

carved by the waves into caves and forms of rugged beauty.

The ruin is long and narrow, fifty-eight feet by eighteen, and is divided into two rooms. The north-east end was first built, the walls being three feet in thickness. To this was added the south-west section, which has a pointed stone gable, and contains the chimney of the immense fireplace, the flue running up the center of the wall, which has been built a foot thicker at this part. The jutting out of the wall acts as a buttress, and helps to preserve the tall chimney. The top of the side walls, which still stand, is seven feet from the ground, while the chimney on the gable rises fifteen feet. The walls of the south-west section are crumbling badly, being originally only two feet thick. This part that contains the fireplace has two windows and a door, with a cupboard let into the stone wall. The other part has only one window and one door.

It is very amusing to read the various accounts of the origin of this ruin. During the summer the islands are used as a resort for numerous campers, many of whom have a supreme contempt for the natives, to their own undoing. They listen eagerly to the myths and legends told them by the old residents, who take great delight in spinning all manner of fabrications, chuckling the while at the "easy" visitors. These visitors go back to their city homes "chucked full" of the romantic tales, and immediately rush into print to immortalize themselves as antiquarians. Before giving the true history of the place, a review of the myths will be of interest. They run as follows:

The Gut is an artificial water passage, the stone ruin being a fort to guard the northern entrance. The fort is clearly of French architecture, as indicated by the pointed stone gable. The room with the fireplace was the living apartment, the other being probably used as a dungeon. The embrasure-like windows, narrow outside and wide inside, were no doubt arranged for musketeers, who could stand side by side, and, by firing across each other, could command the whole front of the building.

Another story ascribes the building of the fort to the Hudson's Bay Company (who must have been bold to build in an enemy's territory).

Still another legend credits Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, and his

warriors with having erected the fort and used it as a fortified trading-post during the period of his explorations on the great lakes; and imagination sees a phantom carving on a large stone over the fireplace in the form of a fleur-de-lis. (Really good eyes cannot see a large stone over the fireplace, much less a coat of arms.)

The common belief is that this ruin was a Jesuit Mission Station, part fort and part church, there being an ingenious love story woven into the tale.

One writer of fertile imagination, worthy of a Gilbert Parker or an Agnes Laut, sees in his mind's eye a picture of a past civilization and a former cultivation of the island. He states that no large trees are to be found on the center of the island, but are in a fringe around the outside, protecting the interior from the storms, where lay the cultivated fields. This is a very pretty word-picture, but not a fact. Then, on this erroneous supposition there is built up the following wordy superstructure:

"A great many foreign shrubs and flowers grow wild over the island. Grapes, small fruits, roses and lilies still contest the onset of the wild plants and the thick growth of small bushes and saplings. The condition of the plant-life points to a period of cultivation far removed from recent times, and which must have lasted for a considerable period to allow of the introduction of so many exotics. These must have been numerous, widely spread over the island to have so long held their own against the aggressive native weeds; or have they proven more hardy on the foreign soil of Canada than they did in their ancestral home in Europe?"

"At some distance south from the ruined fort are indications of another building which has been razed to the ground. Only some foundation stones remain. From the site of this building a sunken passage runs to the deep-water bay. This is now almost filled up with debris fallen in from the sides. It may have been a narrow waterway for the canoes, leading into the building; and, in case of pursuit by hostile Indians, the inhabitants would be saved the delay and danger of disembarkation at some distance from shelter. But this is mere conjecture. The imagination can be drawn upon for

many fanciful pictures of the bygone times of strife and adventure." (The last two sentences are true.)

So much for pure imagination. The truth is much more prosaic. The Hudson's Bay Company's records have no note of such a trading-post or fort. The Jesuit Relations make no mention of a mission established at this point. Father Jones, J. P., of Montreal, the greatest authority in America on the Jesuit mission posts, states positively that this old ruin was not built by the Jesuits, and neither is it of French architecture, it being too modern. Bayfield, who explored Lake Huron thoroughly and named the islands, points and bays, does not speak of either a fort or a building of any kind at this place. Were this structure standing at the time of his explorations, he could not possibly have missed seeing it.

In 1831 Captain Alex. McGregor discovered that the waters around the Gagheto Islands teemed with fish. He visited Detroit and entered into an agreement with an American firm in regard to the fish, this firm to handle the entire catch.

The success of Captain McGregor's venture caused the formation of the Niagara Fishing Company, who obtained a lease of the islands from the Indians in 1843, with exclusive rights to fish in the adjoining waters. In this company were the late Hon. William Cayley, a son of the late Bishop Strachan, W. S. Gooding, Dr. William Gunlop, and Dr. Morgan Hamilton, of Goderich.

The lease granted to this company was printed in England by the Indian Department, which was then under Imperial control. One of the signatures to the lease on behalf of the Indians was that of Chief Jacob Mitegwah, who was fifty years of age at the time, but has now been dead sixty years.

Anticipating great profit from the fishing, the managers of this Niagara Company were lavish in their expenditure, and had a large stone building erected, partly for a dwelling and partly to store fish. This is the structure that is now called a "fort" or "mission station." The year following the obtaining of the lease, work was begun on the building by Jean Martin, a Frenchman, who had the contract. This is the nearest the work comes to being of French architecture. A mason named Bellamore was one of the men employed. This man's son, Larry Bellamore, of

Southampton, who is yet living, visited the place as a lad when his father was working on the job. He recollects seeing Jean Martin's wife gathering stones and wheeling them in a barrow to help her husband.

