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The Presbyterian Review.

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Toronto, Aug. 6, 1896.

The Perils of Pleasure.

A WORD may not be out of place at this holiday season on the danger of giving ourselves up too much to the pleasures of life, to the neglect of spiritual claims and duties. We need physical and mental rest and recreation, and nature seems to have pointed to the hot summer months as the most suitable for recuperation of body and mind. But the holidays ought to be the Christian's annual Sabbath, a quiet space of time given up from the world to pure, health-giving exercises, and religious meditation. We do not wish to make a suggestion here against enjoying to the full the legitimate pleasures with which a bountiful Creator has bestrewn the earth. Nature beams with pleasures that ought to delight the heart of man. The sciences offer an easy key to nature's storehouse by which the wonderful works of God may be discovered and contemplated. Human nature also offers a field; subtler and more fascinating, yet open to the enquiring mind: and rational sports and amusements there are in abundance to meet the worries of business and the weakness of limbs. But in the reasonable and right use of these, the claims of Christ must not be forgotten nor belittled, nay all things—whether we eat or drink—should be subordinated and subdued to the needs of the Christian life.

While this truth is applicable everywhere and at all times, there is special need for remembering it during the holidays, when a natural reaction against the routine and restraints of regular habits and conventionalities asserts itself, and therefore a danger of travelling too far on the alluring path of liberty.

Railway Traffic on the Sabbath.

A judgment of great importance has been given by the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of the running of Sunday trains. A freight train was run (presumably with perishable goods) by the Alabama Southern Railroad. The law of Georgia provides that all freight trains shall stop on the Sabbath day, not later than eight o'clock a.m., excepting those which are loaded with live stock which may run to the nearest stock pen. Mr. Hennington being convicted by the Georgia courts of Sabbath breaking, appealed to the

Supreme Court of Georgia on the ground that the law just referred to is repugnant to the Interstate commerce legislation of the United States. The court rejected this contention.

The following extract from Chief Justice Bleckley may be read with profit by our legislators, courts, and laymen:—

“There can be no well-founded doubt of its being a police regulation, considering it merely as ordaining the cessation of ordinary labor and business during one day in every week; for the frequent and total suspension of the toils, care and strain of mind and muscle incident to pursuing an occupation or common employment, is beneficial to every individual, and incidentally to the community at large, the general public. Leisure is no less essential than labor to the well-being of man. Short intervals of leisure at stated periods reduce wear and tear, promote health, favor cleanliness, encourage social intercourse, afford opportunity for introspection and retrospection, and tend, in a high degree, to expand the thoughts and sympathies of people, enlarge their information, and elevate their morals. They learn how to be, and come to realize that being is quite as important as doing. Without frequent leisure, the process of forming character could only be begun, it could never advance or be completed, people would be mere machines of labor or business—nothing more. If a law which, in essential respects, betters for all the people the conditions, sanitary, social and individual, under which their daily life is carried on, and which contributes to insure for each, even against his own will, his minimum allowance of leisure, cannot be rightfully classed as a police regulation, it would be difficult to imagine any law that could.

“With respect to the selection of the particular day in each week which has been set apart in our statute as the rest day of the people, religious views and feelings may have had a controlling influence. We doubt not that they did have, and it is probable that the same views and feelings had a very powerful influence in dictating the policy of setting apart any day whatever as a day of enforced rest. But neither of these considerations is destructive of the police nature and character of the statute. If good and sufficient police reasons underlie it, and substantial police purposes are involved in its provisions, these reasons and purposes constitute its civil and legal justification, whether they were or not the direct and immediate motives which induced its passage, and have for so long a time kept it in force. Courts are not concerned with the mere beliefs and sentiments of legislators, or with the motives which influence them in enacting laws which are within legislative competency. That which is properly made a civil duty by statute is none the less so because it is also a real or supposed religious obligation, or is then statute vitiated, or in anywise weakened, by the chance, or even the certainty, that in passing it the legislative mind was swayed by the religious, rather than by the civil, aspect of the measure. Doubtless it is a religious duty to pay debts, but no one supposes that this is any

obstacle to its being enacted as a civil duty. With few exceptions, the same may be said of the whole catalogue of duties specified in the Ten Commandments. Those of them which are purely and exclusively religious in their nature cannot be made civil duties, but all the rest of them may be, in so far as they involve conduct as distinguished from mere operations of mind or states of the affections. Opinions may differ, and they really do differ, as to whether abstaining from labor on Sunday is a religious duty; but whether it is or is not, it is certain that the Legislature of Georgia has prescribed it as a civil duty. The statute can fairly and rationally be treated as a legitimate police regulation; and thus treated, it is a valid law. There is a wide difference between keeping a day holy as a religious observance and merely forbearing to labor on that day, in one's ordinary vocation or business pursuit.

How to Spend a Profitable Holiday.

It cannot be denied that, while the summer is the season most suitable for recreation, there is more or less declension in spiritual life and work. Take the large cities' churches, for example. Some are closed for a month, Sabbath-schools cease in many cases for two months, great numbers of families leave their beautiful homes, and spend weeks and months in hotels and cottages, by lakeside, riverside, and seaside, removing in many cases from church services altogether. Many are found on the Sabbath sailing and rowing, paddling and wheeling, walking and lounging, making it an ordinary holiday. It would seem as if many looked upon the summer as a time for recreation both from occupation and from religion. Then there is the disorganization of church finances. Members of congregations forget to give their contributions to the treasurer before leaving for their summer resorts, and in consequence this officer is embarrassed, and the balance is not made up till late in the year. It cannot be denied, moreover, that much is added to the expense of living by this summer migration. Another feature, and a sad one, of this desertion of homes is the separation of the family and its head. Summer is usually the busiest season of the year with business men owing to the annual vacation that is given to their employees, and they must be in the city. They must get their meals in clubs or restaurants and spend the nights in the deserted home, except perhaps on the Sabbath, when they may join the family, unless it be too far away. And thus the religious life of our people, of individuals, families and churches is in danger of being weakened. We do not write this in condemnation of summer recreation, in which we most heartily believe in some form, but we desire in all faithfulness to call attention to what we believe to be a spiritual peril in the hope that it may be averted.

Now, let us suggest a thought or two which should be useful and helpful to many. 1. Let families who leave the city go where the head of the house can join them every night. Then the family need not be broken up, nor its head left without the comforts of home life during the summer. 2. Let those who intend being absent from their church make their contributions to it as regularly as when at home, either by giving beforehand, or weekly. This is serving the Lord as well as ourselves. 3. Then sanctify all recreations, observe family worship regularly, have Sabbath-school in your own house, or room, if there be no hall, or church, and have plenty of good books around. Should there be no church service, let a regular service be conducted in one's house with the family. Little children especially love such a service. 4. Remember the church at

home. Pray for those who are there, in church and Sabbath-school, and for the man of God who preaches to them. Let there be no break in our church work. Let us pray and look for additions to the church week by week, of such as shall be saved. Sin abounds; let us pray that grace may much more abound, and that the preaching of the Gospel may be exceedingly fruitful to the glory of God. "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering . . . not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching."

What The Bicyclist Misses.

It is to be hoped that the good old custom of pedestrianism will not fall into disuse, says a writer in the *Transcript*. The bicycle rider has perhaps gained more than he has lost, but he has lost something, and that by no means unimportant. It is a great economic gain to minimize time and distance to so considerable an extent. The enjoyment in this way of the air and exercise and the poetry and exhilaration of easy and rapid motion is delightful, but this sensuous satisfaction is likely to be obtained at the expense of mental stimulus. The bicycle rider cannot tarry to study the tint or texture of the flowers or breathe their fragrance. He cannot listen to the songs of birds or the music of the brooks. His course is over the world's conventional tracks, and though nature speaks in countless tongues, he hardly catches so much as the echo of any of them. The woodlands and the byways where lurk the choicest manifestations of beauty he cannot visit. On his nightly runs he sees only the shining road before him reflecting the light of the moon and stars, but he cannot lift his eyes to the Milky Way, or view the still more glorious tenantry of the heavens.

It does not seem a violent hypothesis that this condition of things must tend to weaken those habits of observation upon which so much that is great in art, science, and literature depends, and that this will be deplorably apparent in the next generation unless some counter interest can be developed. It is a serious question whether a White of Selbourne, a Burroughs, or a Thoreau could have been produced on an exclusive bicycle basis. Their natural tendencies might have overcome all obstacles of environment, but observation is a plant that starts early and grows by what it feeds upon, and amid surroundings and influences like the present they might not so easily have been inducted into those delightful and congenial labors that have so sweetened the literature of our time.

The bicycle interest has come to stay and to grow until some more potent attraction shall supplant it. But to balance it and prevent social one-sidedness and mental deterioration, we need the extension and multiplication of such organizations as the Appalachian Club, which will soon start upon an outing, not to annihilate space, but to become acquainted with the wealth which occupies it, and in acquiring health and strength also to acquire information. It is something to know the world of men, but it is infinitely more important to know intimately the world of nature, for upon that knowledge rests all that man ever has accomplished or ever can accomplish. The fastest scorcher may get to the end of life's journey the soonest, but he will not arrive with as much baggage as the more moderate and observant wayfarer.

