up the inside, giving access to the top for any repairs that may be needed.

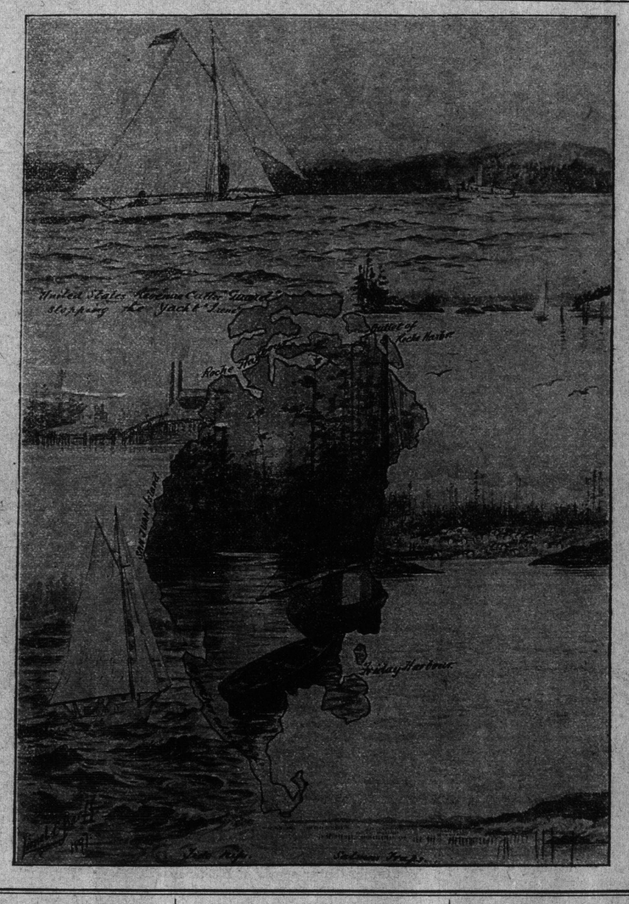
The tallest chimney in the world is in Glasgow, and is over 400 feet in height. But in other respects it is not so large. Its diameter is less, and not nearly so much material was required for its construction.

AN AUSTRALIAN SILVER VALLEY.

Silver is found in many parts of New South Wales, besides Broken Hill and the Barrier Ranges, although not to the same extent, the leading mines, in addition to those named, being at Boorook, in the New England district, and Sunny Corner, near Bathurst. The metal is generally found associated with lead and copper ores, and is believed to be considerably more abundant than generally supposed, indications being frequently met with when prospecting for gold and other metals. One of the most recent finds is that in the Burragorang valley, situated about 60 or 70 miles from Sydney, the greater portion of the distance being performed by railway. The valley is reached by crossing an extensive tableland, then descending a zig-zag road, cut in the face of the solid rock, a distance of nearly a thousand feet. The scenery is among the grandest in Australia, the precipitous sides rising to a height of fully 1,000 feet, and then, in rugged slopes, another 1,000 feet. "From one bend of the descent into the valley," says a visitor, "a charming vista of some fifty miles of mountain and valley landscape, hill and dale, stream and meadows is opened up. Below flows the Wollondilly, a continuation or feeder of the Nepean (the upper portion of the Hawkesbury), the course of which can be traced for many miles, meandering through green pastures and wooded gullies like a sheet of molten silver in the rays of the setting sun. Above rise forth in hardly perceptible progress, and then, with sudden abruptness, the lovely mountains which enclose this lovely picture, while, away down the vista, the course of the river is lost in the dim perspective, in which huge mountains are softened down to the proportions of gentle slopes and grassy knolls! The greater portion of this beautiful district, a land of dainty ferns and flowers, is known to be rich in mineral resources, and some fifteen years ago the existence of valuable silver-bearing lodes was ascertained but the difficulty of access greatly retarded the work of prospecting. Recently, however, a couple of mines have become opened by local enterprise, one of the lodes being three feet in width, and the ore heavily impregnated with galena and pyrites. A couple of tons of ore from this lode, after treatment, gave 46oz of silver per ton. At another point a shaft has been sunk on the underlay of the lode for a distance of 90 feet, disclosing a good and well-defined ore channel, of an average width of about five feet throughout, with two good walls. The rock seems to be felsite, diorite, and granite. The ore shown in the shaft is chiefly low grade—that is ore that will yield from 20oz to 1000z of silver per ton, with a certain percentage of lead. At a point about 40 feet deep in the shaft a cross-cut has been put in south or southwest a distance of 25 feet, and shows an ore body of five feet or more on the average in thickness. The ores here are both oxidized and sulphide. Twelve tons of ore raised from this por of the mine yielded 135oz of silver, 45 per cent lead, and 3dwt of gold per ton. A second lot of 10 tons yielded at about the same rate. The heavy cost of haulage, the country being in an almost primitive condition, and greatly broken by gullies, ravines, and the mountain streams, has prevented more than some preliminary work being done; but as the district is opened up, mining operations will become more general. Already most of the available ground in the vicinity of the lodes has been pegged out, and should fresh discoveries be made, roads and smelting works will follow as a matter of course. The surrounding country has yet to be prospected. It is described as being extremely rough, comprising bold hills, topped with sandstone, and, in some instances, basalt, the debris from these hills and walls of rock which surround the valley being widely scattered over the face of the valley, and covering up the gold-bearing formations, rendering the surface hard to prospect, although alluvial gold has been found in the beds of several of the mountain streams.

