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The Presbyterian Review.

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Toronto, July 30, 1896.

The Holiday Season.

NOW is the season when to all men not wholly poverty-stricken comes the siren voice of sea and fresh woods. In the dull confines of office or warehouse tired with the tiredness of daily strife in cities of men, they hear in fancy in these days of summer the plash, plash of the rising and falling wave, see the beauty and scent the fragrance of Nature's offertory, and long for rest and change.

More and more as the years go is the holiday break in the incessant toil becoming the treasured portion of all: the workman with his regulation week or ten days, the clerk with his fortnight, the professional man with his month regard that yearly interval as sacred to recreation and pleasure. And as summer follows summer the facilities for enjoyment of bountiful Nature increase in number and popularity. Railway company competes with railway company, steamboat company with steamboat company, continent with the home places, and a din of internecine warfare is annually waged among our popular coast and country resorts. Little wonder if the prospective holiday-maker becomes oppressed by the very extent of the menu submitted to him.

But amid all the novelty of attraction it may without disparagement to the claimants be said that the old favorites still hold a prominent place and increase rather than diminish in drawing power. The continent is, doubtless a great field for the traveller, and tourist agencies are providing, an "open sesame" to its wonders; but our own land has surely rightly first claim. To have seen gay Paris, London or Edinburgh; to have looked on the cathedrals of the continent and grey abbeys and monasteries of old England, to have revelled in the soft deliciousness of Italian grottoes, under an Italian sky, and bathe in the balmy atmosphere of the Isle of Wight or to have been exhilarated by the strong, life-giving air of the Scottish Highlands, to have peered into the impenetrable depths of the lovely Luceyne and felt the quieting, soothing influence of the Lake country or wandered by the "bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond." And yet not to have seen the beauties of Canada, its Lakes, Rivers, Mountains and Prairies, is we regret to say not an uncommon

experience in this Dominion. The useful and varied beauties of the Muskoka region, the exquisite varieties of the north shore of our Upper Lakes, the indescribable grandeur and vastness of the Rockies, the majesty of the St. Lawrence and countless chains of the Thousand Islands, Saguinay, River St. John, and a hundred others, should offer to the rest-seeker variety, suited alike to both taste and finance.

If friends would only combine to visit different sections and in the winter evenings describe, compare and discuss their various experiences it would be alike pleasant and profitable.

Sabbath at the Antipodes.

The problem of Sabbath Observance is wide-world. In Canada the battle is being fought, and the Church in Australia is vigorously engaged in defending the day from secularizing influences. The report on Religion and Morals presented to the General Assembly there contains this paragraph: "The condition of affairs in and around Sydney is greatly to be deplored. Tobacconists and fruit shops are in full swing. Not one in twenty publicans observe the Sunday-closing law (*vide* Inspectors Report). Sunday concerts are openly carried on, and certain sea-side resorts advertise special attractions for that day. It is deeply to be regretted that so many trade societies fix on the Day of Rest for what is known as a Hospital Demonstration. Your Committee have every sympathy with the object, but they feel sure that a Saturday would yield as good, if not better returns, and give less offence."

On this the *Presbyterian* remarks: "We shall do well to consider the foregoing statements. Without doubt, Sabbath Observance is on the decline. All classes in the community are bartering away their birthright of a Day of Rest for a mess of pottage. It is passing strange that men do not gather wisdom from what has taken place on the Continent. There, notably in Germany, they are struggling to get back their Sabbath. Here we act as if we meant to do without it. By making the Sabbath a day of pleasure, we are taking the shortest way to make it a day of work for all who toil to live. Further, we are acting in a way that will undermine religion, and then where will we be as a people? Moreover, we are squandering what ought to be jealously preserved by us for the generations to come. Our duty could not be plainer—we must hold fast that which we have, and use every effort to preserve the weekly Day of Rest."

Summering.

The worst enemies of clean sports are those who degrade sports until their names become hateful, says the *Interior*. The worst enemies of out-door sports are those who associate them with their personal vices. The nervous exhaustion of modern business life is not to be relieved by visiting the "casino" at some summer resort every night and finding the savings of six months dropped at the card table in one sitting. Whiskey has no redeeming features in the wood which it lacks in the "dive." Under the plea of "getting near to nature" many a young fellow is getting nearer to the swine. It

is not to be denied that many a man who has stood the strain of the year reasonably well, breaks down under the demoralizing influences of his "vacation." And it is time that the plainest of plain words were said in regard to men and boys whose habits and indulgences are doing not a little to bring into contumely the very recreations which many of us love, and which all of us need.

Wherever a man may go he can no more afford to take his pleasures amid impure companions than amid impure air. No family of Christian parents can afford to spend their summers amid scenes which will familiarize their lads with coarse manners, profane language or vicious habits. Better that your boy never had an outing than that he take it outside good associations and clean living. That man gets most from his summering who takes most into it. It is a blessed thing to turn away from the "financial question" and the "tariff question" and the multitudinous debates of a political campaign, and to listen for a while to the whistle of the grossbeak who wakes you in the morning, or to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will who sings your evening lullaby. It is a blessed thing to forget for a while all the twistings and turnings of political leaders and bosses, and to watch instead the graceful dip of the swallow, the swinging curves of the king-fisher and the dreamy sailing of some far away hawk.

And then not the least of the benefits of a true outing is the contact it affords one with a class of men and women whom he does not meet in his daily life. Just as there are flowers which will grow away from their native woods and dales, so there are in these humble cabins by remote rivers and amid vast solitudes, spirits as pure as the ice-plant and as sweet as the wild rose. Many of the world's bravest hearts beat under shirts of blue jean; and many a mother's breast which has never known silken gown has suckled the future ruler of his race.

Yes, take your outings; take them regularly, freely, largely; but take them as you take all good gifts of God, with a good conscience, and let them be treasured in a memory that knows no stain or sorrowful remembrance. Let your vacations be re-creations, and wherever you go, go as God's child to find fellowship with all of God's creatures. Then the vacation season may be looked forward to with fond anticipations, and back upon with pleasant recollections.

Vacation Sabbaths.

The following thoughts on the subject of Church-going during Vacation, from the pen of Mrs. Sangster will be fully appreciated by those of our readers who have summered at any of the popular resorts either at home or abroad.

"As I write," she says, "memory calls into being before my eyes the beautiful face and graceful figure of a dear lady no longer here. Reverses of fortune, sweeping and sudden, obliged her to open her spacious home, long the centre of an elegant hospitality, to the stranger and the summer boarder. She expressed her surprise, naively, at one aspect of the case, as it unfolded to her inexperience;

"People write and inquire about everything. Is there shade, is there a well, is there a play-ground, are there mosquitoes, is there malaria, may they drive or row or sail or ride, can they have rooms with the morning sunshine, is the piano in tune?—in fact, there is not a detail left to the imagination. They solicit fullest knowledge, and properly, but nobody asks about church privileges."

The omission was significant. In arranging for the summer holiday, church privileges do not occupy a large space in the mind of the ordinary tourist, and country pastors do not always discover that visiting Christians are a source of strength and help to their congregations. When the best day of the week is used, not as a day of sacred rest, but as a secular recreation, by people who when at home neither ride nor row nor in any other way invade the religious order of the Sabbath, the example is not to the profit of younger or older observers. Why should there be a license in the mountains or by the sea which is not desired nor accepted in the home life of the city?

To the Christian, away from his own pew and his own pastor, particularly, if attendance on the sanctuary has been regular, there comes the temptation to simply drift with the mass when on a vacation. Perhaps the question of church privileges did "slip his mind." Perhaps he does not feel that Dr. ——— can have a rival in an unknown minister. Perhaps the woods and trees and streams invite, and a book—it may be of sermons—or a religious paper holds out an attraction superior to that of the house of God.

Nevertheless, if a Sabbath well spent means a week of content anywhere, it means it as fully away from home as in home's dear precincts. The restful thoughts, the spiritual elevation, the opportunity for communion, are given in large measure when one is doing quiet duty without ostentation and in simplicity.

The responsibility of the Church for the keeping of the American Sabbath intact is the responsibility of every individual church member. It may not seem much to you or to me, temporarily domiciled in a hotel or at a friend's house, or keeping house in a summer cottage, to pay the same reverence to the Lord's Day that we do when at home, but certainly change of place does not lessen obligation. If Sabbath keeping is a duty in one, it is a duty in another environment. If Sabbath breaking is a sin in one, it is a sin in another environment. Release is never ours from the obligation to obey the divine injunction, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

I spent a summer Sabbath last year in a little out-of-the-way hamlet on Long Island. How sweet it was! How tranquil! No bicycle glided with clanging bell down the white road. No sail put out on the bay. Nobody drove for pleasure. The soft air was thrilled by notes of praise from homes and from the white-spired church, and at set of sun we felt that we had spent a season with the Lord of the Sabbath.

Dear friends, let us meet the issue which confronts us. It is required of every American Christian, man and woman, that each in his or her own lot, as custodians of God's holy day, should be found faithful.

"Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Vacations and Vacations.

