

ion of saints, keep always in closest touch with him. To entice him away from duty because you desire the pleasure of his company, would only result in dragging his soul down until his visible presence would cease to give you pleasure. Those who willingly stoop to take up the cross God lays at their feet soon find that loneliness is an impossibility. To be apparently alone is to be instantly in highest communion with God and with those whose ideals and aspirations are one with their own. Those who willingly join in the sacrifice will find themselves sharers in the romance and gain which is linked indissolubly with any consecrated sacrifice. The Cross of Christ has glorified life, not because it is the symbol of pain, but because it is the symbol of Consecrated Sacrifice. We cannot escape suffering, but we only find its glory and gain when we transfigure it into sacrifice by gladly accepting God's will for us. True sacrifice is not self-chosen suffering, but it is willing acceptance of the cross God has chosen for us to take up daily. It is the steady pressing along the path He has marked out, even though it be the way that leads straight to Calvary. And sacrifice of lower pleasures for higher good is present gain. The satisfaction of earthly desires brings in its train discontent and dissatisfaction, because the soul of man is too grand in its infinite hunger to rest satisfied with anything short of the Infinite God. And there is little romance in a smooth and easy existence. Why, even in a novel, the real interest of the story is over when all the favorite characters have got through their struggles and reached the zenith of their attained desires. We hardly care to read the climax: "They lived happily ever after." We have a dim feeling that the romance of young love loses its bloom almost before the honeymoon is over. Of course, in real life romance does not die out so quickly, but is not that—partly, if not wholly—because new longings and desires rise up within the heart to draw the soul upward and onward. A life in which all earthly desires were satisfied would be a life of apathy and stagnation, and very far from happy. We are not made, in this world at least, to rest content with satisfied desire. Unless death makes a great change in our souls we must, even in eternity, continually climb to new heights of beauty, con-

tinually explore farther into the infinite depths and heights of glorified human nature, continually learn more and more of the Infinite Love and Wisdom of Him "Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number."

God calls us to live along the line of our own highest desires, calls us not to an unnatural strain, but to the most natural of lives. Play is a very valuable thing in its own place, but to make the pursuit of pleasure one's principal occupation is to make life dull and tiresome. And to make the selfish attainment of our own desires our chief object in life is to become bored and miserable, for "the older men grow in life, the more work becomes their real play, and suffering their real work." One who has laid his life in unreserved consecration at the feet of Christ, standing ready to obey his Master without considering the cost to himself, finds every person interesting and can extract joy even from pain—for he finds that all suffering can be transfigured into the precious gold of sacrifice. Especially is this true when he turns out of his own road, like the Good Samaritan, to answer the unspoken appeal of those whose weakness and need cry out for his help. As Bp. Brent says, in "Adventure for God":

"There is a picture rosy with romance wherever the strong meet the weak in terms of love: the greater the space between the extremes, the more radiant the glow. It is the pride of our day that philanthropies abound. The heart of every great city throbs with compassion for the prisoner, the sick, the helpless, the poor. . . . what is the use of wealth, if not to benefit the poor? What is privilege for, if not to place at the disposal of the unblest?"

"Now we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

It is a great mistake to think that God reserves all His rewards for service until the after-life. No one who has really tasted the joy of serving Him could be satisfied to follow any other Master. In days of persecution it was not the brave and loyal martyrs who were unhappy, but those who had disowned their Master through fear of consequences, and who often recanted their recantation because they could not endure the misery of being parted from Him by any cloud. It was Satan who made the lying asser-

tion: "All that a man hath will he give for, his life." Let us thank God that every age has proved that statement false! In every age men and women have dared to deliberately leave the easy and safe path for the difficult and dangerous one, deliberately refused things which would be for their own advantage, because the love of Christ constrained them to really prefer the sacrifice of selfish interest for higher good. And the romance of consecrated sacrifice is not a far-off dream of glory, it lies close beside us everywhere. Think of the beauty of that fair Life in the village home of quiet Nazareth. One who struggles against God's will cannot fail to be dissatisfied and anxious about many things, while one who willingly follows His guiding pillar is sure to find ever-increasing joy and peace and hope.

