REV. HENRY ALLINE, THE APOSTLE OF NOVA SCOTIA, EVANGELIST, AUTHOR AND HYMNIST.

EXTRACTS FROM A CENTENNIAL SERMON PREACHED IN THE ELIM BAPTIST CHURCH, FALMOUTH, ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF REV HENRY ALLINE, FORMERLY OF FALMOUTH N. S., ON SUNDAY, FEB. 3, 1884, BY REV. JOSEPH MURRAY, A. M.

"Write Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14: 13.

If there be one fact more clearly stamped upon the pages of inspiration than another, it is that God has not only purposed and planned, but has appointed special agents to fulfil his designs.

Pharaoh was raised up that all the earth might behold the power of God upon him. And Moses was summoned from Midian to be the executor of the terrible retribution. Daniel was dragged into captivity to cleanse the dissolute court of Babylon. A Saul of Tarsus to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the Gentiles; and the lowly modest maiden of Nazareth to be the hallowed mother of Jesus. Just as assuredly also was the now sainted Henry Alline called of God to preach Christ and him crucified through these lower provinces. It was a time of dense spiritual darkness, and deadly formalism; but he who flashed the divine light into the heart of the poor Monk of Germany, and commissioned him to break the papal yoke from the neck of Europe, laid his hand on the proud heart of Henry Alline and made him the instrument of salvation to many souls.

Henry Alline, the son of William and Rebecca Alline, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, U. S., June 14, 1748, and came with his parents to Falmouth, Nova Scotia (formerly Acadia) in 1760; and settled on the place since owned by the Payzant's. We gather from his writings that he never attended a school after his twelfth year, consequently he never entered college. But Nova Scotia has produced some remarkable men, from a literary standpoint, who were not privileged with university training, and Henry Alline is to be accorded a place in that number. He was from his childhood, to the extent of his opportunities, a diligent and thoughtful student; and possessing a retentive memory and a fondness for reading he became better educated in the direction of his life work than many who enjoyed higher literary advantages.

At a very early age he began to be anxious about his soul's salvation. Sometimes he was so wrought upon that he was on the verge of despair, and like Bunyan, harrassed by temptations. He says, "Oh! the distressing days, and unhappy nights that I have waded through. Nothing but darkness. Nothing but distress and slavish fear. Sometimes when I was wandering in the fields, I would throw myself down on the grass and lament as if I should go into despair and it is a wonder of wonders that I did not imbue my hands in my own blood." So he continued for some years; sometimes mingling in gay company and scenes of folly, and then retiring to weep and pray a greater part of the night. He recounts in his journal some of his peculiar temptations. "I now began (from fifteen to seventeen) more earnestly than ever to seek this unknown God, praying every opportunity; did read and study much, by which I soon attained to a great theory of religion for one of my age, and got a considerable Babel built up; but Oh! the temptations and trials that I now began to fall into, which almost drove me to despair. I first began to be puffed up with a conceit that I was endowed with uncommon gifts and power of mind, which if improved, I should be able to find out and fathom that long hidden mystery, eternity, and began to embrace the temptation, and to pursue the hidden mystery, and dive for the bottomless ocean.

Soon did the devil with all his wiles control
The active powers of my deluded soul,
Presumed to unfold the depth unknown,
To all, but the eternal God unknown.

O, eternity, eternity, unfathomable eternity; the joy of the righteous but the dread of the wicked! I now spent hours and hours poring on this unknown mystery, not expecting to find any period to this never ending duration; but that I might find the consistency of an endless duration, and the nature of it; for I did not believe that eternity ever had any beginning or should ever have an end, but expected to get so far into the mystery as to see clearly how it was that eternity was in itself a duration without beginning or end.

Thus I was driven by the devil and my own heart, almost to despair, and nothing but the mighty power of God kept me from laying violent hands upon myself, and although I began sometimes to be convinced that it was a mystery that never was, nor never could be known or unfolded by men or angels; yet when the devil would come again with his infernal snares, and tell me that I had almost found out the mystery, and that if I would try once more I might unfold the whole, I would again summon up every faculty of my soul to follow the suggestion.

