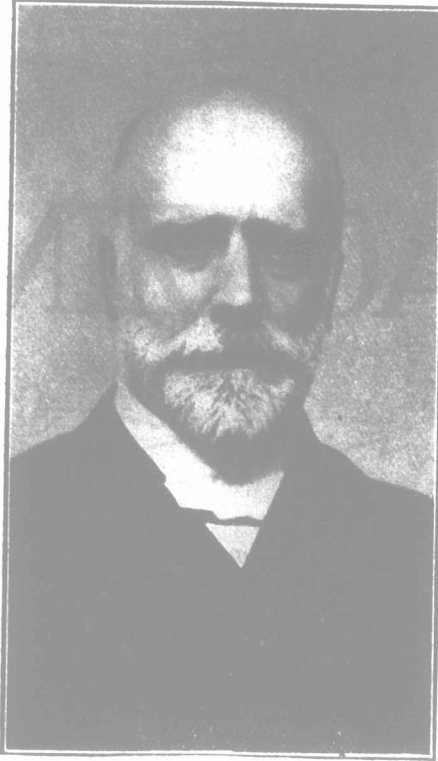


A New Moody and Sankey.

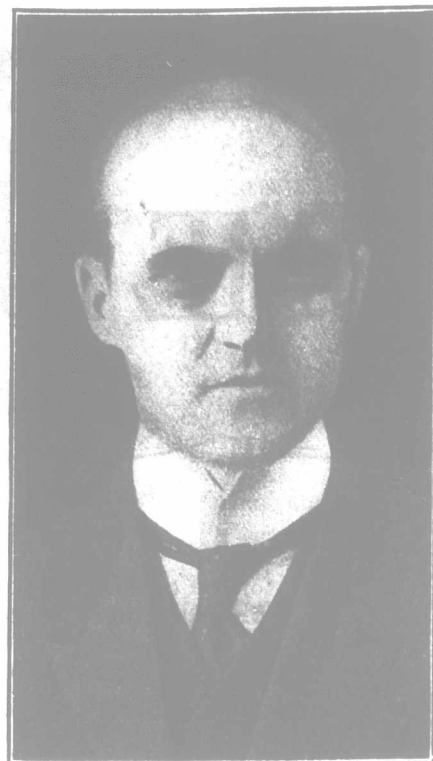
The pessimistic complaint that the world is growing every year more material, more indifferent to religious things, would seem to meet disapproval, in Canada, at least, in the reception given in all of our towns and cities to any man who comes with an earnest message and marked with the stamp that rings no counterfeit; and that the ministry of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, the evangelists who have just visited Canada, following their great tour in the Antipodes and in England, is well standing the fire of the "white light" that beats, in these matter-of-fact days, no less upon the pulpit than upon the throne, may be judged from the crowded houses which have marked the progress of these noted men.

In the lives of both these men the influence of a godly home training is strikingly exemplified. Dr. Torrey was born at Hoboken, N. J., on the 28th of January, 1856, the son of a New York banker. In early life he was filled with the ambition to become a great lawyer; but, like our own Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador, and many others who have heard the especial "call," he met a power sufficient to turn the whole tenor of his life at a Moody and Sankey meeting. Afterwards he became pastor of a small Congregational church in Garrettsville, Ohio, and, after a short time spent in study in Germany, assumed the pastorate of



Rev. R. A. Torrey, D. D.

charges in Minneapolis and Chicago, in each case choosing a small church which he might build up, in preference to accepting a position of much greater emolument.



Mr. C. M. Alexander.

In 1893 he assisted Moody in the great World's Fair campaign, and, for a time, when Moody was taken sick in Kansas City, carried on the work himself. In 1898, accompanied

by Mr. Alexander, he set out on a world-wide tour, in which meetings were conducted in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, India and Great Britain, with such success that 100,000 persons have professed conversion as a result.

Charles McCallon Alexander is 38 years of age, and was born in Tennessee, the son of poor but intensely religious and intensely musical parents. This musical talent was fully inherited by the boy, who started the singing in Sunday School when only nine years of age, and, at fifteen, became fired with an ambition to organize a great choir, an object towards which, for some years, all his energies were directed.

His first step was to attend a college of music. Later he became Director of Music in the same institution, but, with the resolution of devoting his life to sacred song, he gave up this work to start out with John Kittrell, the Quaker blacksmith-evangelist, in a tour of the South. He also took part in Moody's campaign, and at different times found himself in charge of just such choirs as had figured in his boyhood dreams. Mr. Alexander has been with Dr. Torrey throughout his world tour, and has become especially noted through his "Glory Song," which has already gone before him like a herald across the continent. Upon these men, it would seem, has strikingly fallen the mantle of their noted predecessors, Moody and Sankey.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

How Thomas could have brought this disgrace upon him, he could not imagine. If it had been William John, who, with all his good nature, had a temper brittle enough, he would not have been surprised. And then the minister's sermon, of which he had spoken in such open and enthusiastic approval, how it condemned him for his neglect of duty towards his family, and held up his authority over his household to scorn. It was a terrible blow to his pride.

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me," he said to himself as he tramped his way through the woods. "It is the curse of Eli that is hanging over me and mine." And with many vows he resolved that, at all costs, he would do his duty in this crisis and bring Thomas to a sense of his sins.

It was in this spirit that he met his family at the supper-table, after their return from the Gaelic service.

"What is this I hear about you, Thomas?" he began, as Thomas came in and took his place at the table. "What is this I hear about you, sir?" he repeated, making an effort to maintain a calm and judicial tone.

Thomas remained silent, partly because he usually found speech difficult, but chiefly because he dreaded his father's wrath.