Reaping.

"Reaper," I asked, "among the golden sheaves,
Tolling at noon amid the falling leaves,
What recompense hast thou for all thy toll,
What tithing of all thy Master's wine and oil?
Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold,
Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?"

The reaper paused from binding close the grain,
And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain,
"I do my Master's work, as He has taught:
And work of love with gold was never bought.
He knoweth all of which my life hath need:
His servants reap as they have sown the seed.
With all my heart I bind my Master's grain,
And love makes sweet my labor and my pain."

The Dew Unto Israel.

That was what the prophet said the Messiah should be to the soul of the believer, but what does the city man know about dew? What does a boy who has never gone barefoot, know about the dawn, and the calling to the cows which are out in the dewy meadows? What does the bank clerk, whose conception of a breeze is not of a wind fresh from the mountain glen across blue lakes and pastures sweet with violets, but of yesterday's dead atmosphere flung at him out of a wire cage by an electric fan, what does he know of those hours which have inspired prophets, thrilled poets and moved all souls that live in Arcadie?

It is one of the charms of the Bible that it never wanders far from pastoral simplicity. But for this very reason the Bible can not be the same to a man born in the second story back room of a brown-stone mansion, that it is to one born under the slanting shingles of a weather-stained farm-house. The man whose first playground was an attic floor under a flat roof can never make that out of the Bible which he finds in the Word whose cradle was rocked beside the window sweet with the breath of a cinnamon-rose and bright with the hues of morning-glories. Nobody can understand in its fullness the Twenty-third psalm whose idea of a meadow is derived from the twenty-four square feet of grass between the basement window and the stone sidewalk.

"As dew unto Israel!" How many a man as he sits down to his ten o'clock breakfast in his city hotel repeats those words to himself, looking meanwhile over the menu for something that shall tempt his appetite, but dreaming of the morning when the cat-bird sang in the syringa, and the robin in the apple-tree, and the thrush in the elm. The waiter hands him a plate of insipid bananas ripened in a cellar by the aid of a kerosene stove; but he is thinking of the harvest apples which he used to find, golden in the dewy clover, whose fragrance was blended with that of the bountiful breakfast, the aroma of which came to him from the kitchen's open door. Ah, well; he has not forgotten what the dew means; and perhaps these hot and sultry streets and quivering walls help him the better to realize what Hosea promised when he said that the Christ should come unto weary souls as the dew to the heated and the thirsty land.

Silent, widespread, beneficent; that is what the grace of God is to a weary world. In what a contrast to the tempest distils the dew!

And yet, notwithstanding all the prophet's sweet assurances, the Hebrew nation was awaiting a Messiah whose sword should sweep the earth like a cyclone; destructive, punitive, irresistible. His birth should be marked by the shooting of the stars from their spheres; his mission be accompanied by the trembling of the globe, and his victory heralded by the lightning's flash; the thunder's peal. But as in the summer evening we are made conscious of the falling dew only by a sudden stillness and coolness of the air, and we feel the tension of the nerves relaxed under the gracious moisture of which we are as yet but half aware, so came Jesus to a tired world, and stole in upon the sorrows of mankind with gentle, healing touch. No inventive genius has as yet produced a meter that shall give us night by night the precipitation of the dew; but a careful estimate based upon the most reliable data assures us that in most of our country the moisture received by this process of radiation is not less than five inches during a summer. So the grace of our blessed Lord, received oft-

times unconsciously so gentle are its operations, cheers and comforts the soul and ensures its rich fertility.

And like the dew, the spiritual gift we receive in our Saviour is not local, but broadly diffused. The Messiah was not of one race for people, but for a world. Showers water here and there a farm, a township, or it may be half a state; but the dew spreads itself over the sleeping continent. Not here or there, but everywhere it gathers, diffusing benedictions and gathering sweetness. It glistens upon the leaf of the willow, and drops from the tip of the elm, and fills the lily, and nestles in the heart of the rose.

So do we remember of our Lord's grace that it is not bestowed only upon regal natures or queenly characters, but upon the least and humblest and most lowly of mankind. No longer do prophets and wise men stand ages apart; but the sons and daughters of the common people receive that spiritual refreshing which makes of each a source and fount of power. Some of the most precious of our Christian hymns, now as familiar as the psalms of David, were written by pens so modest that to this day they remain unknown.

Surely Hosea was filled with the spirit of prophecy when he foretold that Jesus, coming down upon his mission of redemption, should be "as dew unto Israel;" blessing in silence and blessing everywhere.

The Duty and Uses of Rest.

Most of us look upon rest, especially in the season which we are apt to take at this season of the year, as a reward or recompense, and in a sense that is correct. It often is spoken of also as a duty, but not always, probably, with a complete appreciation of it as such. To take a rest is regarded as a duty but the employment of it is considered less from the point of view of duty, and sometimes we are tempted to act as if our vacation were from obligations as really as from labors.

It is indeed a duty to rest when weary. The position of those—and there are such—who insist that work should be incessant because God forbids idleness may be due to conscientiousness, but it is mistaken, not to add morbid. Most of us, however, probably are more open to a different temptation. All should understand that rest is not only wise but is even necessary to one who leads a busy life, and that sheer idleness, when it has been honestly earned and is not too greatly prolonged or misspent in any way, possesses large recuperative and helpful power. It is true that a change of work is refreshing, but the teacher, the minister, the banker, the mechanic, or the housewife who is content to merely eat, sleep, breathe and be amused during vacation probably resumes the accustomed task with the best power of future usefulness. Yet each must decide for himself.

No time of rest is spent to best advantage, however, which is not made to serve the highest part of our nature. If we are not studying books we can observe men and women and learn from them. If we cease temporarily from making money we may find in our leisure a superior opportunity for making character, for exerting a Christian influence, for learning how unaccustomed temptations assail and are to be conquered, and how forms of virtue hitherto uncalled for specially are to be appreciated and cultivated. And he who fails in vacation to set apart some time more than is usual with him for meditation and prayer and communion with Christ fails of one of its sweetest and most rewarding privileges.

Moreover, if you are one of those whom toil presses hard and for whom there is no respite, take courage. Find your rest and refreshment in renewed study of your Bible, and be sure that Christ will not forget you, but will impart to you His comfort and His peace.—*Congregationalist*

The man who stays at home on Sunday because it is so hot suffers five times as much as if he went to church. He has nothing to do but to think how torrid the temperature is. That makes the furnace seven times hotter. He frets himself into an additional swelter because dinner is not ready, and then "Would God it were Monday!" Now the churchman puts on a fresh cool suit, goes where the air is tempered and associations are restful. It is the most complete change possible from much of his weekly life. The music and the message from the Book, the prayers and the sermon are like the shadow of a rock in a dry land. The soul is refreshed and that invigorates the body. Like snow in harvest is good news from a far country.

The Minister's Holiday.

It should be taken for granted that every minister has a holiday. It is now very wisely considered a proper thing at the time of settlement to provide for it. There is no one in the community for whom with the interests involved, it is so important that he should be kept in first class condition. To secure this, all experience shows, he must have occasional change of air and scene, if it were only to guarantee him a good digestion, without which clear, bright, stimulating sermons are impossible of production. Then, the jaded nerves and the exhausted brain must have a chance to recuperate, a thing not to be looked for so long as the heavy cares and the endless worries of a congregation are in sight. If one fixes his eye for a few moments on an object, the vision grows dull, it is even so, when the heart and mind are continuously directed to even the best of themes. They lose their energy. Their tension must be relaxed; and it is change of occupation that gives them wholesome rest.

It being settled, then, that every minister ought to have a holiday, three matters remain to be considered,—when? where? and how? The answer to the first query must be,—at mid-summer. It is at that season that men's systems get run down to their lowest point of energy and it is at that time that outdoor life is so irresistibly attractive.

As to where the wornout minister should seek healthful repose and change, that is a matter which has to be determined generally by the dimensions of his stipend. To those who can afford a trip across the Atlantic is the ideal holiday. It furnished the completest change possible. Even seasickness is said to be restful to the brain. Apparently paralysed for a time, a change in its tissues takes place, and it regains afterwards more than its previous activity and force. But the mental and moral change effected by a visit to Europe has been greater than that brought about in the bodily frame. One is ushered into a world of larger ideas and of more accumulated references; and points of contrast are continually presented that prove stimulating to the brain-worker.