So like a fool, swift for destruction bent,
Then reinforced and to the battle went;
Nor would retreat until a venomed dart
Turning with fury to my bleeding heart;
Then would my tortured soul despairing cry,
Forgive me Lord, and save me, lest I die."

But the Holy Spirit led him—at last so long undecided—to give himself up to Christ. The light and joy which succeeded his spiritual darkness was unspeakable and full of glory. Being of an ardent impulsive temperament, he threw open his soul to the full reception of God's love—this was in 1775, when he was 27 years of age. He says of that moment; "Redeeming love broke into my soul with repeated Scriptures with such power that my whole soul seemed to be melted down with love. Attracted by the love and beauty I saw in his divine perfections, my whole soul was inexpressibly ravished with the blessed Redeemer. O how I now desired to be for God and Him only and to live to His glory and the good of souls! O the astonishing wonders of His grace, and the boundless ocean of redeeming love! Millions and millions of praises belong to His name! O how shall I make the least return? O what a wretch I have been to stand out against such love! I have long and often wondered why God did not have mercy on me and convert me; but now I saw it was my own fault, and wondered why He waited so long upon such miserable rejectors of His grace. O how black appeared all my righteousness which I saw I had hugged so long! And O the unspeakable wisdom and beauty of the glorious plan of life and salvation. O free grace! free grace! Almost instantaneously with his conversion came the desire to preach Jesus to his fellow men. He wrote in his journal "In the midst of all my joys, in less than half an hour after my soul was set at liberty, the Lord discovered to me my labor in the ministry and call to preach the gospel. I cried out Amen! Lord, I'll go, I'll go, send me, send me." So he went not disobedient to the heavenly vision." His first sermon was preached in an old French house in Falmouth, on the property now occupied by George Young, in the year 1776, from Prov. 9:12, "If thou art wise thou art wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it." This created a great sensation in Falmouth among his gay companions. From this time he continued to warn sinners so effectually, and preached with so much zeal and unction that his enemies in derision called him a "New Light." So dim had become the fine gold and so obscured by rituals and ceremonies was the Light of Life, that this burning bush so suddenly set aflame in their midst seemed altogether new. But no, it was as old as the altar fires of heaven. Abraham saw it like a smoking lamp moving between the joints of his sacrifice. The Israelites beheld it in the glorious Shekinah which illuminated Solomon's Temple, and Saul of Tarsus in its eternal brightness saw and acknowledged his divine Master. Henry Alline was not a New Light, but a lamp of grace especially burnished and enflamed to show the world and torpid christians the power and beauty of the gospel.

He possessed great moral courage, as seen in the bold stand he took. The morning after his conversion he rose early to tell his parents the joyful news. He then took a Bible, read and prayed before the whole family, (to the great joy of his parents) publicly thanking God for his deliverance. O that more would follow his example. For three years Mr Alline preached almost daily in Falmouth, Newport, Horton, Cornwallis, Wilmot, and Annapolis, wherever he went divine power followed the Word and numbers were hopefully converted.

He was eminently adapted to the work of an evangelist, of a frank open countenance, great fluency of language a persuasive manner and a voice of remarkable sweetness and power. His singing especially of his own hymns, was peculiarly attractive. Add to all these an intense longing to save sinners, with a strong faith that God would bless his own Word, and possessed of seraphic piety and you have a combination which few could withstand; however hopeless seemed the prospect upon entering a new field he scarcely ever retired without bearing with him the rejoicing of newborn souls and the almost despairing cry of sinners, "What must I do to be saved." He went through the province like a flaming torch and the flames of converting grace broke out wherever he went. The secret of his success we learn from his journal—A constant prayer for the presence of the Master.

We will make a few extracts promiscuously:

"I continued preaching every Sabbath, and wrought with my hands during the week; and blessed be God for the happy hours I enjoyed. O I enjoyed peace that the world knows nothing of. I was determined by the grace of God, that I would not have any other portion in the world but the gospel which should be my everlasting portion, and I did really believe that I should be disentangled from all secular employments, and have work in the vineyard of the Lord. O the very thought of going in the name of Christ, and using the means of bringing a soul to his love would make me rejoice.

