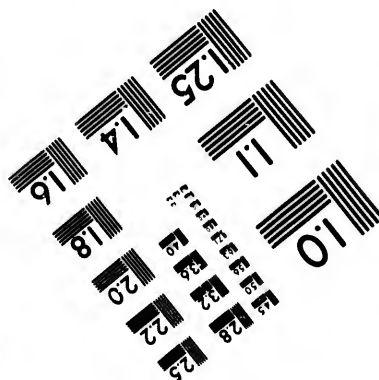
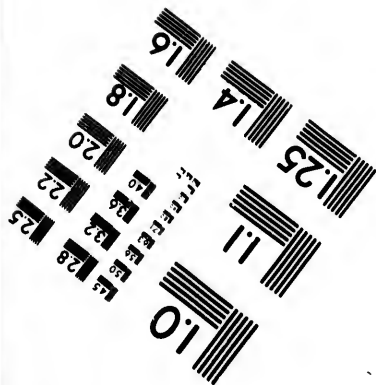
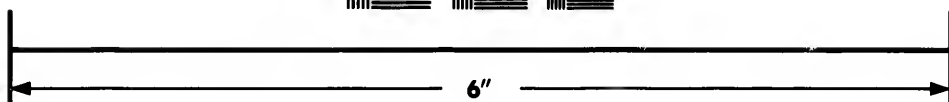
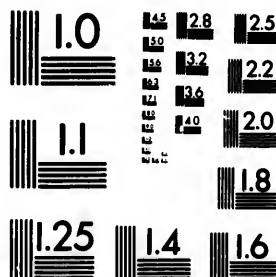


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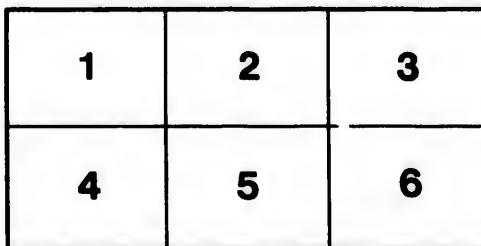
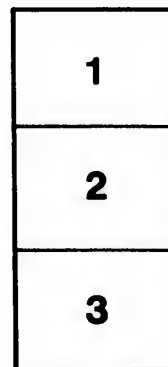
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ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM THE YEAR 1660 TO 1703

BY JOHN VAUGHAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. B. Smith, in the Strand, 1756.

# NEVER GIVE UP;

OR,

## LIFE IN THE LOWER PROVINCES

BY

REV. ROBERT WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "LECTURES AND ADDRESSES," "TRIED BUT TRUE," &c.

---

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:

PRINTED AT THE DAILY NEWS STEAM JOB OFFICE,

1878.



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**NEVER GIVE UP.**

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## TO THE READER.

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DURING a public life of over a quarter of a century, the writer has become acquainted with many facts and incidents of an interesting and suggestive character. These have been put into their present form during such occasional "leisure hours" as fall to the lot of a Methodist minister on a large country circuit. While it is not claimed that everything occurred in the exact order in which it is recorded, the book is nevertheless a record of facts. A few names of persons and places have been changed, in order to admit of a more correct description than would have been prudent had the real ones been given. Of its merits the reader must judge for himself; but a learned Professor in one of our colleges, to whom the MSS. was submitted

for examination, reported favourably and advised its publication. The hope is cherished that some good may result from its perusal, and that some young man into whose hands it may fall, may find it an encouragement and strength in the struggle of life.

### THE AUTHOR.

HOPEWELL CORNER, N. B., July 25, 1878.

# NEVER GIVE UP;

OR,

## LIFE IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

### CHAPTER I.

#### LEAVING HOME.

**N**EVER GIVE UP!" Such were the heroic words of a youthful traveller, as he struggled to repress a rising feeling of fear, on discovering that his journey lay through a thickly wooded and uninhabited tract of country. As miles of forest loomed up darkly before him, and the road was but little used, he felt rather uneasy; but promptly dismissing his fears he boldly entered the wood, repeating the above quoted words. Being quite an observing lad, he soon

found much to engage his attention, and despite the loneliness of the place, the time passed away very pleasantly. Although familiar with those scenes of sylvan beauty for which our country is so justly celebrated, he had never, perhaps, had so favourable an opportunity of seeing and appreciating them as he had now. As he wended his way through the gloomy forest his eyes rested on a thousand objects, which if not new appeared in a lovelier light than ever, and to be clothed with beauties until now unknown. Here, a giant pine proudly lifted its feathery head to the skies, and seemed to look down with sovereign contempt upon all around,—there, a majestic maple, the glory and pride of a Canadian forest, with its widespreading branches and beautiful foliage, appeared to invite the weary traveller to rest awhile beneath its hospitable shade. Here, a scarred white birch, from the trunk of which the wandering Indian had stripped the useful bark, with which

to roof his wigwam or to construct his canoe, looked half-reproachfully at the passer-by,—there, a colossal hemlock lay prostrate, its covering having been taken by the industrious settler, and disposed of to the manufacturers of leather. Here, a venerable oak, which had resisted the storms of centuries, and seemed like a patriarch in the midst of his family, gave signs of infirmity and decline; there, a clump of fir-trees with their deep, dark-green, formed a striking contrast to the light-coloured leafy beach. Here, a wild cherry in full bloom, was really “a thing of beauty,”—and there, the tiny leaves of the graceful poplar, fluttered in the gentle air. Here, sheltered by an old pine stump, grew a sweet little violet and there, the wild lily,—while all around were a rich variety of flowering trees and shrubs. Now a playful squirrel would dart across the road, and, with a *whirr*; run up a tree, where, perched upon an overhanging branch, he would calmly watch the



movements of the traveller,—and anon, the strong-billed woodpecker, in his coat of many colours, would make the welkin ring with his *rap-tap-tap*. At one moment a sound resembling distant thunder, would proclaim the presence of the shy partridge,—and the next, a slight rustle in the bushes close by, would reveal a timid rabbit, bewildered at the sight of the unexpected stranger. Looking at, and listening to, these varied sights and sounds, the day wore pleasantly away, and when, at length, the light smoke curling up among the trees, the merry laugh of rollicking children, the cheerful clinking of the cow-bell, and the ringing sound of the woodman's axe, told him that he was once more in an inhabited region, he was really surprised to find himself so serene and happy at the close of a day that had commenced so sadly.

Yes, that had been the saddest morning he had ever seen. Adverse circumstances had involved the necessity of his leaving home, and

of going out into the broad and busy world to earn his living. The parting scene had been of a painfully interesting character. His parents deeply regretted that one so young and inexperienced, should be subjected to the hardships, dangers, and temptations of a life among strangers. But the thing had been unavoidable, and had to be submitted to. His father's few, but weighty words — words that were often recalled and seriously pondered — had deeply impressed him, — while his mother's assured conviction that her "dear Allan would be a good and truthful boy wherever he went," had greatly comforted him. The juvenile members of the family had been especially sorry to lose one beloved by all, as the leader of their innocent sports, and the ever-ready promoter of their youthful enjoyments.

As he had never been away from home for a single night, and was wholly unacquainted with the ways of the world, we need not wonder that the poor boy's heart had been ready

to burst with the mingled emotions of sorrow and fear. To part with those we love is ever a painful ordeal, but particularly is this the case with the young, and how painful it is none can imagine but those who have known it by experience. In Allan's case this was rendered doubly afflictive from the thought that he was going out to grapple with the stern realities of life, and to contend with the difficulties of the unknown future. But he was a brave little fellow, and had manfully striven to conceal his grief, lest it should increase the unhappiness of those he loved so dearly. But when the last word had been spoken, the last kiss had been given, and he had reached a bend in the road beyond which he could no longer see the dear old homestead, a feeling of utter desolation had taken possession of his heart—his emotions had completely overcome him—and his tears had flowed fast and freely. But quickly recovering his wonted composure, he had bathed his face in the little brook that

ran gurgling along the side of the highway, and resumed his journey with a lighter heart, and with a firm determination to try and do right however situated and wherever found.

During the forenoon he had passed through a very pleasant part of the country. As he beheld the beautiful cottages, surrounded by productive gardens and well cultivated fields, if he did not envy the happy occupants of the same, he had at least wished that he could call one of them his home. An unpretending, but pretty little building particularly pleased him, and although innocent of all ornamentation, he mentally adopted it as the model of the home he hoped would be his, when the dreams of youth would be exchanged for the sober realities of middle life.

But he was a generous lad, and it gave him comfort to know, if his lot was rather hard, that of others was comparatively easy, and while he could not understand why it is that men are so differently circumstanced, he came

to the very wise conclusion that it must be all right. There was something inspiring in this thought, and it enabled him to pursue his journey with a lighter step and a happier heart. Besides, had he not heard or read of many poor and friendless youths, who had, by patient and persistent efforts, overcome the difficulties that had lain in their way, and attained unto the highest positions in Church and State. And if others had done so, he saw no reason why he should not—at least he was determined to try. With such reflections as these, our young philosopher had beguiled the tedious hours of the earlier part of the day, frequently humming to himself the well-known and beautiful words:

“All’s for the best; t’hen fling away terrors,  
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;  
And in the midst of your dangers and errors,  
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.

All’s for the best; be sanguine and cheerful,  
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;  
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,  
Courage for ever is happy and wise.”

The sun was just setting when, wearied and footsore, he caught the first glimpse of the place that was to be, for a time, his home; and the impression produced upon his mind was anything but favourable. The farm lay some distance from the post road; was surrounded on three sides by bleak and barren hills; and could only be approached through a deep and narrow valley, along which ran a noisy rivulet, the hoarse gurgling of whose numerous cascades was not very agreeable to the ear. The house itself was in a very dilapidated condition, and had a most gloomy and weird-like appearance,—while the rising wind which came sweeping down the narrow ravine, and which sighed and moaned among the old elm trees with which it was surrounded, seemed like the wail of some sorrowing spirit. Everything wore the aspect of decay. The present occupant was not its real owner, but simply a tenant, having rented it for a term of years: and his great object seemed to be to secure

the largest possible return from the least possible expenditure. Everything that could be dispensed with was voted an extravagance, and the result was wreck and ruin.

Leaning pensively against a fence Allan surveyed the scene before him. For a moment all the sadness and gloom of the morning returned, and his eyes filled with tears at the idea of being compelled to live in such a place. Forgetting where he was, he uttered his thoughts aloud, and, in a desponding tone of voice, exclaimed —

“Oh dear! what a dismal looking place; its surely haunted. I cannot stay here, but” he added, after a moments reflection, “father knows best, so I will try and make the best of it.”

Unperceived by him, Mr. Cross was standing close by and overheard all that he had said; and stepping forward, roused him from his reverie with the words —

“Holloa, young fellow, what are you gramb-

ling about? My establishment does not seem to suit your fancy. What fault have you to find with it? I guess it is as grand as the one you left, if you are, as I suppose, the boy Fraser, I hired the other day."

Paying no attention to the contemptuous allusion to his humble home, he quietly replied, "My name, sir, is Allan Fraser; my father sent me here."

"Well," said he, somewhat softening his tone, "you had better come into the house and get something to eat;" and leading the way into a dark, underground kitchen, he directed the servant girl to give the new comer some supper. Mary soon spread before him a substantial meal, of which he had very great need, and to which he did ample justice. After resting himself for some time, while his thoughts wandered back to home and friends, and the scenes of his past life; he was shown up to a little room in the attic, and informed that this was to be his sleeping place during



his stay with the family. And here leaving the wearied lad to sleep away his fatigue, and to dream of other and happier days, let us, dear reader, return and make ourselves acquainted with the other inmates of the house.

Mr. Cross was a man of some forty years of age, of rugged and athletic form, and repulsive both in manners and appearance. Born and brought up in England—the son of a wealthy landowner, who had died while he was yet young—he had grown up without restraint, and had addicted himself to all the fashionable follies and vices of the mother country. Having so squandered his means that he was no longer able to keep up appearances at home, he came to America, married, and settled down where we now find him. He was a coarse, conceited person, much resembling some of those reckless characters we used to read of in descriptions of slave life in the Southern States. He never read the Bible, attended no place of worship, sneered at every-

thing that was good, denounced religion as hypocrisy and cant, was avowedly a Universalist, and certainly acted as if the doctrine of future punishment was an idle dream — a baseless superstition.

