

after his twelfth year, consequently he never entered college. But Nova Scotia has produced some remarkable men, from a literary stand-point, who were not privileged with university training, and Henry Alline is to be accorded a place in that number. He was from his childhood, to the extent of his opportunities, a diligent and thoughtful student; and possessing a retentive memory and a fondness for reading he became better educated in the direction of his life work than many who enjoyed higher literary advantages.

At a very early age he began to be anxious about his soul's salvation. Sometimes he was so wrought upon that he was on the verge of despair, and like Bunyan, harrassed by temptations. He says, "Oh! the distressing days, and unhappy nights that I have waded through. Nothing but darkness. Nothing but distress and slavish fear. Sometimes when I was wandering in the fields, I would throw myself down on the grass and lament as if I should go into despair, and it is a wonder of wonders that I did not imbue my hands in my own blood." So he continued for some years; sometimes mingling in gay company and scenes of folly, and then retiring to weep and pray a greater part of the night. He recounts in his journal some of his peculiar temptations. "I now began (from fifteen to seventeen) more earnestly than ever to seek this unknown God, praying every opportunity; did read and study much, by which I soon attained to a great theory of religion for one of my age, and got a considerable Babel built up; but Oh! the temptations and trials that I now began to fall into, which almost drove me to despair. I first began to be puffed up with a conceit that I was endowed with uncommon gifts and power of mind, which, if improved, I should be able to find out and fathom that long hidden mystery, eternity. I began to embrace the temptation, and to pursue the hidden mystery, and dive for the bottomless ocean.

Soon did the devil with all his wiles control
The active powers of my deluded soul,
Presumed to unfold the depth unknown,
To all, but the eternal God unknown,

O, eternity, eternity, unfathomable eternity; the joy of the righteous but the dread of the wicked! I now spent hours and hours poring on this unknown mystery, not expecting to find any period to this never ending duration; but that I might find the consistency of an endless duration, and the nature of it; for I did not believe that eternity ever had any beginning or should ever have an end, but expected to get so far into the mystery as to see clearly how it was that eternity was in itself a duration without beginning or end.

Thus I was driven by the devil and my own heart, almost to