



Temperance Department.

(For the MESSENGER.)

JIM ANDERSON'S LEGACY.

"This is what I call liberty," cried Rawlings, as he issued forth from the tent and stood gazing over the wide expanse of water, dotted here and there with islands, which lay before the camp.

A very grotesque figure he presented as he stood there, with his honest and pleasant face, from which beamed a world of contentment, love and a good share of wholesome humor. To look at him with his high-crowned twenty-five cent chip straw hat with its prodigious brim and rudely-out-ventilated, his pants of many patches, yet clean, airy and comfortable withal, his coarse flannel shirt and huge brogan shoes, no one would take him to be a man of high standing in scientific circles—that great capitalists eagerly sought his advice in regard to gigantic speculations and mining developments, yet so it was. This odd-looking genius with his serio-comic aspect was none other than the famous geologist, Herbert Rawlings.

I was happy in being the friend and companion of this gifted man, whose intellectual endowments were as surprising as his genuine simplicity of manners were captivating. We had just gone into our first camp on the shores of a beautiful lake in the northern part of Ontario, after having rowed our skiff a distance of twelve miles, and after pitching our tent, making things snug, and putting on our rough-and-ready camping clothes, when Rawlings gave vent to the exclamation which forms the opening sentence of this narrative.

"This is what I call liberty, and although I am a free-born subject, with my rights, privileges, etc., I never fully realize the benefits of that great boon until I can shake myself freely in an old pair of pants like these, and have for my coronet a hat like this," said he, holding aloft his great rude straw hat. "Now," continued he, "why cannot people in cities and towns wear hats like these? There in the high crown which affords space for ventilation, and the broad brim which throws the whole face into shade. What could be more comfortable for hot weather? Yet, I'll be bound, should I venture to appear on the streets of K— with this hat on, I should be a laughing-stock, and in order to avoid that discomfort, I should be compelled to leave it off, by doing which, I sacrifice my liberty—I become a sort of slave."

"A slave to fashion," said I laughing at the droll earnestness of my friend. "Exactly—or, you may say, to social prejudice," replied Rawlings.

"Well, you know," said I, "society in cities demands a better shaped hat than that you hold in your hand—it needs more beauty of design, more elegance of contour, more—"

"Ah! there you go," laughed Rawlings, "beauty before comfort! Now, the moment you alter the shape of that hat the comfort departs. The question arises, which is best, for society to become a slave to its prejudice in favor of beauty, or to enjoy the liberty of comfort? For my part, I'll take the comfort, and placing the grotesque hat upon his head, he sat down a few paces from the camp fire, and lapsing into silence, contemplated the frying pan, in which a luscious black bass hissed prodigiously, and sent forth an appetizing odor into the evening air.

We were alone, Rawlings and I, on a tour of exploration, following up certain rock formations. As the nature of the survey demanded a certain amount of secrecy, we had arranged all our camp equipage so nicely (having a place for everything, and not too much of anything) as to render the services of an attendant unnecessary. We were, moreover, two old campers, and well versed in the domestic duties of out-door life. Our fine order-kiff—built to order—was so arranged as to accommodate all our baggage and leave ample room for passengers. Upon our arrival at a camping place, it took five minutes to unload the boat, five minutes to pitch the tent, and from ten to twenty minutes to cook a meal. Our mode of life in camp was to rise with the sun, cook breakfast, load our boat and depart over the water in search of rocks. We would generally arrive by noon at a suitable place for a camp, or return to the last camping place, as the case might be. Sometimes we remained in one camp for several days, and explored the surrounding parts. We were governed by no formal routine of action, and were thus enabled to experience the sweets of untrammelled liberty, the sort of liberty that

can only be experienced by a nomadic existence in nature's vast solitude.