To a youth who had been evangelically educated, and taught to reverence sacred things, Mr. Cross appeared to be an awful character and the church to which he claimed to belong to be the encourager of vice. While it would be wrong to determine the truth or falsity of the doctrines of any denomination, by the conduct of its individual members; still, it must be admitted, that the tendencies of Universalism are to lead to that denial of dependence upon, and accountability to God, which lie at the foundation of all religion. Since that time, Allan has frequently met with members of that communion, whose saintliness of life might have been profitably imitated by believers in a more orthodox creed, yet he has never seen any reason to change the opinion he then formed.

Mrs. Cross was, in many respects, the very opposite of her husband. She was considerably younger, of medium height, very lady-like in her manners, and had once been esteemed quite pretty. Her father, a man of respectable standing, had spared no pains to give her a superior education. She could speak several languages, was quite an artist, and could sing and play with fine effect. In the circles in which she had moved previous to her marriage, she had been the "observed of all observers," and many had been envious of her personal accomplishments, and of the marked attentions that had everywhere been paid her.

How she had come to marry such a man as Mr. Cross was a question which no one had been able to answer. While many were the opinions entertained upon the subject, all were agreed that affection was not to be thought of. The following was, perhaps, the most plausible. Among the visitors at her father's house, there had been a dashing young officer, belonging to

the troops then garrisoned in the city. He was of handsome appearance, well educated, very polite and gentlemanly in his bearing, respectably connected, and a general favorite. For a time he had paid her the most marked attention, had completely won her affections, and had been generally regarded as her affianced. But he had had no idea of entering the charmed circle of domestic felicity,—had never dreamed of anything more than of playing the agreeable, and when he had found matters assuming a character he had never intended, had beaten a retreat with as much prudence and gallantry as the circumstances allowed.

Stung to the quick by what she considered a cruel injustice, and feeling humiliated in the eyes of former admirers, she determined to turn the tables upon her quondam lover, and try to prove that she was the laughing party. Meeting with Mr. Cross, who had been represented as an English gentleman of rank

and fortune, she conceived this to be a splendid opportunity of retaliating upon the gay young soldier, who was only too glad to be delivered from a disagreeable position. The story need be pursued no farther, suffice it to say that she had married him, more from false notions of womanly pride than from love, and had given her hand to a man, to whom she could never give her heart.

In doing this she had inflicted incalculable injury upon both, and doomed them to all the miseries of unloved wedded life, with no possible escape therefrom but through the gloomy portals of the grave. Her husband who had loved her perhaps as much as such a nature is capable of loving any one, was certainly to be pitied as the victim of such duplicity, and was not long in discovering the true state of affairs. But if she had sinned the most, she suffered in proportion. She very soon realized the unhappiness of her situation, and bitterly lamented her folly,

when, alas, repentance was unavailing. Her husband, unable to appreciate her many excellencies, derived very little pleasure from her society, and left her, most of the time, to brood over her sorrows alone. This had soured her temper, chilled her heart, and had rendered her stern in her language, and unsocial in her manners. She now very rarely left her home, except occasionally to visit her father, rigorously excluded herself from society, kept no company, and spent her time in useless regrets for the follies of the past, or in vain wishes for a bliss that could never be hers.

John Warren, who acted as a kind of general overseer, was a man of some thirty years of age, ignorant and godless, a profane swearer and Sabbath breaker, and a hard drinker. His knowledge of sacred things consisted in being able to recite the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments,—but of the glorious truths contained therein, he had very

little idea. The Bible he never read; with its sacred contents he was utterly unacquainted; to the holy sanctuary he never went; the name of God he only used in profane expressions, and his references to a future state were but the echoes of his master's Universalist theories. His whole delight was to crack low jokes, and ridicule religious persons. No wonder that a thoughtful and well-disposed lad like Allan, considered him a dangerous character, and shunned him as much as possible. This aroused Warren's resentment, and led him to act still worse than before.

Mary Stuart, the sole servant girl, was an orphan of about fifteen years of age. Her father had been killed in a quarry in Scotland, and the mother seeing nothing before her but the workhouse for herself and her children, had disposed of her little property, and come to this country. She had died soon after her arrival, leaving her two little daughters to the charities of a cold-hearted world,

without a dollar in their pockets, or a friend to help them. After moving around from place to place, Mary had been hired by Mr. Cross, with whom she had now resided for about a year. Her education was very limited, and her manners rough and uncultivated. She could read moderately well, could repeat the Shorter Catechism, and had been carefully instructed in holy things. But the death of her parents, and the evil influences with which she had since been surrounded, had wrought a sad change in her, and she was now a wild careless girl, thinking little about religious matters.

Still, she had no sympathy with the erroneous opinions of her master, and frequently expressed herself in no very doubtful terms, that unless he very much changed his ways, he would some day find out to his cost, "that there was a de'il, an' nae mistake aboot it, an' an awfu' place o' torment too, whaur a' sic sunners wad be sure to gang to when they



de'ed." In her Allan found a friend. Their Caledonian love of country, and early Presbyterian education established a good understanding between them, and afforded matter for many an hours' conversation. But they differed too widely in their tastes and dispositions to be very intimate, and he often felt lonely and sad.

But even here he happily realized that if there is no unmixed joy on earth, there is no unmingled misery. The mellow light of day succeeds the darkest night, and the blackest cloud has ever its silver lining. Along the most dreary pathway some sweet floweret may be found to delight the eye, and the most desolate locality possesses some object of beauty. The most degraded character has some redeeming feature, and in the most unhappy home there is generally to be met with some "messenger of mercy."

The ministering angel in this case was little Willie, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cross.

He was a lovely boy, good as he was beautiful, and the influence he wielded over every member of the family was truly astonishing. In his presence his father ceased to be the harsh, stern man he was with others — his manners became gentle and his tones tender. His mother's coldness melted away like snow before an April sun, as she listened to his innocent prattle, and gazed upon his sweet young face. Not even the wicked Warren could resist the gentle influence, and often wondered what put such strange notions into the child's head. With Allan he was greatly delighted. The ways of the stranger lad pleased him greatly, and he never wearied in listening to the interesting Bible stories that were told him. Often when the toils of the day were ended, he would run to meet the jaded boy, lead him into the house, and ask him to tell some story from "Ma's big book." Many an hour was thus employed, and Allan felt much encouraged amid his trials by the kindness of his little friend.

But the ancient adage, "Whom the gods love, die young," was true in this case, and Willie was early taken from this world of sin and suffering. He was too tender a flower to thrive amid the ungenial influences with which he was surrounded, and the great Father took him away and transplanted him in the Heavenly Paradise. His illness was protracted and severe, and the closing scene never to be forgotten. Standing by his dying couch were the sorrowing parents, weeping at the sight of suffering they could not remove, and vainly striving to preserve a life that was fast ebbing away. With a look of heavenly sweetness, he took them each by the hand, and slowly addressed them thus:

"Pa—Ma—I am—going to—Jesus. Don't cry. You'll—be good—won't you? You'll come—too—by and by. I'll—look for—you both. Kiss—me once—more." And putting up his little lips, he ceased to speak, and in a few moments peacefully passed away.

Willie's death produced a deep and lasting impression upon the parents' hearts, and by the blessing of God, was the means of leading them to the Saviour. They soon after removed to the city, and, during a powerful revival of religion, of which we shall have occasion again to speak, cast in their lot with the people of God. Divine grace has wrought a most wonderful change in them, old things have indeed passed away, and all things have become new. And they are striving so to live that they may rejoin him in the land beyond the tide.



## CHAPTER II.

### ANTECEDENTS.

**M**R. FRASER, the father of our young friend, was a native of Dumfries, in Scotland, and, when our story commences, was about forty years of age. He was a sober, steady, and industrious man, and, like the majority of the Scottish peasantry, had been favoured with a very fair education. In this respect, they are far in advance of those of the same social standing in the sister Kingdoms, and this, with that spirit of independent self-reliance, and patient and persistent effort, peculiar to the Caledonian, has placed "the thrifty Scot," in the highest positions in church and state, in his own and other lands. At an unusually early age, Mr. Fraser married, and settled in the city of Glasgow,

where he hoped to spend the rest of his life. But he had been there only a short time, when an event occurred, which overthrew all his previous calculations, and completely changed his course.

For many years previous to this, Britain had been engaged in a fierce and deadly struggle with the nations of Continental Europe, under the leadership of the Great Napoleon. The loss of the American Colonies was still regarded as a national disgrace; the unparalleled successes of the French had made them to be everywhere dreaded; great dissatisfaction had prevailed, and was still prevailing in various parts of the kingdom, occasioned by scarcity of food, want of employment and oppressive taxation; and the wide-spread dissemination of infidel and treasonable opinions, made every man who really loved his country tremble for her safety. But while clouds and darkness overhung the Mother Land, and the future was gloomy in the extreme; the peo-

ple, rallying round the brave old flag, had nobly fought for their altars, their homes and their liberties. The issue is well known. Napoleon yielded to the superior prowess of Wellington, and peace was restored to the weeping and wearied nations.

The people of the United States, with the dread events of their own great war still fresh in their memories, can readily sympathize with their kindred across the sea, in the distresses of the time of which we speak. And while they may condemn as unnecessary and unjust, many of the wars in question, they cannot but applaud that spirit of lofty self-sacrifice, which has saved both countries in the hour of their need.

As the strength of the army, greatly impaired by the recent wars, had to be maintained in order to be prepared for any emergency that might arise, recruiting was still carried on. Mr. Fraser enlisted in the 93rd Highlanders, and after spending several

years in various parts of the Kingdom, came with his Regiment to America to assist in the suppression of that abortive attempt at revolution, known as "The Canadian Rebellion."

The passage from Cork to Halifax was long and dangerous—the season being mid-winter—and the probability, at one time, was that all would be lost. Of the events of one night in particular, Allan has ever preserved a very distinct recollection. For several days the storm had continued to rage with unabated fury. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, the sea ran mountains high, and everything betokened a time of terrible severity. Every man was at his post, an unusual seriousness reigned around, and the most daring felt awed in the presence of the dangers with which they were threatened. About mid-night—that strange, mysterious hour, which the superstition of man invests with such awful importance, and clothes with such gloomy terrors; when the angel of death



walks abroad with noiseless tread, and every form that flits in the darkness is supposed to be an avenging spirit from some other sphere—about mid-night, when all was hushed and still, save the roar of the angry elements, a heavy sea swept over the ship, carrying away bulwarks, masts and everything else that came in its way, and inducing the opinion that she was going down. Oh, what a moment of agony! The guilty past and the mysterious future, came together in the awful present. Prayers were offered, adieus exchanged, and friends commended to God, for eternity seemed close at hand. Amidst this scene of terrible distress, Allan was greatly comforted by hearing his father say: "We are in the hands of a merciful God, who, I trust, will bring us safely through." In far less time than we have taken to tell it, a second and a third sea struck her, and all hope was abandoned, when with one convulsive effort, she rose upon the swelling wave. The storm suddenly subsided, the

merry cheer of the sailors gave the comfortable assurance that the worst was over, a few more days and nights upon the watery deep, and the harbour of Halifax was reached, when bidding adieu to the good "Lady Peake," they found a home in the New World.

During his residence in Halifax, Mr. Fraser had charge of the Regimental Library, and lived in a very quiet and retired manner. The house was situated at the foot of Citadel Hill, and had attached thereunto a large and beautiful garden. Here Allan and his sister enjoyed much real pleasure, in reading such books as were suited to their tender years, or in rambling through the grounds, and locking at the lovely plants and flowers which grew there in such rich abundance. But nothing pleased them more than a parrot they found upon the premises. Polly was a perfect chatter-box, and could talk remarkably well. Her "gift" was sometimes very amusing and sometimes very annoying, but once, at least,

was very serviceable to herself. A hungry hawk, supposing she would make a very good meal, resolved to carry her off. As he rose with his prey, she called out to the old gardener, in good broad Scotch: "Hey, Jock, I'm gettin a ride." Hawkie, not relishing the conversation, gave her two or three sharp strokes with his strong bill, which she resented with a "Wull ye bicht, wull ye bicht?" Thoroughly scared, he let her fall, and Polly escaped a terrible end, by the prompt employment of her tongue.

