The Canadian Press Association Trip to the Northwest, 1899.

(Continued from page 560.)

We think our readers will begin to suppose that the C. P. R. just took us out, but did not take us in (and in one sense they certainly did *not*). The fact is that those of our party who remained in Vancouver are so completely charmed that they are apt to forget the interesting return journey, which had several novel features, including the great mining districts of Rossland, Nelson, etc. Mr. G. McL. Brown, Executive Agent of the C. P. R., most courteously accompanied the guests from Vancouver for some considerable distance, and when he left was lustily cheered and "jolly good fellowed" (surely everyone on this trip will know the good old tune now—even if they didn't before). At Revelstoke the branch line was taken to Arrowhead, then by steamer down Arrow Lake to Nakusp and Robson, where the scenery is most beautiful. At Robson the train was taken for Rossland, of which one now reads and hears so constantly as of such phenomenal growth, with its mines of untold wealth. The ascent to Rossland from Trail is seven miles by road, but fourteen miles by rail, on account of the intricate windings of the mountains. The effect of the electric lights of the mines, residences, etc., all up the mountains, during the ascent, is most dazzling and wonderful, the whole surface appearing in a blaze of light. There are fine residences, some of which have to be approached by many hundred steps. The party were met by a band, and put up at the leading hotels. One often hears of the rowdyism at night in these mining towns, and one of our party sat up purposely late into the night and was agreeably surprised to find that quiet and order seemed to reign. In some neighborhoods there may possibly be noise enough, but certainly not in all, as is sometimes reported. In visiting the War Eagle mine one is specially impressed with the beautiful nickle-plated machinery. Many of the party had friends at the mines, and one innocent Pressite was taken in hand by *his* mining friend—arrayed in the regulation costume, light in cap, all complete—and before he could remonstrate—lo!—he was down, down, down the shaft and begging for mercy and to be let up again! At Trail a walk was taken round the great smelting works. Trail seems to be purely a business town, there being a dearth of residences, except apparently for the workers. At Nelson a grand reception was given, the mayor and aldermen having met the party at Rossland. Cards of invitation were handed in on the cars to a banquet at the Opera House, where the stage was beautifully decorated and a particularly good small orchestra discoursed sweet music. Each lady was presented with a souvenir spoon of solid silver, with a bas-relief of the smelting works in the bowl and the British arms on the handle; and *every* member received a neat box with nine small compartments, each containing a specimen of ore from nine different mines—names given—a most interesting memento. The lake trip was then resumed and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway reached—that wonderful short cut across the mountains—which again manifests the rapid advancement of railway work in those districts, coupled with unsurpassed ingenuity. At one portion of this line there had been a tremendous landslide, and consequently the whole party had to alight from the train and walk for a considerable distance, the baggage being carried by the railway officials and about fifty navvies who were working along the line. A train of two cars was waiting at the other end of the landslide, and connected with the main line. After that there were no further stop-overs. At various points the party gradually lessened, making for their own cities, etc., and one and all concurring in the opinion that never was there a more delightful trip.

We "stop-overs" in Vancouver have spoken so much of what these wonderful regions possess, that it is almost a relief to speak of a strange lack which strikes one very forcibly. There are hardly any old people. This is not surprising, for it is naturally the younger ones who seek fortune in fresh pastures. When we see a gray head and a dear old face, we feel like bending a reverent knee, and we think of the dear ones—some lost—others still in the old home. Then, again, we walk in Stanley Park, unsurpassed for beauty, and of which we shall write later on, and in other beautiful leafy spots. But where are the birds whose songs make such heavenly music? Formerly the forest was too dense and damp for them to thrive, and think again how few years ago—only thirteen. Doubtless before many years this forest silence will be a thing of the past, and the birdies will give their glorious concerts.