Nov 3, as I was invited to Horton, I preached there two sermons on the Sabbath day, which seemed to have much effect, and gained the attention of the people. I was desired to preach again in the evening, which I did, and the Lord was there. It was a strange thing to see a young man, who had often been there frolicing, now preaching the everlasting gospel. The people seemed to have hearing ears and it left a solemn sense on some youths. I remained there till Tuesday evening and preached again; where there was such a throng of hearers that the house could not hold them; and some of them were that evening convicted with sin. I saw a young man from Cornwallis who desired me to come over as soon as possible. I told him I was willing to go wherever God called me. I then went home to Falmouth, and preached in different places, and the Lord was with me. We had blessed days; for the Lord was reviving a work of grace. Many under a load of sin cried out, What shall I do to be saved? and the saints seemed much revived, came out and witnessed for God. In a short time more souls were born to Christ, who came out and declared what God had done for their souls. O what a blessed change had taken place in that town. O, may the praise resound to the Redeemer's name.

Nov. 29, I set out for Cornwallis; it being very wet, I was rather discouraged fearing I should lose the opportunity of preaching, the people not expecting me by reason of the weather, but when they heard that I was come they immediately gathered a large congregation. The Lord was there, and gave me great freedom; I was wholly undaunted. In the evening I preached again. The next day I rode about four miles and preached again, when the Lord sent the Word home with power on some of the hearers. Many people attended, hearing that there was a wild youth lately converted and turned preacher. I returned to Horton, where I preached two sermons as I passed through, and God was pleased to take hold of the hearts of some of His hearers and never left them until they were brought to the knowledge of the Redeemer.

Jan. 15, 1777, I went to Cornwallis, there was a great throng of people attended and there began to be a considerable work in that town. I went to Falmouth and Newport and preached every day, for there seemed a thirst for the Word.

May 27, I set out for Annapolis and a blessed day it was to my soul. I had much of the presence of God and faith to believe that he would go with me, and although I was alone, I felt not the least concern, though going among strangers, I could venture on the Lord. I rode twenty-four miles and although the people were civil, yet I had so much of the presence of the Lord that I chose to be alone, yet it was hard singing the Lord's song in a strange land, I spent most of the evening in the woods and enjoyed what the world knows nothing of.

How can the great Jehovah stoop so low
To save my soul from everlasting woe.
And lead me by His love where's I go?

Amazing grace that such an heir of hell
Should ever in the arms of Jesus dwell

The next day I crossed the river, I preached and great numbers attended. They requested that I should tarry with them for a season, but I refused, telling them I did not dare to do it as I had no call from God to settle anywhere. I then rode to Wilmot and preached four or five days there; where, blessed be God, there began to be a work of grace, and many were pricked to the heart, and crying out under the weight of their sins, yea, they were so thirsting for the Word that when I came away six or seven double horses came with me for a number of miles. I then stopped and stayed all night and preached again the next morning; then I bid them farewell; and some seemed to be not far from the Kingdom. And blessed be my Lord and Master for the success of my journey. Through His grace, I trust some of those souls will have cause forever to bless His name for the messages of peace sent by me, a worm.

July 5, Went to Cornwallis where I found the work of the Lord prospering. A great number met almost every evening, and continued until about eleven and twelve o'clock at night, praying, exhorting, singing, some of them telling what God had done for their souls, and some groaning under a load of sin. August 14th, I went to Annapolis, I rode through all the county preaching night and day and found some souls born again and rejoicing in the Redeemer's love. I preached so often, and rode so much that I would seem almost worn out, and yet in a few hours I would be so refreshed that I could labor again for twelve hours in discourses, praying, preaching, and exhorting. O the goodness of God, what storms and fatigues has he carried me through, and what happy hours have I enjoyed in his vineyard night and day. Sometimes I would get down from my horse, and step in the woods and rejoice for some time, often wrestling with God to go with me, and have been blessed with a satisfactory evidence, that I should see His work prosper. Jan. 1, 1778, I went to Falmouth and rejoiced to see the change. Some, who were the ringleaders in vice now singing Hosanna. O may the blessed Jesus have the praise. O what great thing has He done, for the desert land? The wilderness has become a fruitful field and the desert blossoms as the rose."