The benefits accruing from travel and change of scene during the summer, especially for mothers who are closely confined at home most of the year, cannot be over-estimated. But there is a class of women who carry this matter of vacation to excess and leave their husbands at home alone for the entire season to care for himself as best he may. Such women go away, not because there is any imperative need of change, but because the calendar has reached July and they are ready to do anything except to stay at home in a comfortable, quiet, affectionate fashion. They spend the summer in cultivating the acquaintance of people for whom they have only a passing interest, and thereby lose some of the sweetest opportunities for real family fellowship. The German custom of short, frequent outings, when the entire household goes forth together, is far more rational and conduces to the strengthening of domestic ties. The annual upheavals in the United States, which leave the father stranded for weeks in a desolate house, are deplorable in many of their effects.

The Village Church Bell.

An ancient stone church, to which ivy is clinging,
Has stood in the village for many a year,
A bell in its spire has been faithfully swinging,
And giving forth notes that are mellow and clear.
Though marks of decay o'er the gray walls are stealing,
And none who now live of their building can tell,
Yet clear as of old are the notes that come pealing
In melody sweet from the village church bell.

Along through the years, oh! how oft its vibrations—
Its soft, pleasing tones on the calm, Sabbath air—
Have given to worshippers free invitations
To hasten at once to the service of prayer!
The ages of those who have learned from its tolling,
Who in our fond memories only can dwell;
Glad news of a wedding has often come rolling
In sweet notes of joy from the village church bell.

The patient old bell, when its cadence is dying
Sends forth from the spire a low, tremulous hum,
Then heard are the echoes from distance replying,
As if the sweet sounds should ne'er silent become.
And then when the echoes have ceased their repeating
The memories of days that we all loved so well,
Of days that were joyous but ever too fleeting
Are brought to our minds by the village church bell.

Summer Church-Going.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Away from home and our own particular sanctuary there is apt to be a little letting down the bars of habit. We take to ourselves a degree of freedom, and perhaps by a certain train of reasoning, not far removed from sophistry, convince our minds that we can worship God as well in our rooms, or on a veranda with our books, as by attendance at church. With inclination to fortify argument, one may bring herself to believe almost anything.

Yet the obligation to spend the Sabbath strictly, as conscience and custom dictate is not remitted by absence from the town and church where we are known to everybody. There our example would not tell upon others as it does in a strange place, among people unfamiliar, and possibly willing by following in our steps to excuse themselves from a lapse which they cannot justify. One quiet Christian family setting the fashion in a rural resort may lead a crowd of summer pleasure seekers to attend the local churches on the Sabbath and the mid-week meeting as well, so influential for the right are object lessons.

A lady who opened her charming mountain home to summer boarders was very much impressed by the fact that while applicants wrote to her inquiring about the table, the rooms, the shade, the chances for fishing and driving and other amusements, the water in the well, the freedom from malaria and everything that had to do with their physical comfort, no one asked about church privileges. It was significant to her—the thought of the comparatively small part this special advantage for spiritual growth played in the eyes of persons temporarily leaving home.

Wearied as some of us are by the pressure of work in the Sunday school and church during nine months of the year the wish for a vacation is natural and reasonable. But one may drop the responsibilities which burden at home without also surrendering the right to privileges. In the country church one is often divinely fed. Some of the most thoughtful, richly suggestive sermons I have ever heard I have listened to in country pulpits, and they live in memory still marked as red letter days, those Sabbaths of the soul, when the message from above came to me through the lips of messengers whose names were unknown to me as they spoke. The finest of the wheat, this is what God gives people when they carry their religion, to use a common phrase, wherever they go.

We need to remind ourselves that in this period of luxurious and æsthetic living one must not always and everywhere be comfortable. One may have stairs to climb to an audience-room, cold in winter and hot in summer, yet be repaid by a feast worth going for, an eloquent and scholarly preaching, in a spirituality which elevates and inspires. Soon after the war a little band of God's people in West Virginia found themselves worshipping in a primitive school-house, with rough planks, backless, for seats, the green turf under their feet, and chinks in walls and roof letting in

air and sky. "Never" wrote my friend, "have I been nearer to God, than in that dear, rude little church; never heard finer congregational praise, nor more fervent prayer, nor better preaching."

Wherever we are, is not the duty for us to let our light shine? Shall we not do as we would at home, when home is behind us and our tent pitched temporarily by the beach or among the hills? And as for our mental attitude and our spoken criticism, shall we not try to hold in abeyance in both speech and thought that which is censorious, and try to find only that which we approve and can admire?

Candid reflection will make it apparent to most of us that our most profitable summer Sabbaths have not been those of desultory reading or of sitting under a tree with our books, or of lounging in our rooms, but those when, putting temptation to self-indulgence firmly aside, we have worshipped God among his people, and paid him the tribute of our presence in his holy temple.—*The Congregationalist*.

Travel and Camp Life.

What every one ought to seek in an outing is change of scene and change of sensations. Body and mind wear out in a rut. The hardest boulder, caught in a pot-hole of the brook, at last is ground to nothing.

The recreations of our people consist for the most part in travel and camping out. The first presents a panorama to the eye, the second a change of employment to the mind. Each has its zealous advocates and its enthusiastic defenders. But he who becomes for the hour tourist or gypsy will derive from his recreation, profit just in proportion to his previous experience or study. It is the genius or the scholar who gets the most from his outing. The man whose soul is not thrilled by the sight of the Forum Romanum naturally sets his pulses bounding by the use of absinthe; and the camper-out who knows nothing of the story told in stone or flower, nothing of the life of bird or bee, fills up with whiskey. The student of history or science finds in new faces or new facts stimulus enough.

The rush to Europe each year is due not simply to the natural charms of historic ground, but to the fact that it is cheaper to travel across the sea than across the continent. Two of the loveliest spots in the world are Banff, in British Columbia, and Manitou in Colorado. Bright skies, crystal waters and lofty heights, combine to give enchantment to the scenes. But the traveller who pays his dollar for his ham and eggs reflects mournfully upon past breakfasts of Swiss honey and snowy rolls for a quarter. At the foot of our Rockies he glories in the thought that it is higher than the Alps, but he is discreetly silent about the fact that his bills are as steep as the mountain. The depths of the Fraser Canyon make him realize his littleness—and the nothingness of his pocket-book.

The Rockies, especially their northern ranges, are bound to be the great camping grounds of the future. The further one goes into mountain ranges on either side of the C.P.R. or north of the North Pacific the more the country fills up with lakes; these gems of crystal waters are resplendent, and are among the most beautiful lakes that ever mirrored a mountain in its breast; but the chain of lakes that is threaded by the Canadian Pacific, between Banff and Vancouver, is a revelation of nature's charms such as few have as yet realized.

We do not appreciate, as we should, the possession of the Word of God, and might well be put to shame by the simple devotion of many who show their devotion in unmistakable ways. Dr. Egerton Young tells of a Christian Cree Indian in the great North-West who had gone with his son fishing 140 miles from home. Upon his return they found that the Bible, which they had with them on their fishing expedition, and which they supposed they had brought back in their pack, had been left with an uncle. Putting on his snow-shoes in the morning, the father started back to the lake, and in four days had returned, walking the 280 miles in four days in order to secure the Bible which he loved as being the "book of heaven." Would that the whole Church loved God's Word as devotedly and cherished it as carefully.

The Duty of Rest.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.—Ps. lv. 6.

I am sure we have all sometimes felt an experience which these words interpret. Our life-activities have ebbed away; we are weary; the grasshopper has become a burden to us, although we are not old; things that would scarcely bring any serious concern to our minds now bring tears to our eyes; we wish we had wings and could fly away and make our nest in the wilderness and be forever at rest. These experiences are themselves the communications of God that we need rest. He summons us to rest as truly as he summons us to activity. Rest is as sacred a duty as work. The Scripture bears its witness to this. In one clause of a sentence the Almighty says, "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work;" in the same sentence He says, "But on the seventh thou shalt do no work." The duty of doing no work is as sacred as the duty of working. He who awakens us in the morning full of fervid activity, eager for toil, lulls us to sleep at night, weary with our exertions and longing to stop. Every night He says, "Come to me and rest," and at every recurring period of exhaustion repeats the invitation.

We know that vegetation needs rest. The winter is its sleeping-time; there could be no awakening buds in spring, no efflorescent beauty in summer, no ripened fruits in harvest, if there were no sleep in winter. The snow is God's coverlet that keeps nature warm. "He giveth His snow like wool." God tucks His little vegetable children in and gives them resting-places that they may be ready for life in the spring, which is the morrow.

We need these resting-times for our own best growth and activity—resting-times, not merely times of recreation, though we need those too. Americans know how to do everything better than they know how to rest. We grow weary with our work, and need a little frolic at night; and we dance until we can no longer stand. We grow weary with our work, and will have a little recreation in the country; and we get on our bicycles and ride a hundred miles for rest.

