

Come Over and Help Us.

Oh for the voice of thunder ! Oh for the tongue of flame !
To bear forth the call to battle ! to war in the Holiest's name !
To war against rapine and murder,—in the might of the Lord,—to
quell
The furies that ravage His sheepfolds, that rage like the wolves of
hell !

Oh for the still, small voice, that speaks to the inmost soul,
Till, loosed by the Lord of mercy, one generous tide shall roll
Bearing the people's fiat—like the note of a trumpet-blast—
That the cruel fiends shall quake before Christendom roused at
last !

Long hath she tarried in slumber, while brothers and sisters bled,
Trampled 'neath onset of demons, till rivers of gore ran red,
While the wail of misery echoed, scarce heard, from those ancient
plains,
From women tortured, dishonoured, from men in the tyrant's
chains !

" Fair lie your homesteads scattered, sleeping in dewy light,
Tranquil the busy morning wears into purple night :
Daily ye go to your labour, with none to make you afraid,
Nightly secure ye rest, 'neath your roof-tree's peaceful shade !

" Little ye reckon of our sorrow, as we weep o'er our mangled dead,
Little ye know of the terror that freezes our veins with dread ;
Daily the horrible spectre draws nearer—it comes apace ;
Will ye stand by and see us perish—the last of an ancient race ?

" For the love of the God of mercy ! for the love of wife and child !
Pity our wasted homesteads, our desolate hearths defiled !
Can ye sit in your homes and listen to the wail of agony ?
Can ye smile on your babes while ye heed not the innocent's dying
cry ?

" Up to the rescue, ye peoples safe and peaceful and free !
Up in the might of your manhood, till the cruel monster shall flee !
Scarce need ye level your guns ! At sight of your fleets that dare
To succour the perishing sheep, the wild beast shall skulk to his
lair !

" But if ye trifle and linger with craven, ungenerous heart,
Steeped in the pride of your riches, bound to the farm and the
mart,
Deaf to the cry of the perishing, dead to the desperate stress,
For you there's a reckoning coming, and an hour of bitterness !"

Though callous and cold you may turn from the cry of a perish-
ing race,
Will your careless bearing serve you when ye see the Shepherd's
face ?
How shall ye answer *Him* when His stern rebuke shall be,
What ye failed to do for *My* sheep, ye have failed to do for *Me* !
FIDELIS.

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Field, Forest and Stream.

WHY have Canadian railway companies tacitly agreed to make their station houses as unesthetic as possible? The practice was begun by the Grand Trunk away back in the fifties, but it was not at all incumbent on the Canadian Pacific to follow the example. A "freight shed" must be a shed of course, and a "railway yard" must be a yard, but the station house which contains the waiting-rooms, the ticket office, and the agent's residence, might easily and cheaply be made a little more stylish than it generally is. A small patch of green lawn with flower beds in it would add to the appearance where it is now impracticable to secure any architectural beauty in the house itself. What can be accomplished in the way of esthetic adornment of a railway station may be seen by the traveller on the Michigan Central Railway at Ypsilanti, a few miles west of Detroit. The station house is of stone, and is neat in architectural design. The walls are adorned with climbing plants, and all about there are grass patches and flower beds. Evidently the people of the place are proud of its unique beauty, for at the proper season of the year when the train stops, little maidens pass through the cars handing small bouquets free of charge to the passengers. A little attention to esthetics has a subtle but powerful influence in promoting civilization.

The part of Niagara River between the Falls and Buffalo is not so familiar to Canadians as it should be. To enjoy it one must take the Electric Railway through the Victoria Park to its terminus at Slater's Point, where he will

find a steamer for Buffalo. The river is quite as majestic here as it is between Queenston and Niagara-on-the-Lake. The way view includes Grand and Navy Islands, with their club-houses and yachts, and the whole of the Canadian shore up to and beyond Fort Erie. The steamer passes under the International Bridge before it turns in to what Buffalonians are pleased to call the "harbour." In his passage to the foot of Main Street the traveller threads a small maze of canals which are the recipients of the city sewage. The perpetual stench occasioned by incessant dredging and the action of steamer wheels and screws is not at all pleasant, but it is worth while seeing Buffalo from this side, and the rest of the trip is ample compensation for the offence to one's olfactories.

I had quite recently a great deal of pleasure in traversing a very interesting part of the County of Northumberland, Ontario, by that good old-fashioned conveyance, a country "stage." Leaving Norwood at six in the morning we had time to breakfast at Hastings, six miles off, and then completed the remaining ten miles to Warkworth. This place with the historic name is a pretty village nestling in the valley of an affluent of the Trent. The banks of this little stream are high, and at one point the spectator can see a great stretch of surrounding country. At the time of my visit the autumn leaves were still brilliant, and many patches of woods, composed mainly of deciduous trees, were clearly visible in their isolation from each other. Travelling along the stage road an observer cannot fail to notice, on a close view, that these groves, which are remnants of the original forest, are undergoing rapid destruction. Through many of them cattle are allowed to roam, killing the "underbrush," trampling the spongy humus hard on the roots of the large trees, destroying the forest flora, and promoting the growth of common grass. Every year the grove so treated suffers the loss of some of its large trees by the force of the wind, and as no young ones are allowed to take their places its area is sensibly diminished. Ten years hence the spectator on the hill at Warkworth will see fewer and smaller patches of woodland than I saw, and in twenty years scarcely any of the original forest will be visible. It is strange that such destruction should be allowed to go on when it might be so easily prevented. Even a ten acre patch of forest can be kept unimpaired by being simply left alone. If cattle are kept out, and the young trees are allowed to grow unmolested, the fallen leaves will furnish a spongy covering to the roots of the trees and of the indigenous wild plants. Wind-falls should be carefully removed, of course, and the largest trees may safely be cut down for fuel, because the annual growth of timber on ten acres will far more than compensate for the loss of a few giants. A thick growth is absolutely necessary to secure tall trunks free from limbs, consequently thinning, if it is practised at all, should be done with the greatest care.

The glimpses one gets of the celebrated Trent Valley by this stage route are very interesting. The Ouse, once an important source of water power, runs through Norwood, which is concealed by the banks of the stream from the traveller on the Canadian Pacific Railway. As its name suggests, it is a tributary of the Trent, which a few miles westward forms the outlet of Rice Lake. The road from Norwood to Hastings, down into the Trent Valley, is hilly, and the road up out of it from Hastings toward Warkworth, is still more so. The Trent is navigable all the way from Peterboro, where it is called the Otonabee, through Rice Lake to a point some distance below Hastings. At the latter place there is a lock to carry steamers past the dam which furnishes a fine water power. A single glance is sufficient to show that the river is fit for nothing but tourist traffic, and Rice Lake is well known to be extremely shallow. Hastings is beautifully situated on both sides of the river which here forms the boundary between Peterboro and Northumberland counties, though municipally the village has been placed by the Legislature in the latter. Approaching Peterboro from the east by rail the traveller crosses the excavation of the so-called "Trent Valley Canal," one section of which is to connect the Otonabee at a point below Peterboro with the upper chain of lakes at Lakefield. This twelve-mile section will be very costly of construction on account of the rapid descent of the river, and the frequent occurrence of rapids. When it is completed, navigation will