

his increase and no termination to his prosperity. He will prosper in time and he will prosper in eternity. He will secure in time the blessings of eternity, and he will store up in his mind treasures that moth and rust cannot corrupt, and that thieves cannot break through and steal. He will become like Christ in his nature, in his spirit, in his conduct in his aspirations, and therefore where Christ is he will be and all that God gave him, in this world he will take with him there, and the Lord Almighty will secure to him all the blessings that He gave to him in this life. I do not believe that men can approach God acceptably that are not true and kind to their wives and children. I believe that men who desert their wives and neglect their children and cast them off, are under the curse of God, and will eventually reap His wrath, if they do not repent.

These are a few things of the Gospel of Christ that we believe in. May God bless you, and peace abide with you, and may the truth sink deep into our hearts, and may we be lifted up by it above the groveling things of this world. May we learn to know that there is something more important and of greater value to us than houses and lands, gold and silver, or the riches of the earth; for these will perish by and by, and you will die and you cannot take a penny with you. Therefore, do not set your heart upon riches. Do not set your affections upon those things that we build with our own hands and that we gather together by our own energies. Set your heart upon the Lord, upon the truth, upon doing right and forsaking evil, cleaving unto that which is godlike, manly, and calculated to produce true liberty and freedom in thought and action. Do this and the Lord will bless you all the day long, and you will make your calling and election sure, which may God grant, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

HOW CANADA IS DEFENDED.

Quebec, Canada, September 7, 1897.—The fact that one of our biggest battleships, the Indiana, is now in the dry dock at Halifax is a striking evidence of our want of preparation for a possible war with Great Britain. The Canadians point to the fact with exultation, and rather sneer at Uncle Sam for having to go out of his own boundaries to clean the barnacles off of his men-of-war. The Canadians have six good dry docks in which their naval vessels can be cleaned. They have five of these on the Atlantic coast, and there is a magnificent one at the entrance to Puget sound, on the Pacific. Canada has within recent years been steadily increasing her defenses. The Canadian Pacific railroad, which is one of the best-equipped lines in the world, was largely built for this purpose, and the line of steamers which goes from Vancouver to Hong Kong is subsidized by England. England has a naval station so close to our north-western boundary that within four hours her men-of-war could steam from it to within shooting distance of Seattle and Tacoma. This station is at Esquimalt, very near the city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island. It is connected with Victoria by an electric railroad. The character of the island is mountainous, and the mountains come down to the water so that the form here a shelter from the storms and make the harbor an excellent one. This fort practically controls the Straits of Fuca and the entrance to Puget sound. It is so near our coast that the morning and evening guns may be heard in the American town of Port Townsend, across the way. Gen.

Miles, who was stationed for a long time on the Pacific, says that in twenty-four hours the British fleet at Esquimalt could take absolute possession of Puget sound and destroy its cities and towns. This fort thus to a certain extent controls the two great trunk railroads which pass through the northern part of the United States and have their termini at Seattle and Tacoma. I refer to the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. The dry docks at both Halifax and Esquimalt are large enough for the biggest battle ships. The dock at Esquimalt is built of stone, and is said to be one of the finest of the world.

Here at Quebec you see something of the defenses which Canada has been constructing within recent years. She has dredged the St. Lawrence so that the biggest ocean steamers can go to Montreal, and she has built such a set of canals that small steamers can get clear to the head of Lake Superior. The dredging of the St. Lawrence has made Montreal the chief seaport of Canada, and Quebec is now more than ever purely a city of defense. The city has been called the Gibraltar of America. It is as sleepy as Alexandria, Va., and were it not for the firing of the guns on the many forts about it morning and evening, and the tramping now and then of a company of soldiers through its rocky streets, you might almost imagine it a city of the dead. It has about 60,000 people, and is, if anything, falling off in population. The town is built on a great bluff, which rises almost vertically 350 feet from the St. Lawrence river, which at this point is less than a mile wide. This bluff is rocky, and from its sides, in sailing along the St. Lawrence, you can see the mouths of cannon frowning down upon you. Upon the highest part of the bluff there is a great fort, known as the citadel. This has immense walls of stone, upon the top of which are many cannon. The fort includes about forty-two acres, filled with barracks and magazines. Back of the fort, some distance away, are the Plains of Abraham, where the French and the British fought in 1759. The English troops landed from the British fleet under the cover of darkness, scaled the cliffs, and, under General Wolfe, formed their lines of battle. Wolfe died on the field, and Montcalm, the French general, was mortally wounded. It was by this fight that the English finally got possession of Quebec. It was about fifteen years later that Benedict Arnold and the American troops fought the British here and were defeated.

