

about some aspect of the varied work they both pursued for God. He spends the winter in visiting different points, reporting his work to the public, and gaining friends and help for the work. The following conversation may be supposed to have taken place on the banks of the canal, near St. Catharines :—

*Minister of Canals and Railways:* But you see, Mr. Bone, things are different now. A little old-fashioned vessel, with two or three thousand bushels of wheat, might afford to lose Sunday, and tie up; but it is quite different now, with the immensely large barges and propellers that carry our grain. And the season is so short—every day counts!

*Mr. Bone:* And why don't the small vessels and the small owners have the trade yet?

*M. C.* Oh, it doesn't pay. They can't compete with the large vessels, and the large capital employed. So they have gone into larger firms and companies, and built larger boats, and are making more money: or else have gone out of the business.

*B.* And whose are the most of the boats? Our own, or the Americans?

*M. C.* Well, now that the *discrimination* is off, the larger part of them will be American—going to Oswego.

*B.* Well Sirr, it seems to me, the *discrimination* is only being putten on! For the sake of allowing those to make more money, who have most of it now, you rob God of his worship, and the sailors of their rest. Thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, hast thou not glorified. You are seeking to carry on this Government without God: but you'll find He will not be shut out!

*M. C.* Well, I'd like very well for the sailors to have Sunday, to loaf round, and listen to you, and read your tracts; but the fact is there was a great pressure brought to bear on us, and the argument that they were losing money by it, we couldn't deny.

*B.* Well Sirr! I have seen *boomerang* practice; where you had to take care that the stick you threw did not come back and hit you! And surely this is a *boomerang* argument! The small owners, with their small vessels, could afford to "lose" Sunday, who were doing so poorly that they had to go out of the business; while the large owners

—most of whom are 'no kith nor kin of ours—who are making more money, must be allowed to make still more, by robbing the sailors of their Day of Rest, and God of His honor! It wont do, Sirr!

### WORK.

*"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."*

Once upon a time, I lay in a meadow, near a lovely village. By my side danced and sparkled the prettiest and most musical brooklet that I ever saw, or listened to, or dreamt about; and in its pools and shallows sported the most charming trout that ever tempted the angler's gaze. And the sun shone gloriously, as though there were never to be any more goings down; and the birds sang, and the bees hummed, as though the years were to be everlasting summers. And each particular leaf, on each particular tree, seemed tremulous with the fulness of joy; while the grasses waved, making one think of a beautiful, tranquil sea, stretching far away until the green faded into the blue that lay on the distant hills.

And I watched the brook leaping away over the mossy stones, and the trout gliding round about them, and now and then rising to some venture-some fly which hovered about the water; and I saw the bees alighting upon a thousand flowers, and culling sweets from each; and I beheld the meadow full of countless insects, each busy after its own particular fashion; and I heard the air, and the trees, and the brook, and the grasses, hum with endless variations of music, all instinct with the breath of life. And, lying lazily thus, catching and hearing all these things, I began to muse concerning work.

In the midst of peace and beauty, I thought of that which at first seemed unbeautiful and unpeaceful; and, amidst everything that was harmonious and joyous, my mind was filled with pictures of that which seemed unharmonious and unjoyous—of *work*.

Did I say that in the midst of beauty and harmony, I pondered upon that which seemed neither harmonious nor beautiful?

Let me explain. Every living thing about me was working, I suppose; but there was such a perfect harmony existing, that one could scarcely persuade oneself that such was really the case. As one be-