Leaving Halifax, the Regiment proceeded to Montreal, where the women, children and invalid soldiers were left, while the effective men were sent forward to meet the foe. What led to that unhappy conflict, how it terminated, and how leniently the leaders were dealt with, are all matters of history, and need not be narrated here. While there was but little actual fighting, as the policy of the insurgents was to avoid, if possible coming to a real en-

gagement, yet the winter was one of great hardship. Forced marches through Canadian snows are pretty trying to Europeans, and when spring found them in Toronto, the change was very pleasing.

How long Mr. Fraser would have remained in the army we are not prepared to say, but understanding that it was the intention of the War Office to send the regiment to India, and unwilling to take a young and rising family to that distant and unhealthy clime, he applied for and obtained his discharge. At the solicitation of his wife's father, who resided in Prince Edward Island, he resolved to make that his future home. Of the interesting voyage thither we will say but little. Nowhere, perhaps, is the grand and beautiful in nature seen to greater advantage than along the banks of the noble St. Lawrence. From Kingston downward the voyager fancies himself on an enchanted sea, with the land seeming to close him in on every side. On he

passes through lordly forests, roaring rapids, long quiet reaches, a perfect labyrinth of isles and islets, and along a pathway that to the unpracticed eye looks terribly dangerous. "Shooting the rapids,"—always a hazardous undertaking,—was even more so then than now. On this eddying, whirling, sweeping tide, sublime in its resistless momentum, man realizes his weakness, for the slightest mistake on the part of the pilot would be certain destruction. Smiling villages and flourishing towns are left behind; Montreal, rich in Indian traditions of peace and war, in brave adventure and heroic death; rich in churches, schools and colleges; rich in an industrious and enterprising population; and rich in material wealth is passed by; and Quebec, the city of Wolfe and of Montcalm, smiling in sunshine or frowning in storm; looking grim with her towers and battlements, with her great guns ready to hurl death upon the invader, is looked upon with a soldier's pride. A storm is

encountered on the North Shore, a steam packet is entered at Miramichi, and Charlottetown is reached about the end of May, A. D., 1842.

As Mr. Fraser's father-in-law owned a large and valuable farm within a few miles of the city, it was in his power to have materially aided the new-comer to start in the world, and he probably would have done so, had he not died shortly after his arrival. But his widow, who was not Mrs. Fraser's mother, but a second wife, had very little sympathy with the strangers, and refused the help she might have given them. Disappointed in his expectations, and having nothing but his own arm to depend upon, he moved into the interior, took a new farm, built a log cabin, and commenced roughing it in the bush.

To one brought up in Scotland, and accustomed to farm life there, this was rather a hard beginning; and especially so in the case of one who had enjoyed the comparatively easy

life of a soldier in peaceful times. To enter the dark and gloomy forest, axe in hand, to lay low the giant trees, and earn a living for a family, requires considerable nerve. To convert the forest into a fruitful field, to change the wild woodland into smiling cornfields, and to make the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, is no easy matter. Yet this is being done daily, and where a few years since the Indian roamed in undisturbed security, now stand thriving villages and populous towns.

For the edification of our city cousins we shall describe the process. The settler cuts down an acre or two around his cabin, junks the trees into lengths of some ten or twelve feet, and leaves them thus until about the middle of May. By this time the spring rains are over, and everything has become very dry. Embracing the first favorable opportunity, he sets fire to it, and, in a short time, the whole place is wrapped in flames. Sometimes the fire spreads beyond "the chopping," when the

scene becomes terribly grand. Leaping from tree to tree, crackling, roaring and hissing, it baffles all description, and must be seen to be appreciated. Many a mile of valuable timber has thus been ruined; many a settler's humble home and little all have thus been swept away; and sometimes both man and beast have fallen a prey to the devouring element. But apart from these occasional calamities, the fire is the settler's best friend. It destroys the under-wood and branches, and kills the roots and stumps. Collecting the heavier logs together, he burns them up by piecemeal, after which, with the hoe he plants his potatoes and corn. In the same way the ground is prepared for his buckwheat, oats and turnips, a bush or a rake doing services as a harrow. This is repeated for three or four years, when he rejoices in a snug little "clearance," a part of which he is able to plough.

But all this means work, and that too of the most exhausting character. Stripped to his



shirt and trowsers, with his feet in the hot ashes and a hot sun overhead; with tattered garments, begrimed face and wearied limbs, he toils away from early morn till deepening twilight, cheered with the hope of securing a comfortable home for the evening of his life. Connected with this kind of life there is necessarily much hardship and privation. Luxuries are dreamed about as the possibilities of the distant future; the comforts and conveniences of life are but rarely enjoyed; and even the most common necessaries are not always to be had. To support his family in the meantime, he engages in anything that promises a speedy remuneration, and when not otherwise employed, continues to make inroads upon the forest.

Mr. Fraser had to contend with all these difficulties, and to pass through all these trials, and was just beginning to feel that the worst was over, when a series of severe losses nearly stripped him of everything, and involved the

necessity of Allan's leaving home in order to lessen his father's expenses. All that is now past and gone; the old man still lives in the same place; the farm is one of the best in the neighborhood; the little log cabin has given place to a respectable and well-finished house; and the days of hardship and toil are no more. The settlement has correspondingly improved, and the change in the appearance and circumstances of the people is truly delightful. And few places in the Island, can more fully exhibit what can be accomplished by diligent and determined effort, than Sunnyside and its surroundings.

We have often thought it a great pity that such a noble land as ours, with its rich and varied productions of river, forest, field and mine, should be so little known in Europe. There multitudes live and die in poverty and want, paying heavy taxes out of a small income, with families around them for which they can make no possible provision, while

here broad and beautiful regions remain unoccupied. And here, too, instead of the ignorance, superstition, and tyranny that obtains in many parts of the Old World, we have free schools, an unfettered Gospel, and the largest political liberty.

**“Then invite the houseless stranger, and welcome to our soil  
The manly hearts, and willing hands, of Europe’s sons of toil,  
That when our country’s spoken of, in lands beyond the sea,  
It may be known as Canada, the noble, great, and free.”**



### CHAPTER III.

#### LIFE AT THE HERMITAGE.

**WE** will now return to Allan, who, worn and wearied with travelling, was soon oblivious to all around him, and was revelling in all the shadowy delights of the land of dreams. He fancied himself the possessor of a beautiful mansion, with everything that could conduce to his comfort, and blessed with the presence of his father and mother. In the midst of an animated conversation, in which he supposed himself telling to a friend how he had been situated when a boy, and how deeply he sympathized with all who were similarly circumstanced, the bell rang, the bright illusion was dispelled, and he felt himself face to face with the stern realities of life. After breakfast he was sent with Warren to break up some new ground, but either from his want of

skill in the management of horses, or from the ill-humour of his companion, everything seemed to go wrong, and the review of his first day at "The Hermitage" was not calculated to render him very hopeful.

But this was only the beginning of his sorrows, for each day brought some new trouble. If anything was mislaid, or any work neglected, the blame was sure to be laid upon him, and Mr. Cross would swear at him in the most awful manner. Never having heard a profane word in his father's house, and never having uttered one himself, to be compelled to listen to such language was very distressing. But his greatest trouble came from Warren, who finding that he had no sympathy with his vicious habits, took especial pleasure in annoying him. He generally carried with him a flask of liquor, and used every means in his power to persuade his fellow-labourer to partake of the deadly drink. When persuasion would fail, ridicule — that keen-edged and

powerful weapon of the adversary—would be called into service. But upon this point Allan was inflexible. Young as he was, he had seen sufficient to convince him of the guilt and danger of dram-drinking. And he could recall some circumstances that had occurred in the army, when he was but a little child, which had produced deep and lasting impressions upon his mind. One of these we now give.

The night the Regiment embarked at the Cove of Cork, a fine young fellow of the name of Macgregor and brother to the adjutant's lady had yielded to temptation, and unable to take care of himself, had lain down at the foot of one of the hatchways. Cork harbour is rather difficult of entrance, and was particularly so before the age of steam. Taking advantage of a favourable wind, the ship had sailed rather sooner than had been expected, and a number of newly filled water casks were unsecured upon the upper deck. One of these,

by the rolling of the ship, was thrown down the hatchway, and poor Macgregor was killed upon the spot. This melancholy occurrence, with the solemn ceremony of a funeral at sea, created within him a strong aversion to everything that could intoxicate. This feeling had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and he had long since made up his mind never to taste ardent spirits. Some may be inclined to smile at the idea of a mere boy taking such high ground on the temperance question, but we think he acted wisely. And the stand thus early taken has been of great service to him, and been the means of saving him from many of the evils with which he has since been surrounded.

As might have been expected, the work at "The Hermitage" was very hard. From early dawn until deepening twilight he was unceasingly occupied in the regular work of the farm; and after that the hundred and one little "chores" that are always to be done about

home. This he had expected, this he was prepared for, hard work to him was nothing new, and at home he had been taught industrious habits. Had he been treated more kindly his other troubles would have been lightly regarded, but as there was no help for this he determined to bear it as bravely as possible and hope for better times. To make the best of everything was his object, and to look at the bright side of things was his practice. "My motto is," he would say, "Never give up," and I must be true to my principles. His diligence and punctuality in the performance of duty, and his straight forward honesty and unvarying truthfulness commanded respect and confidence, and he was gratified to know that he was steadily rising in the estimation of his employer.

When he had been some time in Mr. Cross' employ his integrity was put to a severe test. Business took the master from home for some days, which Warren taking advantage of in-



dulged more freely than usual in intoxicating drinks. While under the influence of the liquor he amused himself with leaping one of the horses over a high picket fence. The animal in question was a fine young creature, very valuable, and was especially intended for the road. Failing to clear the fence, she was pierced by a sharp pointed rail, and soon died in terrible agony. Sobered by the consequences of his folly, and dreading the wrath of his master, Warren began to devise ways and means for the concealment of his crime. He proposed to Allan to make it appear as purely accidental, and that taking fright at something the animal had ran away, and had so come to her death. To this Allan had decided objections, as it involved the necessity of deliberate lying, and that he could not and would not do even to screen himself. He was sorry the affair had occurred, and would help him if possible, but not at the expense of truth. Enraged at this Warren vowed to be

revenged, and immediately concocted a story, throwing the whole blame upon the innocent Allan.

Naturally enough Mr. Cross was very angry, and stormed and raged in a furious manner. Warren gave a minute and detailed history of the affair, in which, while regretting his master's loss, expressed his pleasure that "the deceitful young scamp had come out in his true colors." Poor boy! He could hardly believe his own ears, and looked at his traducer with mingled emotions of astonishment and horror. Had the man no fear of God before his eyes? Had he no honour or truth left? Had he no pity that he could thus injure a young and innocent lad? Such were the questions that presented themselves to his mind as he listened to the charges of the bold, bad man before him. Turning fiercely around, Mr. Cross demanded in loud and angry tones what he had to say for himself. In a modest, frank, but fearless manner, Allan re-

lated all the circumstances of the case, and earnestly requested that all go to the scene of the disaster, as there he could better prove the correctness of his statements. Truth usually tells, there was something in his tone and manner which favourably impressed the angry man, and without a word they did as requested. There several little things tended to prove Allan's innocence, and one in particular Mr. Cross deemed quite conclusive. Taking up the saddle which still lay beside the dead animal, the length of the stirrup straps arrested his attention.

"Warren," said he, "you mean, miserable scamp, this satisfies me that Allan had nothing to do with this thing. He could never have ridden with the stirrups as they are. You have not only done it yourself but have tried to lay the blame upon the innocent. Bad as I am myself I hate a liar, and will not have one about my place, so you can seek fresh quarters as soon as you please."

His successor was a sober, industrious and good young man; in manners gentle, in disposition obliging. With him Allan was greatly delighted, the change contributed largely to his comfort, and rendered his life much more pleasant. Not that his work was any lighter than formerly, but somehow he felt better able to do it. Time passed more agreeably, and cheered by the many kindnesses of little Willie, he began to feel more hopeful and happy.

