

## Railway Mission Work.

**D**URING the month of August, a gentleman from Toronto made a business tour along the shores of Lake Superior and part of the new line of the C. P. R. He was so impressed with the spiritual destitution among the railway laborers, that on his return he urged the claims of this work upon the Christians of Toronto. Providentially, at that time Mr. Marsh, who for over a year had been successfully labouring as an evangelist under the auspices of the Canadian Evangelization Society, was in the city on a vacation. He at once expressed his willingness to enter the work for a couple of months, or until the season for his regular work should open. The Society under which he labors, took up the suggestion, and sent Mr. Marsh into the field. The opening of his campaign is related in the following lines:—

“After a pleasant trip of four days we reached ‘Peninsular Harbor,’ on the north shore of the lake, where I landed, intending to make the place my head quarters for the time. I found the place to be all that it was represented as being, by the passengers and crew of the boat. The town or village, morally, is a Sodom, full of vice and immorality. It has a moving population of about 500 persons. There are about thirty-five places where whiskey is sold, and several gambling saloons and houses of ill-fame.

The Sunday, here, is not observed or respected in the slightest degree; from morn to night, and from night to morn, the Devil has an unbroken revival. Drinking and dancing, gambling and swearing, and the vilest forms of iniquity are being indulged in. Many a poor labouring man comes off the line with a few hundred dollars, which is soon stolen by the sharpers. The man mourns his loss, as he finds himself without a cent in his pocket, and no possibility of obtaining redress, there being no one to enforce the law. The town, without exaggeration, seems to be devil-possessed; and not to lengthen my description of the place, I would say that no words of mine will fully describe the existing state of affairs.

After what I had heard of the place aboard the boat, I was somewhat cast down and timid. The prospect was not a very transporting one. But blessed be the name of the Lord, prayer and the promises soon dissipated all my fears; and on landing, I visited the camps, tents, and every den of iniquity in the place, distributing a good supply of Gospel literature, at the same time speaking of the love of Christ, and warning all I came in contact with of coming judgment and the certainty of sin being punished. I also gave

notice of an open air service for Sunday, in the centre of the village. I feel constrained here, whilst writing, to praise God for His goodness, in protecting me whilst visiting the different places; and the Lord's goodness has led me to see the reality more than ever of Psalm 91.

How true, also the following lines:

“As the bird beneath her feathers  
Guards the objects of her care,  
So the Lord His children gathers,  
Spreads His wings and hides us there.  
Thus protected,  
Evermore secure we are.”

In giving away the tracts and announcing the meeting, I was everywhere received with great respect by the men; the books, without one exception, were thankfully received, and on the following morning were being read by dozens of men.

Sunday, sharp at 11 a.m., with an audience of about 150 persons, I commenced the service, by singing a hymn which was composed by a gipsy girl. This seemed to take, as they all joined in the chorus, and the crowd rapidly increased, even saloon keepers and gamblers being present. Whilst engaging in prayer, every head was uncovered and bowed in silence.

The substance of my address was, “God's power to save to the uttermost,” illustrating and enforcing the truth by continually referring to the conversion of notorious sinners.

The scene was a very impressive one: the high hills facing us and on both sides, the lake at the back, and a crowd of men of almost every nationality, gathered together, in what the gamblers said was the roughest and most sinful town they were ever in. Gathered together, for what purpose? To gamble, to drink, to swear! But for an hour, these they laid aside. They were there, then, to hear the story of redeeming love. What made the scene more solemn, was the silence that reigned, each man seemed to listen as for eternity, and I cannot but believe that eternity alone will reveal the full result of the meeting.

When referring to Bunyan's remarkable conversion, what he was before and after his conversion, some eyes were moistened, and in the course of the day I found that a few were somewhat serious. I had another meeting in the afternoon quite as interesting, when I again observed the tear trickle down the cheek of one whose brow was wrinkled with iniquity.

I am now at “Pic River,” and expecting to start for a spot twelve miles east of the Pic tomorrow, Sept. the 4th. I shall greatly value the prayers of God's people, as the work on the line will be more difficult.”

G. H. MARSH.