Then, too, there are very few dogs and cats, and we haven't heard one grand royal cat fight since we came, no deep Thomas growls nor shrill yells of their companions, such as we were wont to hear. However, according to Emerson, the law of compensation ever holds sway, and we think we *never* saw so many babies! They flourish exceedingly, often two in one carriage. The birdies, the doggies, the pussies will come sure enough, and in the meantime, hurrah for the babies!

THE QUIET HOUR.

Grumbling.

"Wouldst thou be *wretched?* 'Tis an easy way:
Think but of self, and self alone all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care—
All that thou hast to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of thy pleasure, of thy good, thy gain;
Think only of thyself—'twill not be vain.

"Wouldst thou be *happy?* Take an easy way:
Think of those round thee—live for them all day;
Think of their pain, their grief, their loss, their care—
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those round thee—it will not be vain."

We all know plenty of people who seem to consider that their mission in this world is to set everybody right. They are on the lookout for faults, and always find plenty, but that does not help matters in the least. Take church work for instance. The grumblers won't help with choir or Sunday-school, because everything is "so badly managed, there is no order or system." Or they *do* profess to help, and find fault all the time. Either way they only do harm. Of course, things are not managed perfectly. Perfection is rather a scarce article in this world. But it is our business to lend a hand in the work of improvement, instead of chilling our own energy and that of others by constant fault-finding. It is the same way in other enterprises where people are gathered together. There are always some who will never be satisfied, and who will show their dissatisfaction, if not in words, at least in a chilling, silent disapproval, a shrug of the shoulders or a curl of the lip. We are wonderfully dependent on each other, and one grumbler often takes the spring out of a whole meeting.

"Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Something will go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you learn it the better."

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Grumblers are certainly not heroic. Think of the privations which people have gone through in times of shipwreck, war, pestilence, or other occasions when the true nature of the man is revealed. Who are the heroes then? Are they constantly calling attention to the sufferings of their position? Are they persistently looking forward for more troubles ahead? Don't we know that one cheery individual is worth his weight in gold at such times? One person who can joke over scanty meals or uncomfortable surroundings. One who is ready to make the best of everything, and carefully ignores disagreeables which can't be cured. Surely the same thing is true in the smaller field of everyday life. Every day brings with it an opportunity for heroism in making the best of things; everyday brings with it also the temptation to grumble. Why shouldn't you be heroes *every day?*

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I have just been reading the wonderful life of General Gordon. What tremendous difficulties he had to overcome! How little dependence could be placed on the men with whom he had to deal. Why, when he commanded the army in China, it is said that in one month eleven officers in his army died of *delirium tremens!* And yet his cheerfulness never seemed to fail. Mismanagement and difficulties, which would have made most men throw up everything in disgust, only amused him or roused him to fresh enthusiasm in his determination to put down all the evils and abuses he could.

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What was the secret spring of hope and gladness which inspired him? Let his own words explain. When about to start on a very difficult and dangerous mission, he writes: "I leave on Saturday. I am very glad to get away, for I am very weary. I go up alone with an infinite, almighty God to direct and guide me, and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing and to feel sure of success."

His fearless confidence in the face of danger was like that of David when he said so boldly to Goliath, "I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee"; or that of the three young Hebrews, who declared, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace."

This is the secret of an inner sunshine which should disperse all clouds of gloom. We are in God's hands, and He is both able and willing to make our weak efforts work out His wise and merciful plans. To doubt that, is to doubt Him.

Apparent failure should never depress a Christian. Did not our great Leader appear to fail when, deserted by friends, apparently helpless in the hands of enemies, He breathed out His life upon the cross. A fatal blow seemed to have been struck, the religion He had tried to establish seemed to be killed, the disciples He had trained and taught were scattered. Yet that death was not a defeat, but a mighty victory, and our struggles which seem so hopeless may be more victorious than the open successes which please us better.

