

is beginning to be in want. The famine is not upon him, but it is coming, and throwing its cold chill and shadow onward. Not all at once does it leap upon him, but by slow degrees. He has been spending wildly, recklessly, but at rare moments there rises the ghost of a suspicion, and seems to whisper, it is wrong. The voice of God at times goes throbbing through the empty chambers of his soul, and the heart grows heavy and cold, and hope lies dead at his feet, and the hungry spirit cries out for the bread of immortal life, and "he begins to be in want." Do you know what that is brethren? The gloomy doubt—the gloomiest thing that ever troubled in the mind, the ever-growing fear of a blunder made, the way missed, and dangers darkling in the path; the sudden sickness and faintness and trembling; and then the falling back on manly courage, and the feeble attempt to laugh it away, or argue it down. Some of you do know it. Thank God if you are rescued. Some of you do not, and God grant you never may.

Famine, that is next, a mighty famine. The hot winds are beating on him, the fountains have dried up, the last pool is sucked from the river's bed; the last morsel is consumed, and he stands face to face with grim famine. Resources all gone, nothing more to spend. The feast is over, companions gone, lights out, and alone he has to meet his hungry self. What will he do? Look at him, for he is only a type of multitudes. Why, in desperation, he hires himself to an alien. Will not go back; will not confess his blunder and his shame. Pride, that devil's best ally in man, forbids his return in penitence and prayer, but he hires himself, that is to say, he embraces and loudly professes a creed of pure negation. He will covenant with unbelief, and pledge himself to atheism. That is a common thing. Men wander and riot till they are ashamed to go back. They hunger, but will not own it, and from bravado enter into bondage to unbelief. They smile when the heart is sick within them. They call themselves free when they know they are slaves. They talk of liberty, but have none of its joys. I know men who have wandered this way, departed from the faith of their fathers and their early youth, and their Church, but their free thinking is not half so free as the old thinking was; they have gone from a narrow faith to a narrower unbelief; from being bigots with a creed, they are bigots without a creed; they are more intolerant than they ever were, and their positivism, or their materialism, is just a grinding yoke upon the shoulders, crushing thought, and manhood and life itself.

(To be continued.)

## TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

(Continued.)

Leaving Halifax the following Monday evening, by the Intercolonial Railway, I saw but little of the inland country after the first hour or two. The summer time-table gives travellers by this route small chance to view the scenery of the Maritime Provinces, as this part of the journey is made by night, whether going east or west. But, so far as could be seen, the interior of Nova Scotia consists of an interminable succession of rocky hill-ranges, densely covered with forests of spruce or pine; with a great number of small lakes or mountain tarns. Some of these were nearly always in sight, many of them very picturesque with little knobs and peaks of rock rising up from the water's edge. The few settlements that came in sight presented a forlorn and dreary aspect, consisting generally of not more than two or three dingy frame buildings with the inevitable shingles covering every available space, whether wall or roof. But just at the right time, when we were all getting decidedly hungry, the Conductor looked in with the welcome announcement, "Twenty minutes for supper."

This is the flourishing little town of Truro, situate at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Through the dim twilight there can be seen church spires and other indications of a well-ordered and progressive community. We have left the region of rock and swamp, and are now entering a fertile agricultural district. This part of Nova Scotia was first settled so long ago that its early history is almost lost in the misty legends of the old French régime. Here, close at hand along the south shore of the Bay, is the old Acadia that Longfellow has familiarized to us in "Evangeline." True, the poet was never here, but he has drawn the picture so faithfully that all acknowledge its accuracy. The Grand Pré itself is still in existence, a few miles further down the shore. You can reach it by the Windsor and Annapolis Railway; if it does not seem too sacrilegious to talk about buying a railroad ticket to so romantic a spot.

After leaving Truro, the railway takes us straight across the broad valley, then begins to ascend the hill side beyond, winding along a broad shelving slope from which we can see, or fancy we can see, the distant water line of the Bay of Fundy. The road gradually ascends into a wild mountain district abounding in rocky precipices and deep gorges which open out into a long winding valley. These are the Cobequid Mountains, and the low valley far down beneath us on the right is that of the Wallace River. In this faint starlight there is nothing to be seen but huge shapeless masses standing out grimly solid through the night, but at times we catch the twinkle of a solitary light at some lonely farm-house down by the river, where a narrow strip of cultivable soil is found. Somewhere beyond this we pass a settlement known as Londonderry. Here an effort has been made to establish iron works on a large scale. There is coal and iron ore close at hand in unlimited quantities, and it looks as if the new enterprise can claim good prospect of success, provided foreign competition does not succeed in crushing it out of existence.

About midnight the train passes the boundary line between the two maritime provinces. In less than six hours it has brought us across the whole width of Nova Scotia. Now we are in New Brunswick. Two hours later the cars come to a stand at Moncton, the headquarters of the railway officials, and here branch lines join in from St. John, now an important commercial centre. From Shediac and Point du Chene on capital of the province, on the south, and from St. John on the north, connecting at the latter place with a steamboat line for Prince Edward Island. During my stay of twenty-four hours at this place I explored this section of country pretty thoroughly, and formed the impression that Moncton has a great future ahead. The town occupies a most commanding position with regard to three provinces, being the central point through which all inter-provincial traffic must pass. Whenever the proposed Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces shall be effected, Moncton can put in a strong claim for the position of capital city. The town dates its existence only from the opening of

the railway, yet it has already a population of something like six thousand. Like all towns in this early stage of growth, it is yet rather lacking in some adjuncts of civilisation, especially in the matter of hotels. I noticed, however, no fewer than four new churches in course of construction, besides at least one other undergoing the process of enlargement. The location of the town, on an open breezy upland, affords every possible facility for growth and development.