We may divide the activities of the mind into three general categories. First, acquisition; second, meditation; third, production. We must acquire in order that we may produce—every one knows that; but it is not enough merely to acquire. Between acquisition and production comes the intermediary, the meditation, and that is almost a lost art in America. Someone has finely defined the difference between active thought and meditation. In active thought we are pursuing new truth; in meditation we are dwelling upon familiar truth, digesting it, assimilating and making it a part of our very being. We know how to search for truth, we know how to communicate truth, but we do not allow ourselves time to meditate truth. We ministers need to take more time for meditation. The minister who spends all his mornings in acquiring truth and brings Sunday what he has gathered the six days before, gives a crude, raw, unripened sermon. He is really giving you other people's thoughts, not his own; he is the mere retailer of the life of others; he communicates no life of his own. What is true of the minister is true of the author. One difficulty with our newspaper writing is, not that it is not brilliant, not that there has not been thought upon it, but there has been no meditation; it contains no vital element, nothing of the writer's own personality. Our literature is often unripe for want of previous meditation. Business men need this meditative quality, and mothers need it no less.

Not only do we do our best thinking when we do not know we think, but we receive our best gifts when we are not searching for them. He who never knows how to say to himself, "Be still, and know that God is God," who lives in perpetual quest for Him, misses by his very activity Him who reveals Himself in the silence. The "still, small voice" is heard in the quiet hour; and if we spend all our life in dancing to the sound of music or laboring to the jar and whirl of busy machinery, how shall we have an ear to hear the "still, small voice" of God? nay, if we are always busy praying, always busy singing, always busy in great congregations, always listening to what other men have to say, how shall we have an ear to hear what God has to say? I do not know that Americans spend too much time in talking to God, but I am sure we spend too little time in listening to Him.

These rest hours God prescribes in His Word; He summons us to them by our own experiences; He requires us to take them by His providence; and we do not understand it. Every night He lays the obligation of rest on men; every seventh day He has put the obligation of resting in His Word, and written it in the very

necessities of human nature; but, more than that, He often says to the busy man, who has been so busy that he has had no time to think, "You must stop." Suddenly He takes away employment from him, compels him to spend a little while in idleness, and the poor man does not understand that God is saying, "Stop and think." So He put His hand on Luther in the midst of the battle, when it seemed that Europe could not do without him for a single day, and shut him up in the castle at Wartburg, saying to him, "Stop and think." So He put His hand on Moses in Egypt, took him away from the people he would have delivered, carried him off into the wilderness, and compelled him to spend years there in quiet reflection. The men who have wrought great results have generally had these resting periods either conferred upon them or imposed upon them. In England Dr. Fairbairn would not be the leader in theological thought that he is if for twelve years he had not worked in a little country parish, thinking much and producing relatively little. Morse elaborated and perfected his scheme of electric telegraphy on an ocean steamer; and that is the one place where you cannot do anything unless you are a captain or a sailor. The quiet times are the fruitful times; and we do not know it. Invalidism is often man's opportunity for rest. God takes this woman out of her household, or this man out of his business, and says, "Lie on that bed for two weeks, and rest." If he only knew what he was put there for, only would stop and rest for those two weeks, he would come back to his life reinvigorated and refreshed, but all the time he is resisting and struggling and worrying about the work he cannot do. When these hours come, and the Father and the Mother of us all takes us in His arms and says, "My child, rest a little while," let us learn not to struggle against Him, but to accept the gift, lay aside the work, and relieve ourselves from the responsibility, take the quiet hour, rest, and grow strong.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! that I might fly away, and be at rest"—that is the cry of the heart. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—that is the answer of the Christ. Observe the difference. We want to fly away and be at rest; but Christ tells us how we can stay in life and there be at rest. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." The yoke is not a burden, it is an instrument that helps us carry the burden. He makes it possible to carry the load which the unyoked cannot carry. And what Christ says is this: "I will show you, not how you can fly away and be at rest, but how you can be at rest where you are." For there are two ways of getting rest; one to run away from life and its toils; the other to get such accretion of life that what was a burden is a burden no longer. The boy at school toils over Greek, and listens to the buzzing of the bees and the singing of the birds outside, and sighs at his task. By and by he grows up to manhood, and comes back from his shop or his factory, and in the evening sits down and takes this very Homer and reads it in the Greek. What was his burden becomes his rest. Why? Because of the accretion of life that has come to him through the education. So God gives us rest by adding to our strength, not by taking away our toil.

These rest periods—the night, the Sunday, the hour of invalidism, the vacation hours—these are the provided times when we are to gather life for future service; they are not wasted times, if we know how to use them. The Mill-race running its busy course calls back to the Mill-pond and says, "Oh, you lazy Pond! why are you idle? Go to work;" and the Pond replies, "If I did not lie here, there would be no Mill-race." The racing Raindrops call back to the Cloud above, "You lazy Cloud, lying there in the sky, why do you not come down and refresh the thirsty earth?" and the Cloud replies, "If there were no cloud hanging in the heavens there would be no racing Raindrops." These hours of rest are the needed preparation, the accumulations of life, out of which grow its activities.

God help us to take rest from Him as the gift of His love, and so to use the rest that it shall recuperate our life; and when, at last, the long, deep sleep shall fall upon us, the grave shall not be as a nest in the wilderness where we shall rest forever, but only as a bed on which we lie down for a little rest, with the glad awaking in the morning, and the restfulness of an eternal labor that is never toil.

Thy love

Shall chant itself in its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

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 Presbyterian and Synodical Committees. Address: "Our Young People," PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, Drawer 2464, Toronto, Ont.

THINGS WE SHOULD KNOW.

II. More about the Shorter Catechism.

In our first brief paper on this subject we mentioned the name of George Gillespie, one of the Scotch commissioners, as the youngest who attended the Westminster Assembly. The part he played in the compiling of our Catechism was of no little importance. An incident is told concerning the preparation of the answer to question four, which is of intense interest as indicating how God Himself guided and inspired the words in which it is phrased. The committee to which the question "What is God?" was referred, all felt the unapproachable sublimity of the divine idea suggested by these words, but shrank awe-struck from the sacred task of expressing the answer in human language. At last in evidence of the committee's deep humility they called upon their youngest member George Gillespie to make the first attempt. He consented, but requested that all should first unite with him in seeking the divine guidance so greatly needed. In slow and solemn tones he then began his prayer; "O God, Thou art a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in Thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." When he ceased, the first sentence of his prayer was written down and stands to-day in our Catechism the most perfect answer that can be conceived; even, as it seems, God's own inspired description of Himself.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

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.

Temptation.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, August 9.—"The conquest of temptation." Eph. vi. 10-18. (A temperance topic.)

Temptation is the common lot of all mankind. To some it is an irresistible tide that sweeps them out into an ocean of sin; to others it is like the storm wind that makes the giant oak strike deep its roots, and take a stronger hold upon the ground. It is one of the "all things that work together for good to them that love God." To the Christian it should prove to be the devil's sword beat into a pruning hook or a plough share for the cultivation of his spiritual life. Temptation is not sin, but temptation conquered is virtue in action. It is not necessary to yield to temptation, for Christ has promised victory to those who trust Him for it. Every temptation overcome develops more fully in us the Christ character; but we must not vanquish temptation by flight as did Buddha, but by facing it whenever met in the path of duty as did our Master. If we pray "lead us not into temptation," let us be certain that we follow where He does lead.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY R. JOHN DURCAN-CLARK.

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON VI.—DAVID'S VICTORIES.—AUGUST 9.

(2 Sam. x. 8-19.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?"

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Victory in Christ.

ANALYSIS.—**VICTORY** over Ammonites, v. 8-14. over Syrians, v. 15-19.

TIME AND PLACE.—Perhaps B.C. 1034, Rabbath, the Plain of Medeba, and Hamath near Damascus.

INTRODUCTORY.—In 2 Sam. 8 and 10 and 1 Chron. 18 and 19, an account is given of the succession of conquests by which, probably during the first twelve or fifteen years of his reign, David subjugated the surrounding nations, and extended his kingdom until it embraced the whole territory promised to the chosen people. Gen. xv. 18-21. Our lesson deals specially with the war with the Ammonites, and the overthrow of the Syrians. The Ammonite

war grew out of their misconstruction of David's purpose in sending messages of condolence to their king's son, on the death of his father, and their outrageous treatment of David's messengers.—2 Sam. x. 1-7.

LESSON STORY.—"The summary of David's wars and victories contained in chapter viii. and the chapter from which to-day's lesson is taken shows his wonderful military genius. At the beginning of his reign he found Israel sorely pressed by enemies. The standing army was therefore raised to three hundred thousand experienced soldiers, besides a band of six hundred heroes noted for deeds of personal valor. His generals were unrivaled for military skill, and bravery. An account of three of his great campaigns, prior to the engagement with the Ammonites, is given. These were against the Amalekites, Philistines, and Moabites. In each case David's cause was just. Israel was not the offending party, but on the contrary had suffered in material prosperity through incursions which rendered life and property insecure, which inflicted severe cruelties, and which endangered national existence. David's wars were the wars of the Lord. Wherever his way was extended foul idolatries and the rule of brute force were swept aside and a reverent and enlightened government set up in their stead. The war with the King of Ammon was brought on by an abominable affront, greatly aggravated by the kindly disposition of David toward the son of his old friend. By hiring mercenaries from Aram—ancient Syria—for five hundred thousand pounds' weight of silver, King Hanun was able to bring into the field an army of thirty thousand men. The scene of the battle was near the city of Medeba, in the mountains of Moab, east of the northern end of the Dead Sea. David's general was the courageous and crafty Joab. A severe conflict resulted in victory for the cause of Israel, which was soon followed by other victories decisive against all foes. As a result, now for the first time the promise made to Abraham that his posterity should possess all the land from the river of Egypt to the river Euphrates was fulfilled. Rich spoils were taken from the conquered foes. These included gold shields and exceeding much copper, and all manner of vessels of gold and silver and brass. These treasures were dedicated to God to be used in Solomon's temple. Out of the brass taken from the Syrians Solomon afterward made the great brazen sea and the pillars of brass (1 Chron. xviii. 8, 11.) The interests of mankind were therefore in some measure involved in the cause espoused by David. While we deprecate war, it is possible for us, too, to get things that are now the instruments of unrighteousness consecrated to the service of God, and also help to extend the kingdom of God by our temporal gains."—S.S. Banner.

