

too strong for paddling they try the use of poles, and if the stream is too deep for poling they try tracking."

"And what is that?"

"It is simply pulling, like horses pull a vessel along a canal. Half the men remain in the canoe and sleep or rest, while the other half walk along the shore of the stream pulling at a rope attached to the canoe. After a time they change places, and so, alternately pulling and resting, they reach smooth water."

"Did you like that wild unsettled life?"

"Sometimes it was exciting and bracing. I was young and full of missionary zeal. I did what I could for the Church of Christ in the wild regions of the hunter and the Indian; but I confess it was hard and at times wearisome and lonely. What a change has come over everything in this older part of Canada! Time was when Indians and *voyageurs* shot down the Lachine rapids in their canoes, on their way to Montreal for freight. Now the stately steamer rushes wildly down the same rapids. And what a goodly sight it is to see the fine vessel tremble and sway and almost stagger on through the seething waters! The same hush and care seems to exist on her as on the frail birch bark canoe, and pilot and steersman bend the same anxious attention upon their work. But now I am done. My love of adventure, I am thankful to say, was tempered by love for my Master, Jesus Christ, and his Church. It is all over now, and as an old man I wait my time and hope to glide happily into the resting place of peace which lies beyond the river of death."

WHOSE KINGDOM?

ONE day, the present Emperor of Germany was walking out in the road by himself, when he came on a number of little children going to school, with their satchels on their backs, or swinging in their hands. As he is very kind, and fond of little children, he stopped and talked to them, and asked them questions to find out what they had learned in school, and how far their intelligence had been awakened to think and understand.

He stooped down and picked up a stone, and held it in his hand, and said, "Which of you can tell me to what kingdom this stone belongs?"

Then one little sharp boy answered: "To the mineral kingdom."

"Quite right," answered the Emperor, "Very good, my boy. Here is a copper for you, which also belongs to the mineral kingdom. Now you be quiet, and let me ask the others a question." Then he pulled an orange out of his pocket and asked, "To what kingdom does this fruit belong?"

Then another boy answered quickly, "To the vegetable kingdom."

"Well answered," said the Emperor, "You shall have the orange. Now, all of you, think, to what kingdom do you belong?"

The children were puzzled to know what to say—whether to the kingdom of Prussia, or to the animal kingdom, or what. Then all at once a tiny little girl, with rosy cheeks like apples, held up her hand and said: "Please, your majesty, I belong to the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the good old Emperor caught the little child up in his arms, and the tears came into his eyes, and he kissed the child, and took off his military helmet, and standing bare-headed in the morning sun, he said: "Right and beautifully replied, little one. You and I also—I, though I am King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany—stand as lowly subjects under the King of kings and Lord of lords, in the blessed Kingdom of Heaven."

A TESTED REMEDY.

It is related that Bishop Kavanaugh while out walking one day, met a prominent physician, who offered him a seat in his carriage. The physician was an infidel, and the conversation turned upon religion.

"I am surprised," said the doctor, "that such an intelligent man as you should believe such an old fable as that."

The Bishop said, "Doctor, suppose years ago someone had recommended to you a prescription for pulmonary consumption, and you had procured the prescription and taken it according to order, and had been cured of that terrible disease, what would you say of the man who would not try your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool."

"Twenty-five years ago," said Kavanaugh, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation, and wherever accepted I have never known it to fail."

What could a doctor say to such testimony as that? And such testimonies are what men need to turn them from the error of their ways to the personal experience of the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How would you prove the divinity of Christ?" said some ministers to a young backwoods preacher whom they were examining.

"What?" said he, puzzled by their question.

"How would you prove the divinity of Christ?"

"Why, *he saved my soul*," was the triumphant reply.

ACCUSTOM yourself to make every allowance for the imperfections of others, every reasonable sacrifice to their feelings, every effort for their good. Each day will afford you an opportunity of making either an effort, a sacrifice, or an allowance. And while thus employed, your own character will progressively become more amiable, as, in promoting the happiness of others, you are laying the surest foundation of your own.—Taylor.