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Never grumble. Don't grumble at the weather, for it is sent by God himself, and to find fault with it is to complain of Him. Don't grumble at difficulties, but ask God to help you to overcome them, and then go forward in perfect confidence that He *can* and *will* make "all things work together for good." Why, if you had no difficulties to contend with you would have no moral backbone, but would be as limp as a jellyfish. Your spiritual muscles need hardening and strengthening by exercise, as much as your physical ones do.

"A tone of pride or petulance repressed—
A selfish inclination firmly fought—
A shadow of annoyance set at nought—
A murmur of disquietude suppressed—
A peace, in importunity, possessed—
A reconcilement generously sought—
A purpose put aside—a banished thought—
A word of self-explaining unexpressed;
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-restraints:
Yet he who proves them such must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold.
They are the trifles that have made the saints;
Give me to practice them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold."

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What is the use of making yourself into a porcupine, and contriving to stick your prickly complaints into everybody? It is not pleasant to associate with people who always think the weather is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; or insist on airing all their ailments, grievances and worries. To *live* with such people is far worse. It is as depressing as a continuous London fog. Sunshine is healthy as well as pleasant, and it is well to have a stock on hand, bottled up for dark days.

Wasn't it an Irishman who said that the moon made a great mistake in shining only on bright nights, when its light was not needed? Let your brightness be always ready, but especially when everything around you is dark and gloomy. That is the time when it will do most good. It is largely a matter of habit, and a smile is just as cheap as a frown, and far more valuable. HOPE.

A Few Household Hints.

Cheesecloth washes so easily that it is far better than other cloths for wiping meat and poultry; also as dusters, and for lamps, windows, and paint.

A good way to brighten a carpet is to put half a tumbler of spirits of turpentine into a basin of water, dip your broom into it, and sweep over the carpet once or twice. It will restore the color and brighten it wonderfully. Another good way is to rub over the carpet with meal, slightly damped. When perfecttly dry, sweep over with meal. After thoroughly sweeping, rub it with a cloth dipped in water and ammonia—not too strong.

BRUSH FOR SCRUBBING FLOORS.

Make a thick pad (a piece of an old bed comfortable is good), and tack it smoothly over an old floor-brush; cover smoothly with a piece of carpet; pin over a piece of coarse flannel or woolen cloth, and you will have a brush with which you can scrub any kind of bare floor. The outside flannel can be taken off and washed or a fresh piece pinned on occasionally. Painted floors are improved by being wiped with kerosene and then rubbed with this brush.

TO PREPARE HORSE-RADISH FOR WINTER.

Mix the quantity wanted in the following proportions: A coffeecup of grated horse-radish; two tablespoonfuls of white sugar; one-half teaspoonful of salt; a pint and a half of vinegar. Bottle and seal. To make horse-radish sauce, take two tablespoonfuls of the above, add one dessertspoonful of olive oil (or melted butter or cream), and one of prepared mustard.

GRAPE CATSUP.

Stew five pounds of grapes over a slow fire until soft. Then strain through a sieve. Add two and one-half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves and pepper, one-half tablespoonful of salt, one pint of vinegar. Boil until a little thick, and then bottle. This makes an excellent sauce for cold meats.

The Word She Remembered.

"You remember the sermon you heard, my dear?"
The little one blushed and dropped her eyes,
Then lifted them bravely with look of cheer—
Eyes that were blue as the summer skies.

"I'm afraid I forgot what the minister said,
He said so much to grown-up men,
And the pulpit was 'way up over my head;
But I told mamma that he said 'Amen.'

"And 'Amen,' you know, means 'Let it be,'
Whatever our Lord may please to do,
And that is sermon enough for me,
If I mind and feel so the whole week through."

I took the little one's word to heart,
I wish I could carry it all day long,
The "Amen" spirit, which hides the art
To meet each cross with a happy song.

Suggestive Name.

"My dear, what shall we name our baby?" said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.

"Why, hub, I've settled on Peter."

"Peter! I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could ever earn his salt."

"Well, then, we will call him Salt Peter.