

learned amid the gloom. Even after the meeting was dismissed, he still lay upon the ground. Presently he felt a soft hand laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice spoke gently in his ear. "I waited patiently for the Lord," and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

"I'll wait," he replied. "He waited many a year for me; I'll wait His good time." And with a gentle pressure of his hand, Edith glided away.

And wait he did till after midnight, with two or three who remained to pray with and counsel him; and after that, all night long he waited in the silent forest, wrestling with God as Jacob wrestled with the angel, saying: "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." But still the blessing came not. Still the burden was unremoved.

The Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. The dew-drops hung like sparkling jewels on every leaf and shrub and blade of grass. The lake and islands and the surrounding forest lay fair as Eden on the first Sabbath which dawned upon the world. And not unlike the voice that breathed over Eden was the sound of prayer and praise from many an Indian wigwam, from many a rustic tent. Shortly before the preaching was to commence, Lawrence Temple came to a tent where a prayer-meeting was being held, and beckoned to his wife to come out.

"Bob Crowle wants to see you," he said, "come and see if you can help him. He is in deep distress."

"Poor fellow," Edith replied; "he is like the man in the Gospel out of whom the evil spirit would not depart."

"This kind," said Lawrence, "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting; and yet I am sure he has tried both."

On a little knoll overlooking the lake, sat Crowle, looking haggard in the morning light. He gazed with fixed stare into space, as though he saw naught. He heaved a deep and heavy sigh as Edith took his hand and asked him in sympathetic tones how he was.

"It's good o' you to come and see a poor wretch like me," he said, "but I'm afraid it's too late. I'm afraid I've sinned away my day of grace. I'm afraid I've committed the sin for which there's no forgiveness either in this world or in the world to come. I know what the Scriptur' says about it, for though I've been a drunken vagabond for years, I was brought up in the Sunday-school. But I hardened my heart like Pharaoh, and resisted the Spirit of God, and made a mock of religion. Perhaps you've heard how at the revival last winter I did the Devil's work, tryin' to break up the meetin' by puttin' pepper on the stove. Since then I took to drink worse than ever, and got kinder past feelin', I 'low," and he gazed with stony stare on the dimpling waters of the lake, but evidently saw them not.

"But you're not past feeling, my brother," said Edith. "You feel deeply concerned about your soul. The very fear that you have committed this sin is a proof that you have not; for if God's Spirit had indeed left you, you would be perfectly indifferent about it."

"No, thank God," he said, "I'm not indifferent. I'm in dead earnest, and if I perish, I will perish at the foot of the cross;" and a look of fixed resolve lighted up his face.

"None ever perished there," said Edith. And she began to sing softly the sweet refrain—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

"I see it! I see it!" exclaimed the penitent soul, after some further counsel from Lawrence and his wife. "I've been doubting and mistrusting the blessed Lord, though He died on the cross to save me; and, bless the Lord, He saves me now! I do trust Him! I'll never doubt Him more! Let me go and tell my brother Phin. We wuz companions in sin. We ought to be companions in salvation as well."

"Go," said Edith, "like Andrew of old, and bring your brother to Jesus;" and she placed her soft hand in his brown and horny palm, with a gentle pressure of sympathy and congratulation.

Bob Crowle soon found his brother Phineas loitering on the outskirts of the camp-ground with a number of boon companions, among whom was Jim Larkins, the landlord of the Dog and Gun.

"Come with me, Phin," said Bob, "I want you."

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked his brother, as they walked through the forest aisles. "Larkins was telling the boys the preacher's wife carried you off by the ear last night just as a collie dog would a sheep."

"She's been my good angel, Phin, and she'll be yours if you'll let her. I've led you into wickedness many a time. I want now to lead you away from it."

"Well, I don't want no women running after me; I'm feart o' them. I know I'm as awkward as an ox, an' if such a fine lady was to tackle me, I'd be sure to act like a fool. I know I should."

"She's just an angel, Jim. Why, she laid her hand on my arm and called me Brother—me! a poor drunken wretch—just as if I were her own brother for certain. An' I thought if this woman that knows nothin' about me but what's bad, is so much concerned about my soul, the good Lord that bought me will not cast me off."

"Why, Phin, the very world seems changed," exclaimed the new convert after a pause. "The sky seems higher, the sunlight brighter, the forest a fresher green, and the lake a deeper blue. It seems as if I had just come out of a dungeon into a bright and beautiful garden. My heart is as light as a bird's, and I can't help but sing." And he burst forth into a glad carol of joy.

"Oh, Phin," he went on, "won't you come to the blessed Lord yourself?"

"I wish to goodness I could," said Phin, with a great sigh. "I feel that mean and ashamed of myself, and mad at myself after coming off a spree, that I often wished I wuz a dog that had no soul to lose."

"But you've one to save, Phin, and the blessed Lord that saved mine will save yours, too. Let it be this very day."

"I've often thought I'd try, Bob; but then the Devil 'ud get his hooks into me, and temptation 'ud get the better o' me, and when the liquor's in the sense is out, and I care for neither God nor man."

"Dear Phin," said Bob, "stay away from Larkins and the rest, and come with me to the meeting. Oh! Phin, the text o' that preacher last night just makes me shudder, 'One shall be taken and t'other left.' God forbid it should be one of us."