One Solution.

The woman of the house looked out undaunted with her calm, clear eyes. "There is a solution to all problems," she said. "The remedy for the evil you speak of (the help question) and which we all deplore, lies, I think, in a return to simplicity of living. There are few households, I fancy, where much of the work might not be eliminated without leaving any real void in the actual comfort of the family. Women climb too many stairs—houses are built with too many; they arrange their meals on altogether too elaborate a scale; their furnishings are on a plan that requires too much dusting. They make too many deserts, too many preserves, institute too much fine laundry work, and worry too much over trifles. Many of their cares might be reduced to a minimum if they were only advanced enough to see things in their proper light.

"Another besetting sin in middle-class families is that in the absence of servants the husband does not hold himself responsible for the performance of the heavier tasks as he should do. There is not one man in ten in this walk of life who would not have ample time to take most, if not all, of the heavier household duties off his wife's shoulders if he would only set himself resolutely about it. I know a number of doctors, ministers and lawyers who live in communities where help is scarce and poor, who make a practice in exercising their muscles in this way, and who have as their reward comfortable homes, properly kept, and healthy, happy, pretty wives, who are not worked to death, even though a domestic seldom crosses the threshold. No, indeed, my dear, you mustn't think that the tragedy of the help question is sufficiently serious to devastate and lay waste all, or half, or quarter, or even an eighth of the homes on this continent. Certainly not while good husbands, with plenty of brawn and muscle, are left to preserve our equilibrium in nature."—*Jenness Miller Monthly*

Every man is equal before God, and no man can take from any other the right to read the revealed word of the Most High and plead his own cause before Him without intercession or favor of any priest or pontiff.

THE LITTLE FOLK.

The Measuring Rod.

DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

I dreamed that I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:—

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day!" "Measuring Day!" said I; "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the centre, on a kind of a throne under the great elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were a strange, shining sort of white, and he had the kindest and yet most serious face I had ever beheld. By his side there was a tall, golden rod fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to bottom.

Over it, on a golden scroll, were the words: "The measure of the stature of a perfect man." The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came upon the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank from or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way, so that even we could see with our eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought: "Surely, Mrs. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed." But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth."

I pitied Mrs. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face, to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately she increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before; and her face shone so, I thought it must have caught its light from the angel's, which smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in the book, he said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

The next was Lilian Edgar who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lilian turned pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said, in a solemn tone: "O Child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be, not outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can you grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry; but as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold! Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all

heard it, saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

And then, oh, my name came next! and I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lilian's mark—Lilian's, the lowest of all. I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: "Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this. Tell me how to grow: I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly:—

"The record must not go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I next come! This rule will help thee: 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily, as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ.' The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee grow in grace."

And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly awoke and found myself crying. But oh, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark.

Do any of my readers know any girl who throws more enthusiasm into everything than into the most important of all—the growth of her Christian character?

Before and After.

The following forms of "Grace at table" are suggested as being more suitable than those old-fashioned forms which were once so common. We were recently guests in a household where these forms were used, and as we observed the quiet reverent demeanor of all standing in their places round the table, and then listened to each *Versicle* pronounced by the master of the house, and the chorus of *Response* by the members of the family, we felt that the very meals in that household were a lesson in Christian living. The adoption of these or some other similar forms which would give the family an opportunity of joining in "the grace" would be in harmony with the responsive character of the public services which Churchmen love so well, and would tend to promote a spirit of thoughtfulness and reverence.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

V. The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord.
R. And Thou givest them their meat in due season.
V. Thou openest Thy hand.
R. And fillest all things living with plenteousness.
V. Glory be to the Father, etc.
R. As it was in the beginning, etc.
Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts which we are about to receive of Thy great bounty. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

V. All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord.
R. And Thy saints give thanks unto Thee.
V. They shew the glory of Thy Kingdom.
R. And talk of Thy power.
V. Glory be to the Father, etc.
R. As it was in the beginning, etc.
Thanks be to God for these and all His bounties bestowed on us. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, *Amen.*

His Needs.

"Aaron's boy would do very well if he had a string long enough," said one neighbour.
"I don't see what use he could make of a string," said neighbour number two.
"Well, if he could tie up all the loose ends that he leaves dangling, tie himself down to his work, and then tie his tongue so that it wouldn't wag so busily, he would be as useful a fellow as we have got in the town. But it would take a considerable length of string."



THE SEA.

I love it, I love it,
 Whatever its hue—
 Be it dark, be it bright,
 Be it green, be it blue;
 In whirlwind or calm,
 Let it chance as it will,
 In sunshine or storm,
 It is dear to me still.

I love it when glassy,
 And shadowy and shining,
 The bark and the oar
 On its wave are reclining—
 When lute-sounds of song
 O'er its bosom are stealing—
 When lightening are flashing,
 When thunders are pealing.

I love it when resting
 In dawn's misty light,
 The white sails are cresting
 The foam-billows height;
 When, dim in the starlight,
 It breaks into spray—
 When broadly and brightly
 'Tis flashing in day.

But oh! when the green
 Island shores are at rest,
 When the last glowing ray
 Fades away from the west,
 With silence and moonlight
 About, and above it,
 Then, then, most of all,
 Oh! I love it, I love it!

A TRIP TO CANADIAN HEADWATERS.

BY GEORGE W. PIERCE.

ONE hot July night, I stepped into the telegraph office at Station A, and dictated the following despatch:

"TO PETER WHITE DUCK,
 SAND POINT, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
 Canada.

"Would you join me next week at Toronto, to go up the Muskoka and down the Petewawa River? Answer by telegraph."

To my surprise next morning Peter answered. The result was an appointment, and in pursuance of it, on the sixth of August I crossed the threshold of the Queen's Hotel. In the window, calmly smoking his pipe, was Peter, the glitter of yore in his black eyes as he held out his hand. We sat down to dinner, and the whole company stared at the hunter I had with me as if they had never seen an Indian.

In the evening we went out to make some purchases and gather information of the region we proposed to traverse, returning not one wit the wiser. The engineers, who could have answered some of our enquiries, were all away.

Peter knew nothing of the route I had laid out for him; and I knew less. A half-breed guide had told me, three years before upon the Ottawa, that it was practicable, with much discourse that set my brain on fire about wild Indians, deer, and virgin wilderness. I had a map sent me on my return from the Crown Timber Office at Toronto, on which the two rivers, in a great blank spot, may be seen taking, from neighboring hillsides, through many glistening lakes, their silver courses, till, crossing timber limits and settled country, the Petewawa goes to swell the Ottawa, and the Muskoka enters Georgian Bay.

An uncompleted rail road ran from Toronto into the District of Muskoka. We took the train at seven o'clock in the morning, passed Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, and were set down at Severn in a tremendous rainstorm. Thence in open wagons, with other passengers, we pushed on for Gravenhurst, the steamboat landing on Lake Muskoka, stopping for lunch at a little tavern where I had just time to empty a plate of bread and cheese in front of me into a paper, and swallow a cup of scalding hot tea. We had to get out to cross a river upon the fallen timbers of a bridge lately burned, while the teams went three miles round by a rough road through the bush. The railroad employes were on a strike; and one of them it seems, had struck a match in the immediate vicinity of the bridge. As we stood drying on the lake shore after the clouds had parted, I was much amused with the conversation going on between the steamboat captain and two ladies of our party, who were going up

the lake for muskelonge, and had made up their minds to catch a twenty pounder. It seemed to me from all appearances, that they were fishing for something that would weigh at least two hundred.

We supped on the lake, and after supper, screeching through the forest, which we seemed to brush on both sides with our paddle boxes, now whirling to the left, now to the right, now half about, startling the ducks and raising the wildest echoes, we steamed up the river to Bracebridge, the head of navigation. Mine host, Higgins, at Bracebridge, received us like a brother, and entertained us over night and at breakfast and dinner the next day for the trifling compensation of one dollar and seventy-five cents, his services and half a dozen of his best trout flies thrown in.

A sedy trapper, lounging about the tavern, had killed a bear the day before, and we were all expecting a taste of him. "What is this? mutton?" I asked my right hand neighbor, at the breakfast table. "Chops, I think," was his reply. They were uncommonly long and slim. We had a roast for dinner, of excellent quality, another cut, no doubt, off the same animal, with vegetables in great profusion.

"That was good mutton we had for dinner," said I to Peter an hour later.

"Fast rate," said he, "how did you like the bear we had for breakfast?"

