

worship of God by singing the twenty-third psalm. I prefer to lead the singing myself, because I can then choose the tune. Before the psalm is ended I have a very good idea of the people present. Most Presbyterians know that psalm; God's people all delight to sing it. After singing, read the fifth chapter of 2 Corinthians; then prayer; then sing the fifty-fourth paraphrase. I never preach a sermon at the first service, but take the third chapter of John's Gospel from the 14th to the 22nd verse, dwelling on the 16th verse. Speaking from the heart on these verses, to a small audience, in a small place, the speaker soon finds out who sympathizes with these great foundation truths of redemption, and can form a pretty good estimate of the help he may expect in his work at that place. It is joy and gladness to the heart to realize that you have men and women praying God to bless your work amongst them. After the address, prayer; collection now lifted. At this station there had never been a collection taken up. This mistake I proceeded to remedy by appointing two young men (young men are always best) as collectors—one to lift the collection one Sabbath, the other the next; at the same time telling the people that taking up a collection on the first day of the week was in accordance with God's word, that it was a Presbyterian custom, and that it was not meant to capture the coppers, but to give people an opportunity of contributing as their own heart prompted them. And here let me say that every minister, student, or catechist should show an example by having his ten cents ready. This example is catching. In one of my stations in my old field the collections for the twenty-six services amounted to \$34.63, and this at a station where collections were not usual, and where there were only fourteen members. Public worship concluded by singing the sixty-fourth paraphrase, and the benediction. I always use the psalms and paraphrases on the Sabbath. After service I distribute Sabbath school papers and tracts to all, and tell them that there will be papers next time also. This has a good effect on the young; it brings them to service. Why should the children not attend public worship? Christian friends in Guelph Presbytery keep me supplied with papers and tracts for my work. Just here, will my younger brethren allow an old man over fifty to give a word of advice. After service let no missionary swoop down on the collection and carry it off, as if afraid of it, but let him give the collector a little book, and tell him to enter the sum and date of each collection, also that all money will pass through his hands, of which he must keep an account till the end of the term. I never have collected one dollar myself. There is something out of joint if the missionary cannot get some one of our people to attend to the money matters. I may also add that I have not and will not touch one cent raised for the missionary by tea meetings, socials, concerts, etc. As a servant and messenger of Christ, I cannot take the chair or the stand at one of those meetings, knowing that I will be rewarded by being presented with the door money. The honour of my Master and Lord forbids me to do this, and hitherto the Lord has helped me in His own way.

At this first service, during the singing I became aware of a very powerful and fervent voice joining, keeping excellent time and tune. At the same time I could not understand one word it uttered. On mentioning this to friends after service, I found that the voice belonged to a good Christian Highland woman, from the County of Glengarry, who did not know the English well enough; but knowing the psalm and the tune, praised the Lord with all her heart in her native Gaelic tongue. She told the friends she was both delighted and comforted, as she had not been able to sing with such freedom since she came to Muskoka. This incident made me thankful to God for being able to sing these psalms and good old tunes, and also to thank Him for His goodness in using them at this first service in comforting and cheering the heart of one of His people.

Eating my dinner in haste, but with a glad heart, at one o'clock buttoned up and tucked up, for the mud is deep, I make the best time I can to Commanda, eight miles further north, where I arrive at the hour of service to find a church with the door open and the key in the lock, the firewood all built in the stove ready for use, but no person to be seen. After waiting awhile and no one appearing, I started off to make enquiries about this state of affairs. I found that the notice of the date and time of the service had been duly received, but the roads being bad and previous

disappointments not forgotten, my very cautious friends at Commanda thought it best to see the new preacher before they came out to church. This was a disappointment to me, but I did the next best thing. I gathered together twelve people into the house where I was to stay, and held a little meeting there, singing and prayer; the same subject as the morning, the only difference in the order being that I sat in a chair and talked to them, instead of standing up to preach. The meeting was a very enjoyable one, and I found great pleasure in making the acquaintance of at least one fellow pilgrim onward. Thus closed my first Sabbath in this mission, committing myself to the keeping of my Heavenly Father, with a heart at rest I retired, when sleep—refreshing sleep—soon closed my eyes.