But a trip to Europe is the privilege only of the few, and even the few can but rarely indulge in it. Shall the rest, then, be to the seaside,—Metis, Cacouna, Murray Bay, St. Andrews or Portland? When practicable, a daily dip in the sea for a week or two is the best imaginable tonic. Nothing braces the nerves like it. Especially has it this effect on those brought up by or near the sea. Every person in Scotland, gentle and simple, contrives to "go to the coast" for at least ten days; and when the season comes round, such as were accustomed to this privilege in youth are periodically attacked by a longing for the salt water very much as others are attacked with hay fever. But even the journey to the coast by reason of the distance and expence, is out of the question to most ministers living in the inland districts. And as alternatives there are Muskoka and other Lake resorts, besides "The Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence. The question, how their work is to be carried on during their absence, is that which meets most ministers in this connection, city ministers have not so much concern in this regard, as their congregations are greatly reduced in summer, and they have usually little difficulty in arranging for supply. Sometimes country ministers are glad of the opportunity of visiting the city, doing duty at the same time. And, although he has the worst of the bargain, occasionally he effects an exchange with his city brother. New surroundings afford him some stimulus, and at all events he is not under the necessity of producing new discourses, when he is from home. but even when an exchange of this kind is not practicable, there is not a minister in the land who has not some friend or neighbor, far or near, with whom he can arrange to exchange pulpits for a longer or shorter period, thus securing a fresh stimulus for his high calling.

Assuming that all ministers are to have a holiday, how should they spend it? Not certainly in professional work, writing a sermon every week, as one preacher is known to do. One should rather strive to get marrow into his bones and energy into his brain for future work,—laying in from every hand the raw materials for sermons, getting a stock of new ideas new images in the mind, and new impressions. The utmost extent of strictly professional reading should be a passage in the Hebrew Bible in the morning, and in the Greek Testament at night. For the rest, let his reading be miscellaneous. Let not the mind be tasked. For poetry, those visiting in the country would do well to have

Wordsworth or Longfellow by them. In fiction let each follow the bent of his taste. He cannot go wrong, if the writings of "Ian MacLaren," Barry, Crockell, R. L. Stevenson, or, the old standby, Sir Walter Scott, are within his reach. Lounging, like Tityrus' of old, under a spreading beech-tree, with any such volume in his hand, is an ideal situation of Sylvan repose.

But a holiday, to be entirely enjoyable and profitable, must have activity mingled with quiet. Every one ought to have a pursuit that will take him afield. The minister is to be congratulated who loves birds, or beetles, or butterflies. To those who have appreciative eyes and ears, there are indeed "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Botany is perhaps the most fascinating of all the natural sciences, and its prosecution is attended with little or no expense, a feature of it which makes it so far suitable to most clergymen. But people's tastes vary,—rocks, birds and insects,—all have their devotees. And it does not much matter what the pursuit is, so long as it gives a new and wholesome direction to the mind, and yields the indirect advantage of drawing people to the woods and hills and streams, securing them in all the exercise their frames require, without their consciously seeking it,—a thing that proves irksome even in the arrangements of the best regulated gymnasium. And thus is realized Wordsworth's description "of the good priest," of the Scottish Manse;

"Who faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers."

Some are partial to the gun or rod; and of the latter, at least, it may be said, that it is an Apostolic craft. And apart from the mental change produced by the enthusiastic concentration on the business on hand by the ardent sportsman, and the delight of pouring over the genial pages of Isaac Walton, the great piscatorial master, there are evidents points of resemblance between the catching of trout and the fishing of men,—the same tact and patience being required and being rewarded in both. Let us, then, conclude with hoping that every one of our ministerial readers will have a happy holiday. And let the congregations do their part in promoting it. They are the gainers, when their pastors return from their vacation, with invigorated brain and elastic heart.

Christian Homes.

There are few persons in this world who do not expect to have, sooner or later, homes of their own. It is one of the natural instincts of life implanted by the Creator. With man it is more than a place of rest or retreat. It is a center of domestic life and pleasure, a nursery of physical and intellectual growth, a mystic circle of hearts unified by interests common to all, and welded by mutual love and confidence. The home is the unit of civilization and of government, both Christian and national. In it the father is king, the mother queen, and the children obedient subjects. No one may cross the threshold without consent, or interfere with its internal government. So long as its members do not violate the laws of God or man, it is as safe from invasion or interruption as a walled city.

The ideal home does not require a palace nor spacious grounds. It does not demand wealth nor influence to reach its highest development. Our first parents established it in the garden, and thousands have found it in the caves of the earth. Some of the most lovely have been very humble, with few of what the world calls necessities. God will not sanctify the place if the family do not provide the conditions necessary to bring the promised blessing.

Children are not always children. One after another leaves the homestead to establish new centers of home life, and so changes are going on constantly. It is a matter of serious concern that these new homes should be properly established, and that the sweet influence they have felt shall have a new life under new surroundings.

The best safeguard for our homes is the family Bible. It is not only the best text-book for the citizen, but, if kept open in the family, will make a Christian home. Christ will be a welcome guest, and his influence in the hearts of all will yield the fruits of righteousness. The family is the unit of the State, and the more Christian homes, the more nearly perfect will the nation be. To those who are preparing to build new homes for themselves, we emphasize the supreme importance of beginning right. Take your plans from the Holy Scriptures, make Christ the model of your own lives, and, when in doubt, go to Him for counsel.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

This department is conducted by a member of the General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies. Correspondence is invited from all Young People's Societies, and Presbyterial and Synodical Committees. Address: "Our Young People," PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, Drawer 2464, Toronto, Ont.

A "FAILURE."

He cast his net at morn, when fishers toiled,
At eve he drew it empty to the shore,
He took the diver's plunge into the sea,
But thence within his hand no pearls he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;
He sped his arrow, but he missed his aim,
And slept at last beneath a simple stone
With no achievement carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part,
I dare not use that word, for what if heaven
Shall question ere its judgment shall be read,
Not "hast thou won," but only "hast thou striven?"
Kate Tucker Goodo.

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in your own history of that hero, who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in the horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awakening, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or more hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wiser who sets all in order before the march begin. Rev. James Hamilton

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

CONDUCTED BY S. JOHN DUNCAN-CLARK.

WORLD'S C. E. PRAYER CHAIN, SUBJECT FOR AUGUST:—*For young Christians away from home.* Pray that as they are scattered by the vacation season, the knowledge of Christ may spread abroad by them, and that their consistent lives may every-where tell for the Master.

God in Nature.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, August 16.—"Seeing God in Nature." Pa. xix. 1-6. xxiv. 1-10.

"The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, Rom. 1. 20. Thus does the Holy Spirit in God's written Revelation testify to the divine character of His created Revelation. Have you seen His power and Godhead in the Book of Nature?

God in nature is the favorite theme of all the sweetest of earth's singers. Since the Psalmist of Israel wrote, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handy work," that song has been echoed again and again. Listen to Tennyson,—

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?"
And again hear, Longfellow,—

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above,
But not less in the bright flowers under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

One could multiply quotations without end, but these must suffice. Go to your Bible, and read there of how God stands revealed in Nature, see it in the writings of the prophets, hear it in the teachings of Christ. Go then out into the world, and let each bursting bud tell you of God's power, each ripening fruit speak to you a parable of what He can accomplish in your life, each happy bird sing you a carol of His love. Yes, God has stamped His image on the world, and some day it will all be His. Let this faith be ours, and the clouds that hide the sun will seem to us but the skirts of the Almighty's robe.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY S. JOHN DUNCAN-CLARK.

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON VII.—DAVID'S CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS.
(Psalm xxxii. 1-11.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. xxi. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Pardon and peace.

ANALYSIS.—Confession of Sin, v. 1-5.
Confidence of Salvation, v. 6-11.

TIME AND PLACE.—B.C. 1034; written by David at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—After the Ammonites had retreated before the Israelite army, Joab returned to Jerusalem, probably because it was a time of year unfavorable for a siege. After this, followed David's campaign against the Syrians. Lesson 6. In the spring, probably of the following year, Joab was sent in charge of a besieging expedition against Rabbah, the capital of the Ammonites. David remained at Jerusalem. It was then that he committed his great sin. 2. Sam. 1. For a year or more his sin remained unconfessed and unrepented of. Nathan the prophet came at last with a rebuke, which brought David to a sense of his guilt and shame. He confessed, and Nathan assured him that his sin was forgiven. 2. Sam. xii. 1-13. David's joy when forgiven is shown in Ps. xxxii, our lesson for to-day.