I visited the fort this morning, climbing up the steps which lead from the Dufferin terrace to it. My camera was taken from me before I was admitted, and under the guard of a soldier I was shown over the fort. The most of the guns are old ones, though I am told there are several seven and eight-inch modern guns among them. There are dozens of mortars, with piles of cannon balls lying beside them, and I walked over the ground below which were stored the magazines of the fortification. From the edge of the battlement on the other side of the river I could see three other forts, which have cost, I am told, \$25,000,000, and in the sides of the hill below me I saw the black holes behind which were cannon. The soldier who took me over the fort was a thorough Englishman and a thorough beggar. He told me in response to my question as to how he liked the life of a soldier, that it depended upon how he was treated from time to time. Said he: "You see I only get 30 cents a day for my pay, but visitors sometimes gives me something for showing them around. We soldiers take turns in taking the tourists over the fort, and we depend upon

our fees for our extra boots and clothes. I only get two suits of clothes a year from the government, and you know that 30 cents a day is not much." I made the man happy by giving him a quarter when I left him.

As I walked down the hill back of the fort I saw something as to how the Canadian soldiers earn their 36 cents a day. Some were working on the road, others were cutting grass and a third gang was making a fence. There are only 180 soldiers in the fort on the citadel, and I am told that the garrisons of the other forts are equally small.

Canada is now defended by its own troops. It is said that there are about one million men in the dominion who might be made available as fighting material. This, I judge, is decidedly an over-estimate. The legal limit of the militia is now forty-five thousand, and the troops in active service consist of a permanent corps of only one thousand. These men are paid soldiers, officered from the Military College at Kingston. They are enlisted for three years. In addition to this, there is the active militia, consisting of thirty thousand men, who volunteer for three years, but who serve only from eight to sixteen days annually. They are paid when they are called out. They comprise forty-five troops of cavalry, eighteen field and forty-two garrison batteries with mounted guns, and ninety-five battalions of infantry, with independent and mounted rifle companies. Every male Canadian between eighteen and sixty is liable to serve in the militia. There are, however, a few exceptions: Judges, clergymen, college professors and the heads of lunatic asylums, and the only sons of widows cannot be drafted.

Just now the most interesting of the Canadian troops are the mounted police who are on duty in the Northwest Territory. The number of these is limited to one thousand, and I am told that a large number have been sent to the Klondike. The mounted police patrol the country along the western frontier of British America for more than eight hundred miles. It is their business to keep down cattle stealing and smuggling. They watch the Indians and look out for prairie fires, punishing those who start them. They act as judges as well as policemen, and can punish certain classes of criminals. These policemen receive from fifty cents to two dollars per day, with the exception of the officers, who get salaries of from one thousand to twenty-six hundred dollars a year.

Speaking of a possible war with Great Britain, I doubt whether the mother country could rely upon a large portion of her Canadian population in a case. I am surprised to find how many Frenchmen there are here. Fully one-third of the citizens of British America speak French and hundreds of thousands of them cannot speak English. The French are nearly all Roman Catholics. They have little sympathy with English institutions, and are French in thought, habit and language. They work together in politics, and they practically govern this province of Quebec. I went to the government buildings today to get some information and every official I met was a Frenchman. You hear little else than French talked upon the streets here. The signs over many of the stores are French. The street car tickets in Montreal are printed in both French and English and many of the advertisements are in both languages. Quebec is more like a French town than an English one. Its streets are narrow, and the clean, old-fashioned houses come close out to the sidewalk. The vehicles used are like none you have seen in England or the United States. I ride about this city in a kind of a cross between a jinriksha