In addition to the stone house, there was another log building, to store the provisions and liquors for the use of the fishermen. About one and a half acres were cleared around the buildings to form a garden. Fruit trees and ornamental shrubs were set out, and vegetables were grown in sufficient quantity to supply the camp. If there are exotics on the island now, they must have come from the refuse thrown out when the cook shook the tablecloth out of the back window.

Captain Lambert, who has just retired from a long, honorable service as lighthouse-keeper on Chantry Island, Southampton, and George E. Smith, customs officer at Southampton, both bear testimony to having visited the stone ruin when boys, and to have slept in the wooden bunks around the walls. The bunks, the fireplace, and the original roofing of boards and shingles were then in an excellent state of preservation. Mr. John M. McNabb, of Southampton, visited the ruin in 1855, and found it still in good condition.

In 1848, a report of Alexander Murray, the Provincial Geologist, refers to the stone structure in these words: "A building which was raised some years ago by a fishing company at Gagheto or Fishing Islands."

The Niagara Fishing Company's undertaking was not a financial success, and the business was sold in 1848 to Captain John Spence and Captain William Kennedy, who carried it on jointly until 1852, when Captain Kennedy left to take charge of a relief expedition to the Arctic, in search of Sir John Franklin.

Having brought the history of the ruin down to the times within the memory of many now living, we will bring our voyage to this island of modern romance to a close, and as we leave our boat swinging at anchor, the level rays of the setting sun fall across the calm, silent waters, forming a long path of ruby light leading to the gateway of the night. The fabled and the real, the warriors and the fishermen, the voyageur and the mason, missionaries and the Indians, all have passed to realms of sunset, beyond the close of day and the shadows of twilight.

The Quiet Hour.

THE ROMANCE OF CONSECRATED SACRIFICE.

And He said unto all, If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it.—St. Luke ix. 23, 24.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;

Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;

And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

Or glory of this life but comes by pain.

How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,

If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice ere swept away, and all were satiate-smooth;

If this were such a heaven of soul and sense

As some have dreamed of; and we human still.

Nay, we were fashioned not for perfect peace

In this world, howsoever in the next:

And what we win and hold is through some strife."

—From "The Sermon in the Hospital."

Several years ago I had a strange dream which is still vivid in my

memory. I thought I was standing in a bright, comfortable room, pleading like a spoiled child for cake. I cried out to some unseen companion: "Please give me some cake, I want it so much!" Then came the answer, so quiet that I felt, rather than heard it: "Look!" and, looking out of the window, I saw, in the darkness and storm outside, multitudes of wild, starved, savage faces. Then came the stern rebuke—a silent one, which seemed to come from my own conscience—"All these are dying for want of Bread, and yet you are selfishly crying out for Cake!" It was only a dream, but it came to me as a message from God, a warning to use the marvellous energy of prayer, not for selfish gratification, but for the strengthening and uplifting of souls in great need. And this is the surest way of finding the romance of life, the romance that lies hidden in every lot, but is too often missed by drooping, weary hearts.

Just think what a blaze of glory has transfigured human life in this world—this world which has been called "The Star of Suffering." And it streams from the spot of intensest agony—the Cross of Christ. What if the Son of God had taken our nature and had lived a life of painless luxury on this earth of ours, healing, preaching, helping, at no cost to Himself! How little power such a life would have had to take captive the hearts of men and draw them up after Him. It is a deep truth that "the Cross of Christ is more to us than all His miracles." And the same law holds good in regard to other men. There is very little romance to be found in the costless "charity" of one who gives large sums but never deprives himself of

a single luxury in order to do so. The gifts are tasteless and uninteresting, even to the man himself.

The saying of our Lord's which I have chosen as our text to-day—a saying so often repeated by Him—shows His marvellous knowledge of human nature. We find it to be true from our own experience. In spite of the fact that we cry out for "cake"—for pleasure and luxury for ourselves—we should be miserable and self-despised if we could sit down and enjoy it without making one effort to minister to the needs of our starving brothers and sisters. The only way for a man to really enjoy a selfish existence is to deliberately shut his eyes to the sufferings of others. Unless, indeed, he is utterly heartless—and surely no one is that.

But sometimes people live very unselfishly, taking up a daily cross with patient, strong endurance, and yet failing to realize the romance and joy of such a life. They may think they are missing many good things, and may look longingly at the apparently fuller lives of others. But this is because they have never learned to measure life "by loss instead of gain; not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth."

Take a very common case. A man is plainly called by God to deliberately forego the sacred joys of home. The voice of duty directs him towards the path of self-sacrifice, showing that it means—in his case—the opportunity for wider, fuller service. He obeys the call, turns his back on inclination and climbs his lonely path with steadfast resolution. Is his life less rich and full because he has refused to put out a hand to grasp innocent pleasure for himself—refused be-

cause by this sacrifice he is more free to stretch out both hands to help weaker brothers and sisters in their upward climb? Is he really a loser because, knowing that one who saves others cannot save himself, he chooses to lay down his life if by that sacrifice of self others may find joy and hope through the revelation of God in Christ? Surely not! One who loses his life for Love's sake will save it—even in this life—for our Master's promise is sure: "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time. . . . with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

A life that is poured out freely, generously, eagerly, in the service of God and men, is all gain and is bright with romance and never-palling interest. Those who live such a life have the high honor of walking in the company of the "hundred and forty and four thousand virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." And those who love such noble souls should rejoice in their high vocation, rejoice that they cannot bear to settle down like Geraint in luxurious selfishness, rejoice that by brave words, unselfish desires and earnest prayers they can encourage and help God's good knights to spur eagerly forward without one backward look or wavering thought. Do not think that by speeding such a brave soldier of Christ on his difficult way you are losing him out of your daily life or cutting off from your home the gladness of his constant presence. Instead of that you may, through God's great gift of the commun-