

and would not be back till September. He spoke as unconcerned of the trip as you would speak of going to town, and his guide knew the full length of the Nelson as I know Portage Avenue. The surveyor added this to our stock of knowledge in relating an experience of his own in the wilds, that the stories you read of deaths by starvation overrate the actual suffering involved. After the first day or two there are no pangs of hunger but just overwhelming weakness. This was borne out by another man who on this very lake had come as near to starvation as one could and remain alive. His experience had come during the terrible spring of 1907, when the ice remained in the upper lake until after the middle of June. Then he was doing missionary work among humans. This year he is doing missionary work among trees. He is one of a party that Mr. Knechtel, of the Dominion Department of Forestry, was taking up to survey and map out some of the timber areas of the district north of the lake, with a view to their better protection and preservation. You could not listen to Mr. Knechtel for long without getting some impression of the importance of the work he and his small staff are trying to accomplish for the lasting benefit of the Dominion. As much of this work can only be done in winter the party will not come out again until next spring.

The fishing season was almost over, so the ship was only running on an "approximate" time-table, which meant that it didn't matter a great deal where she went or how long she stopped in any particular place. The first stop was at Hecla, an Icelandic settlement on an island south of the Narrows. It is the home of our stewardess, and no one minded waiting a little while for breakfast while she renewed home ties through the dining room window. Gull Harbor, a little further north, is an ideal place for camping, of which some wise ones have already taken advantage. There is a long, crescent-shaped, sandy beach, and a grassy shore with enough fine trees to give comfort and beauty. It was the prettiest inhabited place we saw. Little Bull Head consisted of one house on a high bank and a wood-pile. We stopped there for negotiations with the wood-pile.

From there to the head of the lake a lot of us were not taking much interest in the scenery. A fierce wind sprang up and as the cargo was extremely light, she "wobbled" mightily and erratically. It wasn't monotonous, however, because for a moment your head and heels were playing tattoos on the respective ends of the bunk, then suddenly you'd roll from side to side and end up with a whirl like a prostrate merry-go-round. But we all turned out to explore when Warren's Landing was reached. The Landing is the northern limit of steamboat navigation on the lake. It is just at the head of the Nelson river and it just needs a slight stretch of the imagination to see along its great length right out to Hudson Bay. We didn't find out who Warren was, but he didn't choose his landing place for its beauty—just a sand-point with a few scrubby trees to partly shelter the huts and tents of the Indians who do the fishing. The warehouse, store, bunk and cook houses were right out in the sand on the open point. But everything was beautifully clean, and that covers a multitude of defects in situation. And nothing could take from the glory of the sunset and the moonrise that night.

Here we said good-bye to the various parties to whom Warren's Landing seemed only the front doorstep into the wild. They packed their goods into the little launch or the canoes that were to take them as far as Norway House that night, followed by the good wishes of us, who had reluctantly to turn back toward bricks and business. We were the better for meeting these "doing" folk, even if we were as "ships that pass in the night and speak one another in passing." The cheer of the friendly hail does not die readily.

Coming back we stopped at just one new place—Sandy Island, and Sandy Island will stay with us for a long while. It is beautiful. The fishing boats belonging to that station were just beating home with the morning's catch and everybody was busy. It took a couple of hours to get the fish landed, so we went exploring and took "snapshots."

Indians are proverbially dubious about cameras, so all I got was a small boy and girl. The lassie thought it good fun and followed all the amateur photographers round in hope of having herself transferred to the film. She even changed from a blue dress to a starched white one to add to her charms. This day at Sandy Island was notable, because, while we sailed over a lake full of white fish and carried a few tons of

it in the hold, that was the one day we had white fish for dinner. Right good it was, too.

The whole trip down we had fine weather—smooth seas and blue skies—and it was with regret we saw Selkirk again, but good things can't go on indefinitely, and we were rested. Hope you've enjoyed the trip with us.

DAME DÜRDEN.



THEY MIGHT HAVE RETURNED

If they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.—Heb. xi.: 15, 16.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph, Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

—Robert Browning.

