

POOR DOCUMENT

Literature.

A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

BY HARRIETTE MURRAY.

It was one of those lovely nights so often seen in our beautiful Canada—just frost enough in the air to make it healthy and invigorating. The frost upon the trees sparkled and gleamed in the moonlight like myriads of diamonds. The snow crunched under the horse's feet and mingled with the jingle of bells, as the horse sped over the portage road carrying adonely traveller out from civilization, some twenty miles into the wilderness to visit a lumber camp. We will leave the traveller to pursue his lonely journey while we introduce him to our reader.

Elisha Boardman, for that is the traveller's name, was born upon a farm and grew up without having much of the luxuries of life and loss of its pleasures. Being the only son and child of his parents, he was early taught habits of industry and usefulness upon the farm. His father was a man of good education, having received it in the old country before he came to America, and he taught his son by the big log fire after the days work was done, and by the time Elisha reached his tenth year, he was well advanced in learning for a boy of his age and a good reader, for his father had taken great pains with this part of his education. Schools were a long distance off, and the winter season was the only time that Elisha could be spared from farm work, and six months was all the time he ever spent in a parish school. As he grew in years, his thirst for knowledge increased. Without the means of procuring books, he read and reread the books in his father's library, consisting of a Bible, "Pilgrims Progress," "Baxter," "Saints Rest" and "Harvey's Meditations," this last book was his favourite one. When night came and the chores were done up, he would pile the big fire place with logs that sent the blaze leaping and dancing up the broad chimney, sending out warmth and light through the room. Stretching himself upon the floor in front of the fire with his favourite book before him, he soon became lost to all outward things, while he walked, with the writer, through a graveyard and listened to his meditations among the tombstones, or strolled through a flower garden, while the writer viewed the "Flowers Kingdom," or perchance they contemplated the "Starry Heaven," the wonderful works of God, he drank in the poetry of the writer, until his mind became full of the beauty of nature, and his soul imbued with the wisdom and sublimity of the Great Creator, who had formed such stupendous works and ran them for centuries in the same exact order, where can we say that Elisha Boardman knew God from his youth.

When he reached the age of seventeen he was tall, muscular and broad shouldered, with one of those healthy pleasant faces, an index of the honest sympathetic mind within. From his German mother he inherited a love for music and had a good tenor voice.

To make the home burlesque lighter, he worked on the farm in summer. In winter he joined a gang of men for the lumber-woods where, his superior size and strength procured him ready employment and good wages. In this way he became thoroughly acquainted with the habits and mode of life among the sturdy sons of toil in our Canadian forests. His size, good nature and ready wit, made him a favourite amongst his companions in camp. He never joined them in their evening amusements, such as dancing and card playing or coarse vulgar joking, if any one tried it upon him his witty repartee brought the laugh of the men down upon the head of the offender, who never repeated the offence again. Thus our hero spent four winters in the lumber camps.

When he reached his twenty-first year his father met with a painful accident that hastened his death some months later, leaving the care of the mother and farm to young Elisha. Mrs. Boardman possessed a very delicate constitution that rapidly gave way after the death of her husband. Being a devoted Christian mother her thoughts naturally turned towards her son. She prayed earnestly that before she would be called to part with him on earth that she might know he was a Christian. One day in conversation with him, she felt that her prayers were more than answered when he told her that God for Christ sake had forgiven his sins and he would like to enter the ministry.

But I see no door open before me, he said sadly, my lot seems to be to plow and sow and till the soil, but my heart is not in my work. I look out over the world and see the fields white, ready for harvest, and I long to be one of the Masters reapers to gather in the sheaves. You make me very happy my son replied his mother, now like Simeon I can say "let me depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." If God has called you to work in his vineyard, trust Him my son, He will open the way before you, and a pleasant smile spread over her thin pale face.