On the 5th of April, 1779, delegates from Cornwallis, Horton and Newport met the brethren at Falmouth, to consider the advisability of ordaining Mr. Alline to the work of the gospel ministry. After due and satisfactory examination of the candidate, it was decided to proceed in the ordination on the following day. They met in a large barn on Mr. Manning's farm, and after a sermon by Mr. Pearson he received the imposition of hands. It was simple and solemnly grand.

Shortly after this he crossed over to St. John and went up the river preaching and exhorting wherever he came. He did not stay long in one place. His soul seemed to be so on fire with Christ's love that he could not rest, but with an indomitable will overcame all obstacles. I am amazed and humbled when I discover what difficulties he conquered. Much of the time he travelled on horse back owing to the rough roads, but when neither a horse or boat could proceed, he walked, often on snowshoes through the trackless forest, sometimes so weary and far from settlement that he and his guide would sleep in the woods, with no covering but the "etherial canopy," as he says in his journal.

Oct. 13, I went with two men to Cape ——. We travelled one day fourteen miles, the next day I travelled until I thought I should drop down with weariness, for it was some of my first travelling on foot. I was so wearied that I was obliged to lean on the man's arm as I walked. I could hardly draw my feet after me and we had nothing with us to eat. As I was there laboring, a remarkable instance of Providence happened. I asked a man how far we had to travel? He replied nine miles. I said I should not get in that night. He said he would go in and bring me a horse for the rest of the way. Soon after he had spoken, we espied five or six horses on the beach, that had come out from the settlement, and with much trouble we caught two of them, intending to pay the owners for the use of them when we had got in, and we arrived without much more trouble. Afterward I could rejoice seeing the work of God in that dark place; many came out and witnessed for Christ and his gospel. The people being much engaged, were with me continually, so that I was preaching, praying, exhorting or discoursing, almost all the time, from early in the morning till twelve at night.

O the darkness death and misery the world is in! Methinks I have a sense sometimes of millions and millions that are pressing down to ruin. O that they knew in this their day the things that belong to their peace, that their souls might be saved.

O what a day of joy was this to the Christians! The church partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Many of them were as full of love as they could contain, both under the sermon, and at the Lord's table; and seven souls were, I believe, born to Christ this day. O the shouts of praise that were heard among the christians both old and young.

O the transporting smiles of Jesus face,
When he breaks in with his redeeming grace;
How does the mourning soul leap and and rejoice
Soon as they hear their blest Redeemer's voice.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.

March 10, 1780, I set out from Annapolis on snowshoes; as there was no riding on account of the depth of snow. A young man went with me to carry my saddle bags. We had to walk forty miles before we could ride. I travelled the forty miles in five days. The next day I preached and found the work of God reviving. April 21st I went up the river St. John. I remained, preaching and visiting from place to place, until the 5th of June. I preached at several places as I went down and many souls were born to God. Much people went with me from place to place, sometimes six or seven boats loaded with people.

June 10th, O what a good day it was to me, especially in the evening, when being wearied in body, I told my friends I must retire as soon as possible; but in prayer it pleased God to come in such power, that some in the room who before had been careless, were taken hold of and roared out for mercy, and there were three souls brought out rejoicing that night. And O what a blessed night that was. Some were praying and some praising all that night. As for my own part I never closed my eyes to sleep till the next day. All glory to my blessed Master!

At Sackville, N. B. Preached at five in the morning and God was there of a truth. We then sang and prayed in the street after which I rode ten miles and preached again. After the sermon my heart leaped for joy to have an old Judge—who had also been a major in the King's service—come and take me by the hand, telling me, with tears in his eyes, I am happy to see you once more. I replied I hope I shall be so happy as to see you a brother in Christ, and enjoy an everlasting day with you. He answered, I hope I shall; for blessed be God, I am now convinced I have been all my days in the dark, and that this is the only way to life and happiness. God grant, said I, that you may be brought out and become a father in Israel. I hope I shall, replied he, although in the eleventh hour. In the evening I rode about six miles and preached. After which I set out with twenty people on horse back. We sang as we were riding, then prayed and sang again; and when singing, one mourning soul was set at liberty, who was about forty years of age.