After spending some time in this way, he obtained permission to return home, and spend a Sabbath with his parents. To this he had looked forward with joyous expectations, and, when fairly started, felt happier than he had for a long time. We have all realized the truth of the words, that,—

“Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.”

No: there is no place like it in the wide, wide, world. Wherever we may wander to, or whatever we may become, we can never

forget it. Other places may be grander, their comforts more abundant, and their surroundings more imposing, but the cherished recollections of the dear old home, exert over us the most potent influence. Home is childhood's temple, and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and the cradle of the future. The soldier dreams of it as he sinks to rest on the red field of battle, when the fierce fight is over. It nerves the heart of the gallant sailor in his strife with the mad waters, and rises like a beacon above the billowy tide. The wanderer in other lands speaks of it in tremulous tones, and turns to it with unutterable longing. And the merchant, toiling for wealth on a foreign shore, sweetens his labour with the thought of spending there, the quiet evening of his life.

He arrived at home early in the afternoon, and received such a welcome, as can only be given by a loving family—to the only one of their number, who has been away among

strangers. Many were the questions that were asked as to how he liked the place — what kind of persons were Mr. and Mrs. Cross — were they kind to him — was his work hard — and others of kindred import. These he answered as well as he was able, carefully avoiding as much as possible, such reference to his hardships as might tend to give them pain. He spoke in glowing terms of the comfort he derived from the sweet little Willie, and expressed the hope that the future would be much more pleasant than the past. To all this the parents listened with very great satisfaction, and rejoiced to learn that their dear child had been preserved in the hour of temptation. The mother was especially glad that the confidence she had reposed in him had not been misplaced; and reiterated the belief that Allen would yet become a man of influence in the world. Thus happily sped the hours along, and when the family retired to rest it was with a feeling of gratitude to

God, that they were all once more in safety under the same roof.

The Sabbath sun rose in cloudless splendour upon the quiet little settlement, and nature looked bright and beautiful in her rich autumnal attire. The fruits of the earth had been garnered, and the forest exhibited that beautiful blending of colours peculiar to the early days of October. The labours of the week were ended, and men, in obedience to the divine command, were remembering the Sabbath day. A delightful serenity reigned around, eminently suggestive of "the rest that remaineth to the people of God," when the anxious sons of toil will cease from their labours and breathe the balmy air of the bright Benlah land; when the storm-tossed mariner upon life's temptuous ocean, will rejoice in the blessed calm of the heavenly land; when the weary-footed wanderer upon the rough and thorny pathway of life will find a home in the city of the Great King. Blessed Sabbath—

with all thy hallowed memories of other days and scenes—with all thy present joys and sacred associations—and with all the bliss and glory of which thou art the type and promise—may we ever love and reverence thee, and

“May we employ in works divine  
Thy solemn and devoted hours.”

Mr. Fraser, though not a professor of religion, was a strict observer of the sacred day. A Scotchman by birth, and a Presbyterian by education, he scrupulously avoided everything like work; believed that whatever could be done on Saturday or left until Monday was a violation of the Fourth Commandment; and strove to spend the hours of the holy day after the Orthodox old country fashion. As the majority of his neighbours were from the Scottish Highlands, and as all their religious services were conducted in Gallic, he was under the necessity of listening to the truth in an unknown tongue, remaining at home, or worshipping with a small congregation of Metho-



dists some little distance off. Much as he loved the church of his father's, he was nevertheless prepared to appreciate worth wherever he found it, and believing them to be a sincere and God-fearing people, he regularly worshipped with them in their humble sanctuary. With some of their usages he had but little sympathy, and from some of their opinions he strongly dissented, but their earnest and unaffected piety, and consistent christian deportment, won his respect and confidence.

The services of this day were of an unusually interesting character. The minister, Mr. Gale, preached with great earnestness and power, and all seemed to feel it a privilege to be present. The subject of the morning's discourse was the little captive maid, and that of the evening was Joseph in Egypt. As the preacher followed the footsteps of the youthful exiles; spoke of their temptations and trials, their sufferings and privations: and traced the

wonder-working hand of God in the glorious results. the well-known narratives appeared in a lovelier light than ever. To Allan, especially, the day was one of delight and profit. And the histories reviewed, the lessons suggested, and the advice given, made a blessed impression upon his mind.

We have no wish to weary the reader with the unimportant details of every day life at "The Hermitage," suffice it to say, that he continued to rise in the estimation of his employer, and his position became more and more comfortable. Not that his work was any lighter, for Mr. Cross never allowed any one about his premises to be unoccupied, but somehow he could do it with greater ease than formerly. And when at length the death of Willie and other circumstances led to the removal of Mr. Cross to the city, and involved the necessity of his seeking a new home, he carried away with him a well-earned reputation for diligence, honesty and truth, and the best wishes of his

master and mistress for his future welfare.

But the time thus spent was not without its practical benefits. The process through which he passed was not pleasant, and the lessons he learned by no means agreeable, but it was, perhaps, the most profitable part of his whole career. For that God who has ever associated suffering with glory, was thus preparing him for future usefulness in the church and in the world, and qualifying him for that position which he was destined to fill.

“When the day of life is dreary,  
And when gloom thy course enshrouds,—  
When thy steps are faint and weary,  
And thy spirit dark with clouds,  
Steadfast still in thy well-doing,  
Let thy soul forget the past;  
Steadfast still the right pursuing,  
Doubt not, joy shall come at last.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GREAT CHANGE.

**W**E now come to the most interesting and important period in the career of our young friend. Although he had ever revered sacred things, he was nevertheless a stranger to the renewing grace of God. He had often thought about it—had often felt the necessity of a change of heart—had often wished he was a Christian,—and had, at times, been almost persuaded to become one, but he had never earnestly sought the Divine favour and forgiveness. Indeed, until very lately, he had thought far less about it than formerly. Being of a frank and social disposition, and having formed the acquaintance of a number of young men far less scrupulous than himself, his position was one of peculiar peril. Every one has his besetting sin,—some weak point in the character—some defenceless avenue of

the soul—and Allan was no exception to the rule. Having an excellent voice, and being passionately fond of music, his presence was deemed indispensable at all the “bees” and “frolics” peculiar to rural life at that time. And while there was much said and done on those occasions, from which he recoiled, yet his perverted love of song overcame his every scruple, and led him to associate with those with whom he had no sympathy. He often looks back upon that perilous period with mingled feelings of regret, wonder and gratitude; regret that he acted so unwisely, so wickedly, while the good Spirit was wooing him to walk the ways of wisdom; wonder, that having gone so far astray, he did not go farther, and like too many others, plunge recklessly into sin and folly,—and gratitude, that he was mercifully arrested in his downward career, and led to repentance and reformation ere it was too late.

Several circumstances of a painfully inter-

esting character, which had recently occurred, produced a powerful impression upon his mind, and led him to think more seriously about the interests of his immortal soul. The first was the sudden and awful death of one of his young companions, who, while in a state of intoxication, had fallen into and been terribly mangled by a threshing machine. After suffering the most excruciating agonies for ten days, amputation of one of the legs had been deemed necessary to save his life. But, alas, the work had been delayed too long, mortification had already commenced, and he died under the operation. This event—which cast a gloom over the little settlement, for he was widely connected and on the eve of being married—led Allan to feel very keenly the importance of personal piety, and the necessity of being prepared for the angel of death. He had but little reason to hope that his friend had gone to the better world, as he had been delirious most of the time. One circumstance

connected therewith could never be forgotten. As he watched by the side of his dying companion, he was shocked to hear him, in a fit of delirium, sing one of the songs they had often sang together. The idea of a soul entering eternity under such circumstances was terrible to think about, and he solemnly promised then and there that no one should ever hear him sing another song. This promise he has sacredly kept. By many he has been considered as too particular, but while he does not lay it down as a rule obligatory upon others, whenever he has been tempted to engage in such things, there has risen before him the pale face of his dying friend, as he passed to the presence of his Judge, with words of folly upon his tongue.

Three weeks after this sad event, his own dear mother was suddenly summoned away to join "the general assembly and church of the first born." Feeling that her end was near she called her four children to her bedside to

give them her last farewell and blessing. One by one she commended them to God, counselled them to be good and obedient to their father, to love each other, and to strive to meet her in heaven. With lips stiffening in death she fervently prayed that they might be preserved from evil and guided into the way of truth. Poor Allan! He felt as if his heart would break at the loss he had sustained, and never fully realized till now how dear she was to him. He has had many friends since, good, kind and true, but he has never found one to fill her place. Her words are fondly remembered, the echoes of her tender tones are still heard, and over him she yet wields a powerful influence. And amongst the many "Attractions of Heaven" not the least is the thought that his mother is there.

To all our youthful readers we would commend the following touching tribute to his mother, by the noble and gifted Lord Macaulay:—

"Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear



voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch, that is bestowed upon you, by that gentle hand. Make much of it, while yet you have that most precious of good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again, the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the deep, sweet security I felt, when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me, when she fancied I was asleep,—never, her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots, long since hollowed to the memory of my mother.”

The winter of that year will long be remembered in Charlottetown, as a time of widespread religious awakening. The Holy Spirit was poured out upon the Churches in a very remarkable manner, and many were

gathered into the Redeemer's fold. The whole community was deeply moved, and hundreds who were not accustomed to attend any place of worship, were found night after night in the place of prayer. So general was the awakening, and so blessed the results, that it is still spoken of as "The Great Revival." Many who were then converted are still the living witnesses of the truth, while others have passed through death triumphant home. And quite a number who then knelt as lowly penitents at the feet of Jesus, are now watchmen upon the walls of Zion, proclaiming the gospel of the blessed God.

Through the solicitations of a pious lady, who had manifested considerable interest in his welfare, he was induced to attend one of the meetings. To him the place seemed awfully solemn, the utmost seriousness prevailed, every one appeared to feel as if in the presence of God, and a deep and reverential awe pervaded the assembly. The opening prayer

was fervent and powerful, and the address of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Smallwood was affectionate, persuasive and impressive. As he listened to what was said his heart was deeply moved, and new and strange emotions thrilled his soul. He felt his guilt and danger, and earnestly sought forgiveness through the merits of a crucified Saviour. Nor did he pray in vain. Light beamed in upon his benighted mind, joy sprang up in his troubled heart, a blessed peace took possession of his soul, old things passed away, and all things became new. And that happiness he had been seeking for so long, he now found through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believing it to be a duty and a privilege, he at once united with the people of God. It was now his delight to be occupied in those hallowed and delightful exercises in which the righteous have ever been wont to engage, and through which there is communicated to the soul, grace to help in time of need. While

too many attach but little importance to the services of the sanctuary, and thereby suffer great spiritual loss, trifles never prevented him from attending. His seat was rarely vacant, although, his time not being his own, it was not always an easy matter to be there. In those services he greatly delighted, and often felt with the Psalmist, that he would "rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." His first communion was a season never to be forgotten. As he took his place at the Sacramental table, and thought upon that Calvary scene, which has no parallel in suffering, as it has no equal in results, he was deeply humbled, and adored the grace that had led him, a poor, wayward sinner, from the paths of folly to the wisdom of the just. And from that service he went forth, encouraged, edified and strengthened, with a firm resolve to work for the Master, as far as he had opportunity.

His father could not be an unmoved spec-

tator of such a scene as this. To see his child thus taking upon him the vows of God, led him to consider the subject of religion with an earnestness he had never experienced before. Quietly, but powerfully, the good spirit operated upon his mind, and, ere long he too was enabled to cherish a good hope in Christ. Never had there been a family altar in the house, but he now felt it to be incumbent upon him to erect one. Calling his motherless children together, he took down the long-neglected Bible, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, addressed them thus: "Children, I have failed to perform a father's duty to you, in that I have never prayed with you. I am sorry that my example has not been what it ought; I trust God has forgiven me, and I hope you will. I will try and do better for the future, and in the name of the Lord we will set up an altar." He then read the twenty-third Psalm, and in a few brief and broken utterances, implored a blessing for

each and all, and prayed that grace might be given him, to set before them such an example, as they might imitate with profit and safety.

