

listen to the Spirit's inner voice, it is meet that we commune with our own hearts and be still."

"But still the deepest feelings of our souls, their adoration and their love, crave for expression in sacred song. And God's servants of old time praised Him in His holy temple with psaltery and harp."

"But that was in the carnal dispensation of form and ceremony. We who live in the later dispensation of the Spirit must serve God in spirit and in truth, making melody in our hearts unto the Lord."

"But you don't think the singing of hymns wrong, do you?" asked Paul Heck.

"We judge no man," replied the God-fearing Quaker. "To his own master he standeth or falleth. We must follow the guidance of the Inner Light."

"Perhaps we deem as erringly," said Barbara, as she walked home through the moonlight with her husband, "in condemning as worldly such songs as so deeply touch our deeper and nobler nature, as Friend Whiteside does in condemning our psalms and hymns."

CHAPTER XI.—THE PIONEER PREACHER.

The little forest community was soon to be stirred by a deep religious impulse, the results of which only the great day shall declare. At the close of a sultry day in the midsummer of 1790 there rode into the Heck Settlement a man of somewhat notable appearance. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, of tall and well-knit figure, save that one arm seemed quite shriveled or paralyzed. Nevertheless, he was a fearless horseman, riding at a gallop through the root-entangled forest paths, and boldly leaping his horse across the pools made by the recent rains. He wore a coarse felt hat, home-spun snuff-coloured coat, to which a somewhat clerical air was given by a straight collar and out-away skirts, and leathern leggings. Behind him were the inevitable saddle-bags and his coarse frize coat. Riding up to the house of Paul Heck, without dismounting, he knocked with his riding-whip on one of the posts of the "stoop."

"I am a Methodist preacher," he said; "can I preach here to-morrow?" for it was Saturday evening.

"Fain and glad will we be to have you," said Paul Heck, as he came forward.

"Can I have lodging and provender for myself and horse?" continued the preacher.

"Ay, and welcome. Get you down," said Paul, extending his hand in friendly greeting.

"Tell me first, will you wara the neighbours of the preaching? If not, I will do so myself before I dismount, although I have had a long ride to-day."

"Ay, will we; near and far. Here, Barbara, is a Methodist preacher," Paul called to his goodwife within the house.

"We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord," said that hospitable matron, using the language of the Prayer Book, with which she had long been familiar. "Thank God, I live to see the day," she went on. "We are Methodists, too, and we have pined and hungered for the preaching of the Word as the hungry long for food."

"Bless the Lord," said the preacher, "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. I knew not that there was a Methodist in Canada, and here, the very day I enter the country, I find some."

"Ay, and you'll find a-many more scattered up and down, and fain and glad they'll be to see you," said Paul, using his customary formula of welcome.

While the new preacher, whose name they learned was William Losee, the pioneer of the goodly band of Methodist itinerants who now range the country, was doing ample justice to the generous meal set before him—for he had ridden forty miles that day—Jabez Heck, Paul's son, proceeded to "warn" the neighbours of the preaching at his father's house next day.

The great "living room" and adjoining kitchen were both filled, and on Sunday morning the preacher stood in the doorway between the two, with a chair before him to support his Bible and hymn-book. Having announced his text, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," he closed his book, and delivered, not an exposition, but a fervent exhortation, mingled on the part of both speaker and hearers with strong crying and tears. The class-meeting, in which the Hecks, Lawrences, Samuel Embury, and others who now for the first time met, was held, and was a Bethel of delight. The afternoon and evening congregations were so large that the preaching had to be held in the large barn. By night the fame of the preacher had spread far and wide, and, moved by devotion, by curiosity, or, perhaps on the part of some, by a desire to scoff and scorn, the whole neighbourhood was present. Of the latter class was a wild and reckless young man, Joe Brouse by name, who, standing near the door, was attempting to turn into mockery and derision the solemnities of Divine worship. Aroused to holy indignation by this sacrilege, Losee lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, and cried out like one of the Hebrew prophets, "Smite him, my God! My God, smite him!" "He fell like a bullock under the stroke of the butcher's axe," writes the historian of the scene, "and writhed on the floor in agony, until the Lord in mercy set his soul at liberty." The emotion of that rustic congregation became uncontrolled. Sighs and groans and tears were heard on every side. Preaching was impossible, and Losee and the members of the little Methodist class gave themselves to prayer, to counselling the seekers after salvation, and to the singing of hymns, which had a strangely tranquillizing effect upon the congregation.

Early the next morning Losee was on his way to the Bay of Quinté and Niagara Settlements, leaving an appointment for that day four weeks. Such was the aggressive mode of Gospel warfare of the pioneer itinerant.