Encouraged by his mother's words he gave himself more fully to God, and studied the Bible more diligently, professed his faith in Christ publicly, took a

deep interest in prayer meetings, often leaving them in the absence of the minister; thus in the Providence of God, like his namesake of old he was taken from the plow to become a prophet. At the close of the year he knelt beside his dead mother, resting his head upon the casket he sobbed out, "Oh God, my Father in Heaven, Thou hast broken the best tie that bound me to Earth. Here I am Lord do with me just what Thou pleasest." He prayed and wept alternatively, until the door was softly opened a light step crossed the room, and a hand laid upon his shoulder raising his head he met the mild sympathetic eyes of the minister.

"It is wrong of thee my brother to grieve so." The minister's voice was so full of tenderness and pity, like oil on troubled waters it calmed the tumult of his grief. He arose from his knees, gave the minister a chair, taking another he sat down beside him.

"You say, sir, it is wrong for me to grieve, perhaps it is but how can I help from doing so. My mother was all the world to me, for her I worked, for her I lived, now I am alone in this world without a relative in this country, no one to work for, no one to care for me now." Again a sense of his loneliness swept over him he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"There is wrong again," said the minister laying his hand gently upon the bowed head; "you are not alone, God is with you, look up my dear young brother, look up, the angel of Mercy is bending over you whispering, 'Peace to your troubled soul.' Therefore do not bewail the loss of her voice. God has taken your parents out of this world and sorrow into the home He has prepared for those that love Him. He will not leave you comfortless for you are enrolled in His Everlasting Arms, if you want work He says go work in my vineyard. Look abroad my young brother upon the earth, and see the harvest is great and the laborers are few, we want just such young men as you to help reap the world for the Master. I have prayed for thee and have got my answer, that like Paul thou art a chosen vessel of God to do the work of an Evangelist. You can see my brother that God has removed all earthly care from you, now He claims your undivided time. After your mother is laid away come to my home we will talk and pray over the matter and I am sure you will understand the subject as I do."

After a short while they parted, the minister pleased to see the change his words had made in the young man's features, and face.

After the funeral Elisha made his home with the minister, Rev. J. Wentworth. After selling the farm and stock, paying all debts, only a small sum remained, scarcely enough to buy a horse and carriage, and some books and clothes suitable for the profession he intended to follow.

After a few days of rest, Elisha went to the minister's home, and after a long talk with him, he felt that along that line lay his work for the Master. Not having the means to attend college he began the study of Theology under the minister's tuition, having good health, a sound mind, and a good memory, he made rapid progress in his studies. Full of the Love of God for souls, and fired with the enthusiasm of youth, and love of his work, with Bible and Hymn Book, he visited back settlements, where the people seldom saw a minister or heard a sermon. The good he did among those destitute people will never be known until the Great Reaper gathers the last sheave into the garner of God.

His heart turned with a long desire to carry the glad tidings of Salvation to his former companions, in the lumber camp, having previously sent out an appointment, that upon a certain Sabbath he would be there to preach for them. And when our story opens, we find him upon his way to fill the appointment.

Some fifteen or twenty miles out from society into the very bosom of the wilderness, a lumber operator builds seven or more small houses, or camps as they are called. In these camps some two hundred men live during the winter months, cutting the gigantic trees into logs and hauling them to the nearest stream, to be carried out by the Spring rains, into deep water, from thence to the saw-mills where they are sawed into lumber of all kinds. During winter months those sturdy sons of soil know very little of the outside world and have to find amusement for themselves in their leisure moments. Let me say to the honor and credit of the employers of these men, spirituous liquors are not allowed to be drunk in these camps; if a man violated this rule he was discharged.

If all of our business men would use the same common sense there would be less accidents and loss of life, caused by drunkenness, upon land and sea.

The Sabbath morning came in clear and mild—one of those mornings in March when nature seems to rally her forces for supremacy over King Frost. The sun rose over the tree tops, sending its warmth down upon the "camps" nestled among the tall trees, kissing the frost upon their branches into drops of amethyst and gold.

The men from a camp two miles away came and a congregation of eighty men waited the arrival of the young preacher. Presently some one came in and said, "Life is coming; I can him singing."

