

be dull and wearisome on account of the absence of farm and settlement scenes, are brightened by the conversation of the passengers, who, like ourselves, are destined for the west, and whose acquaintance is therefore welcomed by us. The young people find a cause of wonder and a source of amusement in the frequency with which the train burrows into the opposing rock, while the older members of the party comment upon the wonderful engineering skill that has thus penetrated granite promontories, besides spanning ravines and rivers, and solidifying marsh, swamp, and slough—obstacles inferior only to those which afterwards confronted the iron horse in the mountain region of British Columbia.

Occasionally one meets among one's travelling companions a person whose loquacious propensity brings him into passing prominence, and gains for him a lasting place in one's memory. During a day's journey like that under consideration, such a person is apt to provoke a little mirth by his attempts to keep himself and the company in good spirits. One of these irrepressible members of human society I remember very well. He was very respectful, although inclined to be a little familiar. His friendly salutation, "Good morning, your reverence," was followed during the day by many a greeting of equally honorable regard. As the hours sped, his warmth of feeling seemed to intensify, until, observing that I had betaken myself to an upper berth for a little change from the long session of the committee of exploration, his thoughts found expression in the climax, "Is that where you are, your holiness?"

This enthusiastic son of Erin I parted with when Winnipeg was reached, but I made new friends in the Canadian Chicago. Among the sights to which they introduced me was the portal of the fort which was built by the Hudson's Bay Company about the year 1835, and which, in course of time, became the nucleus of an important settlement, developing in 1875 into a growing city. Fort Garry gate, as it now exists, is an interesting relic; but it should either be removed and re-erected in another place, or it should be "restored" and preserved as one of the chief historical attractions of the Manitoba capital. Unless a little care is bestowed upon the structure, I fear it will soon share the fate of the walls and their enclosed buildings, and disappear altogether. I succeeded in capturing this remnant of a fortified position, and adding it to the trophies previously gained in the course of my expedition. St. John's Cathedral, the successor of a church erected about 1833, with the help of Indian labor, proved another good subject. As one views either the reality or the representation, one's thoughts picture the first bishop, David Anderson, making his early episcopal tours

through his illimitable diocese, with the help of dog-sledge and Indian runner. The mind also follows the course of Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, in his earlier journey from the St. Lawrence to Fort Garry by bark canoe, for the purpose of learning the spiritual needs of Rupert's Land. Bishop Anderson went to the Red River Settlement from England by way of Hudson Bay! Bishop Mountain occupied thirty-eight days between Montreal and Fort Garry, and his French-Canadian voyageurs "paddled their own canoe" 2,000 miles! While this Dominion is still distinguished for its "magnificent distances," the lapse of fifty years has tithed the time required for traversing them.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor  
To leap to heights that were made to climb;  
By a burst of strength or thought that is clever,  
We plan to outwit and to forestall time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;  
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;  
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving  
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season  
To bloom and blossom that we may wear;  
And then we wonder and ask the reason  
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despair the getting;  
We want the wealth, not a reward, but as dower;  
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting  
Would fell a forest, or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning;  
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—  
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,  
To mental languor and moral blight.

Better the slow old way of striving,  
And to count small gains when the year is done,  
Than to use our forces all in contriving,  
To grasp for pleasures we have not won.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

No one thanks God more heartily than I do for the increase in missionary interest, in increased offerings, in new fields occupied. But we are as yet only gleaners. What could not our branch of the church do if no day broke and no sun went down without earnest prayer for the coming of the kingdom of Christ in all lands, in all hearts, in all homes? Then all tithes would be brought into the Lord's storehouse, and He would surely pour out a blessing that there would not be room to receive it.—  
*Bishop Whipple.*