

ard-bearers have fallen: a mournful fact for us, but for them a joyous entering upon their rest and reward. Sorrow and bereavement have visited many homes of pastors and people, death has been busy; and the message has reached us with every succeeding day, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The time is short. The opportunity for working, for giving, for building up the Kingdom, is passing swiftly away, but the Kingdom passes not away; and every one that believes in Christ shall not die as regards his soul: aye, and his influence for good shall not cease, but shall increase as the years roll on.

We face the future. What are our plans for the New Year? We know the programme of the Church as a whole—the work she has pledged herself to do at home and abroad. But every congregation, and every member and adherent must also work; else there must be failure. It is well to resolve that the ensuing year shall be one of steady and serious prosecution of duty. For the end draws nigh. How late or how soon Christ shall come we know not. But we know that our life on earth is as a shadow, and that there is none abiding. For all of us the end of life cannot be far away; let our years be so used as that the world shall be better for our having lived in it, and the Church stronger for our having been members of it.

Editorial Correspondence.

CHAMONIX AND THE TETE-NOIR.

ONE Sunday evening in the beginning of October, while standing on the doorstep of a hotel at Geneva, I overheard the waiter talking to an American gentleman who had just arrived. I perceived that the stranger was expressing surprise that he could not see Mont-Blanc, as he had been assured that he should from this point of view. As that was my own difficulty I listened to the conversation. "You don't see it," said the waiter. "No, I must say I do not," was the reply. "There," pointing his finger straight across the Lake, "it is clearly to be seen at this moment," "Pardon me," said the stranger, "but really I fail to see it." "You see that red-roofed house on the other side?" "Yes," "Well,

right in line with that is Mont-Blanc." "You don't see it yet?" "No," look higher, "Still I cannot see it," was the answer. "Look higher," said the other. Sure enough, it was visible all the while, but so high, that both of us had mistaken it for a big white cloud. Much more we might often see by "looking higher." We are a long way from that great mountain that reaches an altitude of 15,780 feet above the sea. Perhaps, even at this distance, however, one realizes its height quite as well as when standing at its foot; but we go to have a nearer view of it. From Geneva to Chamonix is 53½ miles. We are comfortably seated in an open "diligence," with a canvas awning over our heads, and five stout horses in front of us. In half an hour we are in France and learn a lesson in geography—that Chamonix and Mont-Blanc are not in Switzerland, as is commonly supposed, but in Savoy, a French Province. The scenery increases in interest at every stage. We change horses and drivers six times, and think we do very well if we average five miles an hour, for the valley of Chamonix is 2,215 feet above the Lake of Geneva. It is uphill work all the way, but the road is one of the finest in the world. We arrive at Chamonix just in time to see the golden hues of sunset fading on the white peaks far above us. We are at the foot of Mont-Blanc. The first thing after supper was to arrange with the "Society of Guides" for to-morrow's work. This Society regulates every detail in which the services of guides are required. You must take the guide that is appointed for you and pay him the regulation fee. Two mules and two guides are at the door of our "pension" next morning. The lads help us into the saddle, the pilot mule receives a probe from an Alpenstock, and we are off sky-ward. See that ye fall not out by the way, "nay, rather,"—says my genial companion—"that ye fall not off." There is less danger, however, of that than might be supposed, for, once seated in it, the saddle is so constructed, you cannot easily get out of it, unless, indeed, you and your mule should together come to grief. If "Nena" should fall, great will be the fall thereof! It is a very steep ascent, by a rough, winding, narrow path, to the hotel at Montanvert, 3,000 feet above Chamonix, where we are to leave the mules and cross