A number rushed out to get the first sight of him but he was not visible. They

could distinctly hear the voice of a singer however, and the tall trees caught up the refrain and sent it vibrating through the frosty morning air.

Soon a turn in the road brought the singer into view. Then a cheer of welcome greeted him that put a stop to his singing. Taking off his cap he bowed them an acknowledgment. When he reached the camp there was a general shaking of hands.

Then came the distribution of letters, papers, etc., that he had brought from the post office some twenty miles away.

As he moved around among the men, he seemed to be their old chum, and yet not the same. His neat, black suit, with the white bow at his throat, gave him a very ministerial appearance.

At first the men stood a little in awe of him, but his free and easy manner and pleasant smile soon dispelled that feeling, especially when he addressed the cook in the old familiar way:

"Please give me my breakfast for I am as hungry as a wolf."

After order was restored and all work ceased the men seated themselves upon the benches around the camp tables.

"We are ready," someone said "to hear what you have got to say to us."

Taking a small Bible and Hymn Book out of his pocket he laid them upon one of the tables, swept his eye over the audience, and drew himself up to his full height, making his head nearly touch the ceiling.

"This," he said, "is one of the happiest moments of my life, for I have come to tell you that God so loved the world that He gave His beloved Son to die for you and you need not perish if you will except the offer of Salvation."

Taking up the Hymn book he opened it to a marked page and read:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

He started the tune and lined out the verses. The singing was good, for there were many good singers among the men. Then came his prayer full of faith and trust in the Heavenly Father, and in the merits of a crucified Saviour.

"Grant Lord," he prayed, "that the crumbs of Gospel truth that I have brought these men in the wilderness may multiply in the hands of the Holy Spirit until their souls are fed with the Bread of Everlasting Life."

His hearers soon realized that he had reached a higher sphere in life than they had for he talked with God like a loving child to a fond Father making his request known with the full assurance that his petition would be granted in God's own way and time.

After the prayer was ended, he read the 13th Chapter of Luke and selected the 35th verse for his subject.

He said: "I am not going to divide this parable into different heads in the usual way, for I have come to you with a message of warning from my Lord and Master, and I must deliver the message. He is entrusted to my care, and may God help me to deliver it faithfully as one that must give an account at the Great day of Judgment."

"We are all under the sentence of death. As soon as a child is born into the world, the sentence of death is passed upon it. 'Thou shalt surely die.' It may live three score and ten years, but often it is cut off in the bud—before the flower begins to expand. We do not know the day of our death. God has wisely hid that from us. If we knew the day of our death we would put off seeking our souls' salvation until just before the time expired, then we would give a day or two out of a wicked life and expect God in exchange to give us an eternity of bliss and happiness. What an insult that would be to the Almighty. Yet, we see all around us men and women doing the very same thing. God pity them before it is too late."

"Now, let us look at this man in the parable. The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. He thought within himself 'what shall I do?' He seemed undecided, perhaps the better part of his nature prompted him to give something better than crumbs to the poor diseased beggar at his gate, or to the poor widow just over the way who tumbled from morning till night that she might earn enough to buy herself a morsel of bread and have two mills for the treasury."

"This might have been the turning point in this man's life, but he soon decided the matter for himself. 'This will I do, I will pull down my barns and build greater.' Our Saviour in his teaching used plain subjects, so that the poor and unlearned could understand his meaning. He had just warned the multitude to beware of covetousness for a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of the things he possesseth. Then He puts forth this parable to warn us still further against the sin of covetousness, the folly and madness of setting our affection upon earthly things, and neglect to lay up for ourselves treasures in Heaven, a home for the soul when the world will be on fire and the elements melt with fervent heat."

(To Be Continued.)

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$200 a year and expenses—definite, besides, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres., Dept. M., Chicago.

Farm and Household.

HORSE AND RIDER.

How to Sit in the Saddle and Handle the Reins.