Years have passed away since that memorable hour. He has had his days of sunshine and of shade—of gladness and of gloom. One of his sons, a fine young man in the prime of life, fell a victim to consumption, and sleeps by his mother's side in the old graveyard. Two others are doing for themselves, one in the neighborhood of their early home, and the other the hero of our story, and the fourth still remains with him. But from that domestic altar the morning and evening prayer has ever risen to God that they might all at last meet in heaven. He is getting very feeble, his head is white, and his brow is wrinkled. The infirmities of age are pressing heavily upon him, and he is patiently waiting the summons to go home.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore ;  
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;  
Waiting for the Master to bid me rise and come ;  
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

The friends that started with me, have entered long ago,  
One by one they left me battling with the foe,  
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won,  
How lovingly they'll hail me when my work is done.

A weary path I've travelled, midst darkness storm and  
strife ;  
Bearing many a burthen, battling for my life,  
But now the storms are over, the journey almost o'er—  
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.



## CHAPTER V.

### LIFE IN THE CITY.

**P**RINCE Edward Island, at the time of which we are speaking, was not blessed with Free Schools. As a consequence, many of the sparsely populated parts of the country enjoyed but few educational advantages, and the rising race grew up in a sad state of ignorance. Schools were few and far between, teachers were poorly remunerated, and multitudes were unable to read a page of the Word of God. But a great change has since taken place. Government has undertaken the education of the young. Schools are found all over the land. Teachers are supported by direct taxation. The standard of qualification is much higher. Salaries are correspondingly increased. Two colleges and a number of academies and high schools have



been established. The days of ignorance and inactivity have passed away, a brighter era has been ushered in, and a youth who is unable to read, write and cast accounts, is very rarely to be met with.

We need scarcely say that situated as he had been, Allan's education had been sadly neglected. He had been taught to read at home and could write a little, but of other branches he really knew nothing when first introduced to the reader. But he had not entirely neglected the cultivation of his mind during the intervening period. He was a great reader; loved study; eagerly perused every book or paper that came in his way; carefully stored up in his memory every scrap of useful information that he chanced to meet with; and fondly hoped that circumstances might yet permit him to acquire such an education as would qualify him for usefulness in the world. By prayerfully studying the sublime truths of revelation his desire for intellectual improve-

ment had been greatly strengthened, and with enlarged ideas of duty and privilege, he determined to make the best of his position and capabilities. He was glad to know there is no royal road to honour, and that the honest and determined toiler is morally certain to succeed. Money he had none, nor was there any one to whom he could look for assistance. But he was able and willing to work. And by living as economically as possible, he found himself at the commencement of the following winter, possessed of sufficient means to pay his board and tuition fees for six months at the Central Academy—now the Prince of Wales College.

No one who has been brought up amid quiet rural scenes, can exchange a country for a city residence without regret. There are the tree-crested hills from which come leaping and dancing down the clear laughing streams. There the secluded lake mirrors back its beautiful embroidery of shrubs and trees, and the

quiet river winds its way through fields of waving grain. There are the ever-varying, but perpetual forms of loveliness, as seen in the blushing beauty of spring and the golden glories of autumn, in the dew-fed flower and the ripened fruit. And there, too, amid the unbreathing things of nature, man is sweetly and insensibly led from the seen to the unseen, from the creature up to the Creator.

But how different is the city! The workshops, factories and mercantile establishments, the ships that throng the harbour, and the elegant public and private edifices, all speak of human skill and ingenuity. There are to be found the leaders of all great parties in church and state; there are the young, the gay, and the gifted; and there are the evil and the good in the immediate neighborhood of each other. There the honest rustic finds himself surrounded by evils of the existence of which he never dreamed before, and is shocked at the bold and defiant manner in which sin is committed;

while the munificent liberality of many to the various christian and benevolent institutions utterly bewilders him. Instead of the unquestioning confidence of the country, there is a standing upon form and ceremony. Wealth and Fashion are the presiding deities, and he who can acquire the one and conform to the other is the one whose society is courted, and whose praises are sung.

With mingled emotions of hope and fear, did Allan take his seat in the Academy, the morning after his arrival in the city. The Principal received him very kindly, applauded his determination to improve his mind, assured him of his sympathy and assistance, acquainted him with the rules of the institution, and at once set him to work. The very fatherly manner in which he had been received, completely won his heart, and led him to feel comparatively easy. And with a silent prayer that God would bless him in his endeavours to learn and preserve him from the evils with

which he was surrounded, he entered upon his work with a determination to succeed.

His presence excited considerable interest among the boys, and many enquiries were made as to who he was and where he had come from.

"I say, Robert," said Henry Smith to Robert Gordon, "did you see that stranger the Principal was speaking to this morning? I guess he is right from the woods,—he looks quite green."

"Yes," replied Robert, "I saw him, and was rather pleased with his appearance. He seems like a quiet, good-natured fellow."

"Well," resumed the other, "I am really glad he has come. I have been wanting something to create some fun, and I think he will make, as the doctors say, a capital subject to operate upon."

"Perhaps," replied Robert, "you may find yourself mistaken, and, if you take my advice, you will leave him alone, for he is not as green as you imagine."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," laughingly replied Smith, and turning upon his heel, he went in search of Allan, whistling to himself the air of "Yankee Doodle."

Meeting him soon afterwards, he accosted him in a very frank and social manner, and said, "You seem to be a stranger in town?"

"I am," was the answer, "I only came in yesterday."

"No doubt you feel rather lonely here, as we are all strangers to you," said Henry, "but you will soon get acquainted, and then things will seem more pleasant."

"I have felt a little lonely," said the rustic smiling, but my motto is, "NEVER GIVE UP, and I hope soon to get over it."

"A capital motto," said the other, "Lord Somebody in England, a forty-second cousin of my grandfather's adopted it as his motto. If you stick to that, there will not be much danger of you."

"Well," said Allan, "I mean to stick to it, through thick and thin."

“Bravo,” said Smith, “you’ve got some pluck,—glad of it. Boys without it are not worth a fig. Your parents, I suppose, live in the country. Far from town?”

“My father lives in the neighbourhood of New Glasgow, but,” he added, in a somewhat lower tone, “my mother is, I hope, in heaven.”

“Indeed! Well, you must try and make yourself quite at home with us, and we shall soon be very good friends. My name is Henry Smith. Yours is—?”

“Allan Fraser.”

“Well Allan, I must go now, as I wish to see one of the boys before school commences, but I shall see you again by and by.”

“Henry,” said Robert some time after, “have you had any talk with the new comer yet?”

“Yes.”

“What do you think of him now,” queried the first speaker. “Is he a greeny? Is there anything in him? Be honest now and tell the plain truth.”

"I confess," replied the other, "I hardly know what to say. He is like a singed cat, better than he looks. But he has one soft spot, and that is quite enough for me. I'll work him."

"Has he indeed? What is it? Come tell all!" "Oh," said the mischeivous lad, "he is religious. He is as sober as a parson, and talked as gravely about his mother being in heaven, as if he had been preaching her funeral sermon. I tell you we'll have none of his pious notions here."

"But," enquired Robert, "how will you help it?"

"Help it, did you say? Why, laugh him out of them. Use him kindly, flatter his vanity, if he has any, ridicule such things as old womanish, and he'll soon be glad enough to give them up."

We must not suppose that Smith was an unusually bad boy, or that he had any intention of injuring his new acquaintance. He



was a wild, thoughtless lad, full of fun and frolic, whose idea of religion was, that however needful for the aged, infirm, and dying, it was quite unsuited to the young. Pious persons he believed to be either melancholy or hypocritical, and he was really sorry that his young friend should be the victim of the one, or be guilty of the other. Nor can we wonder that he thus thought or felt. Moving in what is popularly known as good society, he had early become acquainted with the various forms of fashionable dissipation, and had grown up a votary of pleasure. In his father's house the voice of prayer was never heard, the Bible was a neglected book, and experimental piety pronounced fanaticism. Because it was deemed essential to respectability, the family attended divine service on the Sabbath mornings, but the rest of the day was given up to making or receiving calls. Card playing was considered an innocent amusement, wines and other intoxicating liquors were ever on

the table, and the ball-room was a place of regular resort. Situated thus, it need surprise no one that he grew up a light-hearted, careless creature,—indeed the wonder was that he was not much worse.

Gordon, on the contrary, had been placed in very different circumstances. His parents were truly religious, and had earnestly striven to bring him up in the fear of God. Like Timothy, he had known the scriptures from a child, and from his birth had been prayerfully commended to God at the domestic altar. He was thoughtful and serious, quite conscientious, very guarded in his expressions, was regularly found in Church upon the Sabbath, and would never permit, without reproof, religion or religious persons to be lightly spoken of in his presence. No sooner, therefore, did he understand that Allan was a pious lad, than he felt interested in him, and determined to cultivate his acquaintance and secure his friendship. And right glad was the other to reciprocate

this feeling, and in a short time they were fast friends.

There was another lad at the Academy at this time of too striking a character to be passed by in silence. James Sinclair, the son of a country clergyman, was a high-spirited, fun-loving, mischevious boy; clever, shrewd and quick-witted, and the acknowledged leader of the school. If anything was determined upon which required more than ordinary skill or ingenuity, he had to plan it. If any trick had been perpetrated, it was taken for granted that he was at the bottom of it. And if any one had gotten into difficulty, he was the one appealed to for relief. He was a great mimic, and while all around him would be convulsed with laughter, at something ludicrous he had said or done, he had such perfect self-control, that he would look up with an air of astonishment, as if to say: "What is the matter now?" Sometimes when called to account for his improprieties, there would be such a merry

twinkle in his eye, and such a look of inimitable drollery upon his countenance, that even the teachers found it difficult to maintain their gravity. But every one liked him, he was generous and obliging, was a diligent student, made rapid improvement, and out-distanced all competitors.

Of Frank Hale, Henry Winslow, and others, of whom we shall hereafter speak, we need say but little now, save, that whatever might have been their own desires or inclinations, like boys in general, they followed the multitude, and under the leadership of Sinclair and Smith, were ever ready to engage in anything mirthful or mischievous.

Such was the society into which our friend was thrown. Upon the whole, he had little to complain of, the boys were civil and obliging, and treated him with much consideration. Indeed, there was much about them with which he was greatly pleased. He highly appreciated their kindness, admired their intelligence,

was astonished to find them so far advanced in their studies, and often wished that such opportunities for mental improvement had been his. In all kinds of innocent amusement he took as much delight as any, and gave no countenance to the idea, that because a person is religious, he must be dull and unsocial. Religion was never designed to diminish our pleasures, make us less buoyant in spirit, or cheerful in mind. But, on the contrary, it is calculated to extract good from everything, to give zest to every species of innocent and healthful recreation, to make life's pathway smooth and sunny, and to gild the way to immortality.

But we must not forget, that Allan's great object in coming to the city was to get an education. To this desirable end he bent all his energies, and determined to leave no means untried to secure its accomplishment. Believing that whatever was worth doing at all, was worth doing well, and that patient

and persistent effort is essential to success, he threw his whole soul into the work. Possessed of a powerfully retentive memory, whatever was once learned, was ever at command. With iron will and unwavering purpose he prosecuted his studies, and every addition to his present stock of knowledge, only prompted him to yet greater endeavors. Discouraged he often was, but he never despaired. The neglect of his faculties in youth, the excessive labour to which he had since been subjected, and the exhaustion of energy in the material drudgeries of life, had all been unfavourable to the formation of habits of close study and consecutive thought. His "iron" had been thus considerably "blunted," but instead of finding fault with his mental tools, or mourning over circumstances beyond his control, he only "put to the more strength." He firmly resolved never to waste a moment, and consequently, whatever did not tend to edification, or minister to his mental, moral, or

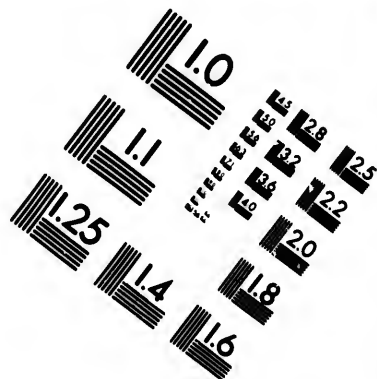
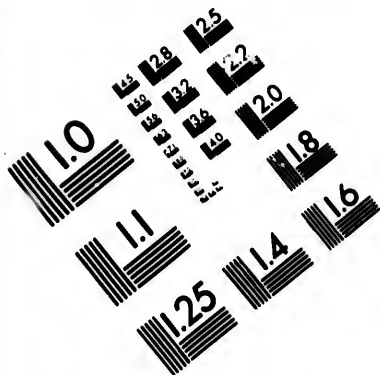
physical benefit, was scrupulously avoided, was conscientiously rejected. For light reading he had neither time nor inclination, and works of history, travel, or general information, were considered as secondary to his present purpose. He had but one object, and to that he had consecrated his every energy. Everything else was made to give way before it, and the great masterpurpose of his soul was, that he might do his work well and wisely. Midnight often found him in deep and anxious thought, grappling with some difficulty, or solving some problem that had puzzled him during the day. In this way he spent his winters, while his summers were still devoted to farm occupations to obtain the needed funds. This made it slow work; was very discouraging; and but too well calculated to tempt him to give up trying. But he bravely battled on, did the best he could, and his efforts were ultimately crowned with success.

