

Church the benefit of your prayers, your counsel, and your hearty co-operation. Is it not for the Master's glory?

### HEROISM IN THE PINES.

One of the most impressive religious services I ever attended, one which moved me deeply, I want to briefly describe to you, and mayhap in the scene and surroundings there may be something of help to those who toil in mission fields, home or foreign; something, perhaps, of stimulation to those who give of their substance to advance the cause of Christ in the slums, on the far frontier, or in the blackness of heathendom.

It was half-past five o'clock on a wintry afternoon in early December, 1895. There was a shimmer of starlight through the rift in the roof where the stovepipe and the pine shingles failed to meet by several inches. The room was cold. A huge box stove on one side kept the air warm for those who sat nearest it, a half dozen serious-faced folk, in humble attire. I sat on a low school seat bench, and my heavy overcoat was hardly proof against the stinging cold. In front of me stood a rude desk on which two kerosene lamps made sad show of illumination. The room had no plastering, no furnishings. The building was made of pine boards with a covering of tarred paper, and was used for a schoolhouse.

At my left there stood a slender man in the white garb of a rector. His face was flushed from the biting cold, for he had been walking perhaps ten miles from his station to preach to this handful of people—not more than twelve all told. He used an abbreviated or condensed form of the Episcopal ritual, and then preached a short sermon on the second coming of Christ. It was Advent Sunday, and he made his sermon fit the day.

It was not so much the arrangement of his discourse, though that was sensible and logical; it was not so much the exposition of the wonderful coming of Christ, though it was full of tenderness and void of irrationalism; it was not so much the manner of address, though that was forceful and worthy of a city pulpit—not these that most impressed me, but, if I may use the word, it was the transcendent earnestness of the man that marked this sermon as one to be remembered a lifetime. The central thought was the oft-repeated promise, "I will come again," and the universal need of being ready for this coming, whether it be on the morrow or in a thousand morrows.

The preacher's face was radiant with a hope that moved one as perhaps not even his earnestness did.

But it was not only the preaching of this man that impressed me, as he told the story of the Cross to this handful of people away up in the heart of one of the vastest pine forests yet left

on the globe; there was even more in his life. I learned of this life from him only in the barest outlines—from others I learned more in detail.

Twenty-two years ago, a young rector, he went into the forests of Northern Minnesota to preach the Gospel to the Indians. Since that time he has been steadily at work among them. He has ten or a dozen mission churches, perhaps three hundred souls all told. These churches are located at widely separated points on a vast Indian reservation. The preacher is absent from his home at the agency, where stays his devoted wife, about half of every week. Sometimes he will walk fifty miles to meet a preaching engagement to his Indians. Sometimes he travels on horseback, sometimes in a humble, one-horse rig, sometimes, in the dead of winter, on snowshoes. He sends his little children at the age of six years away to school, for not all the mission work he may do makes it safe morally for them to come in daily contact with the vices of the Indians—I might perhaps say acquired vices of the Indians, for who shall say for how much the white man is responsible? Think of it, will you? forced to part company with his precious children at this age, to see them perhaps only semi-yearly until they reach manhood and womanhood. He told me, when I asked him about his life, with a sadness in his speech I shall not forget, that he was ashamed to say he read but little of the world's thought—he was so busy with his work. He was abroad in the forests so much, he could not find time to keep up with the mental pace of the day, and he had quit trying to.

But there was one more phase to this man's life—not one of which he told me, but one of which, on several occasions, men in the woods who knew him had spoken of with much earnestness—a phase which put special emphasis upon his life-work. Some years ago wealthy relatives in Great Britain left this rector a large fortune, several hundreds of thousands of dollars. A large portion of this fortune he has already spent for the Indians. He held back part of it, and from this remainder he derives an annual income which I was told amounts to about \$12,000. Save for the absolutely necessary expenses of his household and for the education of his children, this annual income is spent for the advancement of the interests of the Indians—spent in a thousand and one ways to make their lives happier and higher.

"I've known him for nine years," said a burly woodsman to me when we had been speaking about the man and his work, "and he's worn that same old fur overcoat you saw him have on ever since I first saw him. If any man ever born in this here world gets to heaven, he's the one; you kin jest bet on that, mister."

When I went out into the white moonlight after that Advent sermon, it was with a heart deeply touched. This heroic man for nearly a