"I thought that was mutton, too," I answered, and Peter laughed. At two o'clock we were off for Baysville, up the river, just below the Lake of Bays, and the last settlement on our route, in a rough wagon without springs, with Tommy Howitt for a driver, and a strong pair of horses. The road from Bracebridge, through "The Devil's Gate," was bad enough. There were too many "jumping off places," as Tommy called them, where at one instant we were looking down upon the horses, and the next, the tail-board of the wagon flew up and we held our breath till we alighted on terra firma.

Higgins had gone about the village, hurrying up everybody to make preparations for the departure of two men who were "going through to Ottawa by the Madawaska," the way we were most anxious to avoid, but it being the only one he had ever heard of we could not beat it out of his head. The country was "all settled," he advised us along our route; but later reports were more encouraging. "There never was but one settler above the Lake of Bays: and he was eaten up by the mice." "Hollow Lake," Higgins insisted was "the head of the Muskoka River."

We found it on our map, on the South Branch, in the direction of the Madawaska, not called *Hollow*, however, but by its simple Indian name, *Kahicambijewagamoy*.

A few houses of fresh cut pine were visible in the gathering

were eating it, with wit and humor, outliving his ugliness and condemnation, here in the backwoods, with a grand superiority and superhuman cheerfulness. "Fare you well," in a sweet voice, sounds in my ears to-day, the parting benediction. I

caught his eye, I saw not his *hump*. He was a dwarf no longer, could I have borrowed something of his spirit I would have gone back satisfied and given up the Petewawa.

A canoe was for sale, for eight dollars, and Peter was turning it over. "Good bark," said he,—"a *hole* in it *here*—too narrow and round; ought to be made flat bottomed. *Too tottish*," he continued, as he got into it and made it rock. He knelt in it, and taking up the paddle, cut a circle.

"Where 'did you pick up that man?" asked one of the bystanders.

"He's been in a canoe before," said another.

"*White Duck* I came pretty near being a *black duck*," put in a third, a wag named Drake.

To such remarks I made no answer; and Peter showed no sign of having heard them. We piled in the load, and started up



GUMMING A LEAK.

dusk. The road had suddenly improved, so that, in spite of Tommy's tears, we got through it by daylight, ending with a trot over a piece of *corduroy*. We drove by "Ramsay's," in our haste, where we were expecting to stop, and had to back a dozen rods. Ramsay came out. He was "full up," he said, and on we went, and by a sharp turn to the left, at the end of the village, came to "Morrow's," the other "stopping place," and inquired for the proprietor. He was not in, and not expected until morning. He had "gone east, across the river," to greet his namesake, coming on bravely, through the forest, under his burden of life and death.

The door, after many assaults was opened by a horrible dwarf. The middle of his back, when he stood up, was higher than his ears, and when he stooped—I caught sight of him next morning drawing water from the well—he looked more like some wild animal than a human figure. He was humped sideways as well as up and down. In conversation during supper, he informed us that he was *unmarried*. More humor followed, till the candle burning low, he invited us "to go up loft."

There were two beds made and one in disorder, with a ribbon in it, in the unfinished space under the roof. "One will do for you, I suppose," said Tom, proceeding to appropriate the other, which I made him share with the Indian. Groping about, after the candle was out, barefooted, to get the window open at the end of the loft, I stepped on a hair-pin of wrought iron, homemade, and sharpened at the points, which projected upwards from a crack in the floor, and for five minutes the air was blue. Tommy Hewitt was driving his horses all night; "and you were asking him," said Peter with a grin, "if he were *awake*."

The dwarf saluted us in the morning more briskly than ever. He did all the work, got the breakfast—Morrow had come and was all ready to do the honors—and entertained us, while we

the river in our canoe, intending to exchange it for a better if opportunity offered. Avery, who made it, lived above, upon the Lake of Bays.

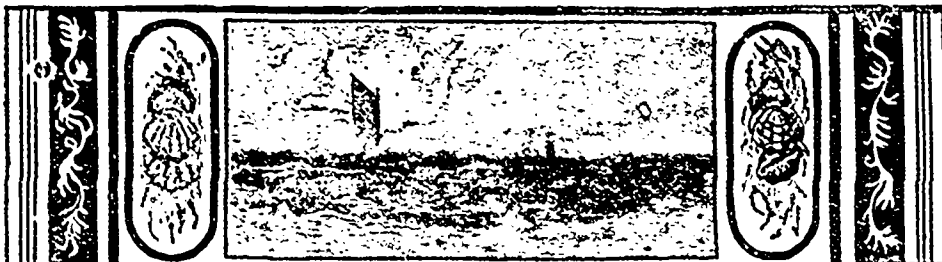
A peal of laughter broke upon our ears, "A loon," said Peter; and I knew the *wilderness* was not far off. A moment later and we were paddling for dear life, for the nearest shore, where we unloaded the canoe, and Peter, turning the bottom upwards, with a strip of birch bark which he had brought from the woods, in his left hand, ablaze, and a little gun, went to work to stop the leak, lightly caressing the canoe and as it were baptizing it with fire. In fifteen minutes we were afloat again.

The ladies were at home, in the last house, where we stopped for lunch and our supply of early vegetables. Maggie Bastado was a chubby little lass of eighteen, somewhat one-sided, from hard work. She had English, Irish, German, and Italian relatives, and was herself, as she expressed it, "a little mixed," and her nationality, "a *good many*." A tall figure darkened the door.

"How are you, Mr. Bastado?" I inquired; and he replied, "You have the advantage of me."

An hour later and we were floating, silent but happy, upon the Lake of Bays.

To describe the charms of a beautiful lake to virgin wilderness is like describing a beautiful woman to a person who has never seen one. You are in a trance, a waking vision, growing brighter, when dreams vanish, in the morning an Eden realized, sparkling and fresh from the creator's hands. You need no companionship. The imagination revels, and is intoxicated at the feast, over which Nature, in visible shape, sits enthroned as queen, and countless spirits, and every form of life attend. Not noisily, nor in a crowd: the silent doe, turning her soft eyes on you from the shore, the feathered folk, unterrified, chirping good-morning to



sa from the nearest tree; the rabbits in the shadows of the fire squeaking good-night; the humming birds, those gems of light and air, poised motionless within your reach upon invisible wings darting quicker than the eye can follow from one invisible perch to another; the silver fishes breaking the surface of the water, finer and more responsive than any mirror, and reflecting the colors of the rainbow and the sunset.

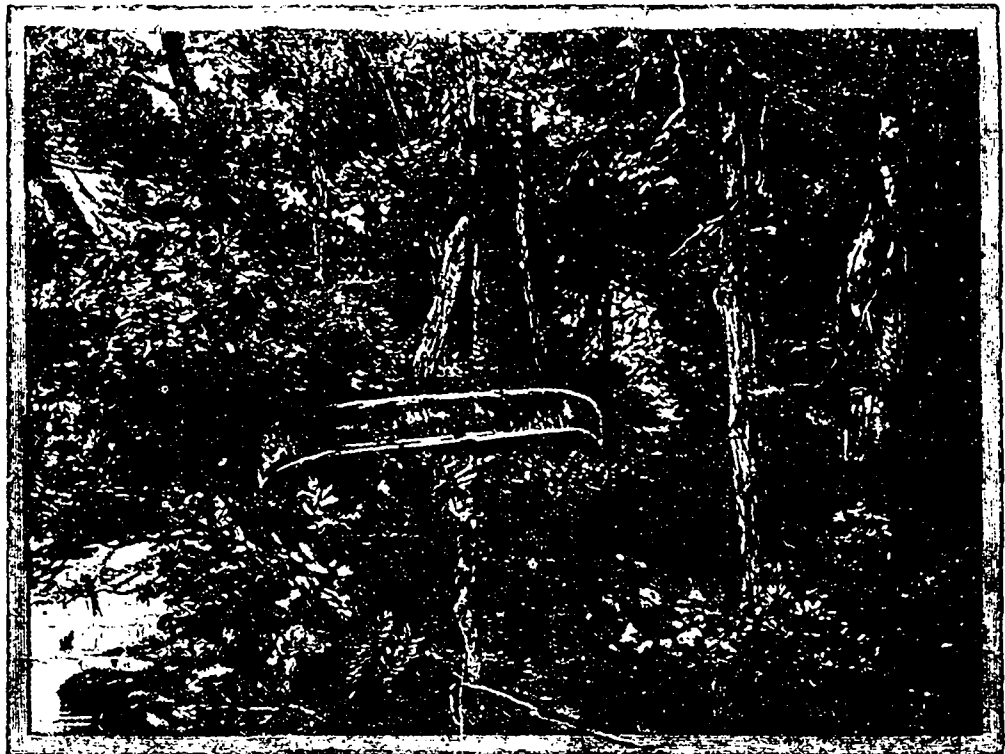
I found settlers, a mile back from the water, as it grew dusk, and barely escaped being eaten up alive by the dogs, and with one of their number for a guide, Wattle by name, set out for Avery's. The night was dark, and for some hours we wandered, lost in the forest, Peter bringing up the rear like a gnome of the wood, offering no suggestions and making no complaints. When the moon rose we found a shanty in a little clearing, Avery's, and went in to pass the night. We had black bread and sour milk for supper, which we eat in darkness illumined only by the light of the fire. They used kerosene lamps, but were "out of oil." One blanket for us three was not enough. The woman protested that she didn't care. Complaints arose on all sides, in every key in the gamut; for lying about us on the floor or stowed in corners at the other end of the room which the dim light had failed to penetrate, or somewhere overhead, were the nine children. I counted twenty-nine flea bites the next morning on my left arm, from wrist to elbow, and got some idea of the number on my whole body; and Wattle might, I dare say, have found as many. They never touched Peter.