"Amen to that, Bob. I'll try, dear old fellow;" and for a time the brothers parted.

In the evening the sermon was on the nearness of the spirit-world, and the terrors of the Judgment Day. Deep convictions seized upon strong men. Scoffers were silenced, and desperate and hardened sinners were smitten down before the power of God. One old reprobate fairly roared for mercy as he realized the terrors of an angry Judge. Many souls struggled into the liberty of the children of God; but some, among them Phin Crowle, resisted the strivings of the Spirit, and plunged the more madly into sin, to stifle and drown the upbraidings of conscience.

"Let us get out of this," said Jim Larkins, to a group of his cronies and patrons of his bar. "Let us get out of this. These people are all going crazed, and if you don't look out they will make you as crazy as themselves. Come along! There's free drinks at the Dog and Gun for all hands. Let's make a night of it;" and a band of them broke away, as if under the guidance of an evil spirit, from that place of sacred influence. As they reeled through the shadowy forest—for some of them had brought liquor, and were already under its influence—they tried to keep their courage up by roaring drinking and hunting songs. At length, when they had got away from the camp, certain strange forest voices—the snarl of a wild cat, the yelp of a fox, and the melancholy cry of a loon on the lake, smote upon their ears, mingled with a strange hooting more unearthly still.

"The saints preserve us! what is that?" exclaimed Phin Crowle, as almost directly above his head a strange cry, as of a soul in mortal fear, burst forth. Then he caught sight of a pair of large and fiery eyes glaring at him, and a great horned and snowy owl, perched on a mossy branch, uttered again its weird "to whit, to-whoo," and sailed on muffled and silent pinion directly across his path.

"Mercy on us!" he cried, "I thought it was a ghost."

His companions burst forth in scurrile mockery at Phin, for being afraid of an owl; and their ribald laughter and wicked oaths rose on the still air of night, and fell back from the patient skies, like the laughter of evil spirits.

From the tent where she sat, Edith Temple could hear on the one side the unhallowed sounds of the blasphemies, and on the other the singing and praying of the camp-meeting. One solemn refrain, which was sung over and over in a sad minor key, mingled weirdly with the sighing of the night-wind among the trees—a refrain like the awful *Dies Ira*—

"Oh! there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning;
Oh! there'll be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ."

If the Government would take the same method to enforce the Scott Act as it does to enforce our customs and excise, there is no doubt but that the liquor traffic would soon be extinguished.—*Bruce Reporter*.

Easter Day.

BY L. EVA KINNEY.

REJOICE in the Lord, ye saints,
'Tis Easter Day.
O, hush all your sad complaints
On Easter Day.
For Christ the Lord has come,
He's burst the bars of the tomb,
And taken away death's gloom,
This Easter Day.

O, that all would praise the Lord
This Easter Day.
Believing the truth of God's Word
This holy day.
Accepting the wisdom and light,
He gives by the power of His might,
To save from an endless night,
On Easter Day.

O, how sweet to think of His love
On Easter Day,
Of the glories of Heaven above
This Easter Day,
Prepared by our Father above
Through Christ, who was given to prove
The wonderful depths of His love
To all who obey.

Yes, His praise we will ever sing
On Easter Day,
An humble tribute bring
On Easter Day.
For had Christ not risen again,
All our prayers and faith would be vain,
And no hope of salvation remain,
Nor Easter Day.

Being Dead She Yet Speaketh.

VISITORS at the Toronto General Hospital may have noticed in the Women's Ward, No. 8, a bed bearing the name of The Amy Macdonald Bed, and in the Men's Ward, No. 6, a bed with the name of The John Macdonald B.d. The first is in memory of a daughter of Mr. Macdonald, in whose name he pays \$100 a year towards the support of the bed, and he contributes a like sum towards the support of the bed which bears his own name. The Hospital lately received a legacy from the late Mrs. John Roaf for the support of another bed which will bear her name. Mr. Macdonald also initiated in the memory of his daughter a fund called the Amy Macdonald Fund for providing for patients delicacies and comforts which the ordinary supplies of the Hospital may not afford. His contribution toward this fund is \$100 a year in the name of his daughter, to which he adds an equal amount annually in his own name. The fund is managed and applied by the Lady Superintendent of the Hospital, and has proved of great benefit and value to the sick persons for whom it is designed. The knowledge of these generous and considerate gifts may suggest to others a channel into which their benevolence may usefully be directed. Miss Macdonald was a very devoted young lady, whose last illness and death were a benediction to the entire household of which she formed a part. It is pleasant to think that through this benefaction she can alleviate the sufferings of the children of sorrow and pain.

A SIGNIFICANT fact illustrates the rapid political and social changes now taking place in England. Mr. H. Broadhurst, the Under-Secretary of the Home Department in the Gladstone Government, took part as a stone mason in the building of the Home Office, where he is now second in command. "Mr. Broadhurst," says the *Methodist Times*, "naturally shrank from the high honour when it was offered him, but Mr. Gladstone pressed it upon him with so much heartiness and so much courtesy that he could not refuse it."
— *Wesleyan*.