A YACHTING CRUISE AROUND SAN JUAN I'D.

Lionel C. Barff



Being Easter and the weather giving every promise of being fine, S. F. Morley and I decided to "go foreign" in the yacht Irene, as our American friend of the customs at Roche Harbor expressed it. With this object in view, we provided ourselves with a chart of San Juan island, filled up the water tank and saw to our grub and "ictas."

A fine breeze took us out of the harbor, but dropped as it always does when most wanted, to take us through Trial Island channel against the ebb tide; this being impossible, we tried the extreme southern end of the island, but the wind was too light to go against the strong tide, so we got the sweeps out and made for an anchorage inside Clover point.

At five on Good Friday morning we started and went through the channel with the flood tide and anchored at Oak Bay to breakfast comfortably as a strong breeze was blowing. This took us rapidly across the Haro Straits to the mouth of Roche Harbor by mid-day, but it took us two hours getting to the inside harbor with sweeps.

On arriving there we reported at the customs, but having no papers it took some time to explain ourselves, and we have to thank the customs officer for his courtesy in giving us clearance papers to cruise about in foreign waters; and fortunate it was on rounding the north end of the island a revenue cutter hove in sight and immediately steamed our way and signalled us to wait for her.

On producing our clearance paper everything was all right and Lieut. Peatry in command of the cutter Guard invited us on board to see his cabin and try a particularly good brand of water. He then towed us on our way and with good wishes and dipping of ensigns we parted, much pleased with the adventure.

A spanking breeze took us with spinnaker set rapidly down the beautiful inland waters of the Island amid fir-clad and rock-bound islands. The scenery here is exceedingly fine, a mass of islets and distant hills presenting themselves in beautiful composition with glorious Mount Baker ever present in the distance.

We got through the narrow straits at the southern end of the island by sunset, and dropped anchor as a gorgeous full moon rose. An early start next morning saw us drifting down the Straits of San Juan de Fuca on our homeward journey and if a strong breeze had sprung up it would have been possible to have made Victoria that evening. But it did not spring up, and the result was that the tide turned, and drifted up into a nasty tide-rip which took us rapidly through the straits again. When too late a strong breeze astern sprang up, and with spinnaker set we ran up over the same course as we had come down on the previous day.

We were not sorry, however, as the scenery is so charming and the passing glimpses of Friday Harbor and the ranches were well worth a second visit. That evening saw us safely anchored near Roche Harbor and glad we were, as it was blowing a gale outside. We now started on our return journey in earnest, hoping to make Victoria that evening, but the tide had turned when we were amidst the islands of Oak Bay, and it was impossible to go against it with such a light wind, so we dropped anchor at Cadboro Bay and made an early start with the ebb tide next morning which took us through Trial Island passage and there the strong breeze which was blowing increased in force and we had to tack against a very rough sea. All went well until trying to round Clover Point, but failing this we had to drop anchor in Ross Bay, and a very uncomfortable day we had, as she dragged her anchors and only held in the middle of the bay, where we pitched and tossed until sunset, when the wind dropped, and we went along with the tide and reached our moorings late at night.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems of Truth Gleaned from the Teachings of All Denominations.

AWE OF GOD.—The greatness of God is a sufficient reason why man should stand in awe of him.—Rev. A. E. Myers, Collegiate, New York.

PATIENCE.—Patience is the knack of getting along comfortably with all uncomfortable things and beings.—Rev. Dr. McElveen, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N.Y.

GREAT THINGS.—The ease with which great things can be done breeds contempt for the doing of great things.—Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, New York City.

THE SIMPLEST BELIEVERS.—From every point on earth the simplest believers are equally near to heaven and to God.—Rev. Dr. Williams, Episcopalian, New York City.

THE THOUGHTFUL.—The disputations of theologians and theology do not command the attention or hold the respect of the thoughtful.—Re. J. L. Jones, Unitarian, Chicago, Ill.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Righteousness must be founded upon the character of God as a personal being in communication with his children.—Rev. Lester Bradned, Jr., Epiecopalian, New York City.