And what is impossible to unremitting effort, to patient and persevering toil? Examine the page of history,—trace the career of those who have won immortal fame in the various departments of literature, science and of art; and endeavour to discover the secret of their success. Was it to be found in a titled ancestry, in favourable circumstances of early life, or in natural abilities of an extraordinary character? Nay, rather in honesty of intention, in inflexibility of resolve, and in an unwavering determination to make the best of everything: It is this which has studded the intellectual firmament with those distinguished individuals, whose names have a charm, whose words have a power, and whose deeds have a glory; and whose memories will be held in glad and grateful remembrance by the good and intelligent of all lands and ages.

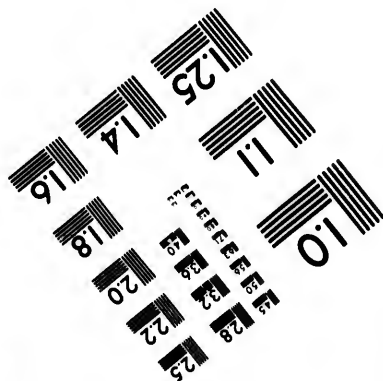
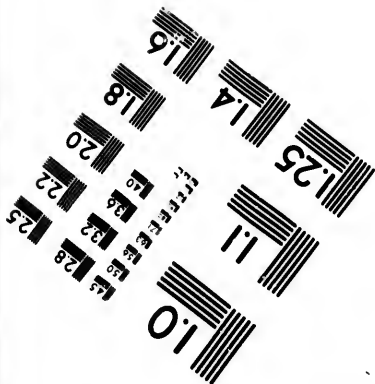
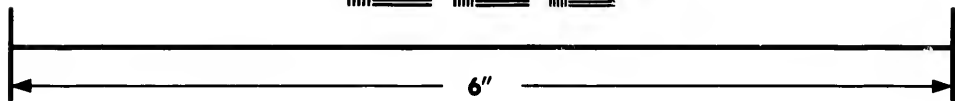
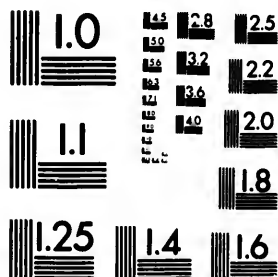
Yes, they were persevering men. From childhood to age they knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power. Difficul-







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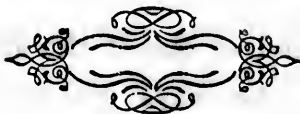
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ties only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertion. Dangers gave them courage. And the sight of great labours inspired them with corresponding zeal. They worked while they waited, they laboured while they prayed. Talent is desirable, but perseverance is indispensable. If you would rise—go up! If you would be seen—shine! Work is the order of the day. Brains, like hands, grow by use. Would you have fleet feet? Use them in the race. Would you have stronger minds? Set them thinking. Would you have greater success? Make greater efforts. Is the goal a great way off? Have patience, every step brings you nearer to it. Is the task difficult? Ask, is it possible. Work away heartily, and you will not, cannot fail. Fail! Fail is not in the true man's vocabulary. Whatever you may seek, whether it is fame, fortune or professional success, there is but one way to obtain it. Toil is the price of position—labour the condition of success.

There's no royal road to greatness,  
Men must ever climb to fame,  
All the wealth in misers' coffers  
Would not buy a deathless name.  
Is a noble goal before you?  
Would you great achievements dare?  
Brother, then be up and doing;  
Brother, you must win and wear.  
'Tis the lesson Nature teaches  
All throughout her wide domain;  
And the text from which she preaches  
Is that labour leads to gain.  
Moral worth and honest merit,  
Brighter crowns than monarchs bear,  
These you never can inherit;  
Brother, these you win and wear."



## CHAPTER VI.

### TEMPTATION RESISTED.

**A**S the skill of a pilot is best exhibited in the hour of danger, and the bravery of a soldier in the day of battle, so the worth of a Christian is most strikingly seen in the hour of trial. During his residence in the city, Allan had been frequently and strongly tempted to step aside from the path of duty, in the neglect of the ordinances of religion, and the desecration of the Sabbath. By the grace of God, hitherto he had been enabled to resist these temptations, and to live as became one professing godliness.

About the end of one of the spring terms, some of the older boys got up a pleasure excursion on the river, and the time chosen was the Sabbath. The party consisted of Smith, Sinclair, Hale, Winslow and Wilkins,

and Allan was strongly urged to go with them. They argued that they were only going a short distance from home, that a visit to the country would do them all good, that they could go to church in one place as well as another and a number of other reasons equally plausible. For a moment he was half inclined to go; he felt that a little recreation would be beneficial; could he not combine pleasure with duty—have an hour or two upon the river, and go to church also—and, besides, might he not be the means of doing them some good? But conscience came promptly to his aid, and thanking them for their kind invitation, assured them that had they chosen any other day, he would have accompanied them with pleasure. Finding that persuasion was powerless they tried the force of ridicule, and Wilkins sneeringly enquired if he had promised his mother not to go. The words, the tone, the manner touched him to the quick, but firmly repressing every improper word, he quietly replied:—

“Wilkins, it is true that I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would respect the Sabbath day, and I love her memory too well to do anything that I know would displease her were she still alive. I can bear your taunts, but I cannot go with you. Take my advice and stay at home, or, perhaps, you will regret it when it is too late.”

Some of the boys thought it very unkind in Wilkins to allude to his mother, knowing that she was dead, and felt rather pleased than otherwise at Allan's reply. But having no scruples of conscience themselves, they had no idea of giving up the enterprize for what they deemed a mere whim.

The Sabbath morning was one of the most beautiful; the air was laden with the rich odours of the flowers, as they glistened with dew and sparkled in the early sunlight; the groves were vocal with the music of the feathered tribes, as they warbled forth their matin hymn of praise; the lambs gambolled



merrily in the grassy mead; the river was calm and placid as a lake, all nature was blushing in the beauty of spring, and everything promised a day of the rarest enjoyment.

They arrived at the place of their destination as the Church bells were ringing for morning service, but they were too intent upon other things to heed their monitory tones. Part of the day was spent in fishing and part in fowling,—the river abounding in fish, and the woods in the vicinity with various kinds of game. Wearying of this, they wandered some distance inland to obtain some refreshments, where meeting with some acquaintances of similar habits, they all repaired to a public house to spend the rest of the afternoon. One step in the wrong road invariably leads to another, and Sabbath desecration generally leads to intemperance. Each drank, more or less freely, and all soon became quite merry.

The hours passed rapidly away, and ere they were aware of it, the shades of evening were

falling upon the landscape. Night was setting in, and there was every appearance of a storm. The wind came sweeping down the river, in rough and fitful gusts, and was increasing in violence every moment. The distant thunder reminded them of danger, and the lightning grew more and more vivid with every flash. The heavens had an angry look, and betokened a wild night. The appearance of things considerably sobered them, and they made all possible haste to reach home before the storm would burst upon them.

Just as they pushed off from the shore it began to rain, which, in a little time, changed into a furious hailstorm. Before they were half way home it was quite dark, and, being inexperienced seamen, found themselves utterly helpless. They did not dare to use the sail, rowing was difficult, and they were at their wits' end. Conscience was busy in that hour, and little was said. Smith remarked that he was now convinced that Allan was right, and

declared his determination never to be found in such circumstances again. Wilkins sat sullenly watching the storm, apparently angry with himself and with everyone else, for whenever Allan was alluded to, he would scornfully curl up his lip and utter some contemptuous word. The others felt that such remarks were ill-timed and uncalled for, and reminded him of the peril to which they were exposed. But he ridiculed their fears as cowardly and sarcastically enquired if they too were going to be religious.

"I would not be surprised," he said, "if we have a prayer meeting on board before we get home. Wouldn't it be grand, and wouldn't you have a glorious time with Fraser the next time you meet him? He may be what you call 'pious,' but we all know that you have'n't the ghost of piety. Don't be fools, whining and whimpering because it thunders. Cheer up; pull away; we'll soon get home, and then we'll do the praying,—perhaps have a thanksgiving service. Ha! ha! ha!"

Even the merry-hearted, mischief-loving Sinclair was annoyed at this harangue, but simply enquired what would become of them if the boat should capsize. The question was a startling one, but no one ventured to reply for each seemed busy with his own thoughts. All this time they were working hard to reach the shore, but their progress was very slow. The storm had continued to rage with unabated fury, but as they neared home it grew worse than ever. Gathering up its strength as if for one last discharge, the thunder rolled awfully around them, the lightning struck their frail boat, and they were all thrown into the water. Whether they were instantly killed or simply stunned and subsequently drowned, was never ascertained, but Winslow and Wilkins found a watery grave.

The melancholly intelligence soon spread, and the storm having somewhat abated, a large number of persons repaired to the scene of the disaster. Every possible effort was

made to recover the lost ones, but the night was dark the tide was ebbing rapidly, and all was unavailing. And the crowd returned to their homes musing upon the unhappy fate of the unfortunate lads, who had thus been suddenly summoned to their eternal account.

It was a sad sight to see their friends in this time of terrible bereavement. Winslow's parents were a godless pair, who attended no place of worship, frequented the tavern, and paid but little respect to the proprieties of life. The awful death of their child made a deep impression upon their minds, and for a time, they seemed determined to lead a new life. But it is no easy matter to break off evil habits of long standing, and nothing but the grace of God can enable one to do so. And as this grace was not sought by this wretched couple, they soon relapsed into their former habits, and after a few more years of sin and folly came to a miserable end. The

father was drowned while under the influence of strong drink, and the mother closed her miserable career in a lunatic asylum,—a fearful illustration of the words of Scripture, that “the way of transgressors is hard.”

But the case of Wilkins was especially distressing. His father—a good and pious man—had been for some time dead, and the family had consisted of the mother, himself, and a little sister. Poor Mrs. Wilkins! She had hoped to see him become a useful man, and had fervently prayed that he might not be led into temptation. But he had repulsed all her efforts, and she had seen with pain his growing recklessness and want of feeling. Again and again she had besought him, with swimming eyes and a breaking heart, to heed the advice of his dying father, and not to bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Expostulation had been vain, and there was nothing left her but to seek grace to help in time of need. Unknown to her he had gone

upon this fatal expedition, and when, after her return from evening service, she heard the terrible tale, her heart sunk within her. Somewhat recovering from the shock, she flew to the beach, where having learned the melancholy details, reason reeled, and she was borne to her desolate home in a state of unconsciousness.