A new canoe was to be built, and brought to us within three days, and exchanged for ours, for nine dollars, one apiece for the children; and Peter selected from several rolls of bark the best for the purpose, being a canoe builder himself in intervals of hunting. Pond lily roots, as big round as a man's arm, are dug up from the bottom, and split into strings, and the other materials are gathered and laid away at the proper season, and put together by the aid of experience and a jack knife, if the dusky builder happen to have one. No iron enters into its construction. Its weight, when new, and free from sand, is practically nothing; and it is just the thing to hunt in. Paddling up the shore we came to Marsh's, to breakfast, upon the lake side. No misery here! Every one of his four children was dressed in some bright color, with face and hands unspotted as a rose leaf, and hair neat as a pin. He had been "rail-roading at the front," (a conductor on a train running out of Toronto,) and was only here for a few days, till the new house at Baysville could be got ready. The table was small, the butter smaller; and the ladies waited. Framed in the window shone the the matchless lake, with a perfect little island for the centre of the picture, round as a dot, and clothed with pines all glittering in the morning sun. I happened to say that perhaps Avery lived so far back from the water on account of having so many children.

"We have lost one," they answered, "four years old."
 "He fell off a log as he was fishing," said Marsh.
 "Fishing?" I exclaimed; "and only four years old?"
 "We think that he was trying," put in the mother, "to reach the fishes in the water." Poor little Hopo!

As the Lako of bays is far the most beautiful that in all my wanderings in the wilderness I ever beheld, I cannot leave it without a vain attempt to bring it before the readers. It looks, on the map, like a green lobster which has been peppered by a mitrailleuse. Sixteen miles in length, the circuit of its shores at least two hundred. A hundred bluffs, pine clad, ascend on every side out of the water. A hundred bays, stretching miles deep into the forest, give it its name. A hundred rocky points divide the shallows. Twin bluffs in front, some four miles distant are matched against the sky, sleek and unshorn, in mutual defiance, two monsters, measuring each others strength, "The Narrows."

As you approach they imperceptibly glide apart, revealing an ever widening prospect of shores and islands. You are unconscious of your own motion. A point slides backwards with a gleam of sparkling granite; the water flashes on both sides of it; and, from behind, a giant headland is pushed forward upon your vision—all like the scenes in a theatre, forming at every moment with more than kaleidoscopic effect, new combinations, all doubled by reflections in the water. The cedars nestle among the pines upon the shores. The pines with plummy undulations adorn the hilltops. And see on every side the foliage turned red with fire! An engineer had been there before us, and his broad white line, as straight as rule could make it, showed upon a rock,



PETER WITH THE CANOE, "CARRYING."

eight or ten inches above the surface.

"The stuff," said Peter, "from the trees, floating on the water, made that line, in May or June."

Great heart of Nature! You feel not its pulse; but what sweet sympathy sends a throb and thrill through every vein? How many aches and ills here find a cure! How many ghosts, here in the tranquil wave, are laid forever? Was Adam driven from a garden? and was his paradise more beautiful than this? The



links that bound you to society are undone, and when they galled you have a season of refreshments. The force of human law is here suspended. You shall not want. Here yet is spread a table in the wilderness.

Half way up the lake I missed my watch. I had left it dangling from a dry twig of a fallen tree, two or three rods back in the bush, on the point just above Marsh's in the morning, where I went in to shake off the fleas. Peter had called me suddenly and I had come out without looking round. It was safe enough: Marsh would get it and send it to me, and Avery could take a letter to him on his return. To go back, and lose a day, like Titus, was

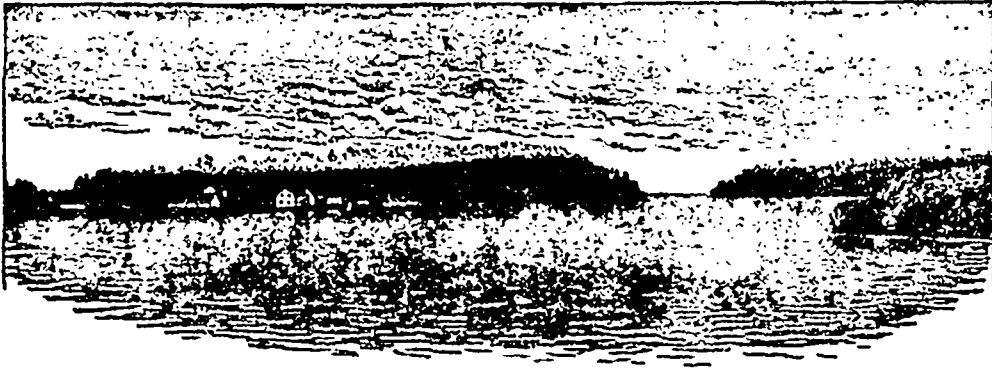
not to be thought of. We had passed the Narrows; and again the bluffs opened like a gateway upon our course, discovering islands, and distant shores, and mountains, in an instant. A mistake here of a few points, in taking our bearings, would have sent us eastwards to the lake of sixteen syllables. A consultation with the map before us, upon a rocky island which overlooked the shores and bays for miles, another shake, and on we went, to find the inlet, trying many promising spots, green with marsh, grass and rushes. At length we entered the upper river. The sun was high and hot, and the tall pines on either side, their tops deviating in one direction from the perpendicular, were reflected from the surface. The water vanished. A precipice yawned beneath us, and we were floating on nothing, apparently, upon the brink. My head began to swim as I looked down, when a loud crack, again, and yet again repeated, resounded from the woods; and I caught up my rifle, thinking a moose was coming to the water. Peter's paddle was now inaudible; and we were noiselessly approaching the shore whence came the sounds. For a few seconds the place was silent; then with a roar like thunder, and a crash that woke the forest, roar after roar, crash after crash, till the hills rang, and rung, and rung again, the consternation came, "A windfall, Peter? Yes, a big one." The river, later in the day, nearly ran dry, and hot and tired we came to camp.

We were up early and off, well loaded, upon the three mile carry, camping on it at dusk upon a gentle elevation in the forest. My back was lame, and so was Peter's. The spring which lay still in its bed below our camp at night was leaping and foaming in its haste to join the river in the morning. The carry was wet, and we had three trips to make, but pluck and perseverance brought us to the water, and late in the afternoon, after a struggle with the rapids, to Ox Tongue Lake. The loons received us with the wildest laughter, and attended our disembarkation upon a point, which, running westward, overlooks the lake. The sandy bottom deepened gradually from it. A point lay opposite, a little bay above it, and the lake widened to the north. But what words shall describe the sunset?

There were trout next morning along the rifts, and in the stream, above we lost a fine one with the trolling rig, mistaking him for a pike till we had him half in the boat. Peter killed some ducks and ducklings with his paddle. The day was spent about the inlet, and among dim recesses of connecting lakes; and as it sped away on pointed wings to join the uncounted multitude

of days that had gone before it, we trolled gently down toward a single cloud, rose-colored, shaped like a mountain, catching all around what golden glimpses of lake and forest! We had not much for supper; but we enjoyed it, cabin bread, sweet and wholesome, butter from a farm, tea and crushed sugar taken separate, as we reclined indifferent — I was going to say to the flies, but they were taking their siesta — indifferent to the spiders, indifferent to all the joys and woes of citizens, like kings reposing; the

moon, now nearly full, rising upon us through the pines, the fire crackling between us, and wax coach candles, short and stout, and weighing each a quarter of a pound, adding their light to the



THE NARROWS.*

illumination. So ended the long, delightful day.

Our breakfast in the morning was a repetition of the supper the night before, one dish only, young wood duck, having been added to the bill of fare. The loons mocked me, and I dropped one of them, with a ball through his neck.

"A chance shot," said Peter, "you might shoot twenty times and not kill another."

"How far was it?" I inquired.

"About a hundred yards," was his reply. It was a male. He skinned it and I hung it up to dry upon the point.

The day had passed and Avery had not kept his promise. The sixth day came, and in the morning, somewhat disappointed and worse vexed, we made preparations for departure.

Peter was impatient, and with good reason to be off. We had been long detained already, with a limited stock of supplies; and further detention for many days in the river above was not improbable. It looked dry enough on the map, not a lake for twenty-five miles. We planted a pole upon the point with a newspaper tied to the top of it, to distract the loons; and on a stick driven into the ground beside it left a message.

I was kneeling there with my back to the lake, turning the loon's skin and tying it up, when Peter's head appeared above the bushes. "Don't stir," said he. I was rooted to the spot. "Make no noise." Still crouching, I watched his motions. "Look round," he whispered, and, slowly turning my head, I spied, upon the opposite shore, in the little bay I have mentioned, two beautiful objects, not like the deer in the parks, hanging their heads and dragging themselves along, but taller, moving gracefully, with a step suggestive of speed. With all possible haste and stillness we shoved off and got into the canoe, bareheaded, with nothing but a paddle and his rifle. The lake was rough, but it grew smoother under the opposite shore. Peter had put the point between me and the game. "Where are they now?" I whispered.