There was nothing my learned friend more enjoyed than the pursuit of his calling under such circumstances. He gloried in the free sunshine of heaven, and preferred its storms and winds to the stifling atmosphere of cities. He was not a strong man, having, it is feared, injured his constitution by intense study; but what he lacked physically was more than compensated for by his mental cultivation. He was acknowledged to be one of the most profound scholars of the age. Any subject he thought worthy of investigation he probed as it were, to the bed rock. The study of Divinity had been his first love, but his contracted chest and feeble vocal powers had thrown him, first on civil engineering and finally on geology, in which science he had risen to great eminence. He possessed other accomplishments also, which rendered him the most charming of companions. Besides being a very encyclopaedia of general information in art, literature and science, he was a clever artist and passionately fond of music. I have seen him stop suddenly as we sauntered through the woods, and lifting his geological hammer, exclaim, "Hush! listen to him!" and as we stood in silence a flood of melody would issue from the throat of some songster hidden away among the maples, and he would listen enraptured to the matchless harmony as it poured forth from its innocent and sinless source, like melodious whisplings from the great unknown realms, wooing the soul upwards in an ecstatic flight to its immortal goal. That's the pure and unadulterated music of heaven," Rawlings would say. "The song is composed by the great All Wise Himself and dedicated to His own glory." Then he would give the name of the songster and the class to which he belonged, and an account of his habit, etc. All things in nature—whether it were the everlasting rock, with their unfathomable mysteries, the mighty woodlands with their vast archives of botanic and flora splendor, the myriad-winged creatures that thronged the air, the furry and insect tribes of earth, the wonders of the deep, or the stupendous glories of the firmament—were to Rawlings the ever-recurring themes for contemplation. In all his researches it was his delight to trace in the meanest as in the highest of created things the designing hand of the Creator. With deep humility, in spite of what the world called his learning, he would frequently deplore the darkness that obscured his mental vision. The more he penetrated into the mysteries and handiwork of the Great Creator, the more conscious he became of his own ignorance; and at times he would say thoughtfully, "Perhaps it were better to wait," by which I expressed I understood him to mean—as an individual, I have often heard him say—that he looked forward with a lively and trustful hope to the time when, raised in incorruption, he should experience the verification of Christ's promise that "What we know not here, we shall know hereafter."

Perhaps one of my learned friend's most charming traits was his unaffected simplicity of manner and the total absence of egotism or ostentation in his conversation, whether it was upon scientific or common-place subjects. He loved the society of young people, and did not think himself too profound to converse for an hour with a farmer's lad about crops and kine. I was struck one day with his great consideration for another's feelings, when a pompous ignoramus at a village, hearing that Rawlings was "one of those miner chaps hunting for iron," came to us and inflicted upon poor Rawlings a very lengthy speech concerning what he (the stranger) knew about iron ore. He explained in a most tedious manner how ironiferous quartz could be detected among Black Jack. And a great many more absurdities did he deliver himself of thinking, no doubt, that his vast knowledge of geology would surprise Rawlings and myself. For my own part, I could scarcely keep my gravity, and had to smile very blandly and look in another direction than the speaker. But Rawlings sat as though every word he heard was sound logic and looked with a perfectly composed countenance into the self-opinionated speaker's face. When the man had finished speaking about ironiferous rocks, iron pyrites, copperiferous deposits, etc., Rawlings merely remarked that "Geology was indeed a most perplexing study," and when, after the man's departure, I ridiculed his vulgar and absurd talk, my friend rebuked me kindly and said, "My dear fellow, since every man has a perfect right to his own theory in regard to the hidden secrets of the earth, and whereas we are none of us always correct in our conclusions upon scientific matters, and since I observed some rough truths scattered through this man's eloquence, I am disposed to be very charitable towards him,—yea, I have rather a good opinion of him. For, though evidently a very uneducated man, he is an observant one, and deserves encouragement for his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. I never make fun of such people.

It is uncharitable. Did you not notice who earnest he was?"