LIFE OF CONSCIENCE.—Religion is not an opinon about righteousness; it is the practice of righteousness. Religion is the life of conscience.—Dr. Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, New York.

SYMPATHY.—It is by sympathy that men know each other; heart answers to heart; we feel the emotions of other souls when such emotions have been our own. —Rev. D. B. Bowen, Swedenborgian, San Francisco, Cal.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS.—Paul protests against philosophizing on the message of the cross. The word of the cross was revelation of power. No one was ever saved by philosophy; no religious movement can take any hold anywhere where there is not first a revelation of sin. The different divisions of the church looked at the cross from different angles of observation.—Rev. Thomas C. Hall, Presbyterian, New York.

GOLDEN CORDS.—Our aspirations are intended to be golden cords linking us to heaven, but when sin comes in and snaps the cord of communication ceases and our ambitions become perverted.—Rev. F. C. Harding, Congregationalist, New York City.

NATURAL LAW.—The reign of natural law is acknowledged, but there seems to be an impression that moral law may be violated with impunity. It will be learned eventually that the consequences of breaking moral law are not to be ignored.—Rev. J. N. Beard, Methodist, San Francisco, Cal.

BELIEF.—There are those who belong to the church and yet are not sure whether they believe in Christ or not, and who have never definitely faced the questions that concern the soul, eternal life, sin, judgment, God.—Rev. J. B. Nies, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.—May the soldiers of Christ be as brave and self-sacrificing as the men who have followed the stars and stripes. Then the plumbline of God dropped beside us would prove that we come near the standard.—Rev. A. C. Dixon, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y..

UNITING WITH THE CHURCH.—To-day every consideration that makes for the permanence of society asks that every patriot and citizen should formally and publicly unite with some one of the many churches of our city and country.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Catholic church does not even think the Bible is a book which is safe to put into the hands of the common people unless the church is by in order to give correct and safe interpretations to its teachings.—Dr. Milnot Savage, Unitarian, New York City.

THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN.—There are two natures in Christ, the divine and the human. The first is worshipped for itself alone; the second, for its unity with the divine. Surely there is no object more worthy of love than the heart of the Redeemer, and the end of this worship is the acknowledgment of the undying love of Jesus for us.—Rev. John Cottle, Roman Catholic, San Francisco, Cal.

GREAT CHARACTERS.—The great characters of history have been fashioned out of sorrow and toils of adverse conditions. The greatest personal achievement of human life is character-building. It alone is imperishable.—Rev. A. C. Smithers, Los Angeles, Cal.

GOD'S WORLD.—Jesus never taught a weak and peevish withdrawal from life's responsibilities and pursuits. The world is God's world, and he meant his children to live in it, but he meant them to be larger than any circumstances in which they were placed.—Rev. B. E. Howard, Congregationalist, Los Angeles, Cal.

A TIME FOR ACTION.—There is a time for action as well as prayer. The man who prays and falls to work for the end desired may be disappointed. Do not live too much in the past, but turn your eyes forward that you may make progress in God's work. —Rev. W. Remington, Presbyterian, Boston, Mass.

DRUNKENNESS.—St. Paul associates drunkenness with adultery and covetousness. He makes it one of the crimes which blocks the entrance to the kingdom of heaven. He would shut out from society, from everything, the man who is branded with the mark of drunkenness.—Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, Methodist, Boston, Mass.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—On the Delphic Oracle in Greece are inscribed the words "Man know thyself." This has special significance, for the ancients well knew that if man, the microcosm, is well understood, the universe in its physical, psychic and spiritual aspects would be well known. This would embody all knowledge.—Dr. G. P. Mohn, Universalist, Los Angeles, Cal.

COMBINATION.—Take the great ideas of Christian Scientists, naturalists, ethical culture people and we combine them into the one great idea of the living God. It is essential for the Unitarians with the others to march beyond charity and philanthropy to mutual respect, justice and social fraternity.—Rev. Thomas Van Nest, Unitarian, Boston, Mass.

THE INVISIBLE ONE.—He who drove out the money changers is in your office to-day invisible. He is in the midst of society. This brings hope into the individual life. This bettering of humanity will be done by Him who walks invisibly in the midst of men.—Rev. Dr. McConnell, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N.Y.

RESTLESSNESS.—One of the commonest of the experiences of men is a sense of restlessness. We are never satisfied with what we have, and our greatest pleasure is in anticipation. Scripture interprets this by showing us that we are made to enjoy God; therefore, even the greatest earthly joys must fail to satisfy us. We can find no rest outside of God's eternal bosom. We know little of our beginning and less about our end. It is the purpose of revelation to clear away the stumbling blocks and make the end and purpose of life more clear to us.—Rev. C. A. Ramm, San Francisco, Cal.