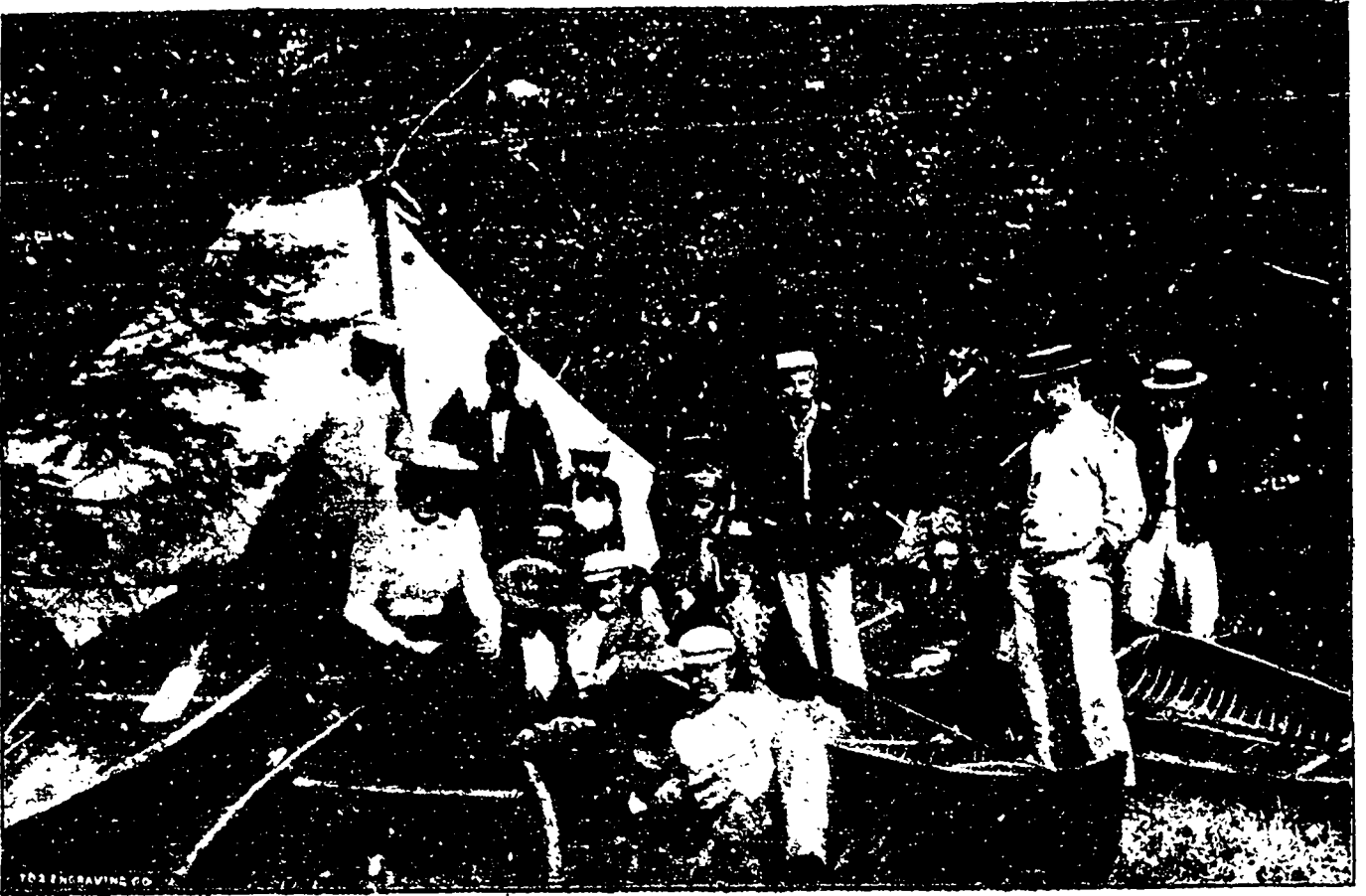
TEACHING THE LESSON—"V. 1-5. There are a great many words in this psalm which the teacher ought to study the meaning of, such as "blessed," "transgression," "sin," "iniquity," "forgiven," "covered," and "imputeth not." In what consists the blessedness of forgiveness? 1. It takes away the sin that separates God and us. 2. It saves us from punishment. 3. It restores us to God's favor. Illustrate the gladness of a child who has incurred the displeasure of its parents by disobedience. What is the joy that fills the heart of the child when his father or mother forgives him. Call attention to the horrors of David's mind and conscience during the year of his sin. V. 3, 4. How did David obtain forgiveness? V. 5. What kind of a confession obtains forgiveness? Only a confession arising from repentance. What is repentance unto life? Take up each part of the answer to this question and explain it. Why is confession necessary in order to pardon? It is one of the signs of true repentance. What are some of God's promises to forgive sins?"

"V. 6-11. Ask what were the results of David's repentance. When the king on his throne repented it was a lesson on repentance to the whole world. It did much to counteract the evil consequences of David's sin. What were some things that David's repentance could not do? It could not bring Uriah to life again. It could not restore purity to Bath-sheba. It could not save the child's life. The sword never departed from David's house because he had given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. What were some of the results of David's forgiveness? 1. The encouragement to all the godly to pray. 2. That their greatest troubles shall not overwhelm them. 3. That God will encircle his people with songs of deliverance. 4. Out of David's bitter experience he will teach others to repent and to be forgiven. 5. That God shall surely deliver all those that trust in Him. 6. Out of the depths of his agony of sin, sorrow, and of the joy of forgiveness, David tells God's people to rejoice."—Westminster Teacher.

Canada's Pride.

A little over a month hence the Fall Fairs will be commencing, and first and foremost will be the Industrial at Toronto, which is to be held this year from the 31st of August to the 12th of September.

Every Canadian is very properly interested in and justly proud of the success of this great Exhibition, because it brings prominently before them, as well as the outside world, the vast resources and products of our country, and the progress which is being made from year to year in its Agricultural and Industrial pursuits, consequently the approaching Industrial Fair is being looked forward to with increased interest and pleasurable anticipation, and many are already making arrangements to visit it. By thousands it is made the occasion of their annual holiday outing, and it is usually a very enjoyable one. There is every indication that it will this year fully equal, if not excel, its predecessors. To meet the desires of those who usually look for this kind of thing, a large number of special attractions are being provided of a new and interesting character. The Live Stock and all other exhibits, except cut flowers and fruit, will be on the grounds from Sept. 3rd, so that the first week of the Fair will be equally as good as the second. All entries have to be made before the 5th of August. The Toronto Exhibition has now become one of the best and most popular educational and entertainment enterprises on this continent, and those who have never visited it would be surprised at its magnitude and attractiveness, being almost like a small World's Fair. Prize Lists and Entry Forms can be procured by anyone desiring them by dropping a post card to Mr. H. J. Hill, Manager, Toronto.



A TRIP TO CANADIAN HEADWATERS.—II.

BY GEORGE W. PIERCE.

As I turned to throw my flies across the wake of the trout, a buck came charging for the shore, making the water fly at every leap. He had been feeding among the lilies behind the island. I dropped my rod, caught up the gun, and fired.

The river bed, as we advanced, grew narrower. I was scrambling up the bank, swinging myself from step to step, clinging to the face of precipices of rugged limestone when I came at last to a smooth rock that rose abruptly out of deep water. I could



REINFORCEMENTS.

"He was too quick, I didn't hit him," said I to Peter, as I laid down the rifle.

"How do you know," said Peter, "whether you hit him or not?" and I dilated at his unconscious tribute to my marksmanship. We sought long on the shore, but found no sign.

go no farther, and Peter took me off in the canoe. Higher up the stream a burst of real sublimity awaits the voyager: The crags advancing on the right to meet the cliffs that close upon them from the left shut in the scene; and, roaring through the chasm, comes a cataract. Pines on either hand are set against

the sky, some barren, pointing long withered fingers at it, nature's exclamation points. The pines of the upper river appear in miniature above it. A basin, broad and blue, deep in the solid rock receives it, and the rapids glitter below. The wilderness enwraps and shadows haunt it, outstarting from their ambush at high noon.

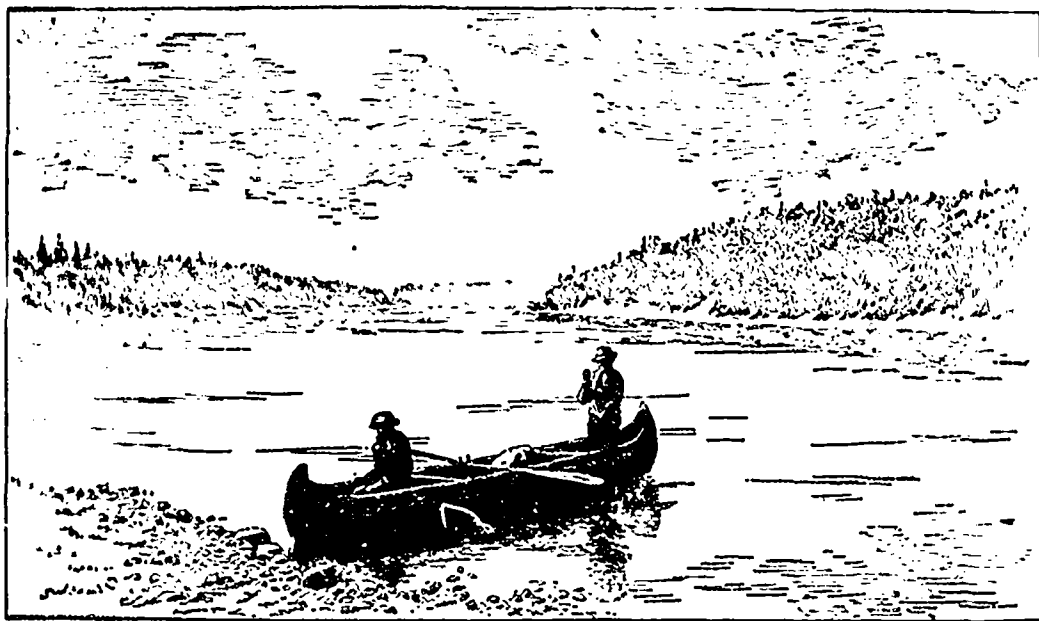
Above the cataract the difficulties of our way increased as we advanced. I had pictured myself in imagination dragging the canoe a hundred miles up a dry stream, but the jams were more than I had bargained for. They are made by drift wood accumu-

tracks, and an enormous braid was coming round the point upon our left.