"Oh yes," said I, "he was earnest enough, but so arrogant, so bigoted, I may say." "That is no fault of his," replied Rawlings, "but rather his misfortune, he simply lacks education, to render him perhaps a very paragon of a geologist, and a perfect Chesterfield in deportment."

I could not but admire my friend's line of argument, at once so charitable and Christianlike, and was glad to drop the subject.

There was one thing about Rawlings that I should have liked an improvement upon, and that was his camp dress. In this matter he carried his love of freedom into eccentricity. I thought, though scrupulously clean—for he bathed daily—yet, while clad as seen when first introduced to the reader, and hammer in hand, with a soldier's haversack slung across his shoulders, it was no wonder he was frequently taken for a tramp as he wandered off alone across farm lots following up the rock formations. He was often asked by the farmers if he wanted work, when he would begin to enquire about the wages, and whether he would get "plum duff" on Sundays if he hired out, and after conversing awhile the farmer would begin to find out that it was no ordinary tramp he was talking to, but a sort of "angel unaware."

In the city where he resided, Rawlings was much esteemed by the poor. He ministered to their temporal and spiritual wants. He believed in active Christianity, and that a full stomach was a most excellent tonic for a sermon. Acting upon this belief and considering himself a humble laborer in his Master's vineyard, he went into the highways and byways of the lowly poor; but of his good deeds in this respect, no man can fully testify, for his right hand knew not what his left performed. The recipients of his bounty were told by Rawlings to thank the Great Giver and not the earthly instrument. He always said that a religious tract came to the needy with a better grace from a bag of potatoes or the pocket of a garment than the bare hand, and when he put a warm coat upon a shivering shoulder, he would say, "Ho! that giveth thee this coat did that we might live;—a short sermon, but a very powerful one."

The reader must please pardon my lengthy eulogium of my friend. It is well he should know what an excellent man this Herbert Rawlings was, as it will enhance the interest of what I am about to relate.

During my acquaintance with my friend I had been a witness to some very noble deeds on his part that had influenced for good the destiny of others in a remarkable manner. Indeed, I may say, he had influenced my own destiny by pointing out at a very critical period of my life—when I was almost swamped in the vortex of selfishness, vain earthly aspirations and base appetites—the higher and nobler aspirations that should actuate the earthly career of man. There was something about my friend's unassuming and gentle manners that drew every one to him irresistibly and trustingly. He was a very citadel of comfort, upon whom a bewildered and harassed mortal might lean, as it were, and rest awhile, and then go on his way rejoicing, refreshed and invigorated by timely advice upon a vital matter, or a kindly admonition and warning, or perchance, some more substantial aid in the shape of a coin or a crust. His Christian zeal though unobtrusive was very deep and earnest, and often in the silent night, sitting by our lonely camp-fire, have I listened to his calm yet powerful discourse upon the Infinite Majesty of Him in whose "hands are all the deep places of the earth." His theories too regarding the creation of the vast universe, and the ultimate destiny of man through God's marvellous scheme of redemption, impressed me very deeply and I have often thought that Rawlings was a man ordained by God to perform a peculiar and remarkable mission upon earth,—not by fine rhetoric from the pulpit so much as by the subtle and unostentatious agency of his daily intercourse with humble people, among whom it was his almost daily lot to linger on his scientific explorations. He seemed to carry blessings on his path without any apparent effect. I have seen several instances of this, but none more remarkable than the one I am about to relate, which verifies the promise of Christ to His followers when, nigh two thousand years ago, He said, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end."

