

WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

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Lumbering in Canada.

This picture represents one of the most characteristic Canadian scenes. The lumbering industry of Canada is its most important one and engages the largest amount of capital. The following paragraphs describe the process of converting the living trees into the timber:—

"The air was cool and bracing, and fragrant with pine balm. The stately trunks rose like a pillared colonnade, 'each fit to be the mast of some high admiral.' The pine needles made an elastic carpet under foot, and the bright sunlight streamed down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with patches of gold.

"Soon we reached the assigned limit, and the stalwart axemen each selected his antagonist in this life and death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood was cleared. The axes gleamed brightly



LUMBERING IN CANADA.

in the air. The measured strokes fell thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and distant forest aisles. The white chips flew through the air, and ghastly wounds gaped in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now a venerable forest chief shivered through all his branches, swayed for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then, with a shuddering groan tottered and reeled crashing down, shaking the earth and air in

his fall. As he lay there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seemed like murder. As Lawrence stood with his foot on the fallen trunk of his first tree, but a moment before standing grand and majestic and lordly as a king's son, like Saul among the prophets, he seemed guilty of sacrilege—of slaying the Lord's anointed. He followed in fancy its fate:

"Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Drag down the weary winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see
again."

"But after a time his conscience be-

came seared and calloused to this tree murder, and as he swung his glittering axe through the air and it bit deep into the very heart of some grand old pine, stoical beneath his blows as a forest sachem under the knife of his enemy, a stern joy filled his soul, as he felt that he with that tiny weapon was more than a match for the towering son of Anak. It realized the fairy tales of his boyhood, and he played the role of Jack the Giant-killer over again."

The Arab.

THE Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., says: "The Arab knows the desert as the Indian knows the forest. He is made for the desert as truly as the camel. His very physique fits him for long marches. He does not carry a single ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones. In all my acquaintance with the Bedaween, I never saw one who was fat, like a negro. His only garments are a cotton

shirt and a sort of dressing-gown of coarse haircloth, which serves the double purpose of a cloak by day and a coverlid by night. Thus lightly clad, but with sinews of steel, he will march all day, and when night overtakes him wrap himself up like a bundle, and lie down and sleep under the open sky. The Arabs eat but little, because they have little to eat; but if a sheep be set before them, they will gorge themselves like anacondas."