

AMONG LUMBERMEN.

Rev. Mr. Grierson tells of his Visits to the Lumber Camps of the Miramichi.

RED BANK, MIRAMICHI, Feb. 14th, 1901.

DEAR WITNESS.—It is now about two months since I commenced a Mission amongst the Lumbermen of the region known as Miramichi. During the past one hundred years and more, this has been the best known and most prolific lumber and timber region in the Lower Provinces from the days of pine logs to spruce deal. It is not to the credit of our common Christianity that there never has been an organized and sustained mission to the many hundreds of men who toil from five to seven months in the forest, every year from fifty to one hundred miles away from home. And until the frost and snow prove roads and bridges, utterly impassable on foot. About twenty years ago I spent one winter and part of another here in this work. Then I was told I was the first who ever attempted systematic visiting amongst the camps of the region and then I did not nearly reach every camp. But I was made very sorry during my first week amongst the camps, meeting old friends and making new ones to be told that there had been no regular mission work done since I was here twenty years ago. Some of the boys of my former visit had now a proportion of gray hairs; many of the old men had departed. Yet during all that time one of the best places to do evangelistic work has been neglected. Of course, I know a few pastors run in for a few days to visit and preach in special camps. Not knowing but this may be my last winter amongst the lumber camp, I would like to say a few words about the future of this important mission. But I will reserve suggestion on that subject to a probable future letter. Only this much I may say now. Twenty years ago I was related to no church or society in either my first or second year's visits. The Lord put it into my heart to go and I went. Last fall the ladies of the Newcastle W. C. T. U. asked me to go into the Lumber Camp Mission as their representative. I told them I had heard that the Presbytery of Miramichi had appointed a committee to do work amongst the lumbermen for the winter. If they have some one in view for the work I will go for you. But if they ask me I will likely go. But, in any case, I will arrange for the circulation of your bags, which I have done.—I might tell you the W. C. T. U. bags are an institution, consisting of compartments' let filled with all sorts of things—buttons, thread and needles of all varieties, nick-nacks such as only thoughtful, motherly, sisterly women would think of to make

Camp life is not pleasant and comfortable—the second compartment for the head, the heart, the soul, contains a variety of profitable readings. I was in one camp when the wonderful bag was opened and inspected. I wish I could find room in my letter for a report of it in full but I cannot. Only this, one young fellow came over on tiptoe where I was sitting with his face all aglow with gladness, and whispered "and there is a Bible. I never saw one in a lumber camp before." Then in a minute he returned and whispered again, "I think there are two." Any way in co-operating with them and directing and securing the delivery of their bags and literature I have also helped on the blessed work. Of course, you know that our lumber-camps represent the whole community with its 20 or 30 denominations and New Brunswick has about ten more than Nova Scotia. Well, do you know that while I am not very sorry that I cannot speak a word in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, I do thank the Lord with a grateful heart, that after addressing about nine hundred different men, in forty-seven meetings, and in thirty-eight different camps; proclaiming a full free gospel in the name of the Lord to whosoever will hear it and have it, there was not one murmur of disapproval heard. Not only so; often there were thanks, and, "when are you coming back again?" Invariably my second and third meetings are the best. Sometimes the "Boss," holding very different views from myself on quite important points, takes the opportunity at the close to say aloud, "Well, Mr. Grierson, if the Boys do as you have told them they will do well."

I cannot find words to tell the more than magic charm associated with long lonely walks in the solemn silence of the deep dark forest. Nowhere else do I get my real self, and my real loving Heavenly Father so near each other as I do upon the Portage road with little to attract, and nothing to distract the "Thinkful" souls. Enjoyment and communion are akin to Enoch's as he was approaching the glory limits shining through. Death is no indeed death would be an insult at the end of such a life as that.—It dare not intrude. I intend, if the Lord will, to write you at least one more letter before the end of March. But before that time the lumber harvest time will be over; many "concerns" are finished and out already. I call myself an experienced woodsman. At different times in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and "out West" I have tramped several

