

ON THE MAGNETAWAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

homes in Canada, while sinners are perishing around us, is the call any less urgent?

Our Methodism in England was suffering from easy-going and self-satisfaction when God stirred brave souls in the centres of population to attack entrenched and fortified iniquity, and deliver men held captive in prisons of vice and chained down in dungeons of sin. Hughes and Pease and Wiseman and Thomson, Stephenson, Gregory and Johnson, and, praise be to the Father above, many others, in one way or another, are at it with all their might and strength in London, Manchester, Belfast and other cities. I see the marshalling hosts, and hear the thunder of the conflict.

Revs. Hugh Price Hughes and Mark Guy Pearse opened a work of this tremendous import in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, London, at the very concourse of the rushing tides of men, at the very focus of the ways of fashion, business and pleasure. Nothing but the burning love of souls, quenchless zeal, stupendous and tireless faith in God can sustain men and women in such daring for Christ. "Love of Souls!" that is the way we phrase it; and yet I heard both these valiant men of God say they had almost a horror of the phrase, for there was so much paraded "love of souls;" and yet so little effort to "save men and women." They do not neglect or despise the doctrinal side of Christianity, but they emphasize its social and civil, its humane and industrial, its life and business, its clothing and feeding side. The Saviour fed the multitudes; the Saviour designated the work and proof of His people—feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.

I heard Mr. Hughes preach the Sabbath evening of the Christian Endeavor Convention on Isaiah's living coals from the altar. He characterized West London as the vestibule of hell. This seemed to be his estimate of his parish: "plucking men as brands from the burning." He thought the past had failed by giving too much attention to the dogmas of religion, and too little attention to the practical work of saving ruined and wretched men and women, and the children from whose ranks they grow. The opening of the Twentieth Century gives the young people their opportunity. Great problems, great opportunities and great responsibilities are now upon these marvellous associations of Christian young people, and upon every young man and young woman of the Church. There is the problem of genuine Christian unity; the forces of the Church of God must be organized and mobilized. There is the social problem, the uprooting of vice. There is the civil and political problem of Christian citizenship. There is the national problem of justice and goodwill. The consecration of Isaiah and Paul is indispensable. The spirit of God alone can give the victory.

London, July 23rd, 1900.

A box was placed in a prominent position in the post office by the Endeavors of Owasco, Mich. Over it were printed the words, "India Relief Fund," with the quotation, "Freely have ye received, freely give." Within a few days several dollars were dropped in it, mostly in twenty-five cent pieces.

THE prospect of exploring some hitherto unvisited part of this

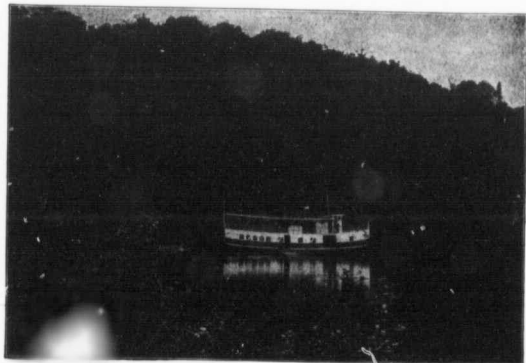
Dominion is a sensation which so seldom comes to me now, that I gladly accepted an invitation to attend the Annual Convention of the Young Peoples' Union of Parry Sound District, at Magnetawan, as it presented the opportunity of a forty miles' sail on the Magnetawan River, and the beautiful lakes into which it runs. The trip commenced at the romantic village of Burk's Falls, where the trim little boat the "Wanita" carried the delegates to the place of meeting. The river is not much wider than an ordinary city street, but there the resemblance ends for it does not run in one direction more than a hundred yards or so. It turns and winds like a huge serpent, and the man at the wheel has a place that is anything but a sinecure. One point which is but two miles from Burk's Falls by land, is over four miles by the river route.

The trip is anything but monotonous, as every turn reveals some new beauty of scenery, and once in a while there is a little touch of excitement added when another steamer is unexpectedly met as our boat swings round the curve. The

spires to a height of nearly one hundred feet, and are so symmetrical that one would almost suppose that they had been trimmed by the hands of the landscape gardener. So they have, but the name of the gardener is Nature. In the evening the shadows cast upon the surface of the water by the overshadowing trees are remarkable, calling forth continued expressions of wonder and delight from the passengers of the "Wanita."

About thirty miles from Burk's Falls the river opens into Lake Ceebee, and a little further on into Ahmic Lake, which are lovely sheets of water. There are a few summer homes on these lakes, but not nearly so many as on the lower Muskoka Lakes, as they are not so well known. Most of the campers are from the United States. Our own people do not seem to have yet discovered this charming district. The fishing is said to be fine here, much superior to Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. It is possible, without going any great distance to cast the line into waters from which fish have never yet been caught, as the country abounds in small lakes.

On the shore of Ahmic Lake there is a party of Kentuckians, who spend several weeks in a rude but comfortable shack. They have brought with them several negroes, who do the cooking and other work, and who add to their other good qualities some musical ability. Their orchestra



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whistle toots, the bells ring, and the wheel is turned energetically, so that no harm results.

The banks of the river are thickly wooded, and the foliage is rich and abundant. The trees seem to rise from the bank in terraces, one above the other, and here and there, where there are precipitous rocks, what looks like a great mound of greenness appears. It is astonishing to see fine trees apparently growing out of the bare rocks. There must, of course, be a little soil somewhere, but the nutriment must be very abundant. It looks like an illustration of determination to live and flourish in spite of unfavorable environment. The towering cedar trees on either bank are very beautiful. They rise like church

was quite an attraction on the boat, as we journeyed down the river.

These tourists are mostly professional men from Louisville, and their appreciation of the locality is shown by the fact that they come again and again.

One of their unwritten laws, which is scrupulously observed, however, is not to take out of the lake any fish under two pounds in weight. If one should be caught which appears to be under this standard it is thrown back, with the injunction to "grow until next summer."

Leaving Ahmic Lake the river flows on to the Georgian Bay, but it is not navigable, except for the canoe, and numerous portages must be made.

Magnetawan village, where the convention was held, is 28 miles from Burk's