Two o'clock in the morning is not a pleasant hour to make a fresh start upon one's journey; but there is only one through train in each twenty-four hours on the Intercolonial. So it was at that uncomfortable time of night I turned into my berth in the Pullman Sleeper attached to the Quebec Express, northward bound.

Seven o'clock in the morning finds the cars speeding along the south shore of the Bay of Chaleurs, with the Gaspé peninsula in full view,—a wild mountainous country almost uninhabited, but for the fishing settlements on the coast. The Gaspé district has no roads worth speaking of, and until the opening of the railway this section of country was entirely isolated from the rest of the world for six months of the year. The south shore of the bay does not present a much more promising appearance, being for the most part a series of rocky ridges covered with stunted forest trees. A good deal of lumber is shipped from this district, and the fisheries find employment for many hands all along the coast; but scarcely any attempt is made to bring the soil under cultivation. The summer season is too short to encourage agricultural pursuits, and the settlers prefer to import what grain they require. Before the railway was built they were accustomed to lay in a stock of provisions at the approach of winter sufficient to carry them through to the spring. Sometimes it has happened that the whole country side has run out of flour and other necessities of life before the opening of navigation, enforcing very meagre diet indeed until fresh supplies could be obtained. Formerly this province, as well as Nova Scotia, was mainly dependent upon the New England States for flour and similar articles; but the Intercolonial Railway has changed all that. Ontario now supplies all the requirements of the maritime provinces in the provision line.

Before nine o'clock we arrive at Campbellton, a prosperous and picturesque-situated village near the head of the bay, where a halt of twenty minutes is made for breakfast. Beyond this point the bay narrows in until it forms the mouth of the Restigouche River. After following the south bank for a few miles, the railway turns abruptly off to the right, crossing the river by a magnificent iron bridge. Now we are in the Province of Quebec, and soon enter the charming valley of the Metapedia. Then for some hours the train traverses a wild and almost uninhabited region, presenting at every turn fresh glimpses of romantic woodland scenery. The Metapedia River is often in sight, widening out at times into little lakes with many rocky islets that remind one of the St. Lawrence above Brockville. At the head of the valley there comes into view a long narrow sheet of water, alongside of which the train keeps its course for the next half-hour. This is Lake Metapedia.

Once more the cars stop at a forlorn little settlement bearing the singular name of Amqui—no doubt taken from some Indian term. Indeed the local nomenclature throughout this section bears traces of Indian parentage, for on no other theory can one account for such names as Causapsal, Assametuquagan, and others that the train-men have announced as the train passed certain dreary and remote way stations further down the valley. But we shall soon be out of this uncouthly-named region. After leaving the lake shore, the track leads us up into a rough hill country, wild and picturesque beyond description. Here come the tantalizing snow-sheds, shutting out the view just at the most interesting points. There are numerous deep cuttings through the rocky hill-sides, and these being all roofed in with heavy timber work have almost the effect of tunnels. At other places the roadway occupies a kind of shelf along some steep hill-slope, and here also snow-sheds are provided to carry off the avalanches which sweep down these precipices during the winter months. There must be something like twenty miles of the railway sheltered in this way; besides a much greater length protected from snow drifts by heavy lines of fencing specially designed for this purpose.

Suddenly the train comes together with a sharp jerk at the summit, then starts onward at increasing speed, which soon becomes a headlong dash, around curves and precipices, through more cuttings and sidelong ledges, until the train is rattling along at full forty miles an hour. At one point, passengers who happen to be on the look-out catch just a single glimpse of a distant water line that must surely be the open sea. A few more miles at this rapid pace, and all at once the train sweeps round to the left, and here is the mighty St. Lawrence flowing calmly along close at hand. At this point the great river is something like fifty miles in width. To all appearance it is a boundless ocean; though possibly a clearer atmosphere might reveal far away to the north certain mountain peaks of the desolate country bordering upon the regions of Labrador. Some miles out is a merchant-ship beating up channel under full sail. There must be a strong breeze blowing down from the west, for we can see her now and again pitch her bows deeply into the waves, as if impatient at such slow progress. Soon the good ship will be at anchor in the shelter of some friendly headland, waiting to be taken in tow by a Quebec tug.

(To be continued.)

CRYING IN THE WRONG PLACE.—I remember (says Foster, in speaking of Robert Hall), at the distance of many years, with what vividness of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher, long since deceased, of some account in his day and connexion. He would, in preaching, sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, as not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places where it occurred. After his death, one of his hearers happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed, "I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes, as it seemed. In his sermons there is written here and there, on the margins, 'cry here!'" Now, I really believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."—*Curiosities of the Pulpit.*

A STREAM preserves its crystal clearness by continually running: if its course be stopped, it will stagnate and putrify. The purity of the soul is preserved by the constant exercise of habitual grace.—*Christian World Pulpit.*