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May 18, 1916.

FARM AND DAIRY.

(17)

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The Upward Look

Travel Thoughts No. 32

The Planning of Our Lives.

There are diversities of opera-
tions, but it is the same God
which worketh all in all.—1 Cor.
XII, 6.

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 the stream
itself was like a tunnel, silent,
dark, mysterious.

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

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

"Oter," 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 canoes
slipped along like shadows. At some-
times they bent their heads to escape
the lowhanging 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 In-
dians do not come here, because they
have a superstitious dread of this eter-
nal gloom and quiet. They call it
the Spirit Stream. Even Jean is a
little oppressed by it. See how slow-
ly he keeps to us. I love it, because I
love everything that is wild. Didn't
I tell you that?"

"Mooswa," 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, ma 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 world 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 leaped
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, sneaking seldom, and listen-
ing intently for the breaks in the
death-like stillness that spoke of life.
Now and then they caught the ghost-
ly flutter of owls in the gloom, like
floating spirits; back in the forest
saplings snapped and brush crashed
underfoot as caribou or moose caught
the man-scent; they heard once the
whining, sniffing 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 bleated moose-hinds,
none of the mellow throat sounds of
the brush warren, no harsh jangling
of the grizzly colored jays. In the
timber fell the soft footfalls of crea-
tures with claw and fang, mavericks
and outlaws of darkness. Night, sun-
shine, everything that loved the open-
ness of day were beyond. For more
than an hour they had driven their
canoes steadily on, when, as sudden-
ly as they had entered it, they slipped
out from the cavernous gloom into
the sunlight again.

(To be Continued.)

How often we have looked back
over past months and thought that if
we had known what was going to
happen, we would have borne it. Now
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 opera-
tions that enter into our lives, of sor-
row and joy, yet we need never shrink
at the thought of the great unknown fu-
ture, 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 ac-
cepted 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 suc-
cession. 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 unexpected-
ly been transferred to another steam-
er. 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.

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 re-
sponsibility of homemaking.



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