"God's ways are not as our ways: we lay down
Schemes for His glory, temples for
our King,
Wherein tribes yet unborn may worship
Him:
Meanwhile, upon some humble, secret
thing
He sets His crown.

"We travel far to find Him, seeking
still,
Often in weariness, to reach the
shrine;
Ready our choicest treasures to resign.
He, in our daily homes lays down the
line,
'Do here My will.'

"There, in the lonely valley, walking on,
Some common duty all we have to
do:
His higher thoughts of love make all
things new;
His 'higher way' we tread, yea,
leading to
God's holy Throne."

HOPE.

Religion is not the simple fire escape that you build in anticipation of a possible danger upon the outside of your dwelling and leave there until danger comes. But religion is the house in which we live; it is the table at which we sit; it is the fireside to which we draw near, and the room that arches its familiar and graceful presence over us—Phillips Brooks.

The Ingle Nook.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES ON OTTAWA.

It was our last night in Ottawa after a six months' sojourn. I came into our room and found Helene lying face downward on the bed.

"What's the matter, Helene?" said I, "Are you ill?"

"No," came in a muffled voice from among the pillows, "I'm just lonely because we're leaving Ottawa."

And this, I take it, is the attitude of not a few who have spent some time in our capital.

Ottawa is not a large city—only made up of something over 60,000 inhabitants. Neither is it in a situation in which it is likely to grow into a vast metropolis, as may Montreal, or Toronto, or Winnipeg. In many ways it is a very infant among the capitals of the world. It has no "Tower" of ancient history, no Louvre, no Kremlin, no awe-inspiring cathedral, not even a fiercely riotous Exchange. Yet there is a something distinctly attractive about the city perched above the Ottawa, a quality of endearment which can keep it green in the memory when others more showy, more noisy, more of the big world, may be forgotten or thought of with indifference.

Part of this endearing quality lies, doubtless, in the situation of the city, or, more strictly speaking, perhaps, of the northern end, which is at once the pulse, the pride, the center of attraction of it; for there upon "Parliament Hill" rises the great pile of gray buildings wherein is moulded, to a great extent, the destiny of Canada, and where occur some of the most brilliant functions of the Capital. These buildings are not yet old, as old buildings go; in the basement the first stone, laid in 1860 by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., proclaims by its inscription the fact that they have not yet weathered the half century; yet they rise above the city with a dignity well foreseen by the English architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, who planned them, and well worthy of the center of government of Britain's greatest dependency.

Not over-ornate, not ostentatious—as becomes the sturdy Canadian spirit—they are massive, substantial, beautiful; and yet, perhaps, one turns from them soon to dwell upon the view afforded from the best vantage points of the spacious grounds, from the tower, and from some of the northern windows of "The Buildings." In the distance lie the Laurentians, long, low, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, sometimes gray, suggestive of their hoary age—for geologists tell us that these mountains are among the oldest in the world. On closer inspection they show many jutting masses of pink igneous rock, very beautiful, especially in early summer, when overhung with masses of tender green fern and scarlet columbine.

But to return. Far to the eastward, winding off toward Montebello and Papineauville, curves the great river, diminishing to a thin white thread in the distance. Looking to the westward you see it where it comes tumbling to the Chaudiere, the Big Kettle, bringing in due season its toll of logs to the big mills, which, across in Hull and along the farther reaches of the city, crowd too close, somewhat, for romance or beauty. Nevertheless, when the western sky is all aflame with evening glory, and the river comes out of the sinking sun like a flood of molten brass, the view is a very fair one—and what would you have?—it is a commercial age. Matches must be made, and shingles, and great slabs of timber, even though you must close your eyes at times to imagine what the Chaudiere must have been with the primeval forest on either hand, and the Indians portaging about it.

Just below the hill, and scarcely midway across the river, there was at one time—I do not know whether it is there yet—a small island, formed by the sawdust from the mills, we were told, upon which a "squatter" had built his shack—rent for a sawdust building-site evidently was not high. About the very tiny circumference of his commonwealth he had built a rickety fence, and many a time from the Lovers' Walk, Helene and I have nervously watched the little children run-



The Lovers' Walk, Parliament Hill, Ottawa.