We were encamped one glorious July morning on the shore of a magnificent lake in one of the back townships of Ontario. It was Sunday, and after breakfast Rawlings and I walked a couple of miles through the woods to attend Divine service in an unpretending meeting-house. I was much surprised upon our arrival to see my friend go up to the reading-desk and open the service, for he had not mentioned to me about his going to "speak to the people," as he called it. I afterwards learned that a day or two previous Rawlings

had, during one of his geological rambles, made the acquaintance of a farmer by the name of Miles Anderson, who had stated that the minister who usually conducted the service was sick and in consequence this would be no meeting on this day, whereupon Rawlings, as was his custom on such emergencies, volunteered to "speak to the people." He took his text from the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The discourse was full of the most comforting assurances of Christ's continual presence with, and watchfulness over those who confess His name,—that no matter how dark was the way or toilsome the journey of life, so long as we were with Christ there was no necessity for the heart to be troubled or afraid. Those living apart from Christ had every reason to be afraid; they had no foundation—whereon to build their hopes. Earth possessed no calamity dire enough to overwhelm the tranquillity of the Christian's heart. Christ's promise not to leave us comfortless, and to stand by us in the hour of temptation, was a sufficient refuge in all trials for every one who believed in His Holy name, and followed His glorious precepts. Christ often permitted His children to be afflicted with divers grievous afflictions of body and estate, but so sure as those afflicted ones trusted to His will, so sure were they one day brought to see into the Infinite Wisdom of their ever-watchful Father, who worketh all things to the eventual welfare of His children. The little meeting-house was crowded with the neighboring families for miles around, who had all been notified by Miles Anderson of Rawlings' intention to conduct the service. I never loved my friend more than I did after this simple service. His sermon, though delivered with the utmost calmness, and in the most simple language, was a masterpiece, and I am only sorry I cannot convey a better idea of it than I have. It was easy to observe that the congregation was greatly impressed with the service, and I have no hesitation in saying it will be many a day before such another preacher will fill the reading-desk of that humble meeting-house.

Miles Anderson, who locked up the building and put the keys in his pocket after the congregation had left, invited Rawlings and me to his farmhouse for dinner. I formed a very favorable opinion of Anderson from his appearance and manners. He had a fine open countenance; but what I remarked more, was his bright eyes, which had a depth of honesty and affection in them. They were eyes one could look into and feel that they flashed forth the beams of an honest soul. His clothes, however, bore signs of long wear and tear. He smelt of honorable poverty, and yet he wore far better clothes than Rawlings did in camp. To-day my friend was dressed in his Sunday clothes. How admirable he looked compared to his appearance in his camp rags! We accompanied Farmer Anderson through a part of the neighborhood we had not yet visited. It was exceedingly picturesque. I never beheld so many rocks jumbled up together in such confusion.

Surely," said I, addressing Miles Anderson, "this cannot be a very good agricultural region."

"Well," replied the farmer, "it is not an extra good farming section around here, but still it is a good deal better than it looks. It is good for sheep and cattle. Sheep can find a living among the rocks and brush till far into the fall, and even after snow falls, they can bite at the underbrush. There's a good deal of rich grass grows among them rocks, and sheep thrive well where there's a rock."

"But where do you raise the fodder required for them through the winter? You cannot cultivate the rocks," I said.

"That's so," said Anderson, "but its not quite all rocks on my hundred acres; I have about twenty acres of good patches here and there, and I manage to get a living out of it."

We continued walking along the road, and at last came to the top of a hill, from which there was quite an extensive view of the country. The view was magnificent. To the left there appeared a long stretch of fertile land which seemed in a high state of cultivation, while in all directions around it there seemed to be an unending profusion of rocks, brush and abandoned timber. As we traversed the road, Rawlings would bow and then stop in front of a rock and stare at it for a while, as if in a "brown study." We came to the farmhouse at length. It was built of logs with a rude porch, under which we were glad to get out of the sun's rays. Mrs. Anderson with a baby in her arms welcomed us as only poor isolated farmers' wives know how to welcome strangers. She was glad to see us, she said, "and sorry her baby kept her from meeting."

(To be Continued.)

—The Temperance Messenger says the new liquor-law of Virginia will "shut the doors of hundreds of these pestilential grog-shops which we now find scattered in every direction throughout the State."