On Monday I looked around Commanda. Here is a country of hills. The village contains a saw mill, grist mill, store, and the ever present tavern, a little church on the hill, and two farm houses. The Protestant population mostly reside within two miles of the village. The surrounding country is settled with German and Irish Roman Catholics. They have a church and a resident priest. The German element extends to within two miles of Nipissing. On Tuesday I called on most of the people in the neighbourhood to convince them that the preacher had come, appointed the time for next Sabbath service on the 19th, as well as for prayer-meeting on the Thursday evening before that date; and on Wednesday marched twelve miles further north to Nipissing village. At a point on the road one and a half mile south of the village, one of the most beautiful—certainly it is the grandest—views in these districts stretches out before the traveller's eye. Most of the Muskoka views, although very beautiful, want extent. This view reaches as far as the eye can see to the north and west. The waters of Lake Nipissing form the horizon; to the north and east the dim, hazy outline of the opposite shore is seen. At the foot of the hill on which you stand flows the South river through a level valley, and on the bend of the river stands the hamlet of Nipissing in the centre of the much-talked-of Beauty farm. I saw this fine view on a beautiful day in November; it must have greatly added charms in the month of June. Finding that I could not obtain the school house at Nipissing for morning service I arranged to have a service in the evening, and on Friday started for Powassan. Powassan is about ten miles to the south west of Nipissing, the road to it is simply a lumber trail—what people call no road at all. On Friday, the 10th of November, it was in a very bad state. That day it was fine, warm, and sultry for the season. I expected a storm, and therefore took the bearings of the road with care. It is entirely through the wood—only a little clearing in the whole distance. The expected storm came on the Saturday. About noon it began to thunder, and from that time till Sabbath morning about ten o'clock the worst rain storm I have seen in these districts was experienced. Our morning service was very small. No one could come out and keep dry feet without long boots; river and creeks all in high flood, and before me the journey back to Nipissing; a horse could not help me, because all the crossways would be floating, so at one o'clock I started on trusty old shank's nag, determined to stop only at the point impossible! I had to make a pontoon bridge across a stream where the water had washed away the old bridge. I had to skip over a floating crossway eighty yards long. Having once started on this skip, you must keep on skipping until you reach the other side: floating logs are not the best of foothold. I got over safe and sound, and began to congratulate myself that all difficulties had been overcome; it is not wise, however, to holla before fairly out of the woods. At the next crossway, although only about twenty yards long, I went down between the logs. There was no danger, but there was too much water, and I came out with my boots full. When in a hurry, and not wishing to pull your boots off, the easiest way to get the water out is to go down on your knees at the foot of the first tree, pull your heels up close to your back, and as the water runs off at the knee, let thanks go up that the mishap is no worse, then jump up, put on a little more speed to keep up the circulation, and no harm will come of the wetting. In this spirit I reached Nipissing in time to find an audience of about twenty waiting to hear the Gospel of the grace of God proclaimed. I need not describe the service—nearly the same as that already noticed; great attention was paid; and

at the close of this my second Sabbath, having now visited every one of my preaching stations, I thanked God that He had given me physical strength to go forward with this work. This journey was about the toughest I had yet made, but since that time I have found out that to travel over the same road after a heavy fall of snow and break my own track is much harder work. Notwithstanding all these things, I am perfectly happy in my Master's service, "for the Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

H. K.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

GLENGARRY PRESBYTERY.

The readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN will be pleased to learn that special services of great interest are being held in South Finch. The labours of the pastor recently settled there are being attended by such encouragement as delights the heart of the true soul-seeker. Recently the aid of the Rev. John McIntyre of Kempville, who has been led to devote himself entirely to evangelistic work, were enlisted in this field. Other ministers of the neighbourhood have also kindly given assistance, and the old assurance, that "So soon as Zion travailed she brought forth children," is being fulfilled to them. Room can, some evenings, scarcely be found for the crowds who gather, some from a distance of from five to eight miles. Amongst these we find representatives of all classes, from the oldest to the youngest, the most Godly to the most careless. In the after-meetings are to be found scores of anxious souls, ready to receive personal advice as to the way of salvation. Strong men, timid women, and children rise to their feet in the meetings when asked thus to signify their resolve to follow Christ, as their Lord and Saviour.

Every thoughtful onlooker will ask the explanation of such scenes, and the ready answer will be given:

(1) That this is an age of REVIVAL. Earnest Christians are praying for it and looking for it, and even ready to hail it with joy, sympathy and help, whenever God is pleased to send it.

(2) The careless, the anxious, and often the sceptical are attracted by the intense earnestness of those who embark in such efforts for the salvation of those whom the whole Christian Church professes to believe to be in the terrible condition of "condemnation and wrath of Almighty God," hastening down to eternal perdition, yet so rarely exerts itself with consistent energy to pluck as brands from the burning.

(3) No doubt many come from curiosity and other unworthy motives; but, as many of these never enter a church under ordinary circumstances, we cannot but rejoice at their presence and at the hope confirmed at South Finch and many other such scenes, that the arrow launched at a venture may bring even such enemies of the King to His feet.

Let us thank God for these tokens of His Spirit's presence and power among us, and pray that they may continue and more than ever abound. We shall be glad to hear further of this work and any other such throughout the Church.

THE Manitoba "Free Press" reports the annual meeting of the Winnipeg Historical and Scientific Society. Professor Hart has been re-elected second vice-president, and Professor Bryce corresponding secretary. In the list of papers read is one recently published on "Gleanings from the Geology of the Red River Valley," by Mr. J. H. Panton, formerly Professor of Science in Guelph Agricultural College.

MR. JAMES COURT, a leading citizen of Montreal, died suddenly in Glasgow, while expecting to return to Montreal, on the 14th inst. He was born in Hamilton, near Glasgow, in 1811, and was long a general merchant in Montreal. Mr. Court was a member of the Crescent Street Church of that city, and was known throughout the Church as a man of earnest religious convictions, having courage to avow them. His life was consistent, honoured and useful. In concert with Drs. Taylor and Wilkes, of Montreal, and others, he took an active part in the formation of the French Canadian Missionary Society. He was also a life-long and consistent worker in the cause of temperance. His memory will be lovingly cherished, and the example he left will work as a silent power for good.