"Just round the point," said Peter; adding, "you must shoot quick when you see them, before they run away."

We passed the point, the sun behind us, and there they were! I caught a glimpse of antlers and raised my gun, with a slow motion.

"Don't shoot yet," said Peter. We were stealing silently upon them, both bolt upright and fixed as statues. A little nearer! They had not seen us. "Shoot now!" said Peter. I drew a bead

*NOTE.—There were no buildings on the Lake of Bays when the writer visited them.



upon the buck steadied my aim till I was sure of him, and fired. Such a spring into the air! and then such long leaps for the shore!

"Didn't I hit him? I inquired.

"He's dead," said Peter. Before he could answer the buck had fallen, in the edge of the water, all in a heap.

"Have you another cartridge?" he continued, in a low whisper.

"Didn't I kill him?" I inquired.

"The doe," said Peter, pushing me up, without another word by imperceptible approaches, close to the shore. My heart stood still, but I saw nothing. When we had reached the buck and lifted him into the canoe, no easy undertaking, I broke the silence.

"Did you see the doe," I asked, "after I fired?"

He had seen her for a moment amongst the bushes, looking back for her companion, or out of curiosity at the beings who had thus rudely broken in upon her peace, and then lost sight of her.

"I am glad," said I to Peter, "she got away."

In ten minutes — it seemed no longer — we were back to camp, with the buck, about 160 pounds in weight, fat and prime, a three year old, between us. The ball had struck the middle of his body as he stood sideways with his head turned from us, and passed out through the left shoulder.

"A good shot."

"Yes," said Peter.

"How far was it?"

"About a hundred and fifty yards," was his reply.

An hour later, and I was standing back from the fire holding out the broiler with both hands at the end of a long crotched stick, and in it, a good inch thick, and closely laid together, about half the sirloin and the greater part of the tenderloin of the buck. A little salt, and I went at it. Tender! fat! and rare! I had never eaten anything half so good.

Peter was looking round continually across the lake, no doubt for Avery. "May be the other one will come back," he said at length, "to look for this one."

"Its a pity," said I, "Peter, to kill a doe."

"He had no young ones," retorted Peter, and then after a pause, "Its a pity, too, to kill a buck." They had been keeping company in the forest; it was not time for deer to mate, said he; a mere flirtation possibly, without serious intentions.

Prying about, as was his wont, wherever we went, for gold, Peter had come across an Indian grave, and gave me a legend which had distinguished, in former days, the daughter of a sachem, so why it might not do well enough for a Christian as I interpreted it, from his broken English.

"She once was beautiful; but her heart was harder than even headstone."

His Indian was a mixture of English, French, and Aragonkian; and he rarely ended a sentence without the word "yet," "too," or "agin." We had some funny dialogues, some not so funny. I missed a loon, as she was swimming past, to reconnoitre as before she dived. "If she had sat still I could have hit her," said I to Peter.

"Do you think he'd sit still when you fired at him? He wants to live yet. He wants to save himself, too."

He was not given to explanation.

"Peter, how do you dress a deerskin?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"What do you call a house, such as Marsh lives in?"

"You can call it anything you like."

We had given Avery another day without intending it. Here was food, skinned and dressed by practised hands and hung up for him, only he would not reach out his own to take it. How my heart ached for the nine children! At twenty-five minutes past eleven the next morning we were off for the inlet. Peter had three watches, the spoils, no doubt, of former travellers, and got at the time by striking an average. We passed the island where on my last visit, two days before, I had lost the trout, and I was whipping the stream in vain. A loud and sudden splash came from behind me.

"A trout at last! a big one!" I said to myself.

Concluded next week

Provision for the Hereafter.

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

It makes a great difference what are a man's views of life, for they largely determine what shape his life takes. Life is to every man a wonderful opportunity, but it is like a fertile stretch of land, valueless unless cultivated. Christ in a series of parables takes up the theme and shows that this life is designed as a place to make provision for the hereafter. The parable of the foolish rich man shows

THE EMPTINESS OF EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." There is undoubtedly a strong tendency in human nature to covetousness, that is, to the desire of getting property at the cost of other things of more importance. We are apt to look at life as did the foolish rich man in the parable,—from an Epicurean standpoint. He thought life was to be valued for the material good to be got out of it. Money would purchase ease, food, drink, amusement; therefore he was bound to get all the money he could and then use it on himself. It was a poor narrow treadmill round of life that he was planning at the best, and he would soon have wearied of it if he had been able to carry it out. Life is not to be measured by the gratification of the appetites, or by freedom from toil, or by its opportunities for merriment. Life is not limited to the body,—it belongs to the soul. Humanity is a harp of many strings. The music of life is not to be drawn only from those few short chords that begin and end in the flesh, but still more in those long, strong strings that are planted in the depths of the soul and reach up to God.

A further mistake in this foolish rich man's view of life was that he thought he could count on years to come. He did not consider the uncertainty of life. He planned only for the earthly life and took for granted its continuance. This is the strange peculiarity of human nature.

As a matter of fact, death, even to the longest-lived, is near at hand. We race through life and are at its end with startling quickness. We generally lay our plans as if we had two or three hundred years of youth and vitality, and then, almost before our plans are begun, surrender them.

Further than this, life is of the most uncertain tenure, and a puff of wind may blow it out at any moment. Men seldom take this into consideration either, but act as if all men lived out their threescore years and ten. Death is

sure to come quickly; death is liable to come at any moment; and when death does come, all these temporal advantages disappear like the bursting of a bubble.

The thought that grows out of this, and which is illustrated in the parable of the waiting servants is

THE NECESSITY OF CONSTANT READINESS.

How would Christ have us live? Why, as always ready. Christ's Oriental figure was of servants watching for their Lord's coming at some uncertain hour of the night. They were sitting and waiting with lamps burning for his return. We of to-day must be minute men, ready for the call at any moment. We know not when we shall be summoned. If we are wise, we are simply living on from day to day, awaiting the Divine call. We will do our full duty here on earth but we will do it in such a way that no matter what the catastrophe or cataclysm,—the sudden rush of the black angel's wing, or the sudden sound of the trump of God and sight of Christ on the clouds of the air,—we shall be ready and not afraid.

Christ concludes this topic by showing that

THE AWARDS OF THE FUTURE ARE BASED ON THIS LIFE.

The parable of the upper servant shows that the principle applies to all. Peter is not exempt. God's chosen ministers are under the law. There is great temptation in the fact of delay in God's providences. In mercy to man God shortened the period of antediluvian life. Life was so long and judgment so deferred that men took advantage of the delay to become corrupt. To-day from a similar cause men grow careless because Christ's long-promised coming is still delayed.

There are gradations in awards. God is infinitely just. He will treat all fairly. We may trust him absolutely. We shall be judged by the things done in the body, but that judgment will be based on fair considerations. Ignorance will modify penalty. If we do not know God's law we shall not suffer as we otherwise should.

A further great principle appears here—it is that there is gradation in requirements. God demands more in proportion to our ability, our knowledge and our position. "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." We are all under equal obligation to do right, but a failure to do right means in some a greater sin than it does in others. They sin against greater light. Their position gives them an advantage over their fellows. Their wrongdoing means more to the world. When they sin they fall from a greater height and therefore their fall is more violent and the end more dreadful.

*An Exposition based on (Luke xii. 13-16); 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.]

British Columbia Notes.

Rev. D. A. McRae, of Nanaimo, has returned from a five months' sojourn in Southern California, much improved in health. Mrs. McRae, on account of whose health the change was made, is also much better.

Rev. D. McRae, Clerk of the Presbytery, of Victoria, is spending a month's holiday under canvas at Sooke.

Rev. Thos Bennett, of Taylor Church, Montreal, who has been visiting the Coast, preached with much acceptance in the First Church, Vancouver.

An interesting Communion service was held in the Chinese Mission Hall, Victoria, on the evening of Sabbath, July 12th. There were present several members of various congregations in the city, representatives of the Methodist Chinese Mission with their missionary, Rev. Mr. Chan, and a large number of heathen who seemed not only interested but deeply impressed. Three young men, having publicly professed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, were baptized and received into the fellowship of the church. The service was conducted by Mr. Winchester, assisted by Mr. Ng Mow Hing.

At the end of this month the Mission premises will be changed from the present "upper room" to a more convenient building in Chinatown.

Our foreign mission staff throughout the Province is much encouraged by the expected visit of two prominent members of the Com., Rev. Dr. McLaren and Mr. McKay, the indefatigable secretary.

A conference on F. M. work, in which all Protestant missionaries to the heathen, will participate, is being arranged to take place during the stay of those brethren in Victoria.

Mission work among the Canneries on the Fraser River is now being vigorously pushed by Mr. Colman.

Presbytery of Saugeen.

