

syrup of the best quality. One meets there all one's friends, Protestant and Catholic, laden with bundles great and small; each and all carrying proudly a bunch of impossible paper flowers.

The Protestant services of Easter are naturally the same as elsewhere. The Protestant visitor finds the old Anglican Cathedral of the Holy Trinity especially interesting, being the first Protestant church built in Canada. Its close, shaded by stately elm and basswood trees, is part of the property formerly owned by the Recollet Fathers, the first missionaries who preached the gospel to the Indians. In the year 1800, owing to the burning of their monastery, and the death of the last of the Fathers, the property reverted to the Crown, in accordance with the Articles of Capitulation of 1760. King George III. then granted a large part of it to the Church of England, built the Cathedral at his own expense, and donated the magnificent communion service still in use. Previous to this time, and until the fire mentioned above, the Protestants had held service in the Recollets' Chapel. The following quotation from the Gazette of May 21st, 1867, shows the good feeling existing between the two churches at that date: "On Sunday next divine service, according to the use of the Church of England, will be held at the Recollets' church, and continue for the summer season, beginning soon after eleven. The drum will beat each Sunday soon after half an hour past ten, and the Recollets' bell will ring to give notice of the English service the instant their own is ended."

The Quiet Hour.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM VARIOUS READERS.

Dear Hope,—In a recent issue, when you gave us an extract instead of a production from your own pen, your few remarks seemed to indicate an undercurrent of thought that your heart-to-heart talks were not appreciated.

I assure you those of us who have left the great cities and their religious privileges and opportunities, and now live in rural districts shorn of them, do heartily appreciate the weekly visit of such a friend, and I hope you may be long spared to minister the word and speak to the heart by your weekly visit to our home.

R. BAGG.
Sask., N.-W. T.

Ministering to Strangers and the Sick.

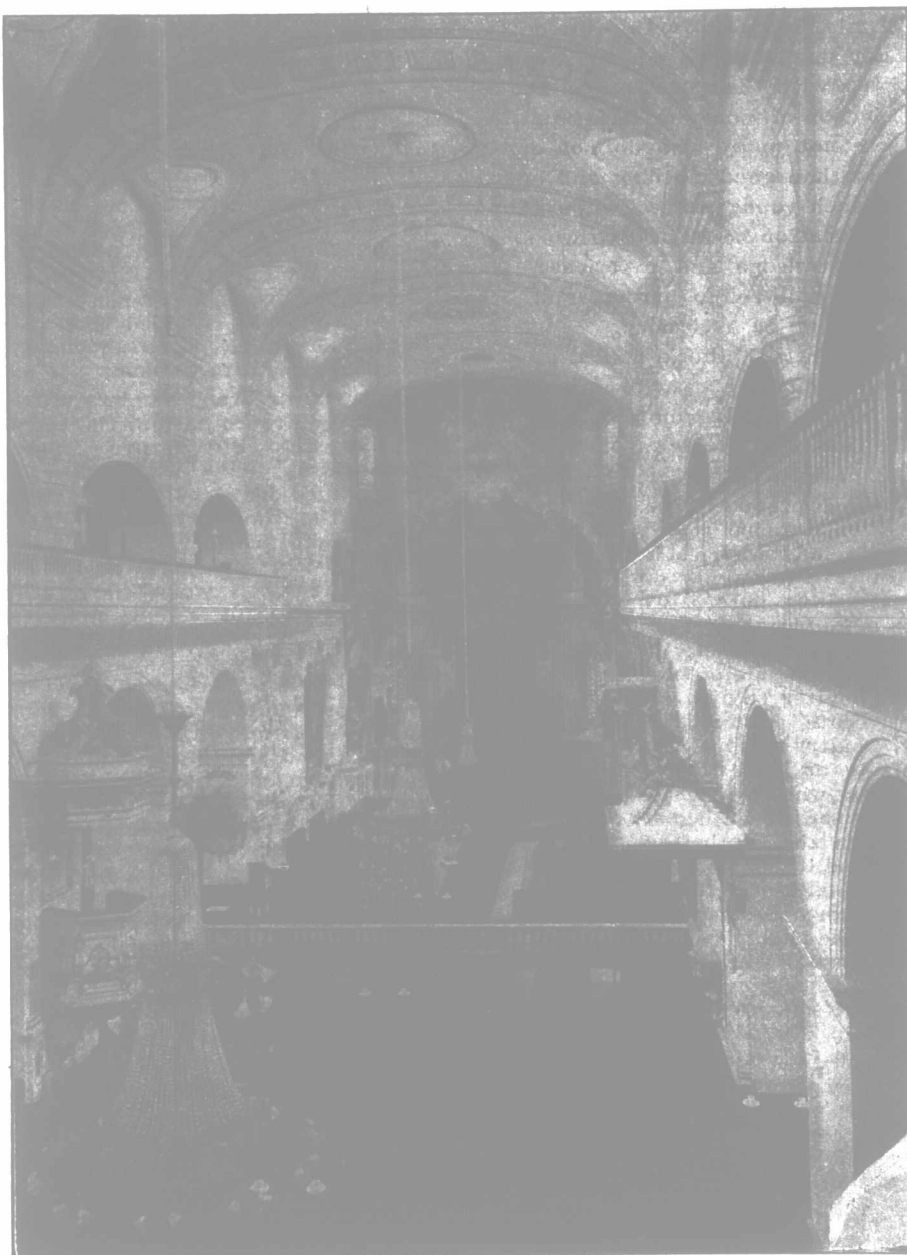
The title of this topic is one which applies to all, and to our every-day life, for, as we go round from day to day, we come in contact with those who are sometimes not as highly favored as we are, and we may often have the opportunity of helping someone out of difficulty or trouble, and, in so doing, we may save them from yielding to temptation, and in many cases people have been saved even from committing suicide by the kindly word of a friend, and a smile has often brightened the dark clouds of discouragement and caused the silver lining to appear. The Bible tells us: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for in so doing some have entertained angels unawares." There is always someone whom we may help, and it is our duty to do so. God never intended that we should keep our money and our possessions all to ourselves. He says: "The silver and the gold are mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills are mine," and when we just think that God has given us all the comforts we may enjoy, how necessary it is for us to try and brighten the lives of the poor and the unhappy with whom we come in contact, and it is not always with kind words this can be done, for when persons are cold or hungry they need something more substantial than a smile. If we read the papers now, we will see the suffering there is in the cities, and we can all help in different ways, by sending food or clothing, and it is our duty to do so, for it's God's command. He says: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have