thousand miles in every conceivable circumstance. I know what it is to tramp and tramp without a compass, thinking I knew my course exactly though the day was cloudy till at the end of an hour, or nearly two, to step into a snow-shoe track and stand and wonder who owned a pair of snow-shoes exactly like my own. Until with a head so bewildered that it takes full a minute to decide which track will take me quickest to the starting place—I know what it is to walk twelve hours on the wrong track with the thermometer 30 below zero, and only to find it out when the strong probability was impressed upon a hungry weary trumper, that the wrong one might under the circumstance be the best one. I know the joy of following a bee line ten miles long with a compass in my hand and arriving just where I expected. If ever you get in among a lot of camp bosses, nearly every one of them expert "cruisers" you will hear some more wonderful predicaments and escapes in an hour than I ever knew. Yet I had better close up this letter chiefly consisting of things in general by telling you my last experience, and how easy it is to get left when you think you know every step of the way. This is Wednesday night. Well, just a week ago to-night I was in my last Little South West camp—expecting to return by the Portages next morning to the Settlement. But I found out at Mr. E. Sinclair's camp that by reason of a change there would be none till the day after. I settled down to remain and hold another meeting that evening and get "out" a day later. At 3 p. m. during afternoon lunch the "Scaler" arrived from Wallace Johnston's camp and said their "Portages" had arrived and would return next morning. This looked like a good chance. The camps were eight miles apart. I got ready at once; started down a good smooth hauling road. A little over three miles I was surprised to notice it had taken an hour as I put on my snowshoes at the river and got on the "Scale's" track with a quick step made the four miles on the river in a little less than an hour—yet when I arrived at Johnston's "Landing" I found they had all gone. I soon found the tracks of horses and men on the way to camp; fresh marks only ten minutes, I had never gone that way but it must be correct, so with a quick step, in increasing darkness I followed. The road was up a steep hillside with a curve a quarter of a mile and then bent the other way. In ten minutes I found myself on the edge of the river, thinking I had missed a left-hand turn to the camp I ran back without finding any "turn" in ten minutes found myself back at the "Landing." If I had looked when I arrived back on the ice of the river, I might have seen that they again curved up the hill and caught the Portage road, which led to the camp, but darkness with a snow-storm, with a heavy wind was rapidly increasing. I had one more hope. The morning before I came from the camp to the landing by the Portage road and the river. I could go back that way. I started. I could still see a few of the foot-marks, but the fresh drifting snow had well nigh covered every one. I pressed on; it was now dark—there were open holes in the ice, making the way dangerous. And darkness was coming quick. And I was losing confidence in finding the camp far quicker. The coming darkness made everything look so different that I was sure I was going up instead of down the river. Slowly and somewhat sadly I returned to the landing. On the way I did some splendid yelling. No wild Indians in all the land could have whooped one inch ahead. Yet though the camp could not be much, if any over a mile away, it was high up a steep thickly wooded mountain side. I eagerly listened, but no answer came. Now I was alone in the dark cold forest with a big snow storm in full blast. No

supper got wet. And yet I am alone. I have either done as well as I can be wise, I have warm, 13 below zero must secure a pair of snow-shoes. I will not try to tell you, you cannot do it in the dark, I have my hand in them. I sell beside a tree. I cannot. Nor how I cut down another by striking repeatedly on an imaginary spot on this side and then on that, an indefinite distance from the ground I cannot tell how it fell on the top of me all right what a trouble it had fallen any other way. How I got all the branches and "chucked" the tree to make one side of my den, how I found enough of hay to feather my nest, and how I increased the warmth by added weight on top—so nice. Now I did not sleep, didn't desire, nor need to sleep as far as I know; but spent a blessed, pleasant happy holy night as near heaven as ever I expect to be till I get there. Three times in 13 hours—I crawled out and marched and ran and danced. No, I don't believe in dancing. But I jumped ornamentally, and then I crept back to my nest. If you have pity to bestow, take it somewhere else—some of you likely caught cold in bed that night, I did not.

Now this much I want to tell you and you can tell all the PRESBYTERIAN WITNESS people, that a "furnace" in the cellar and a "base burner" in the hall, "fleece blankets" and a spring mattress with "downy comfortables" are not indispensably related to a pleasant night, even in unpleasant circumstances, but a brave heart, a clear conscience, a submissive will, supreme trust in God will more than supply what is lacking in all ordinary or extraordinary circumstances. Yours truly JOHN GRIERSON.

THIS OFTEN HAPPENS.

"A newspaper man was asked," says an exchange, "to publish an article roasting a citizen. 'Certainly,' he said to the caller, 'what shall I say?' He was furnished with an outline of what was wanted, and wrote a letter that was a scorcher. 'That's splendid,' exclaimed the friend delightedly, when the article was read to him. 'That's right that'll make his old hair crinkle.' 'All right' said the editor, 'let me see—what are your initials?' Good heavens said the citizen, 'you are not going to sign my name to that!' 'Why not?' asked the editor. 'I wouldn't have any one know I had anything to do with that for the world. I cannot afford to get into a scrape with my neighbors. The editor smiled benevolently and said, 'Why should I mix up in a scrape that does not concern me? Why should you expect me to assume the blame for the publication of an article to which you are afraid to sign your name?' The man stopped his paper and went away mad."

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail. Mr. W. F. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

Why a Cold "Hangs On." Stop and think a minute. The tickling in the throat, the tight feeling in the chest and that racking cough are only the results of the cold, not the cold itself. To apply a soothing medicine to the irritated membrane does not cure the cold. The lungs, throat and nose are nature's exits for the poison, but the cold is in the system. Shiloh's Consumption Cure will Cure a Cold. It will cure a cold when it has developed so far as to be Consumption. "Shiloh's" supplies the blood with the vitality necessary to kill the germs and drive the dread disease out of the system. Why keep on treating the results of the disease. Take "Shiloh" and you will cure the disease itself, and leave the system strong to resist future attacks. "Shiloh" is guaranteed to cure. If you are dissatisfied after using two thirds of the bottle take the remainder back to your druggist, and he will refund the whole of the purchase money. James South of Vancouver, writes: "S. J. Wells & Co., Toronto—I suffered for years from a cough and tried scores of remedies. Occasionally it would disappear for a few days, but would inevitably return—worse than before—I tried Shiloh's Consumption Cure and from the first day my cough was relieved and finally it left me. For over eleven months I have been quite well and I never tire of praising your grand medicine."

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