

May 18, 1916.

The Upward Look

Travel Thoughts No. 32

The Planning of Our Lives.

THESE are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.—1 Cor. XII, 6.

How often we have looked back over past months and thought that if we had known what was going to happen, we would have been sure that we never could have borne it. How often also, we have thought we never could have begun to plan the joy and happiness that God had in store for us. Though there are so many operations that enter into our lives, of sorrow and joy, yet we need never shrink at the thought of the great unknown future, because it is our God which plans and works all of them.

One afternoon the mate of the Alaskan Ocean steamer invited us to go all over the boat. Gladly we accepted the invitation. We went down the spacious stairways, then narrow ones, until lastly, the only means of descent were steep, narrow ladder-like steps. Away down there, they explained to us the workings of the bells. The men there knew not where they were going, but had to obey the directions promptly and explicitly. While there, suddenly swift changes of these bells followed in rapid succession. As we were out at the wide stretch near Dixon Entrance, though the mate and men tried to hide it, it was easily seen they were decidedly mystified.

On our return above, we learned that some passengers had unexpectedly been transferred to another steamer. Though those men below knew nothing of what all those sudden changes meant, the officer, high up in the pilot house knew, and he it was that gave all those orders. Their duty was simply to obey them.

Our Great Captain above knows all the future. He never, never fails to give definite, explicit orders. Our part is to carry these out with ready, joyful obedience.—I. H. N.

It is always regrettable if a woman gives up an accomplishment acquired in girlhood when she assumes the responsibility of homemaking.

saw a narrow opening toward which Jean was speeding his canoe. Five minutes later they passed under a thick mass of overhanging spruce boughs into a narrow stream so still and black in the deep shadows of the forest that it looked like oil. There was something a little awesome in the suddenness and completeness with which they were swallowed up. Over their heads the spruce and cedar tops met and shut out the sunlight. On both sides of them the forest was thick and black. The trail of the stream itself was like a tunnel, silent, dark, mysterious.

"There are few who know of this break into the forest," said Jean in a low voice. "Listen, M'connor!"

"From out of the gloom ahead of them there came a faint, oily splash-

"Otter," whispered Jean. "The stream is like this for many miles, and it is full of life that you can never see because of the darkness."

Something in the stillness and the gloom held them silent. The canoe slipped along like shadow, and sometimes they bent their heads to escape the low-hanging boughs. Josephine's face shone whitely in the dusk. She was alert and listening.

"I love this stream," she whispered. "It is full of life. On all sides of us, in the forest, there is life. The Indians do not come here, because they have a superstitious dread of this eternal gloom and quiet. They call it the Spirit Stream. Even Jean is a little oppressed by it. See how closely he keeps to us. I love it, because I love everything that is wild. Listen! Did you hear that?"

"Moosva," spoke Jean out of the gloom close to them.

"Yes, a moose," she said. "Here is where I saw my first moose, so many years ago that it is time for me to forget," she laughed softly. "I think I had just passed my fourth birthday."

"You were four on the day we started, and Josephine" came Jean's voice as his canoe shot slowly ahead where the stream narrowed; and then his voice came back more faintly: "that was sixteen years ago to-day."

A shot breaking the dead stillness of the sunless water about him could not have sent the blood rushing through Phillip's veins more swiftly than Jean's last words. "For a moment he stopped his paddling and leaned forward so that he could look close into Josephine's face.

"This is your birthday?"

"Yes. You ate my birthday cake." She heard the strange, happy catch in his breath as he straightened back and resumed his work. Mile after mile they wound their way through the mysterious, subterranean-like stream, speaking seldom, and listening intently for the breaks in the death-like stillness that spoke of life. Now and then they caught the ghostly flutter of owls in the gloom, like floating spirits; back in the forest saplings snapped and brush crashed underfoot as caribou or moose sought the man-scent; they heard once the plaintive, rattling inquiry of a bear close at hand, and Phillip reached forward for his rifle. For an instant Josephine's hand fluttered to his own, and held it back, and the dark glow of her eyes said: "Don't kill." Here there were no blue-eyed moose-birds, none of the mellow throat sounds of the brush warbler, no harsh jangling of the gnatcatcher colored jays. In the timber fell the soft footfalls of creatures with claw and fang, moccasins and outlaws of darkness. Light, sunshine, everything that loved the openness of day were beyond. For more than an hour they had driven their canoes steadily on, when, as suddenly as they had entered it, they slipped out from the cavernous gloom into the sunlight again.

(To be Continued.)

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