June 15, this day the church met, and about twenty were added to it. It was a blessed day to my soul, especially at about eight o'clock in the evening; when speaking to the christians, my whole soul was so ravished with the love of Jesus, that I could scarcely speak; yea my very heart seemed melted with His love. O the love, the infinite love of my God! How is my soul on the wing when I have but one glimpse of that sacred love; and if one glimpse is so great and transporting what will it be to swim forever in the infinite ocean, and nothing to annoy. O my Jesus, shall I ever be so happy; shall I one day awake in perfect joy with thee? O it is all I want, and all I need. Give it to me, O my God, and thine be the glory for ever, Amen.

June 20, I rode with fifteen in company about ten miles, crossed a river and preached. Three precious souls were brought out rejoicing. One who had been an officer's wife was brought from deep distress, even the borders of despair to rejoice in the blessed Redeemer.

August 5th, This was a day of God's power I preached three times, and some souls were set at liberty by the Blood of the Lamb and brought from the borders of eternal ruin to rejoice in the wonders of redeeming love. The church now began to gather together in gospel fellowship, without any bars or separations about different sects or denominations, but whoever loved and brought Christ and belonged to him were freely received into full communion.

August 12th, I preached three sermons this day and God brought some souls to Christ, and many Christians to rejoice in great liberty. The hearers were so numerous that I was obliged to preach in the fields.

This day the church met to receive members and according, as I had advised them, no mention was made, what think ye of Paul, Apollos, or Cephas; but what think ye of Christ. O the power of the Holy Ghost that was among the people this day. A number joined the church and some sinners were brought to rejoice in Jesus Christ their friend.

Jan. 31st, 1872, I travelled with two men from the head of the Cape round the seashore as far as Coahwit. I think it was the coldest day that ever I travelled in all my life. I was much fatigued, but dared not stop to rest a few minutes for fear of freezing. I often had scales of ice on my face and eyes, for the snow blowed very thick all day; but, blessed be God, we got before night to a little house, where I found the people vastly kind; and I am sure no earthly palace could be more agreeable to me, than that was. Neither of us were touched with the frost, and the next morning I was able to walk again. I preached that same evening, and the people seemed to have hearing ears."

Thus he continued to preach, for about five years from the date of his ordination, in many portions of the Maritime Provinces. His almost superhuman efforts now began to break down his health, and having a great desire to visit and preach Jesus in the land of his birth, he left Windsor, August 27th 1783, for New England. Just before embarking he kneeled down on the wharf, and offered a most touching, fervent prayer that Falmouth might never be without a witness for Christ. (Which prayer has been abundantly answered). His parting with his aged parents and friends was especially painful, being persuaded that he would see them no more in the flesh. Some tried to dissuade him from the attempt as they thought he was in a decline; he replied, "If I thought I was in consumption I would go and proclaim my Master's name as long as I could ride or stand, if it was to the last expiring breath."

Starting for New England he landed on what is now the eastern part of the State of Maine, incessantly preaching as he journeyed. Arriving at the house of Rev. M. McLure, New Hampshire, Jan. 22, he remained until he died, Feb. 2, 1784. The last entry in his journal, a fortnight previous to his death, he says, "My bodily illness was so great that I was scarcely an hour free from pain, excepting when asleep, but blessed be God He was the supporter and comforter of my mind."

On the 25th he preached his last sermon in Mr. McLure's meeting house, from Luke xix, 9. From that he took to his bed, and eight days after he went to meet the dear Master for whom he had so faithfully labored.

In a letter to the father of the deceased, Mr. McLure wrote: He appears to have been a burning and shining light in Nova Scotia and elsewhere, and many souls rejoiced in his light, and his christian virtues—zeal, fortitude, faith, hope, patience and resignation—shone bright as the lamp of life burnt down into the socket.