"What is this that has become the talk of the countryside and the disgrace of my name?" continued the father in deepening tones.

"Not very great disgrace, surely," said Billy Jack, hoping to turn his father's anger.

"Be you silent, sir!" commanded the old man, sternly. "I will ask your opinion when I require it. You and others beside you in this house need to learn your places."

Billy Jack made no reply, fearing to make matters worse, though he found it hard not to resent this taunt, which he knew well was flung at his mother.

"I wonder at you, Thomas, after such a sermon as you. I wonder you are able to sit there unconcerned at this table. I wonder you are not hiding your head in shame and confusion." The old man was lashing himself into a white rage, while Thomas sat looking stolidly before him, his slow tongue finding no words of defense. And indeed, he had little thought of defending himself. He

was conscious of an acute self-condemnation, and yet, struggling through his slow-moving mind there was a feeling that in some sense he could not define, there was justification for what he had done.

"It is not often that Thomas has grieved you," ventured the mother timidly, for, with all her courage, she feared her husband when he was in this mood.

"Woman, be silent!" blazed forth the old man, as if he had been waiting for her words. "It is not for you to excuse his wickedness. You are too fond of that work, and your children are reaping the fruits of it."

Billy Jack looked up quickly as if to answer, but his mother turned her face full upon him and commanded him with steady eyes, giving herself, no sign of emotion except for a slight tightening of the lips and a touch of color in her face.

"Your children have well learned their lesson of rebellion and deceit," continued her husband, allowing his passion a free rein. "But I vow unto the Lord I will put an end to it now, whatever. And I will give you to remember, sir," turning to Thomas, "to the end of your days, this occasion. And now, hence from this table. Let me not see your face till the Sabbath is past, and then, if the Lord spares me, I shall deal with you."

Thomas hesitated a moment as if he had not quite taken in his father's words, then, leaving his supper untouched, he rose slowly, and without a word climbed the ladder to the loft. The mother followed him a moment with her eyes, and then once more turning to Billy Jack, held him with her calm, steady gaze. Her immediate fear was for her eldest son. Thomas, she knew, would in the meantime simply suffer what might be his lot, but for many a day she had lived in terror of an outbreak between her eldest son and her husband. Again Billy Jack caught her look, and commanded himself to silence.

"The fire is low, William John," she said, in a quiet voice. Billy Jack rose, and from the wood-box behind the stove, replenished the fire, reading perfectly his mother's mind, and

resolving at all costs to do her will.

At the taking of the looks that night, the prayer, which was spoken in a tone of awful and almost inaudible solemnity, was for the most part an exaltation of the majesty and righteousness of the government of God, and a lamentation over the wickedness and rebellion of mankind. And Billy Jack thought it was no good augury that it closed with a petition for grace to maintain the honor of that government, and to uphold that righteous majesty in all the relations of life. It was a woeful evening to them all, and as soon as possible the household went miserably to bed.

Before going to her room the mother slipped up quietly to the loft and found Thomas lying in his bunk dressed and awake. He was still puzzling out his ethical problem. His conscience clearly condemned him for his fight with the master, and yet, somehow he could not regret having stood up for Jimmie and taken his punishment. He expected no mercy at his father's hands next morning. The punishment, he knew, would be cruel enough, but it was not the pain that Thomas was dreading; he was dimly struggling with the sense of outrage, for ever since the moment he had stood up and uttered his challenge to the master, he had felt himself to be different. That moment now seemed to belong to the distant years when he was a boy, and now he could not imagine himself submitting to a flogging from any man, and it seemed to him strange and almost impossible that even his father should lift his hand to him.

"You are not sleeping, Thomas," said his mother, going up to his bunk.

"No, mother."

"And you have had no supper at all?"

"I don't want any, mother."

The mother sat silent beside him for a time, and then said, quietly, "You did not tell me, Thomas."

"No, mother, I didn't like."

"It would have been better that your father should have heard this

from—I mean, should have heard it at home. And—you might have told me, Thomas."

"Yes, mother, I wish now I had. But, indeed, I can't understand how it happened. I don't feel as if it was me at all." And then Thomas told his mother all the tale, finishing his story with the words, "And I couldn't help it, mother, at all."

The mother remained silent for a little, and then, with a little tremor in her voice, she replied: "No, Thomas, I know you couldn't help it, and I—here her voice quite broke—"I am not ashamed of you."

"Are you not, mother?" said Thomas, sitting up suddenly in great surprise. "Then I don't care. I couldn't make it out well."

"Never you mind, Thomas, it will be well," and she leaned over him and kissed him. Thomas felt her face wet with tears, and his stolid reserve broke down.

"Oh, mother, mother, I don't care now," he cried, his breath coming in great sobs. "I don't care at all." And he put his arms round his mother, clinging to her as if he had been a child.

"I know, laddie, I know," whispered his mother. "Never you fear, never fear." And then, as to herself, she added, "Thank the Lord you are not a coward, whatever."

Thomas found himself again without words, but he held his mother fast, his big body shaking with his sobs.

"And, Thomas," she continued, after a pause, "your father—we must just be patient." All her life long this had been her struggle. "And—and—he is a good man." Her tears were now flowing fast, and her voice had quite lost its calm.

Thomas was alarmed and distressed. He had never in all his life seen his mother weep, and rarely had heard his voice break.

"Don't, mother," he said, growing suddenly quite himself. "Don't you mind, mother. It'll be all right, and I'm not afraid."

"Yes," she said, rising and regaining her self-control. "It will be all right, Thomas. You go to sleep." And there were such evident reserves of strength behind her voice that Thomas lay down, certain that all would be well. His mother had never failed him.

(To be continued.)