

crowded into the electric cars; and then such a picturesque ride as we had, along deep ravines at the foot of which flowed the pretty river, the banks covered with a luxurious growth of trees, plants, ferns, flowers, etc.; on the other side peach orchards, the trees just loaded with that delicious fruit.

The Whirlpool was the first thing to cause excitement. The car stopped and we looked for a time at the seething, boiling, raging pool, wondering what could cause such a disturbance; then on, the scenery growing more and more beautiful, until the ride ended at the wonder of wonders—Niagara Falls. I have never read and could not give a description of the Falls which would convey to anyone who has not seen them, anything like a real idea of their grandeur and magnificence; but just imagine, the Horse Shoe Falls are 2,000 feet wide and fall from Lake Erie level 158 feet into the river below, sending up a fine white spray or mist, which fell upon us like gentle rains; the American Falls are straight and are 900 feet wide and 164 feet deep. As I looked up on this wonderful work of the Great Creator, I wondered how anyone could fail to see God's hand in it. In the afternoon we crossed the beautiful new Suspension Bridge to the American side, and explored Goat Island and the Three Sister Islands. All of them are very pretty, and at various points one could have a grand view of the Falls, river and lake, and at each point of vantage see some new beauty. But the time came, all too quickly, when we must say farewell to grand old Niagara, with its curiosities, its legends, its historic surroundings and places of interest, and start for home. And now I look back upon that day as one of the pleasantest I have spent in Canada.

\* \*

#### AN ACCOUNT OF A PLEASANT DAY YOU HAVE SPENT IN CANADA.

DAISY PEREIRA, Toronto. Aged 13.

Our Sunday-school picnic took place on the 30th of June, at Centre Island. We sailed from the wharf at half-past two, on board the steamer "Primrose," and had quite a delightful trip. When we arrived at the Island the Sunday-school teachers and other ladies and gentlemen arranged games for us, such as croquet, baseball and many other amusements, and then at five o'clock we had tea. The parents and friends of the children had sent cake and bread and butter, so that we enjoyed a bountiful repast. After we had finished, the teachers and others sat down to their tea while we went on with our games. After everything had been cleared away we ran races, and the winners received bags of candy. When we were tired of races we played at "Rachel and Jacob" and to those who had never played this before it was very interesting. After that we played two's and three's, and this was also very exciting. It was now time to start, and we all went home well pleased with our pleasant day's outing.

\* \*

#### A VISIT TO HAZELBRAE.

LIZZIE ADAMS. Age 19. Oct. '92 party.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF ANNIE KANE'S AND LIZZIE ADAMS' PLEASANT VISIT AT HAZELBRAE.

When we arrived at Hazelbrae, we found everything looking its very best, but we found things went on as usual as when we were there four years ago. We spent our first two or three days out in the orchard, gathering gooseberries, currants and fruit of all kinds. The Church Sunday-school had their annual picnic on July the 9th. Miss Elvin, Annie and I went. We left at half-past seven in the pouring rain and in rather low spirits, to sail over the Otonabee river for Idyle Wild, on the boat called the "City of Peterboro," not thinking we were going to have such a happy and interesting day. There was also another boat going there called the "North Star." We started first, but the "North Star" overtook us, so then they were there to welcome us when we arrived. They were very nice boats, but they don't come up to the Hamilton and Toronto boats. The rain just ceased before we got off the boats, and that was before 12. We thought of that old saying, "rain before seven, it will clear before eleven," and so it did. The first thing we did was to sit in the Park under an acorn tree, and we all partook of Miss Elvin's delicate provision basket. After that we

went down at the water's edge and gathered shells; then we went for a long walk and rested for awhile, and had lemonade and cake, which was so refreshing. There was also roundabouts there, and men taking tintypes, they also took one of the whole school. We gathered a nice lot of water lilies, which is one of my favourite flowers. We had great fun and enjoyed everything so much more than we can express. Those that have experienced it can only imagine all the fun we had. We left Idyle Wild at four o'clock, and had a most enjoyable trip home. We arrived at Hazelbrae about nine, feeling very tired and ready for bed.

On Saturday, July 11, Miss Elvin took ten of us girls for a lovely walk to Quarry Park. We gathered some lovely flowers for the Infirmary, for the benefit of the two sick girls, which they are always glad to have. We also went for walks with Miss Loveday. She took us down by the river one night when the moon was shining on the water, and it was just lovely. On Sunday we went to church with Miss Loveday and Miss Gibbs; we also went to Sunday school with Miss Elvin, and enjoyed the meetings very much. Annie Kane left for her home in Toronto on July 13th, but I stayed till the 21st; Annie left at 5 p.m., and I left at 6.30 a.m., after a very refreshing and enjoyable visit. We both feel very much more like work now after such a long two weeks of fresh air. I don't think we will ever forget those two happy weeks. I would like to see all the other girls have such a holiday too.

