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A LAKE IN THE ROCKIES.

Climbers in the higher regions of the Rockies and other lofty mountain ranges are often agreeably surprised to find a lake between the cliffs where they least expect it. The little lake shown in our picture is a typical one of the sort. After climbing up a long, steep, and rough path where huge precipices and wild mountains rise on every side, the blue waters of Lake Louise burst suddenly into view. From the great white snow-fields that we see on the further side, several streams are always seen flowing in the summer months; and very pretty water-falls dash themselves down the precipitous sides of the mountains into the lake. Sometimes there are other falls besides those of water. A rock, loosened by the heat

of the sun from its icy bed, will begin to topple over on one side, and then suddenly lose its balance altogether, and go plunging down the mountain side into the abyss below. But it does not go alone; for on its way it canons against others, which, in their turn, are hurled against others, and all join to form a tremendous rock avalanche. It is a grand sight to see these, bounding by gigantic leaps over the edge of the cliffs, and then whizzing silently



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through the air till they reach the water with a splendid splash. The noise of their fall wakes many an echo in the surrounding cliffs, and we are sorry for any

unhappy men or animals that may chance to be in their way.

"COME, FOLLOW ME."

A few weeks ago we watched a young girl and a lad somewhat older go down the aisle on Communion Sunday and stand before the people assembled in the church to say that they had resolved to follow faithfully, God helping them, the

same Jesus who long ago called to the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, "Come, follow me." And we thought as they came back after the simple ceremony, their faces so bright and fresh and hopeful, how much better it was for them to give to Christ's service the beauty and freshness of their lives than to wait, as some young people think they must, till years have passed by—perhaps the best of their life. God wants, and we ought to give him, the very strongest and fairest and sweetest portion of our lives, and not the worn-out ends of them. If Christ loved us

enough to lay down his life for us, is our living service any too precious to offer him in return?

But boys and girls have such strange ideas of what following Christ means. Sometimes they seem to think that they must become very holy before they are fit to become his disciples. "Don't ask me to be a Christian now," said a bright boy the other day, "for I can't do it. I'm not good enough, and there are too many temptations in the way. When you're older it's different; but I don't believe it's ever so hard to be a Christian as it is when you're a boy." You see he thinks he must fight his way alone till the temptations which he feels are about him are overcome or have passed away, and then he will offer himself to Christ.

But don't you see how greatly mistaken he is? Temptations will not stop com-