Some extracts from Mr. McLure's diary: "This morning worse; he told me he found himself going, and said none but Christ, none but Christ. Yesterday the doctor asked him how he was? He answered I have nothing to promise myself with regard to life. I am going and willing to go. Willing not because I must die, but because I have a friend who will support me in death. Saturday 31st. One asked him how he did, he said I am in terrible pain, but yet I am well. He would often say that he had sweet hours; such views of divine things as made him almost forget his pains, he chose to converse on no subject but Christ, and the love of God in our redemption. He said he had begged of God that he might not outlive his usefulness. O I long said he that poor sinners should have such views of the Lord Jesus as I have. He would frequently exhort spectators to get an interest in Christ, assuring them that none but Christ would answer for them when they came to die. In the evening I observed to him that Christ was now his only help, he said, I need not be told of that; He is now my only desire. I observed to him that I trusted he would soon obtain the gracious fulfilment of the promises. I have no doubt, said he—not one, no more than if I was now there. He desired me to go to prayer; and at the close he repeated a loud and joyful Amen. After this his broken sentences were the breathing of a soul swallowed up in God. His last words were, Now I rejoice in the Lord Jesus, and soon after he breathed his soul into the arms of Jesus with whom he hoped to be. Such way his peaceful end. And we trust he is now united with Seraph and saints in their pure ardours of holy love and everlasting joy."

Such is, as far as we can know without the actual experience, the blessedness of dying in the Lord, but how little we know of this blessedness. What must it be to be thoroughly initiated into the pleasures of the heavenly mansions. When the prayer of Christ shall be answered, and his people shall behold his glory! Ah! that will be your portion faithful child of God. To see Jesus in his Kingly robes of salvation, to be his bride decked in his brightest splendours, sit with him at that royal marriage supper; not till then shall we comprehend the blessedness of dying in the Lord.

"That they may rest from their Labors" . . . . . Ah! to Mr Alline rest was sweet indeed. There was no stain on his escutcheon. No rust gathered on his sword. Eight years of incessant toil, then the promised rest.

But ceasing from a labor he so ardently loved is the smallest factor in the rest he enjoys. He rests from the opposition slander and hostility which assailed him on every side. His clear and pungent style of declaring the truth, and the burning love and zeal accompanying it, were so different from the common usages of the day, that Satan was thoroughly aroused to malignant opposition. After Mr. Alline had preached a few times in Windsor a mob of about twenty men, some of them with drawn swords, and using the most profane language, surrounded the house where he was staying and threatened to kill him. His friends advised him to slip out the back way and escape; but he refused saying, "I was called here of God and I stay here till duty calls me away." Afterwards, contrary to all the persuasion of his friend, he went out among them, and when one of the ringleaders drew his hand to strike him, he took hold of his coat and entreated him to consider what he was doing, and so conquered them by love. He says, in his journal, May 1st. "I preached this day again at Windsor; and the Lord was pleased to bless my labors to some souls; and although the enemy raged to that degree that I was threatened by some of the leading men of the government to be silenced, and put on board a man-of-war, but the Lord was kind to me, and gave me boldness in His name, and more doors were opened to receive the gospel."

Under date Sackville, August 2nd, he says, "God gave me this day some liberty of soul; one of the officers of the garrison after sermon, invited me to dine with him, and treated me with great civility when I went. He acknowledged the truths of the gospel, and promised me whatever assistance I wanted as he was chief commander. He told me he had heard that I had been abused by one of his under officers, which grieved him. He told me further, that I should not have insult from any in the garrison; and thus I saw that God is able to cause all things to work together for the good of His children, for this very officer had letters from other officers against me and was desired to take me up, and although he had no real religion, yet he could not oppose, but encourage the gospel." It was not the rabble only who insulted him, but those who claimed to be the servants of Christ, openly and privately denounced him. One of those so-called pastors of the flock rode twenty miles to persuade the people that Mr. Alline was a vile impostor.

O here endeavoring to crush him circulated some of the most malicious lies that could be invented. When advised to put the law in force against them he refused, but carried his trial—to a higher court—the court of Heaven! and invariably his character was clearly vindicated and the Redeemer's cause advanced. These persecutions, as will be seen, tended only to the furtherance of the gospel.

What a sweet rest it will be, when God's servants are forever free from sin in themselves and others? Free from hard wearing trial! Free from the opposition and slander of ungodly men! Some of you have been striving for a perfect service. Take heart my brethren, the time shall come when through Christ Jesus you shall love and serve God with all your heart, and with all your soul. Servants of God rest! rest!! Thy work was faithfully done; Taine enemies are gone.

No more can they oppose thy work,
Nor cause a wave of trouble roll
Across thy peaceful breast."

