

of "the cloven tongues like as of fire" which accompanied the day of Pentecost, and the blessing thereon as power was received "from on high." And in the shanty the same Holy Spirit and the same power, we may believe, were there, alike in the Word of God preached, and for the reception of the same in all gospel simplicity. Later on, in the silence of midnight hour, these same men presented a curious but interesting sight, as they talk, and turn, and twist in their restless sleep, while the glare from the fire throws a weird light over form and countenance. And when we know that in reality the lives of these sleeping men have been, and are as restless and disturbed, and in fact dark as the shadows are upon the face, in a world of sin without God or His Christ, helpless and lost, prayer ascends from fervent lips, like as the smoke and flame ascends up from shanty scene out upon the night and silence of the great woods, up, up to Heaven and God.

Does He hear? Listen! Day is just breaking, then the sun rises over the distant Laurentian range—sun in the beauty of morn through a gap in the woods—when far up among the pines, wafted over the still frosty air, comes a voice nearer and nearer, sweeter and sweeter, as the words from the familiar and ever blessed hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus," ring out clear and true in manly tones. Yes, God had answered prayer and brought a dear young man back home from his wanderings. The loving message of the night before, telling of a tender, merciful God, and a Heavenly Father's welcome, had been received, reminding of sin and directing to Christ; then justification by faith and peace with God. There was joy in two hearts that morning far away in the woods by shanty side, when those two friends met in faith the "Friend of sinners," the Son of God. What a friend they found in Jesus. Blessed Lord!

R. C. BREWER.

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## BY RAIL AND BUCKBOARD.

We had often planned an excursion through the recently opened up country lying north of Quebec, between that city and lake St. John, but hitherto had been unable to carry out our plans. It was therefore, with some degree of satisfaction, corresponding to the past "hope deferred," that we found ourselves, one lovely morning in early autumn, actually *en route*. The day was all that could possibly be desired: a bright sun shone in a blue cloudless sky; a fresh, cool breeze tempered the heat of its rays; and with every promise of one of those beautiful days of late summer, only to be enjoyed in Canada, we congratulated ourselves in having delayed our departure till that day. Alas! for premature self-satisfaction. Un-