The loss of her husband had been a great blow, but mercy had been mingled with that bereavement. She had watched by his dying couch, had wiped the dew of death from his pallid brow, whispered words of comfort into his ear, and heard him tell in glowing terms of his hopes of a better world. The loneliness of widowhood, though keenly realized, had been unobtrusively borne, but this affliction was still heavier. What had become of his soul? was the agonizing question that most troubled her. She felt that there was but little room for hope. What his thoughts had been during the last few quiet moments

of his life is alone known to God. Who can tell but that, perhaps, holy thoughts came over him in that brief interval of silence, and that a prayer went up to the All-Merciful One, ere the lightning's flash laid open before him, the dread realities of the spirit-world. Of these things we cannot speak, with them we have no concern, but a mother's heart will hope against hope. Divine grace enabled her to pass through the fiery ordeal with godly heroism, and she still lives a pattern of patience and fortitude. Her daughter is respectably and happily married, and has largely contributed to render the later years of her mother's life serene and free from care.

This painful visitation made a permanent impression upon the minds of the other boys. They at once changed the whole course of their lives, became thoughtful and devout, and gave evidence of a sincere desire to be true disciples of the Saviour. Their every effort of this nature was warmly seconded by Allan, who



was greatly delighted with the change that had taken place. Sinclair tacitly gave up the leadership to him, and all sought his advice and friendship. Many a time did these five young lads retire to some lonely place to pray, to read God's word, and to talk together of their hopes and fears, their temptations and their triumphs. Many an old habit was found difficult to be given up, and many a practice hard to be avoided. But they had "counted the cost." All the means of grace were highly prized, and none, perhaps, more so than their own social weekly gathering. Hearts were there blessed and hallowed, which have brought the same purifying influence into many a church and home since then. Arms were there strengthened for the work and for the fight in which they have worked and battled as conquerors since. And some, in whose souls the glory of the Invisible then burned, wear that glory on their brow in Paradise to-day.

As the reader may wish to know something

of the subsequent career of these young men, we will briefly state what we know about them. Frank Hale is a popular and successful physician, and a worthy member of the Methodist Church, in one of our eastern cities. Henry Smith is a useful and devoted minister of the Episcopal Church in one of the chief cities of Canada. James Sinclair entered the Presbyterian ministry, and is now labouring in South Carolina, with great acceptance and comfort. Allan's history we will not anticipate. And Gordon has won a martyr's crown and a hero's fame. Yielding to the call of duty, he went forth to cruel, dark, Erromanga, to tell the story of the cross. And near the place where the sainted Williams had fallen years before, he sank beneath the assassin's club, his heroic wife sharing a similar fate. Noble man! His witness is in heaven, and his record is on high, while his name will be held in everlasting remembrance by the good of all communions.

## CHAPTER VII.

### TEACHING SCHOOL.

**N**O thyself a service, sir," said a mendicant on the street to a passer by, as he craved a few cents; and he who chooses for himself some useful occupation does himself a service, for life without an object is not only dull but dangerous. Believing thus, Allan decided to qualify for a teacher, as not only most in accordance with his present views and feelings, but also that he might be free to follow the indications of that Providence to whose guidance he had committed his all. Having passed a very creditable examination before the proper authorities and obtained a license to teach, he took charge of a school in the lovely little village of Cameronia, and soon found ample room and verge enough for the exercise of all his talents in teaching "the

young idea how to shoot," and in preparing his youthful charge for future usefulness.

Cameronia is really a pretty place. Two sides of it are washed by a beautiful stream, along whose shores are stretched for many a mile some of the finest lands in "the tight little Isle," and upon whose banks there are numerous shipyards, mills, and other industrial establishments. Just below the village two other rivers empty themselves into this one, and the united waters of the three form a broad and valuable harbour, in which we have seen the old "Devastation" war ship swing in safety. A few miles farther down is the Gulf, which from here can be distinctly seen, and which adds much to the interest of the scene. Across the river is the Shiretown, a plucky little place, and for which Nature has done a great deal. The surroundings speak of thrift, energy, push and perseverance; the farms remind you of those of an old country; the gardens and orchards are a credit to the people;

the houses are neat and comfortable, and, taken as a whole, it may be regarded as a model village.

The more aged of the inhabitants were from the Mother Land, and represented the three Kingdoms pretty evenly, with a few from the islands of Jersey, and Gurnsey. Among these were found members of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist Churches, to the latter of which those of French origin belonged. We have often listened with delight to one of these "mothers in Israel," talk of Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke, and in her simple, touching, broken English give her impressions of these venerable men. Such hospitality we never experienced as at her hands and under her roof, and when reminded that we fared better than did our Master, her characteristic reply was "the blessed Jesus she could not thus care for, so she did it to one of his little ones." We were then little more than a boy, our public life was then beginning, and although we have

met with many kind friends since that time, we often recall with pleasure the loving attentions paid us by that kind, dear old lady because we were "a disciple." The young people were social and easy in their manners, free from that stiffness and reserve so often to be met with, and what they seemed to be they really were. Uncontaminated by contact with those vices which strangely enough seem to be inseparable from city life, their morals were of an high order, and respect for things sacred and reverence for the day of God was characteristic of the greater part. Grosser forms of evil were practically unknown, a drunken man was a strange sight, gambling was not indulged in, a profane word was rarely heard, and general good conduct prevailed. They had their fun and frolic, their pastimes and pleasures, their bees and sprees, at which the mirth would be uproarious, and the mirth not healthful, but apart from these occasional manifestations of youthful folly,

their behaviour would compare favourably with that of any we have subsequently met with.

Such was the character of the people with whom Allan was now associated, and with them he soon felt himself to be quite at home. Brought up in the country himself there was much in common between them, and although superior to many of them in natural and acquired abilities he wished to be regarded by all as a friend and a brother. To the aged he was kind and respectful, regarding the gray hairs and wrinkled brow, as giving their possessor claims upon his considerations. To the young he was courteous and accommodating, making due allowance for those errors and mistakes to which they are so liable, and was ever ready with the word of encouragement or of counsel, of caution or of reproof. As a consequence age smiled benignly upon him and blessed him, while youth charmed by his winning ways thankfully accepted his advice and followed his leadership.

To the right and proper performance of his duties a teacher soon realizes that patience is an indispensable. If ever the *wrong* man is in the *wrong* place it is when a peevish and fretful person is at the head of a school. Whoever has had any experience in teaching needs not to be told that even under the most favourable circumstances there is much to irritate and annoy. Many an incident can be recalled which in itself though trivial, worried and fretted and gave more real uneasiness than than come of the heaviest afflictions of life. The waywardness of the young, their disinclination to good, their impatience under restraint, their frequent mistakes, their carelessness and inattention are a constant tax upon the teacher's patience. He who "in patience possesses his soul," who conceals his disappointment, who holds back the reproofing word, and who under provocation preserves a calm exterior, possesses a power that none can gauge the greatness of. Many an illus-



tration of this much needed but somewhat rare Christian grace might be given, but we content ourselves with the following: The mother of the Wesleys was once asked how she could repeat the same lesson over and over again to one of her children for twenty times, to which she gave this reply:—"Why, if I had only repeated it nineteen times I would have lost my labour. It was the twentieth repetition that fixed it in the memory." Had Susannah Wesley acted otherwise, it is not probable the world would ever have heard of her celebrated sons. Still more beautiful, perhaps, was the answer given by a little Scotch girl, when her class was being examined as to the meaning of the word patience, who said: "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

And this grace he often had need of. While his pupils were above the average in good behaviour, and comparatively speaking, gave him very little trouble, he realized not unfrequently that no situation in life is free from

care, and that he whose lot is the happiest has his unhappy hours. However, to look at the dark side of things was what he was not accustomed to do, and things that would have saddened and discouraged many a less sanguine spirit made little impression upon him. In his experience as a teacher there was nothing that requires special mention, he quietly pursued the even tenor of his way, scrupulously performed his daily duties, and was cheered by the rapid progress of his pupils in their various studies. Some of them were unusually clever, and gave promise of great usefulness should their lives be spared. And to-day some of these bright boys are filling positions of great trust and responsibility in their native isle, while others have sought wealth and distinction in other parts of the Dominion, and under the Star-Spangled Banner.

But he did more — he improved his time, and made every spare hour add to his know-

ledge. He was a hard student — a patient, painstaking scholar. For light literature he had no taste — he wanted something stronger, better, and purer than the trashy novel or the sensational story. He read good and useful books, and he marked, learned, and inwardly digested their contents. Considering his limited means—and where the means are limited the library is not likely to be large — he had a fair supply of books, and if not numerous they were at least of an high order. They were of the class whose teachings are not easily mastered, which provoke thought and suggest more than they say. Such studies call out the latent energies of the mind, and give that strength and vigour to the intellect which is at once so desirable and necessary to-day, and without which no one can become truly great or noble. Nature, too, he loved to study. For him she had many and powerful charms, and to him she spoke in eloquent and impressive terms. Often when worn and jaded

by the vexatious labours of the day he would go forth to some quiet nook by the river's side, or some secluded spot in the neighbouring forest, and there forgetful of the great and busy world, hold close communion with Nature. On such occasions he realized very sensibly the force and beauty of the words of Ruskin, when he says: "There is religion in everything around us, a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were unawares upon the heart; it comes quickly and without excitement; it has no terror no gloom in its approaches; it does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man; it is fresh from the hands of its author, glowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it; it is written on the arched sky, it looks out from every star; it is on the

sailing cloud and in the invisible wind ; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage ; it is spread out, like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean ; it is the poetry of nature ; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation ; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality, and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### AMONG FALSE TEACHERS.

**T**HE Good Book tells us that when the sons of God met together Satan also met with them. What was true of ancient is equally true of modern times, for no sooner does an individual or a community manifest any special interest in holy things, than some scheme is originated, or some movement is made to divert the attention and lead the mind away to other and less important matters. Humanly speaking the religious outlook in Cameronia had never before been as pleasing, and in a quiet way much good was being done. While there was no settled minister, Divine service was usually held once a Sabbath by some one, and the truths thus told from time to time found a lodging place in many a heart. A weekly prayer meeting was held in which

members of the several churches took part, and the frequent references to the services of the preceding Sabbath showed they were not "forgetful hearers of the word." The few Methodists kept up their Class Meeting, conducted it in a thorough-going old fashioned style, and richly realized the truth of the promise:—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." At rare intervals—but they were very rare—the friends of Jesus had the privilege of commemorating his sufferings and death, and such occasions were seasons of hallowed delight and profit. A Sabbath School was in active operation, in which not only the children but a goodly number of the more senior inhabitants of the place were taught "the way of God more perfectly," and in this way much good seed was sown. The Temperance cause was not neglected, and its weekly meetings were seasons of real profit. And in other ways means were made use of to promote the general well-being.

About this time a certain well known divine, in an adjoining neighbourhood, startled his congregation one Sabbath morning by advancing some new and strange ideas on The Intermediate State. A man of considerable intelligence, of ready speech and attractive manners, and deservedly popular with his own people, his enunciation of such views created quite a sensation. The common theme of conversation was, "The State of the Dead," and go where you would this and only this was talked about. It is not our purpose to describe the particular opinions of this man, nor the arguments he adduced in support thereof, enough for us to say they were opposed to the general teachings of the Orthodox Church and held to be misleading and dangerous. Some, of course, were too well grounded in the faith of the gospel to be moved away therefrom by his specious reasonings, and the only effect upon them was to establish their faith all the more firmly. There were others whose mental



disquietude was very great, for loving the man and knowing him to be able, the temptation was great to accept his leadership and endorse his opinions. But there, as elsewhere, were those who had no settled opinions whatever, and who gladly seized upon anything that was new or exciting. They were the loudest talkers, propagated the new notions with a zeal worthy a better cause, disturbed the quiet of the community, and did an amount of mischief too great to be estimated.

Owing to its proximity to the scene of this agitation, Cameronia was considerably excited. The aged ones turned over their Bibles in search of arguments for and against the new theory, and the more thoughtful and enquiring of the young began to read whatever was likely to throw light upon a subject with which they were not familiar. Sermons were preached in support of the commonly received opinions, and defences were made which would

have done honor to many a city pulpit or learned Doctor of Divinity. The teachers in the Sabbath School made it a special study, and furnished the members of their classes with simple, homely, but effective reasons for preserving the ancient landmarks. A public discussion took place on which occasion the advocates of each side mustered their forces and produced their arguments, and the whole subject was pretty thoroughly canvassed. In that discussion Allan took a rather prominent part, and won for himself great credit. Although he was young, the theme a new and difficult one, and his opponents older and more familiar with the subject than he was, he had no reason to be ashamed of his advocacy of the old views. The truth suffered nothing at his hands, and if he failed to satisfy himself in all cases he at least satisfied many of his hearers. His youth and inexperience—the very things he feared would make against him—told strongly in his favour as it showed that truth honestly held

and earnestly defended will largely make up for other deficiencies. After that night there came a reaction, the excitement died away, and the matter was less and less talked about. The leader of the movement continued to preach on the subject to his own people for a time, and defend his course as best he could, but even he grew weary of this and fell back upon questions of greater moment. But Cameronia suffered little permanent injury; things returned to their old courses, and we are quite satisfied that it was a decided benefit to the hero of our story.