"That they may rest from their labors." My brethren, would you not enjoy some glorious hard work when the call comes? I think I would. Go like Stephen from the pulpit to the coronation. Mr. Alline enjoyed this privilege. Friends advised: "Henry, do take better care of yourself and rest your health"; but his only answer was another sermon, another warning to sinners. He saw men in such danger of hell that he could not stop. He would not stop till death came.

2nd, Another result of dying in the Lord is their works do follow them. It is well to bear in mind that works as well as souls are immortal. An act may seem to be a trifle, and be quickly performed, but its influence may go ringing down the ages like a chime of bells. A poor widow wrapped in her veil timidly passes through the Temple throng, and unobtrusively drops her two mites into the Lord's treasury. It was a simple deed of righteousness; but our Saviour caught the act in the doing and stamped it with immortality. A word is spoken or a deed performed by which a Whitfield is saved. He in turn leads hundreds more to Christ, and they in turn carry forward the glorious work. How that first act multiplies itself. Surely "their works do follow them." Who can possibly estimate the works of Rev. Henry Alline's sermons, and prayers and tears? He was preeminently an evangelist; and his burning words kindled anew in Falmouth a fire that I trust will never be extinguished. Many have been encouraged and strengthened, yea and some converted by reading his journal and hymns, one of which was composed and sung at the death bed of Mrs. Benjamin Cleveland, shows that the author was no mean poet. One verse of it is to me particularly suggestive and beautiful:

"Let me feel the pleasing rapture
Rising in immortal birth;
I shall have no grave to enter,
Never feel expiring breath:
Life eternal, life eternal,
Swallows up the grave and death."

Another way in which a man's works follow him, is when those whom he has been the means of saving will follow him to glory. Many of the redeemed after they have cast their palms of victory at the feet of Jesus and join in the chorus of "Crown him, crown him Lord of all," will turn to David and tell him how his psalms comforted them in the house of their pilgrimage; then to Isaiah and thank him for his evangelical prophecies; and the evangelists for their sublime pictures of Christ's character; and Paul for those letters of his, without which the church of Christ could never have lived amid the gales and currents of false philosophy. And then with souls filled with seraphic joy they would seek out the sainted ones who had brought them to Jesus. Oh, what a blessed meeting that will be. No wonder that Bunyan said: "When I had seen I wished myself among them." What a host will gather around Whitfield, Henry Alline, Harris Harding and many others who have faithfully preached Jesus. The old Roman Conquerors suspended in the temple of Jupiter the pieces of armor which they had stripped from their slain enemies. They were proud of their trophies. But hold up before you grander deeds. See you those faces of supernal brightness in the heavenly mansion? They were lifted from the gulf of sin by tired trembling human hands. Do you wish to win such trophies for the temple of your God? You may have them. They wait the conquering hand of Christ's love. Lay hold of them in your homes, fields, workshops and stores; and by God's grace, ere long, you shall see and hear them among the glorified.

One hundred years ago to-day the Rev. Henry Alline was laid to rest in a quiet graveyard in Northhampton, New Hampshire. A headstone bears this inscription:

"Rev. Henry Alline, of Falmouth, Nova Scotia, who in the midst of his zealous travels in the cause of Christ, languished on the way and cheerfully resigned his life in this town, Feb. 2, 1784, in the 35th year of his age. He was a burning and shining light and was justly esteemed the Apostle of Nova Scotia."

We will not take the place of hero worshippers and exalt him to the pinnacle of perfection, neither will we ever forget the debt of gratitude which through God's grace we owe to his indefatigable labors. He was strong and successful because he lived in close fellowship with Jesus. Let us emulate his example in winning souls to Christ. And when our change shall come, may it be written over our beads in letters of eternal light, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Amen."

Unqualified Commendation.

Rev. T. Watson, Colborne, Ontario, writes: "K.D.C. has produced in me a wonderful change, almost from the first time of using. My indigestion is all gone, and my general health is much better than it has been for years. K.D.C. has my heartiest and unqualified commendation. I believe it to be all its makers claim it to be." Free sample of this wonder-working remedy mailed to any address. K.D.C. Co., limited, New Glasgow, N. S., Canada.