"God is not ashamed to be called their God"—what kind of men are these who are men after God's own heart? If you read that grand roll of heroes in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, you will find that they were men who never settled down—satisfied with their achievements—but preferred progress to comfortable ease. If they had considered that a life of smooth and pleasant luxury was satisfying, they had opportunity to return, the way was open, there was no compulsion but their own driving, passionate, high ambition. Moses may be taken as an example. He might have ruled in Egypt, but he chose to throw in his lot with his persecuted and downtrodden brethren. "And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell" of those who "were tortured, not accepting

face scorn and insult, danger and death, without any earthly bribe whatever—as Jonah did when he daringly proclaimed God's wrath against the people of Nineveh. He had nothing to gain and everything to lose—from an earthly point of view—by obeying the command of God: "Arise, go into Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." We are so apt to talk of his running away in fear, that we almost forget how he afterwards preached so forcefully that the king of Nineveh arose from his throne, laid off his royal robes and covered himself with sackcloth and ashes. We forget that through Jonah's preaching the whole of that great city was saved from destruction, for "God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not."

Certainly, Jonah did not always show the hero-side of his character—does any other man? Christ is the only Man who never turned his back when duty called him forward, but those who say to Him: "Draw me, we will run after thee!" are determined to rise when they fall, to wake when they have carelessly slept on duty, to fight better when they have been weakly borne down by the foe. The opportunity to return to a life of selfish ease may beckon enticingly, but they are inspired by the life of God within them to choose the highest, and struggle towards a city of heavenly perfection, even though "going up to Jerusalem" may mean facing a real crucifixion of agony.



THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE

deliverance." The records of history are full of the daring deeds of men and women who might have returned to a life of easy comfort, but who deliberately chose the hard path—men and women of whom God is not ashamed.

And yet human nature naturally shrinks from pain, and the desire to be happy is a very strong instinct in everybody. A man who grumbles about a little discomfort—as Jonah did—may

Someone has written:

What better would'st thou have when all is done?
If any now were bidden rise and come,
To either, could he pause to choose between
The rose-warm kisses of a waiting bride
In a shut silken chamber, and the thrill

Of the bared limbs bound fast for martyrdom."

As we think of the great multitude which no man can number, a multitude of men and women who loved present happiness as dearly as we do, and yet laid it down triumphantly when the call of duty required the sacrifice, we can only pray to have strength given us to follow in the train of those of whom God is not ashamed. He does not call us to the life of an ascetic. There is no virtue in suffering unless the suffering lies in the path of duty. And yet a little hardness, deliberately chosen for the sake of strengthening the spiritual muscles of the athlete of God, is certainly far less enervating than a life of continuous luxury. It was not good for the rich man to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously "every day." Plain living is a distinct help to high thinking, as well as one way of keeping the body in good condition to do God's work effectively. It is often dangerous to indulge unrestrainedly in earthly pleasures—even those which are most innocent—because they are apt to make one forget the ambition to seek a better country. God's servants have no business to yield up their liberty to any other master. When a woman "can't do without" her afternoon cup of tea, or a man is "as cross as a bear unless he gets his usual smoke," it is time to throw off the chain of such a slavery. I remember crossing the ocean, more than twenty years ago, and being very astonished because two young women on board the ship were restless and unhappy when their supply of candy gave out. They were like a hard drinker, without any chance of getting his usual glass—slaves, actual slaves to candy! The very idea is humiliating. Why even an athlete, training for a race, learns to say "No" to innocent bodily cravings when they stand in the way of his success; and we are God's athletes, bound for the sake of our glorious ambition to "keep under the body, and bring it into subjection."

When God gives us something to do that is neither easy nor pleasant, let us thank Him for the call—as a young soldier would thank his general if he were picked out for a difficult and dangerous adventure. The soldier, if he is made of good material, has no desire to return to the easy comfort of the camp-fire, but rejoices at the opportunity of putting his powers to a hard test. And we should be disappointed if God gave us nothing but easy living, no chance to win a victory over cowardice and selfishness, no opportunity of growing strong through endurance and patient suffering. Should we thank God if He never called us to endure pain or trial, but allowed us to grow soft through continuous luxury? Then let us thank Him—even though it may be with tears—for the hard bits of life.

Listen to the stirring words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Thank God, there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right!
Though the throng flock to rearward,
Lifting, ash-en-white,
Flags of truce to sin and error,
Clasping hands, mute with terror,
Thank God, there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right!"

"Through the wilderness advancing,
Hewers of the way,
Forward! far their spears are glancing,
Flashing back the day.
'Back!' the leaders cry, who fear them;
'Back!' from all the army near them;
They, with steady step advancing,
Cleave their certain way.

"'Slay them!' From each drop that falleth
Springs a hero armed,
Where the martyr's fire appalleth,
Lo, they pass unharmed.
Crushed beneath the wheel, oppression,
Bold, their spirit holds possession,
Loud the cross-purged voice out-calleth,
By the death-throes warned."

DORA FARNCOMB.