"Here is the bear," said Peter, who always talked like the showman in a menagerie, or Peter Parley in the Pictorial Natural History. I raised my gun.

"Don't shoot — not yet," he whispered. Prowling along shore, now invisible, and now coming out of the brush upon the bank, the brute was nearing us every instant, and at the rate he was coming, in a few seconds would have been in the canoe. "Shoot now," whispered Peter, as the game, in plain sight of us, was

stepping over a fallen log. I took deliberate aim and fired. Down fell the bear, losing his foothold, into the water, and for a moment such a floundering about! He turned round and round two or three times and was up again. In my excitement seeing him, as I supposed, in his last agonies, I had not reloaded. Before I could do it he had plunged into the woods. The canoe at the same instant, with a single stroke of Peter's paddle, touched the shore, and snatching up three cartridges — I had jerked a pocket-full in my haste into the bot-



"LOST NOW, ANYHOW!"

tom of the canoe — I leaped out upon the track. "Stop," said Peter, "not too fast; if he's not dead he might come at yer." Coming up behind me, knife in hand, he listened for a moment, and, hearing nothing, muttered, "I think you killed him," and began slowly following the track into the woods, examining the leaves.

"I see no blood," said he at length, "I think you missed him;" and we returned to the canoe.

"I don't think I'll build any camp," said Peter at night, when we came to a halt, and, rolling himself in a blanket, was lost to toil and the mosquitoes. I was chopping sticks against a balsam in the dark to stretch the tent with when a piece of the gum flew into my eye, and for five minutes I struggled blindly, wild with pain. The tent went up, however, I got into it, and in the time it takes to tell it was fast asleep.

Half an hour later as we drew near the camp he broke the silence. "It's a pity you missed him, we might have had some mutton for breakfast."

The stump where I had hung my shoes at night to dry — I had not been able to wear my boots the day before — caught fire; and one of the shoes dropped into the blaze, waking Peter. He showed it to me in the morning, burnt to a crisp. The situation was getting desperate; we rose to meet it, and before we knew it we were in the first lake.

An Indian never forgets a joke nor anything else, and when he can't or won't do a thing is best let alone. I knew the bear was dead or dying. But in the twilight, after Peter's warning, I didn't care to press the matter to a demonstration.

The tell-tale beach opposite suggested hunts, perhaps by moonlight. "We want no jack," said Peter. There were blueberry and checkerberry bushes and crisp moss, with a few trees, on the granite rock, commanding the lake, on which we rested. When he got ready in the afternoon, he proposed a hunt. We went up into Canoe Lake from the nameless one in which we had encamped. It spread out before us like a broad mirror of plate glass, one round island in front.

It was not Canoe Lake, after all, but an unsurveyed lake, according to the map, that we had been up into. Going on our way the next morning we found an inlet, much obstructed by drift wood, farther to the east, where the map showed it.

"The main stream," said Peter, returning from a short examination of it to the canoe. He had found a "sny" where the stones had been dug out of the bottom and piled up on both sides leaving a passage between.

We were returning to look for deer where we had seen fresh

We reached the lake. A loon in front did not move till we were within two rods. What next? I wondered. The shores which, according to the map, should have run north and south, ran east and westerly, and the deep bay upon our left had no business to be there.

"Not Canoe Lake at all," said Peter at length. "That must be Canoe Lake where we were last night. We're lost now. any-



how," and we looked at each other and laughed, caring no more for being lost than the bears and the loons, nor ever so much at home as in the woods.

On our way back he would have camped. The stores would get wet, he said—it had rained hard all day at intervals—but I coaxed him away, and offered my rubber coat for a cover. When we reach Canoe Lake the rain had ceased. It was near sunset, and a rainbow rose in the east, and then the lake turned purple, orange, and pale green. The island glittered, the north shore with it in a golden frame. The west caught fire, and flame-colored clouds threatened the zenith; crimson, and purple and pearl color closed the illumination in the west, faint yellow and gray in the north, lavender and lapis lazuli in the east—a double sunset, and quadruple rainbow, half in the clouds, the other in the lake!

"Look here! LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!" said Peter in the morning. A big loon was looking up at us from the lake and my gun not loaded.

He fired while I watched. Another loon came up to see what was going on, and then another. Again he fired. They didn't dodge at all. On a granite promontory seamed with quartz, where I had watched the sunset, I stood and admired, getting used to the scenery by being gradually elevated, toned up to it, with an indescribable sense of being blessed. In the west, above a darkened cloud, were beds of down and walls of sapphire. "Here, here is peace," whispered the island in the foreground; and all the shores, to the impalpable ear of the spirit, echoed—"peace."

At the first carry, blazed upon a tree, were the names of a party of twenty—two who had been up the year before: "W. Perkins, W. Potter, Obeaver, O min k, O martin, J fisher, I cat."

Into a sinuous creek that wound for miles among the rushes we made our way, through banks of flowers, past enormous cranes that stood like sentinels, or in set ranks of four or five, like a corporals' guard turned out to salute us, only, for want of arms, presenting each a leg. We might have touched them; but we expected their fixed bayonets, the reason, probably, why we see so well to-day. We had come through some supernumerary ponds, unsurveyed, or not laid down on the map.

"I was afraid we were lost," said I to Peter.

"I wasn't afraid we were lost at all," was his reply.

Where the map failed me the Indian never did; and in a fortnight from Toronto we were in Island Lake, at the headwaters of the Muskoka River. Beaver sign was plenty, and as we glided about the shores at dusk in light hunting order, having left our loads beside the camp, we spied their red heads just out of the water along the bank where they were gnawing bark off some green branch they had cut down for supper. Anxious to reach if possible the source of the Muskoka we went round the shore and into every bay where we would look to find an inlet, coming at last to a narrow place in sight of a huge sloping bank of red sand.

The next afternoon after more wanderings we were there again and as we made the turn that brought us close to the bank just mentioned, I spied a moose standing with his left side to us upon the shore directly opposite, twice as tall and half as big again as a horse, with great spreading horns over his shoulders. He turned upon us just as I fired, and with one stride was half way to the canoe. I did not wait for him to take another but was in the water, and ashore scrambling up that bank of red sand before I knew it, the moose behind me. The sand was crumbly and I could get no higher with all my efforts. The moose was struggling in the same direction, but his size and weight were all against him. I had reloaded but could not get into position to fire again. I cast one look behind, clutching the bank to keep my footing, at the moose, and there on the opposite shore, where we first

saw the beast, was Peter, squatting like a toad and slinking all over with laughter. The moose gave a snort and struck one fore-foot, six feet long it seemed, straight at me. I made one spring, the bank gave way; and down I went, clutching my gun, over and over past his legs and into the water. Something caught my rifle and discharged it; and as I gained my feet, more scared than hurt, the moose came down, first on his knees and then, losing his balance, over he rolled into the water, and lay there kicking where it was shallow. Peter had shot him with my rifle, but the canoe was nowhere to be seen. When, having gone after it, Peter reappeared around the bend, upright in it, and grinning like an idiot, the comicality of the situation dawned upon me. The moose was dead, with a ball through his brain. My ball was in his heart or near it.

His horns, though very large, were irregular and uncommonly heavy, being still in velvet and hardly worth keeping. We left them guarding that bank of sand, having got the head off with no little difficulty, and with the skin and as much of the skin as we could dig out with our hunting knives came late to camp. The meat was tough, and the horns indicated an age of fifteen years. I drew a long breath as I looked back at the ungainly carcass, and reflected that there were two sides to that hunt; but next morning at daybreak was just as anxious to have another.

The source of the Muskoka, we concluded, was in the clouds.

We had crossed the water shed the next morning, an hour's journey, and reached the nameless lake at the headwaters of the Petewawa. On a blazed tree at the end of the carry, where we dined, some genius years before had carved a figure of a man going up a great hill with a heavy canoe on his back, and the inscription:—

"1874
Sep the 01
D. Bedner
J. Stevens
Camped here
look out for
hard times
Going down the
Creek"

I was exerting myself, towards sun-down, to the utmost



UP-HILL WORK.

to reach White Trout Lake and avoid encamping in the mud. My guide had come to a stop. The stream was low and there was "no road." "We can carry right down the creek," said



I, and sulking the action to the word, shouldered my load. He followed, but halted for good upon the carry below; and when I reached the river it was full of rocks. I must go back and wait for daylight to renew the battle.

We were both exhausted or nearly so, when we sat down together beside the camp it was getting dusky in the woods, Peter had stretched the tent, as it threatened to rain, but made no fire. We were on the edge of a little clearing, cut when the woodman's axe rung on the upper Petowawa, but now mostly, overgrown with brush in patches with spots of barren ground. The creek, a brawling stream, ran rapidly below us among the rocks. The clearing was bounded by it for a few rods, then went up the hillside into the woods. At the farther end of the clearing on our left, the light of day, what there was of it, seemed concentrated. Strange sounds and sighings came from the forest, portending rain; and as I listened, I caught the swell of wilder music. Peter, often deaf, pricked up his ears. It was a pack of wolves howling in chorus, an indescribable melody and fascination about it.