The Presbytery of Saugeen met in Knox church, Harrison, on the 14th July. Certificates for repeating shorter catechism were granted. David Morrison and Edith Reddon, from Mildmay congregation, Maggie McCulloch and Maud Munroe, from Clifford congregation, Jane Mitchell, Rothsay congregation, John Albert Harper and Mary Winnifield Harper, Mount Forest congregation. The Presbytery after considering a petition from a number of Presbyterians in the neighborhood of Farewell, agreed to hold an adjourned meeting in Mount Forest, on the 4th of August, at 10 a. m., at which the petitions and congregations interested are to appear for their interests. The Presbytery agreed that the minister's salary between McIntosh and Belmore be re-adjusted, so that in future McIntosh pay \$180 and Belmore \$320. The Session records of Durham, Amos and Mount Forest were examined and attested. Mr. Aull, on behalf of the deputation appointed to visit Cedarville, Eglon and St. Andrew's, Proton, reported that they had visited said congregations, but failed to induce the people to accept the services of one man for the whole field, but that St. Andrew's Proton and Proton Station were supplied by one man for the summer. The clerk was instructed to certify Messrs. Hattie and Fotheringham to the Senate of Knox College, as students of the first year of the literary course. Mr. Edmison was authorized to moderate a call in Maxwell and Drayton, as soon as they are prepared. The following committees were appointed: Young Peoples Societies, Messrs. Jansen and Lauder, Church Life and Work, Messrs. Miller and Murdock, Sabbath Schools, Messrs. Dobson and Walker, Home Missions, Messrs. Aull and Burns, Superintendent of Students—Church History, Mr. Jansen, Apologetics, Mr. Aull; Hebrew, Mr. Munro; Experimental Religion, Mr. McKellar; Greek and Latin, Mr. Ramsay; Theology, Mr. Cam-

eron. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in Mount Forest on the 4th of August next, at 10 a. m.
S. YOUNG, Clerk.

Presbytery of Huron.

This Presbytery met in Goderich on the 14th of July. Mr. J. A. McDonald was appointed Moderator for the ensuing 6 months. Commissioners to the Assembly reported their attendance in due order. The Rev. Richard Weir, on leave of Assembly was formally received as a minister of this church. Mr. Fowle theological student, at present assisting Dr. McDonald, read a discourse, and he was ordered to be certified to the Senate of Knox College. The Standing Committee for the year were appointed, of which the following are the conveners, viz.—Home Missions, Mr. Acheson, Church Life and Work, Mr. Muir; Sabbath Schools, Mr. Shaw; Finance, Mr. J. A. Hamilton, Christian Endeavor, Mr. Fletcher, Superintendence of Students, Dr. McDonald. Mr. Shaw gave a report on Christian Endeavor Societies, en re organizing a Presbyterian Society. Such organization was delayed till sessions shall have an opportunity to consider the "Constitution" of the said societies, and Mr. Shaw was instructed to procure copies of the Constitution and to forward one to each session and sessions were requested to send their deliverance to Mr. Shaw as soon as possible. Next meeting of Presbytery to be held in Clinton on the 8th September at 10.30 a.m.—A. McLean, Clerk.

Presbytery of Orangeville.

This Presbytery met July 14th, Rev. J. R. Bell, moderator in the chair. Commissions were received on behalf of Messrs Robert Wood, Erin, and Charles Clark, Ventry. Rev. J. W. Mitchell of Hamilton Presbytery, being present, was asked to correspond. Cheltenham and Mt. Pleasant session records, and Ventry session records were examined and attested. The Presbytery expressed its satisfaction at the return of Mr. McKenzie, from his visit to the Holy Land. Mr. Croll tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge of Maple Valley and Singhampton. The people of Maple Valley, through their delegate, Mr. John McDonald, expressed a strong desire to retain Mr. Croll. Mr. Croll stated that a large portion of the revenue which should have been paid for stipend in Singhampton was diverted to other purposes, thus leaving the congregation in arrears. He adhered to his resignation, which was accepted, to take effect on Aug. 5. Mr. Neilly was appointed interim moderator and to preach, and declare the pulpits vacant on the ninth of August. Messrs. Wells, Morrison, and McKenzie, and Mr. James Stewart, elder, were appointed a committee, with Presbyterial powers, to visit Singhampton and investigate the circumstances which led to Mr. Croll's resignation. Mr. Wells tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge of Fiesberton and Eugenia. The clerk was instructed to cite the session and congregations to appear for their interests at next regular meeting of Presbytery. Mr. J. L. Campbell tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge of Cheltenham and Mt. Pleasant, as he had agreed, with the Presbytery's permission, to take charge of the Protestant Mission in Chicoutimi, Quebec. The clerk was instructed to cite said congregations and their session to appear for their interests at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery to be held at Cheltenham, on Aug. 4th, at 2 p.m. Messrs. Wells and McRobbie were appointed to prepare a minute annulling Mr. Croll's resignation. The following are the conveners of standing committees for the ensuing year, viz.—Foreign Missions, Rev. N. Morrison, B. A., Corbetton, Home Missions and Augmentation, Rev. D. McKenzie, B. A., Orangeville; Finance, Mr. A. Steele, M. A. Orangeville, Colleges, Dr. McRobbie, Shellburne, W. and O. Fund, Rev. J. W. Orr, Mono Mills, A and I. M. Fund, Rev. P. McLeod, B. A., Princeton, French Evangelization, Rev. F. A. Harrison, B. A., Dundalk, Sabbath Schools, Rev. J. R. Bell, Laurel; Church Life and Work, N. Morrison, B. A., Corbetton; Superintendent Students, Rev. R. Fowle, Erin; Young Peoples Socio-

ties, Rev. J. J. Elliott, B. A., Hillsburg; Rev. D. A. Hamilton, pursuant to leave of the General Assembly, was received as a minister of this church. The following were appointed to visit supplemented congregations, viz.—Mr. Wells to Maxwell and associated stations. Mr. Harrison, to Corbetton and associated stations. Mr. McConnell, to Laurel and Black's Corners. Mr. Bell, to Waldeman, Vanatter, and Knox Church. Mr. D. L. Campbell, to Caledon East and St. Andrew's Caledon. Next meeting of Presbytery at Orangeville, Sep. 1st, at 10.30 a.m.—H. Crozier, clerk.

Presbytery of London.

The Presbytery of London held its bi-monthly meeting in Port Stanley, on the 14th July. Rev. I. Little, moderator. The minutes of last regular meeting, and those of the special meeting for the induction of Mr. Kay, into the charge of Dorchester and Crumlin, were read and sustained. The commissioners to the General Assembly, who were present, reported their diligence in attending that court. On motion duly made and seconded, it was agreed, that non-reporting commissioners were expected to report at next regular meeting, and the clerk was instructed to notify them of this decision. The resignation of the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of the charge of Knox Church, St. Thomas, was considered, and after hearing Messrs. D. K. McKinzie, and R. Rowland, on behalf of the session; and Mr. J. McColl on behalf of the congregation, and Mr. Macdonald for himself, the resignation was accepted, taking effect on Sabbath, 26th inst. Mr. J. Currie was appointed to declare the pulpit vacant on that day, and act thereafter as moderator of session. The session obtained leave to supply its own pulpit, and to moderate in a call, if prepared to do so, before next meeting of Presbytery. Rev. J. G. Stewart presented a call from King street congregation, London, East. The call was signed by 133 members, and 48 adherents, promising \$900 stipend, and four weeks holidays. The call was in favor of Rev. Thomas Wilson, Dutton. Messrs. Chessboro and Black, commissioners from London East, were present, and testified to the unanimity of the call. On motion of Rev. Dr. Proudfoot, seconded by Rev. J. Currie, it was agreed to approve of the moderator's conduct, sustain the call as a regular gospel call; and that the usual steps be taken in presenting the same. At this stage the Clerk of Presbytery stated, that at the urgent request of Mr. Stuart, Moderator of King Street Mission, he had cited all parties interested to appear at this meeting, and that reasons for translation had been duly sent to Dutton congregation.

The Presbytery having heard the Clerk's statement agreed to waive the informality, and proceed now to hear parties. The following appeared on behalf of King Street, London, East—Messrs. Black, Chessboro, McLean, Eady and Paterson, and Messrs. Hollingshead, McArthur, Beattie, Hertel, Gordon, Campbell, Pool and Leitch, on behalf of Dutton congregation. These addressed the Presbytery in the above order, the former in favor of translation and the latter against it, and Mr. Black replied to the pleadings from Dutton. The call was then put into Mr. Wilson's hand who indicated his acceptance of it. On motion of Dr. Proudfoot, duly seconded, the Presbytery agreed to grant the translation. The induction was appointed to take place in London East, on Tuesday 11th August, at 8 p.m., the Moderator of Presbytery to preside, Mr. Kay to preach, Mr. Tolling to address the minister, and Mr. Currie the people. Mr. Kelso was appointed to declare the pulpit of Knox Church Dutton, vacant on the first Sabbath of August and Mr. Wilson to act thereafter as Moderator of Session.

Mr. George Gilmore, student of theology, after undergoing a lengthened and highly satisfactory examination, was duly licensed to preach the gospel. Deputations were appointed to visit augmented charges, and report at September meeting. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in First Church, London, at 1 p.m., on 8th Sept., and closed with the benediction.—George Sutherland, Clerk.