

met him and asked him for alms. He leaped from his horse and gave it to him, with all the royal trappings. "For," says Bede, "he was a man of much pity, who loved the poor and was as it were the father of the unhappy." When the king remonstrated the saint asked him, "Is that son of a mare really dearer to you than that Son of God?" The king's not unnatural annoyance gave way before the gentle rebuke, and he threw himself at the bishop's feet and asked forgiveness. Aidan is said to have made the astute remark that he foresaw Oswin's speedy death; a king so humble could not live long.

(To be continued.)

### THE MISSIONARY IN THE MINING CAMP.

It has been the custom for many years for the Presbyterians of Eastern Canada to send the students of their colleges and universities out during the summer season to do mission work in the western provinces, says a writer in the *British Columbia Mining Record*. Many and varied were the experiences of some of these young embryo preachers, who were usually fired with zeal and good purpose to do the work of their Master.

The summer of '93 found a Kingston student, J. D. Stewart, at Fairview, in the lower Okanagan, in the south-east corner of Yale district. The year before the Fairview camp had experienced one of those spasmodic "booms" incident to the average mining camp, but a desire to "freeze out" some luckless shareholders, or some other reason, had prompted the management of the mines to shut down the work on the big quartz veins, the miners had scattered, and the camp soon assumed a degree of quietness that left practically no work for even the zealous young missionary to do.

Just across the southern border of the province, and in the State of Washington, Palmer mountain was enjoying a brief season of prosperity, and young Stewart, in his zealous purpose, wrote back to the missionary headquarters in the east for permission to extend his field of work to the rushing camps of Golden and Loomiston, and boarding the upper deck of his cayuse, he started southward to the latter town, leaving an appointment for a meeting at Golden on the following Sabbath. At the appointed time he proceeded to Golden with saddle bags filled with Moody and Sankey's gospel hymns. Arriving at the town he found everything proceeding as usual, saloons wide open, stores trading, and to all appearances the Sabbath was as any other day to the careless inhabitants. No provision had been made to receive the preacher, and he was beginning to feel really lonesome and out of place when he was met by "Billy" Nelson, a good-natured saloon-

keeper with a four-by-nine smile, and whose worst fault was that he dealt in "40 rod red eye."

"Want to preach, eh?" he quizzed.

"Yes, but I have no place to preach in, and there appears to be no one who cares to listen, anyhow."

"Well," said Nelson, "I guess most of the boys are down to my place, and if you want to preach there you can."

The idea rather staggered poor Stewart, but what was he out west for? To preach, of course.

"All right," he said, "when shall I come down?"

"Why, now," said Nelson. "One time is just as good as another."

So down to the saloon they proceeded. The long room was filled with a motley crowd. Miners, cowboys and ranchers mingled with each other, drinking, swearing, talking; some "having a time," others looking on, while seven-up, poker and faro games were running full blast. Surely, thought Stewart, here was a chance for missionary work, indeed.

As the two entered the saloon, the proprietor roared out: "Here, you fellows, stop those games. We're going to have preaching."

To most of the occupants of the room the announcement seemed only one of Nelson's jokes, but he soon made them understand that he was in earnest, and the cards were reluctantly dropped, the tables set back, and Nelson further ordered a couple of busy barkeepers to stop selling drinks till the services were over.

Where should he stand? "Oh, go right into the bar," said the proprietor; and behind the bar he went, while fifty or sixty men gathered at convenient distances in front. Behind the missionary were the shelves with bottles of various liquors, the mirror, the cut glass; before him was the bar with the attendant cork-puller and other ordinary paraphernalia. He handed out his hymn books and announced a song. It was sung with a will, as these rough-looking chaps were mostly from eastern homes where in childhood they had been under good influences, even if some of them had sadly fallen from grace. After the song a chapter of the Bible was read, then another song. The men in front of the bar were beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing, and from a jest at first, some of them appeared quite willing to be led, for the time being, at least, by the young missionary, to sing and listen with interest. After the second song he essayed to preach, but after a few moments' talk he was interrupted by the request, "Give us another song." This he obligingly did and then commenced again to preach. But the interruptions continued. Finally one godless chap said: "Give us a jig." Stewart realized that he would have to make some kind of terms with his restless audience or the