"They're coming this way," said Peter; "They are on a fresh track."

Instinctly I clutched my gun, and slipped a charge into it. The sound increased, then died away, rising and falling at intervals.

"They are near the game," said Peter, when suddenly in a bright spot of the clearing, with hardly a premonitory rustle, a buck broke cover and stood looking at us. He could not keep his course to the river without coming nearer, yet hesitating, panting heavily, it seemed almost as if he would come to us for refuge. As he stood still an instant, head and shoulders above the bushes, I fired and he disappeared. A rustle in the bush, as we sprang forward, and all was still. The buck had fallen where he stood, shot through the neck. I wanted to save his head, and Peter sent me back to get the axe and my big knife, to cut it off and help skin him. At any other time he would have gone for the axe himself, but he knew I was always ready to do anything when I had killed any large game. Going for the axe I left my gun at the tent door. We dragged the buck to an open spot nearer the water, and had the head off, and had skinned the carcass, and slung it up to dress it, when suddenly, in the dim edge of the forest in front of us, we became conscious of a rustling, then of shadows, coming out more distinctly upon the edges of the clearing.

"The wolves," said Peter, flinging a stick among them, and shouting something in Aragonkian.

They were running to and fro like dogs, behind the bushes, great gaunt fellows. I counted seven.

"There's more bind," said Peter.

They drew nearer, and a detachment of them made a movement to surround us.

"I can't stand this," said I to Peter; "I am now going for the gun."

"We must not leave the deer," said Peter, stooping as he spoke, to get the meat across his shoulders, and gathering up the skin at the same time, while I picked up the head by the horns with my left hand, holding my knife in the other.

Encumbered with his load, the skin too embarrassing him, he slipped and went down on one knee. The wolves as he fell gave a start forward, and for a moment, I was afraid we were going to have trouble.

"Hang the pack," said Peter, "if I had the gun I'd fix that big one."

The one referred to, a size large than the rest, had skulked in behind us, with one eye on us, and one on the entrails, close to the bank, within six yards of us, and was coming nearer. Dropping his load, and snatching up the pole which he had cut to sling the deer on, Peter, with an agility I had not given him credit for, made a spring at the intruder, bringing down the polehead of him across the path he was obliged to take to avoid jumping into the water, and very narrowly escaped laying him out. The pole, descending, took him across the jaws; and howling piteously, he joined his comrades. The whole performance was so ludicrous that I burst out laughing; and Peter joining the carmination, the spot resounded with our ha ha's. The

wolves started back at the unusual sound, and Peter shouldering his load, and commending the refuse to the pack, was trudging slowly to the camp, I close behind him. I looked back a good many times, but they did not follow, and as we reached the camp, and Peter, set down his load they all threw up their heads, as by one impulse, gave a long mournful howl, and vanished into the shadows of the forest.

"Were you afraid?" asked Peter.

"Not at first," I asked, but when you slipped I began to wish I was somewhere else.

"I think," said Peter, "if there had been but one of us, he might be somewhere else too." and he opened his jaws and gave a laugh that was hardly human.

Some beast was snuffing in the morning, about the camp, the tent door open, and my feet protruding? I never stirred. I would not waken Peter; he was breathing heavily, and I knew he needed rest. and I didn't want to get up for I was cold.

The carry led us, a rough journey, across the river. I had got one load to it, and was returning for the other, when I missed my wallet with all my money in it. I had slipped and sat down twice coming across, and once or twice got off the carry into the bush. If it had fallen there it was lost. Slowly retracing my steps, about half way back I spied it beside the path. Peter had gone in half a mile farther, finding no signs on the lake, and turned back for his other load. He had sulked all the morning, and was in no mood to accept my apology for having loitered on the carry. He had one more trip to make, and I had two. It was plain enough that unless he helped me he would have to come back again. I could never have found my way back alone. He turned away in silence while I sat down, and leaning my chin on my out-stretched hands, my elbows on my knees, looked up inquiringly into the sky, as if to determine when the weather would change. At length

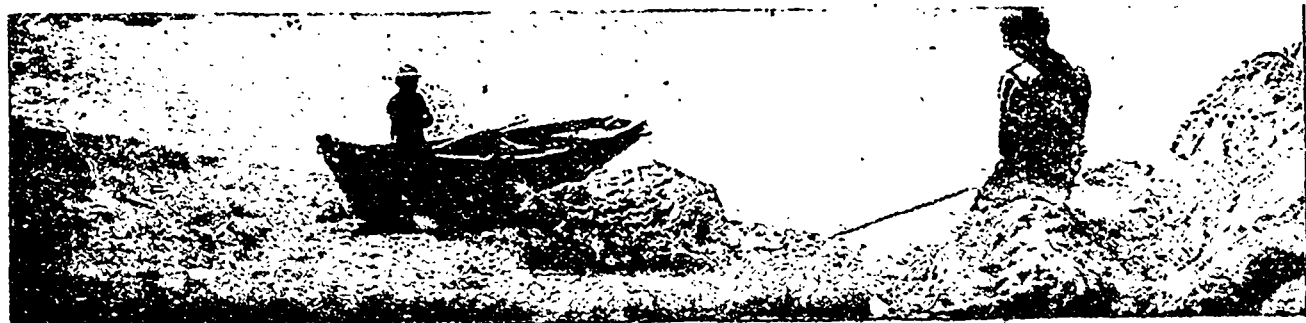
he added my carpet bag to his load, and strapping the whole together, started up. "Are you coming?" he asked, as I was measuring my length upon the ground. The truth was out. Peter had lost the road.

A moment later and he had left me to my reflections upon a hillside, coming back at last when I had given up expecting him, from the opposite direction, with an earnest expression on his face as large as life. The path again! a deserted shanty! and a mile farther on, the lake! "You were for coming through in the night," said Peter, when we had reached it. Flowers in profusion grow about us, yellow bells, or drinking cups, an inch long, blue stars an inch in diameter with yellow centre, and pale blue bells. Peter had no name for any of them. You don't eat flowers.

"Look, look," said he, as we reached a point, and I was trolling at his suggestion, "there's otter! there's otter! THERE'S OTTER! Shoot!"



We drew much nearer. "He has gone into his house," said Peter, "we must go back lest he smell us," and we went far back. Once more the game was out, and Peter moving towards the shore to cut off his retreat. I could see nothing, but when we had come half the distance I began to appreciate what eyes were made for. That almost imperceptible spot growing imperceptibly larger, was a beaver. We were soon in his wake, fast approaching. It would be in, and



In a minute. No dodging now or shutting my eyes as I pulled the trigger. All my nerves turned to steel. I could have killed him from where we were. The sight was on his head.

"Don't shoot yet," said Peter.

A few seconds later, "Shoot now," he whispered. The sight was off again, but slowly and steadily I drew it on and fired, when Peter, making two or three strokes with his paddle, began to thrust it into the water. The beaver had disappeared.

"He's gone down to the bottom," said Peter, prodding with his paddle.

"Did I hit him?"

"Yes," said Peter, in his most assuring tone.

"Is he dead?"

An emphatic nod as if the question did not admit of a doubt. "If I had a long pole I could reach him," he continued. "Give me your paddle." He drove it down until its top just showed above the water, "to mark the spot," and left it there, exclaiming, "I will go ashore, get pole," in half a minute returning with a long one. This in hand he began to prod as before in a large circle about the spot he had marked. I had my doubts of the result. After five minutes, "Here he is," said Peter, giving a twisting motion to the pole, then a slow motion upwards, as the beaver a big one, rose in sight on the end of it.

"He's a one-armed fellow," said Peter.

"How did he lose the other?"

"Trap," he answered.

"You good for nothing rascal," said I to myself; "you deserve to be kicked upon a carry, but you're the best hunter ever I saw."

"Where did I hit him," I inquired.

"Behind the ear," said Peter, adding that the ball had glanced, having first struck the surface. I looked at my gun. The sight sticking up would have accounted for it; but whether true or not there was the beaver. In a minute more we were after another. A charm filled the spot. A bright rock in front, in the evening twilight was reflected in the water, the single trunk and withered spray upon it suggesting smoke, making it, as Peter said, look like a steamboat. The stillness, the game swimming far before us, the quick pursuit, overpowered me with a mingled fascination and excitement. But this one was too smart for us. "He has a strong house," said Peter, and when we had reached it, we found it was made of granite boulders, the chinks and crevices filled in with sticks and stones.

We were camped gloriously on a point, the beaver weighing some thirty-eight pounds, on the rocks below. Peter had his trowel over the fire on a long stick, "shelling it," to use his own expression, for the pot. We had it for supper and a hearty breakfast. At twenty minutes to twelve, we were off for the foot of the lake. Here we found the first dam, a solid structure, and stooping over it saw the water full of chuba.

"I see one trout," said Peter, "one, two, three, four, five trout."

"Could you open the big pack?" I inquired, "My reel is in the fish basket." putting my rod together.

"Yes," he replied, with perfect cheerfulness.