done it unto me." We would be surprised when the day of reckoning comes, if our Lord should say to us: "Depart from me, for inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to Me." Of course, doing these things will never save a person. They must first accept Christ. Neither can any person be a Christian and not help others, for God says: "By their fruits ye shall know them." When we help others, we always receive a blessing in our own souls, and no one was ever any poorer for having given to a good cause, and God's word is full of commands and promises to help each other. Let us then remember the hymn which says:

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can review,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good that we may do,
As the days are going by."

Wellington Co., Ont.

FAITH.



Interior of the Basilica, Quebec City.

The End of the Way.

My life is a wearisome journey,
I am sick with the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet.
But the city to which I am going
Will more than the trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem
nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

So many steep hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know in His Word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day,
And the toils of the day will seem
nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
His people He dearly has purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and bye I shall see Him, and praise
Him.

In the city of unending day.
And the toils of the day will seem
nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear,
Then all that seems now so mysterious
Shall be plain and clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem
nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said,
"Come!"

So when I am weary in body
And sinking in spirit, I say:
"All the toils of the road will seem
nothing
When I get to the end of the way."

Cooling fountains are there for the
thirsty,
There are cordials for those who are
faint,

plate, long exposed, reveals it. It was there all the time, though no eye perceived it. The knowledge that it is there convinces us that there is more there that we do not yet know, and confirms the faith that beyond all our present knowledge, vaster knowledge waits for us. Knowledge and faith are not conflicting. Knowledge is only the confirmation by one faculty, of truth already felt after by another. Let each have its place.

Little Pebbles.

Recently, a French submarine plunged down into the depths of the sea and never came up again, and about a dozen lives were smothered out. There was much speculation as to the cause of the accident, but the truth could not be known until later, when the vessel was drawn up out of its one hundred feet and more of water. Then the cause was discovered, and a strange one it was. A pebble had got in one of the valves that let the sea water into a compartment where it acted as ballast. As the valve was thus prevented from closing, the water continued to leak into the compartment until the accumulating pressure burst its inner partition, which was not intended to withstand the full pressure of the sea. So, while the submarine was under the water, that pebble did its work, there was a sudden burst of the sea into the interior of the vessel, and those poor fellows must have instantly known their fate. The power of little things is strikingly illustrated in this incident. A pebble that a babe could cover in its chubby hand sent a warship to the bottom. A tiny leak accumulated enough pressure to burst in a steel plate and sink a ship. Little pebbles of evil habit, tiny leaks of character—how many a human life have they sent to the bottom!

With the Flowers.

RURAL AND CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

There are in Ontario at the present time sixty-six horticultural societies, organized under the Agriculture and Arts Act. These societies are mostly in towns and cities, and are interested particularly in the ornamental or aesthetic branches of horticulture. They are, nevertheless, doing a valuable work in educating the public to the importance of beautifying home surroundings and taking an interest in civic improvement generally. Meetings are held usually once a month throughout the year, and the Provincial Department of Agriculture sends a speaker once during the year to each society. Prof. H. L. Hutt and Mr. Wm. Hunt, of the Ontario Agricultural College, are now making a tour of the societies, which will keep them on the road for a month or more.

Prof. Hutt addressed the London Horticultural Society last week, and gave an interesting and practical talk, illustrated by a number of very beautiful stereopticon views. He referred to the good work being done by the horticultural societies throughout the Province, and complimented the citizens upon what had been accomplished in London. It was a city of beautiful homes, with beautiful surroundings. In no other city in Ontario had unsightly fences been more effectively abolished. The open lawns, and well-kept boulevards, gave the city a spacious, tidy appearance, in which citizens might well take a pride. He said the city was fortunate in having as Park Commissioner, John S. Pearce, a man who loved trees, but who did not hesitate to cut out thousands of them when necessary, as he had done, to give those left room for full development. What London most needed now, said Prof. Hutt, was more attention to the planting of flowering shrubs, climbing vines, and mixed borders of hardy, perennial-flowering plants. The "Forest City" has an abundance of trees, but these smaller materials were needed to give finish and variety of embellishment. Prof. Hutt is looking forward to a more general awakening of interest in this kind of improvement in the country through a systematic improvement of rural-school grounds. He is undertaking, for the Provincial Educational Department, the preparation of a number of plans of well-laid out and properly-planted school grounds.