On July 20th Miss Elvin and ten of us girls went to Inverlea Park at 3 o'clock and stayed till nearly 9. Some of us went in bathing; we were in the water most of the afternoon. Then we had a delicious tea in the park; we scrambled for apples; then we got possession of a raft, we got on and went for a sail—Oh! it was such fun! Then Miss Pine and Miss Gibbs came down and had games with us in the park. We found some wheat that had been set on fire by lightning; I brought some home as a relic and a remembrance of that happy day. On my way home from Peterboro' I saw the circus. I came over from Toronto to Hamilton by boat, and I had a most glorious sail. The water was just like glass and so cool, I never enjoyed it more. I arrived about 2.30 and got a very bright welcome home again. The day after I came home, I and the whole family went over to Rock Bay View and the beach in row boats for dinner and tea. We put in a lovely day, so I began well as soon as I got home.

I intend to have my photo taken soon, when I will send it for UPS AND DOWNS, and then you will know who is writing. The boys are doing splendid for their part of UPS AND DOWNS, and I think we girls should try and get ahead of them. I have asked my brother to put in something; I think he will too. I think my account is rather long so I must stop now, hoping you will not tire reading it.

#### UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

In the "Mutual Improvement Society," in the August number of UPS AND DOWNS, we observe the following remark quoted from Pryde: "Before you begin to peruse a book, know something about the author." Uncle Tom's Cabin is one of the penny books, and our girls may be reading it. It may, therefore, be of interest to give here the following quotation from the August number of the *Review of Reviews*:

Mrs. Stowe was always the first to deny that the great triumph of the book came as a result of its literary art. Indeed, she went further, and with almost mystical literalness insisted that she herself was not the author of the story, but that it was imposed upon her. In her introduction to the illustrated edition, she says: "The story might less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. The book insisted upon getting itself into being and would take no denial." Mrs. Annie Fields tells a story which shows how this idea maintained its force with Mrs. Stowe, even when almost all other ideas had left the poor tired brain. "The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her more humble, and her shy, absent-minded ways were continually throwing her admirers into confusion. Late in life (when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind) she was accosted, I was told, in the garden of her country retreat, in the twilight one evening by a good old retired sea captain who was her neighbour for the time. 'When I was younger,' said he respectfully, holding his hat in his hand while he spoke 'I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it.' 'I did not write it,' answered the white-haired old lady gently, as she shook the captain's hand. 'You didn't?' he ejaculated in amazement. 'Why, who did, then?' 'God wrote it,' she replied simply. 'I merely did His dictation.' 'Amen,' said the captain reverently, as he walked thoughtfully away."

#### SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

IN connection with our Scripture Union portions for September 1st and 2nd, which speak of the Good Shepherd, we are publishing the following simple and strikingly beautiful lines, which, it is interesting to notice, were said to be found in the pocket of a priest many years ago. Priest or layman, Catholic or Protestant, to all responsive hearts, how blessed is the call of the Shepherd!

I was wandering and weary,  
When the Shepherd came unto me,  
For the paths of sin were dreary  
And the world had ceased to woo me;  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along the way,  
"Wandering souls, O do come near Me,  
My sheep should never fear Me,  
I am the Shepherd true!"

At first I would not hearken,  
But put off till the morrow,  
Till the time began to darken  
And I was sick with sorrow.  
And I thought I heard Him say, etc.

At last I stopped to listen,  
His voice could ne'er deceive me,  
I saw His kind eye glisten—  
So anxious to relieve me—  
And I thought I heard Him say, etc.

He took me on His shoulder,  
And tenderly He kissed me;  
He bade my love grow bolder  
And said how He had missed me,  
And I knew I heard Him say, etc.

I thought His love would weaken,  
As more and more He knew me,  
But it burneth like a beacon  
And its light and heat go through me.  
And I always hear Him say,  
As He goes along the way,  
"Wandering souls, O do keep near Me,  
My sheep should never fear Me,  
I am the Shepherd true!"

We have seen these lines in print, but as we are trusting now to memory, hope that any possible slight error may be overlooked.

\* \*

#### ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

We have received answers from Agnes Cutler, Maria Spencer, Annie Addison and Gertrude Francis. Below are given the correct answers:

1. The first, second and third epistles of St. John. Revelations.
2. Mary, Mother of St. John the Divine; Elizabeth, of John the Baptist.
3. Turning water into wine.
4. John 7: 50; John 19: 39.
5. Fifteen; Word, Life, Light, Jesus Christ, The Christ, Only Begotten Son, The Lord, Lamb of God, Son of God, Jesus, Rabbi, Messias, Jesus of Nazareth, King of Israel, Son of Man.
6. John 2: 19.
7. John 3: 14.

Portions for September: John x. 1 to 21. 25 (see cards).

\* \*

#### SCRIPTURE UNION QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Give one or two Old Testament references where Christ is called Shepherd.
2. What high commendation is given to Mary, the sister of Lazarus, in another of the Bible gospels (not John)? Give reference.
3. What had Christ done in the past for Mary Magdalene, who went early to the sepulchre?
4. What brought Peter back to a right state of heart after denying his Master? See Luke.
5. How many and which Old Testament prophecies were fulfilled in John 19?