There was much difference of sentiment in the little community as to the services of the day. The Methodists were greatly refreshed in spirit, and Barbara Heck declared that it was "a day of the Son of man and of power." James Whiteside refrained from criticism, further than to say that "God was not in the earthquake, nor in the thunder, but in the still small voice." Self-willed Hannah Whiteside threak

within herself as from something which jarred painfully upon her sensitive spirit. Colonel Pemberton quite lost his politeness in his anger that his son Reginald, his hope and pride, through the ranting of a Methodist fanatic, should degrade himself by weeping for his sins and crying for pardon alongside of that reprobate, Joe Brouse. Mrs. Pemberton, a sincere and pious soul, trembled with joy at her son's conversion and fear at her husband's wrath. Mammy Dinah was in ecstasies of joy. Her "Hallelujahs" and "Bress de Lods" were frequent and loud. "Dis is de ole kind o' 'ligion," she said to Aunt Chlor, "like we had in Ole Virginny." But Uncle Pompey shook his head doubtfully because it was a Methodist and not a Baptist preacher through whose ministrations the awakening took place. But Joe Brouse, out of the depths of his conscious experience, exclaimed, "Whether he be a ranting fanatic, I know not; but one thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see." And his strangely altered life and godly conversation were a demonstration of the new light that had fallen on his soul. For drunkenness and cursing he put on the garments of sobriety and praise; and none were more diligent in attending the Methodist class and prayer meeting, or more zealous in good work.

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The Children's Crusade.

HAVE you read the wonderful story Of what happened so long ago, Away in the Rhenish country, In sight of the Alpine snow,—

How thousands of little children, With scallop and staff in hand, Like Peter the Hermit's pilgrims, Set forth for the Holy Land?

From hamlet and town and castle, For many and many a day, These children had seen their fathers March to the East away.

"Why do they go?" they questioned Of the mother who watched and wept: "They go to wrest from the pagan The tomb where the dear Lord slept."

And the thought in their young hearts kindled "Let us do as our fathers do,— Let us wear the cross on our shoulder, And help in the conquest too."

"The strength of a child is nothing; But we'll gather in one strong band The strength of ten thousand children, For Christ and the Holy Land."

And so, as they tell, these children On their strange, wild mission went; But the Saviour, who would not lead them In the way He had not sent,

Lifted them up in His pity (Misguided and yet His own), And, instead of the tomb they sought for, Sent them to find His throne.

Now, what is the tender lesson Wrapped up in the story to? And what can we learn from the children Who perished so long ago?

For a temple that is eternal, Where the living stones are piled,— Each stone of the costly building The soul of a heathen child.—

Are there ten thousand children, Over this land so broad, Willing to work,—their shoulder Wearing the badge of God?

Are there ten thousand children Filled with zeal intense, Ready for Christ to offer Their labours, their prayers, their paths?

For the gifts and the prayers of the children, Gathered in one strong band, Could conquer the world for Jesus, And make it a Holy Land.

Hardships of Student Life. THE privations which human beings will endure for the purpose of pursuing some beloved occupation are often extraordinary. Some discussion has recently taken place in regard to the hardships voluntarily encountered by German students, in order that they may carry on their intellectual labours. A Scotch writer, however, gives a list of instances which tend to prove that his countrymen are willing to suffer great extremity for learning.

He mentions one young man who, though of fine manners and aristocratic appearance, dined but three times a week, and then upon a hot two-penny pie. On off days he sat his hunger with dry bread.

Another had a curious method of studying. He spread out his books where the hearth rug would naturally have been, and lay there prone, learning his task by the light of a fire made from roots of decayed trees, which he had dug in a wood near Edinburgh, and carried to his lodgings.

It was quite common for students to go without fire; in winter time they studied in bed while the daylight lasted, and then, when it became too dark for reading, thought over and thus memorized their lessons.

Three prominent and successful Scotchmen of the present day have behind them a hard experience, which, no doubt, they recall with pleasure. They lived together for at least a year at Aberdeen University, in a room which contained but one bed. It was not a very large bed, and could not be persuaded to hold three persons at once; so two worked while the other slept, and when they went to bed, he rose.

At Edinburgh were two interesting students, whose ways were for a time a riddle. The one glided along the corridors to his seat, holding his class-books straight out before him. After a time it was learned that he had been a hotel-waiter; this vocation he pursued during the summer months, and returned to his studies in winter. He was never quite able to forget his waiting, and when he was suddenly roused from reverie, would cry, "Coming, sir! coming!"

The other mysterious student was never seen outside the class-room except at full gallop. He ran to his seat for recitation, and after it was over, dashed away like a race-horse.

It finally transpired that he kept a small stationery shop at some distance from the University, and being too poor to hire an assistant, he was obliged to close his place of business in order to recite his lessons.

Professor Blackie mentions the case of a young man who lived during an entire college session on red herrings and one barrel of potatoes, which he had brought from home. He finally succumbed to the weakness brought on by insufficient food.

The most pathetic story, however, is that of a student who had been near starvation for so long that he died from partaking of a good meal, given him in mistaken kindness.

AN Irishman, on being called to testify in a court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "This year yours," explained the witness, still keeping up his left hand, "I'm left-handed!"