The joints had never fitted so exactly, the pack was open, what good genius had put the reel right on top? I had it on in a moment, and in another had unwound from my hat a twisted leader, equal to any strain, and dangling from it two gaudy flies which had adorned it for a fortnight. I had had excellent instruction, years before, and caught a few large trout with this same rod. Had it lost its virtue, or had I forgotten how to use it? A cast, A strike! Huzzah! I have one; he pulls, and I begin to uncoil and give him play, growing excited, and thinking over my instructions.

"That's a chub you got," said Peter, after borrowing a fly and the trolling line, to fish below.

In half an hour I had five trout laid up in the shade, enough for dinner. Here Peter beckoned to me, and held up a string; and I went down to where he was at the big hole under the rapids. He had eleven, the largest as big as any three of mine. Standing upon the spot where he had fished I threw a fly into the hole; he, standing up beside me did the same thing.

"Peter," said I, "let me fish here a minute; there isn't room for two."

He wanted to catch another, but after trying some minutes in vain, gave it up. "Where is the fly you fished with?" I enquired. It would have taken an artist to describe it; a hackle, with a red body, with a green tail, and several broken rainbows distributed upon its wings. I tried it, but could not get a rise. Looking over the rock on which we stood, I spied their heads, and then retreating till my shadow no longer reached the hole, I throw my flies across it, and when I caught one towed him off to a safe distance, laid down my rod, and running for the tip to get hold of the line, took my chances, stumbling backwards and forwards among the rocks, and soon had rivalled Peter's number. My feet were sore. The long boots chafed them; but I had no time to think of that. "Strike," said I to myself, "when a fish jumps, and either catch him or lose him."

But there is no use trying to be so quick as a trout. So far half an hour from my standing place, I caught and lost them, and sometimes when I thought I had lost them I had them. At first I got a rise every time. Then less often. I changed my fly, his tail and one wing were gone—and put on a red ibis, which they attacked with fresh appetite. A rise! another! what should I do? The eight-quart pail was full. It was growing dark. Perhaps I might hook a big one. I came nearer in the twilight. They would not see me now. Yet nearer. A trout? Yes, I could just see the spots. Another, yes, I felt him with my thumb-nail; he had now scales. This time a chub—I was standing over the hole, my rod beside me on the rocks, throwing out the leader with my hands, and drawing it back, I had to feel for the tip when I let go; but I knew just where it was. In this position I hooked successfully three big splashes, but I could not hold them. Drawing up the leader I felt the hook—the barb was worn nearly smooth—and substituted another fly. I had him now, the big splasher of all. It was no use to dally with him, and loose him, perhaps, as I had the others in the dark. "Come up," I cried, "O King of Fish!" He came up part way and fell back into the water. The hook was broken.

Peter was calling, from his camp high up on the left bank overlooking the rapids, and I could see by the dipper it was nearly ten o'clock. I crossed the river as I had a good many times that day, with my kettle of fish, this time in the dark. I was pretty sure there were no deep holes in it and climbed up it was exceeding steep to camp. There was cold beaver, a fire; and I made some tea. Memorandum—to get up early in the morning and catch trout.

The Petewawa is full of fish.

Through Red Pine, Burnt, Cat Fish, and Cedar Lakes, a five days journey we came by dint of paddling to Trout Lake, and Lake "Travvair" (Travers).

At Trout Lake, where there is a farm, I had to hire two extra men for half a day on account of the difficulties of the way, which perhaps the illustration, "Up-Hill Work," sufficiently explains.

"I don't know how long it will take us," said Peter, "to get out. When I was up here before, (at White Trout Lake) we came out a short way, and at three days we were at old Cockwobbit's. He kept a stopping place fifteen miles from the mouth."

An hour later I was scrambling along the bank. Below me, as far I could see were falls, and rapids, and granite steps. Beside me swelling visibly, hour by hour, roared the Petewawa. I had grown to love it, my brave companion of a journey had watched its birth, and now it shook its mane and frolicked at my feet, "Cacobeowsebe," was the sweet Indian name which Peter had said had formerly belonged to the river, "steep, rocky, river," afterwards exchanged for Petewawa. "That was the name of the old women who lived up here. He was the oldest woman on the river, and they call it by his name." We were in the middle of the six mile rapid. It was eight miles beyond to where Old Cockwobbit used to keep, now Montgomery's.

"Good-bye," said Peter, as he pushed off alone.

"Good-bye," I returned as pleasantly.

"I'm going down to Montgomery's," he continued, to which I replied, "If you want your pay you'll have to work for me, not for yourself,

I fished on reflecting. Do not look too sharply in such an association



for any of those qualities that disgrace human nature. If you find yourself dining in the noonday sun, your guide in the shade, if his carpet bag is on the top of the load, always dry, while yours at the bottom gets daily soaked in running rapids by the water which runs out of your boots as you get in and out, if his beaver skin suns constantly and your loon takes its chance, if his trout is pink, and yours is yellow, and a hundred other such trifles come under your notice, do not resent it. The poor fellow as a rule has to look out for himself; for, as a rule there is nobody to look out for him. You can teach him nothing of his calling, something, possibly of the higher virtues, rare even in cities of courtesy and self-forgetfulness. Peter was waiting for me among the rocks, pleasant as a June morning. The rocks, covered with slime, were slippery under water. At the last fall I broke my reel and nearly broke my great toe. My last leader with two flies upon it, was up in a cedar. I got into the canoe and began trolling at my ease.

"Pull up your line, pull up your line," said Peter, "there's a deer swimming." With frantic jerks I had it in, gun loaded, and sights set up; and then with a mighty effort such as a hunter learns to make, was calm and cool. I could see ears but no horns. He was close to shore and we in the middle. Peter whistled. The game stopped not and as he made towards the bank and bounded off I fired.

"It wasn't a deer at all," said Peter, "only a wolverine." A deer would have turned back at the whistle, thinking it came from the woods, but this brute only looked round. Peter's haven and hourly expectation was before us; and he kept

his promise which he had no doubt been making to himself all the way down the river.

and in the morning, paddling down stream we came without other adventures or misadventures, to the last carry. Peter had not spoken for six hours, and I too lost in meditation, talking to myself somewhat as follows - or was it my attendant spirit which had preserved me through so many perils by tent and torrent, that whispered to me? Steamboats, railway trains and civilization await us; but in the world were we deal not so exclusively with tangible objects, things of to day shall find some illustration and reflection; the struggle on the carries and in the rapids of the Potowawa, some counterpart in what are called the stern realities of life; the care required of your effects, some correspondence with its cares. Coming with purer heart from out the wilderness, and by an easy progress down the century - for the Mouth certainly is fifty years behind the times—you get, what might not otherwise have happened, a first impression of society. You have had a Sabbath of thirty days in nature's sanctuary, a month's experience of the red man's heaven, the "Happy Hunting Grounds." You were excitable. Now you have no nerves. Hold out your hand. There is no tremor in it—yet now it suits the rifle, you lay the latter down—in memory nothing but what lives, as part of you, like the foliage of pine and cedar.

It took half an hour to three-quarters to telegraph from the Mouth to Boston. Copeland, at Pomroke, shows us every attention, and we rode out of it after dark to wait till midnight on the bank of Muskrat River. Peter came out of the tavern; and the same night we were in Ottawa.

THE END.

The Sins of the Self-Righteous.*

BY REV. ADDISON P. FOSTER, D.D.

There is probably no discourse of our Lord recorded in Scripture which does not have a controlling thought running through it. It is not always easy to find this golden thread and trace the continuity. For example, our Saviour's remarks at a Pharisee's dinner table at first seem strangely disconnected. Here are considered Sabbath observance, eagerness for chief seats, inviting the poor and needy to social occasions, and a parable on Gospel invitations. Yet there is a close connection between all this, and it is indicated by the incident which suggested Christ's words. He had been invited to supper, but with no friendly intent;—the Pharisees were watching Him. They hoped to trip Him in His words and do Him harm.

Christ knew this, and since the best defense is in attack, there was no better way in which He could meet and silence their hostility than by showing their sins and arousing their conscience. His enemies, the accepted religious teachers of the people, were self-satisfied and self-righteous. They resented Christ's influence. He came as a new teacher into territory where they had held undisputed sway, and His influence, if allowed, would destroy theirs. Religion was their stock in trade, and they probably were sincere in supposing themselves very religious. They certainly saw their craft in danger from Christ's teaching and sought to drive Him away. But Christ vanquished them by showing them their sins. In their confusion at their manifest unworthiness, they were speechless. Christ's search-light made it plain, for one thing, that

THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS ARE GUILTY OF FORMALISM.

It is far easier to go through certain outward forms than to live a consistent spiritual life, and one who is simply self-righteous ordinarily drifts into an effort to satisfy conscience by meaningless mummeries or by an extravagant over-estimate of some appointed form. The Sabbath, by the Pharisees traditions, had been twisted into an instrument of torture. Christ seized upon this fact to rebuke them and justify Himself. They would condemn Him for healing on the Sabbath, and yet they would themselves on the Sabbath lift an ass or an ox from a pit. They would interfere for their own interest, but not for suffering humanity.

THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS ARE GUILTY OF PRIDE.

Christ had no doubt at this very feast seen the guests crowding into the best seats. Here is a common trait, apt to be characteristic of the self-righteous. Curiously enough, certain phases of religion are marked by pride. Such religion satisfies one with himself. It thanks God that its possessor is not as other men are. But such pride is not advantageous. It is a law of life that "every

one that exalteth himself shall be humbled." The self-righteous must some day take the lowest place.

THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS ARE GUILTY OF SELFISHNESS.

Here were these Pharisees giving feasts and seemingly gracious and benevolent. But what was their motive? Their hospitality and generosity were mere self-seeking. They expected to gain by it; a recompense would be made them. This, Christ implied, was no proof of real righteousness. Benevolence consists in giving, "hoping for nothing again." How our benevolences shrink under this test!

THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS ARE GUILTY OF INDIFFERENCE.

The Pharisees were dumb before Christ's searching words. Instead of watching Him, they were now trying to hide themselves. One of their number, embarrassed, wanting to break the silence and at the same time say something to show his own righteousness, broke forth in a religious platitude, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." But this bit cant did not deceive Christ. It simply drew His fire. In the parable of the Gospel feast He showed that the self-righteous will not enter Christ's kingdom, much less promote it. They are guilty of indifference to their religious privileges. Invited to the Gospel feast, they decline to come. They are expert in framing excuses. Some are absorbed in their worldly possessions; they like to view their purchases. Some are absorbed in their earthly cares; they enjoy their business and give their whole time to it. Some are absorbed in their family; home life occupies their thought and God has small hold upon them. Self-righteousness too often takes such turns. It is right to look over one's property, to attend to one's business, to care for one's household. But when these are paramount and controlling, the religious life is a mere puff ball, large and well shaped without, but dust and wind within.

But the self-righteous are not only shut out of the kingdom by their indifference; their indifference shuts others out. Being proud and self-seeking they are likely to invite only the well-to-do. Christ requires them to be interested for the needy and to seek out those least able to make return. We see many to-day, sometimes controlling our churches, who do not desire the poor and needy to be reached. Our fine churches with their elegant appointments, are too often reserved for quite another class. The poor feel it and stay away. There is no sin greater than this among the self-righteous,—that of indifference to the spiritual needs of dying multitudes.

Fidelity in trifles and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters is a test of real devotion and love. Let your aim be to please your dear Lord perfectly in little things, and to attain a spirit of childlike simplicity and dependence.

*An Exposition based on (Luke xiv. 1-24); in the Bible Study Union Course on "The Teachings of Christ."

Church News

[All communications to this column ought to be sent to the Editor immediately after the occurrences to which they refer have taken place.]

Montreal Notes.

From the sermons and speeches delivered in several of the Anglican Synods in Ontario recently, it is quite evident that some of their leaders are dissatisfied with the present educational system of the province, as affording no sufficient religious instruction, and are disposed to agitate for some change. In so far as they are aiming simply at some increase in the amount of that instruction or at some improvement in its quality, most Presbyterians will probably be disposed to agree with them. But in so far as they are aiming at the organization of denominational schools to be partly supported by grants from public monies, few Presbyterians will be disposed to show any sympathy with their idea. Apart from the well known common sense principles which have guided their policy in the past, they are disposed to learn lessons from the experience of others. The present situation in England is a valuable object lesson as to the impossibility of preventing friction between denominational or voluntary schools, and the public schools along side of them. It is instructive too, to observe that the case for the voluntary schools has proved to be so weak that the strongest government of the present generation has been wholly unable to carry through a measure to increase their privileges and strengthen their position. The experience of the dual system in Quebec ought also to be enough to serve as a warning to any other province against repeating the experiment. It is a system which has imposed needless burdens on the people, lowered the scale of teachers' salaries, degraded the standard of their qualification, increased the per centage of illiteracy beyond that of any other province and led many to leave the province altogether because of the impossibility of securing such advantages for their children, as are to be found everywhere else. One of the crying needs of the province in fact, at the present time is the abolition of this obsolete system, and the establishment of public national schools as the only ones recognized by law.

With regard to the matter of religious instruction, however, the method followed in the so-called Protestant schools, is one that might be advantageously adopted in Ontario, and would probably meet the views of many of the Anglican brethren who are now dissatisfied. No sectarian instruction is given whatever, and in order to keep to ground that is indisputably common to all Christians, the school studies in religion are practically confined to Bible history, both in the Old and New Testaments, and the practice seems to meet with the unqualified approval of all classes of the people, Anglicans included. At first sight this may seem to some a very inadequate presentation of religion. But as a matter of fact, it is not so. The history occupies a very large part of the Bible itself and many of its most important truths are conveyed through that history. So long as it is taught from the standpoint of the Bible itself, there need be no fear as to the kind of religious impression it will make upon the minds of most of the children, altogether aside from any dogmatizing on the part of the teacher. Even Roman Catholic children who attend Protestant schools in many cases take the religious instruction as well and find nothing to complain of in its character.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell is spending his holidays at Cacouna, and supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church there. He is at the same time taking advantage of the opportunity to study the flora of the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and he will probably before long give to the public another of those thorough going monographs on local floras, which have already made his name well known in the scientific world. It is probably not known to many in the church outside city that the efficient clerk of As-

sembly is at the same time President of the National History Society of Montreal, and is a recognized authority on Botanical subjects.

The Rev. Dr. G. D. Bayne, of Pembroke is at the present time supplying the pulpit of Crescent St. Church.

General.

The advertisement of the Toronto Bible Training School will be found in another column. The great design of this institution is to train consecrated men and women of all evangelical denominations for Christian service at home and abroad. Last session there were twenty Presbyterians in the day classes, and thirty-two in the evening classes. Six of these will leave this fall for different parts of the foreign field. The Training School is the only institution of the kind in Canada, and it has prospered beyond the highest expectation of its friends and founders.

This well-known institution, located in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto, has just closed for the summer holidays. During the past season its graduates have been greatly in demand by business men, over one hundred of them obtaining situations with Toronto firms alone. The college is owned and controlled by Stapleton Caldecott, Frederick Wyld, E.R. Clarkson, Edward Trout and several other representative Toronto business men, so that the practical nature of its commercial and shorthand courses is therefore guaranteed. Full information respecting the new term, which begins on Sept. 1st, may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. David Hoskins.

On Sabbath, July 19th, the First Presbyterian Church, St. Catharines, of which the Rev. J. H. Ratcliffe is pastor, was re-opened, after undergoing extensive improvements. The walls and ceiling have been tinted and decorated, and a handsome new pipe organ, built by the R. S. William's and Sons Co., of Toronto, has been added. The church has been greatly improved in appearance and equipment, and is without doubt entitled to take rank with the finest churches in the land. The organ is a beautiful instrument, both in appearance and quality of tone, and has quite captured the musical people of the city. Its quality was brought out at the recital on Tuesday evening, when Mr. A.G. Alexander, organist of St. George's Church, tested both its power and sweetness.

The Rev. G. Bruce, D.D., of St. John, N.B., conducted the re-opening services and was heartily greeted by many of his old flock. The improvements cost about \$1,900, nearly all of which is provided for. The congregation deserves to be congratulated on the spirit manifested, and the successful issue of its undertakings.

Facts and Figures for the Uninsured.


"Generous to a fault, but careless of and cruel to his family, is the man who fritters away his earnings for their present delight, but deposits no savings for its continuance hereafter. It requires more self-denial to do your duty without insurance than with it. The uninsured are in no more peril than the insured, but their families are."

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BOILING RIVER

It is sure enough, it is not as large as the Mississippi, indeed it is quite small, but a mighty interesting stream for all that. It issues from the sides of a Mountain in a thousand tiny rills, more or less and of almost as many colors. These gather themselves into pools and lakelets on the mountain's side, covering an area of about 200 acres. Overflowing their boundaries they slowly trickle down the sides of the mountain forming small cliffs, the most wonderful in the world. From a distance one can hardly believe what the eyesight reveals—white, black, orange, lemon, terra cotta, green, blue, red, pink, separate and in manifold combinations stand out before him. It is a hill of painted cliffs on the sides of the mountain that rises high above. And the odd part of it is that each of these exquisite colors represent a different temperature. Does that startle your credulity? Even so it is true.

When through with this beautiful painting process, these waters again come together and then, as if full of mischief like a pack of small boys trying to play hide and seek, dive down and remain under the ground for a space of two miles and then flow out from the mouth of a canyon as one of the clearest, most beautiful, green streams imaginable. Where these waters emerge from the mountain into the little lakes they are hot, boiling hot. During their dark underground journey they fall several hundred feet and also many degrees in hotness, so that when they again see daylight they are much cooler. This then is Boiling River, an underground mountain stream of hot water.

But you ask, where is it? Where can I see it? It is in Yellowstone Park at Mammoth Hot Springs. It is one of the lesser,—mind you the lesser—wonders of this land of wonders. Go there and see it by all means but first send to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., six cents for Wonderland '96, that tells all about this renowned region.

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