One does not necessarily need, be a lover of a horse to be a good rider, says Frank Tallmadge in The Breeder's Gazette, but it is a help in a great measure to learn and it is quite necessary for the full enjoyment of it. A riding master was once asked by a young lady how long it would take her to learn to ride. The master replied, "How long have you been taking lessons on the piano?" "Two years," said the miss. "But I am not proficient enough to play in public as yet." "Then," said the master, "don't expect nearly so soon to learn to ride as to play a piano. A piano never changes its gait, never shies, remains all the time passive, subject to your will. You must not expect to learn nearly so soon how to ride and handle a horse as that is sensitive, subject to change of temper and wise enough to know the moral strength of its rider."

The proper position or seat in the saddle can best be taught a lady by one of her own sex. It is much easier to attain the proper seat by receiving the necessary instruction before and at the time of taking the first ride. This is apparent to all, for a wrong posture once assumed in the saddle is very hard to overcome. As to the proper management of the horse after the line could be written, and one can receive an endless number of lessons solely upon this subject and yet not be able to put into practice the first principle of his riding—while two sets he taught a lady by one of her own sex. This arises from the fact that horses, like people, are of different dispositions and have what horsemen call different mouths.

It is agreed by all teachers of equitation that the curb bit alone in a horse's mouth will sooner make a fool out of a horse than teaching without long experience. This arises from the fact that horses, like people, are of different dispositions and have what horsemen call different mouths.

The proper biting is the old English style of two bits—a curb and a snaffle—and two sets he taught a lady by one of her own sex. This arises from the fact that horses, like people, are of different dispositions and have what horsemen call different mouths.

It is agreed by all teachers of equitation that the curb bit alone in a horse's mouth will sooner make a fool out of a horse than teaching without long experience. This arises from the fact that horses, like people, are of different dispositions and have what horsemen call different mouths.

The proper biting is the old English style of two bits—a curb and a snaffle—and two sets he taught a lady by one of her own sex. This arises from the fact that horses, like people, are of different dispositions and have what horsemen call different mouths.

Grain For Breeding Males.

At this time of year the mating of boars and sows and of rams with ewes will soon begin. Some grain for the males to keep them in good condition for the season is very important. If the male runs down from lack of nourishing food, either the progeny will be weak and lacking in vigor or the breeding may be entirely prevented. The best of all grain foods for keeping the male in vigor is oats, given whole to rams and as ground meal to boars. Ewe is sometimes used to bring the sow or ewe in heat, as the ergot which it usually contains has a stimulating effect, but for the same reason it should be kept from animals after they have been bred, as it may cause abortion.—Boston Cultivator.

Sheep Ticks.

Sheep ticks are a greater pest than any disease, as it is as hard to find a flock without some of them as it is to find a flock of poultry without lice, but if the sheep and lambs are dipped in tobacco water just after shearing they can be kept down so as to do but little harm. The dip should not be as strong for lambs as for old sheep, nor need it be when but few ticks are present. As some tobacco is much stronger than others no invariable formula can be given, but if not very strong it will do it well rubbed in to reach the skin.

Clipping Horses.

The idea that a horse's digestion and general condition are improved by clipping his coat is an absurdity. A horse cannot digest his food if he is constantly shivering, and blankets cannot take the place of his hair for warmth. The greatest exponents of clipping are groomers who are too lazy thoroughly to groom a horse which has a long coat of hair. It is utterly useless to try to improve on nature in that respect, and clipping should be discontinued as a barbarous practice.—Popular Science.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

THE QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

The Queens County Gazette will be issued from the office of Jas. A. Stewart,

Main Street, Gagetown, N. B.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

In time for Despatch by the earliest mails of the day.

The Subscription price will be

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE GAZETTE

Job Printing

Department

is equipped with good press, new type and a complete stock of material. We keep on hand a large and well assorted stock of all kinds of Stationery. We are in a position to do all kinds of Job Printing, such as Letter Heads,

Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Pamphlets,

Dodgers, Posters, Circulars, Labels, Tickets, Tags, Books, Etc., Etc.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Address all communications to

Jas. A. Stewart, Publisher, Gagetown, N. B.