But troubles seldom come alone. Hardly had the excitement occasioned by this affair died away before another and more serious raid was made upon the community by the Mormons. In those days the so-called Latter Day Saints were not as well known as they are now, and consequently there was the greater danger of being misled by their teachings. What they do and teach is too

well known to-day to need more than the merest mention, but it was not so then. As a religious system Mormonism has borrowed something from every creed of ancient and modern times, and is the greatest jumble of inconsistencies that ever was framed. Apart from the improbability of a special divine revelation being made to such a loose and disreputable character as Joseph Smith was proved to be, the Book of Mormon contains so many glaring inconsistencies and palpable absurdities, the wonder is that any one can be found silly enough to believe them. Instead of having come from God it is a purely human production, and contains unmistakable evidence of the earthliness of its origin. For a time its existence was hard to be accounted for, as Smith was known to be an illiterate man, and quite incapable of having penned it. The mystery was at length cleared up by the brother and widow of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding of New Salem, Ashtabula

County, Ohio. From these we learn that the Book of Mormon is a slightly altered copy of an historical novel, written by the said Solomon Spaulding, in which the history of the aborigines of America is professedly given, and to which he gave the somewhat sensational title of, "The Manuscript Found." His widow after giving a circumstantial history of the whole affair uses these words:—"That its claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusion; that any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown around the composition, doubtless

suggested the idea of converting it to the purpose of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the Sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and the authors exposed to the contempt and execration they so justly deserve."

But these damaging statements and exposures were unknown to the people of Cameronia when Mormonism was first presented to them, and consequently they were placed at a disadvantage in dealing with it. Following out their usual plan, the Mormon teachers,—a man and a woman,—said a good many wise and weighty things, urged a practical piety, and carefully kept their peculiar views in the back-ground. They were loud in their protestations of belief in and reverence for the

Old Scriptures, but intimated that their Book was to be regarded as supplementary. Its peculiar phraseology ; its " Thus saith the Lord ;" " It came to pass in those days," and other sentences of similar construction ; and the information it claimed to give concerning the Lost Tribes of Israel, threw around it a certain charm and commanded for it an attention which it could not otherwise have secured. Besides all this was the apparent piety of the parties who preached its doctrines and urged its acceptance, and who displayed an earnestness and devotion worthy of all praise. Well, they made disciples, formed a church, ordained the necessary officers, and set the machinery of the new organization in motion. Some, whose age and previous good character ought to have rendered them proof against such assaults, yielded to the seductive influences brought to bear upon them and went over to the new faith. Some, who hesitated to take a decided stand in its favour, were nevertheless much in

love with it, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to give in their adhesion. Some, though conscientiously opposed to it, were mystified and misled by the arguments adduced, the statements put forth, and though unconvinced were yet unable to answer them. While others came boldly to the front, pronounced it a sham and a delusion, pointed out its inconsistencies, and showed there was no need of seeking for "another gospel."

To this class belonged our friend Allan. Had Spaulding's book been placed in his hands he would probably have read it with considerable interest, for anything concerning the Lost Tribes of Israel was sure to command his attention. Professor Hinds had not then written his "Identifications," nor Dr. Maclise delivered his Lectures to show that we have, "Abraham to our father," and the subject had not been generally discussed. About it he had thought a great deal, and had often wondered what had become of "the outcast



people." Even from a fictitious story, when written by a man of intelligence, good ideas might be gotten, and light thrown upon dark and difficult questions, and "The Manuscript Found," in its original shape might, perhaps, have well repaid a perusal. But when in the hands of Mormon teachers it claimed equality with the Book of Books, demanded the homage paid to a revelation from God, and assumed to set aside and supplant every existing form of Christian belief, he felt there was too much at stake to be trifled with. Critical moments come in the history of every man and movement, when a single word or act may determine his or its character for all coming time, and when the most tremendous consequences for weal or woe are made dependent upon proper and prompt action. The *time* of doing good is sometimes as important as the *manner*, and he who knows when to act and does act is a true man. Calling to his aid a worthy man "whose praise is in all the

Churches," Allan rendered society good service, for the progress of the evil was arrested and the true character of the movement made known. Following up the work so well begun, he and a few others were "instant in season and out of season" in seeking to undo the mischief done to restore the public quiet and order. "Wait," he would say, "wait a little and we shall see the outcome of all this. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is the only true test of individual or ecclesiastical character, and to that test Mormonism will have to submit."

And time made some startling disclosures, and one case in particular excited much remark. A newly married couple were among the converts, a well conducted and comfortably situated pair who had every reason to be satisfied with their lot. Hearing so much about the Mormon Paradise, of the spirit of brotherly love prevailing there, of the absence of those evils so common elsewhere, and the

rare secular advantages enjoyed by the Saints, they determined to go thither and become sharers in this glorious heritage. Advice was unheeded, remonstrance was unavailing, go they would and go they did. The wife had some misgivings but her scruples were overcome, and out of love for her husband she withdrew all opposition. Joining a party of emigrants in New York they proceeded on their way, and for a time the novelty of the thing prevented them from seeing what might have been seen at once of the character of their companions. But little by little their eyes were opened to the fact that had made a mistake, at least that their companions in travel were not the best of saints. They flattered themselves however all would be right when they reached the Promised Land, there they would find Mormonism pure and simple and free from Gentile influence. And they did. The husband speedily imbibed the popular opinions, adapted himself to the exist-

ing order of things, and acted as if he heartily endorsed all that was said or done by Brigham Young and his satellites. A widow and her daughter were added to his family as wives, Nos. two and three, and he actually gloried in the fact of his imitating in this respect the patriarchs of the olden time. Domestic peace was destroyed, the happiness of home forever ruined, the present yielded no comfort, and the future gave no promise. Poor Mary little dreamed when she gave her heart and hand to William Jones that such ill fortune awaited her, and in her worse than widowed condition bewailed the folly that had led her so far from God and home and happiness.



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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WAY OPENS.

**A**S previously stated Cameronia had no settled Pastor. The want of such an one to lead and guide, to counsel and advise, had been painfully felt during the recent troubles, and many who had never thought much about it before were willing to admit that direct and decided advantages would have resulted from his presence. Under the pressure of such circumstances they did at once and readily, what otherwise might have been difficult to have been brought about. Knowing that no one party could support a minister, they agreed for the time being and for the general good, to unite and secure the services of some good man to break to them the bread of life. It is not at all necessary to name the church that was applied to, nor to refer to the readiness

with which the appeal was responded to, enough for us to say a worthy man was sent with as little delay as possible, who lost no time in making himself acquainted with his new field of labour. For the position Mr. Arthur was every way fitted. He was perhaps twenty-five years of age, of fine physique, easy and gentlemanly in his manners, intelligent and pious. In a word, in appearance and disposition he was what might be called, a manly man. His sermons were far above the average, and his intercourse with the people both pleasing and profitable. Although strongly attached to his own church he did not deem it his duty to parade its peculiarities of doctrine and discipline before the public, but rather to preach the grand old gospel with earnestness and simplicity. Situated as he was this was the wiser course, for he awakened no opposition, he provoked no controversy, and was regarded by all as a friend and a brother. To know him was to love him, and

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to have him as a friend was no small privilege. The young people were delighted with him, for Sabbath School work he seemed to have a special aptitude, and what the little ones thought of him may be gathered from the following dialogue between two little girls on their way home from service.

"I am sure," said Hattie, "he is a very wise man for he is just from college, and besides, he has A. M. after his name, and pa says that means something real smart."

"I do not know," said Florence, "what the letters mean. Of course he is smart, but I think it is far better to be good, and I am sure he must be that, for he talked so nicely about Jesus, and the angels, and heaven. I do love him already and just to think he is all our own, and will be with us and talk to us every Sunday as he did to-day. Oh, Hattie, won't that be splendid?"

"I guess so, for while he was telling how Jesus took the little ones in his arms and

blessed them, I thought I had never heard anything so good before. He is a splendid man."

"Do you know that pretty hymn he sung?" said Florence, "I think he called it 'The Sweet Story of Old.'"

"Yes, isn't it pretty? But Florence, what did he mean by getting up a concert?"

"I read of one the other day," was the answer, "and I do hope he will get one up here. Some repeat pieces of poetry, or speeches made on purpose for little ones; some two or three or more get a dialogue, and each one speaks a part of it; and others sing hymns, while the minister, superintendent and others make speeches. I think it would be grand."

"What?" said Hattie, "get up before a congregation and speak to the people. Well, I never—Could you do it? What if we should make mistakes, forget what we had to say, and break down in the middle, we would look pretty foolish. Catch me trying that."



It's as much as I can do to recite a piece in School, and I'm sure I never could before the congregation."

"Oh yes you could if you tried. You would have to learn it well, get every word off by heart, and practice a good deal, and then there would be no danger. Suppose we begin now," and sitting down by the wayside they sang the well known hymn beginning:—

"Around the throne of God of Heaven,  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band;  
Singing glory, glory,  
Glory be to God on high."

The next thing to be done was to provide a suitable place of worship, and, ere long, a beautiful little building was erected and dedicated to God. The Sabbath School was removed to the vestry, and, in the course of a few months, a considerable number of all ages, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and united with the little band of believers.

To Allan this was a most delightful change, and the return of the Sabbath was now hailed with more real delight than ever. Painfully had he felt the want of those sanctuary services, which all true Christians value so highly, and especially that most solemn one, in which they commemorate the dying love of their Redeemer. But times had now happily changed. In the young and gifted Pastor he found a true friend—a brother beloved—and as he listened to the soul-stirring utterances that fell from his lips, he was the subject of new and strange emotions. To labour for souls—to point sinners to the Lamb of God—appeared to him to be the grandest and most blessed of all employments. And, very often, while listening with rapt attention to the glowing and impassioned appeals of his beloved minister, the desire would arise in his heart, that the ability might be given him to go and do likewise. But deeply sensible of his own incompetency for such a work, he contented

himself with labouring in a humbler sphere, and heartily co-operated with his Pastor in promoting the interest of the cause of God, as opportunity was afforded.

Mr. Arthur soon perceived that Allan was possessed of talents that ought to be improved — of powers that ought to be developed — and that he ought to devote himself to the work of the ministry. By cautiously approaching the subject, he ascertained that the young man's mind had been seriously exercised thereupon, but that his extreme diffidence had led him to say nothing about it. Besides, the work was so great, and its responsibilities so weighty, that he had shrank from entertaining the idea. But the matter kept pressing itself upon his attention, until, at length, after many a mental struggle, and much prayer for divine direction, he gave up his school, and bade adieu to his many friends, in order to enter upon a course of study with a view to entering the ministry.

Just before leaving Cameronia an event occurred which must not be passed over in silence. A number of the parents and friends of the scholars met in the schoolroom to express their high appreciation of the services he had rendered them during his residence in the place. After spending an hour or two in agreeable conversation a number of good and useful books were presented to him as tokens of their friendship and esteem. Such unlooked for and valuable expressions of respect entirely unmanned him and rendered it difficult to say a word in acknowledgement thereof. But as well as he could he thanked them for their kindness, and was glad to know that his efforts to do good had been so well received. And he assured them that wherever Providence might cast his lot in the future, he would gratefully remember his sojourn in Cameronia, and consider that evening one of the happiest he had ever known.

When Allan retired to his room that night

he was greatly agitated. His thoughts wandered back to the time when, without friends or money, he left his father's house to battle with the world. He had met with many discouragements, passed through many trials, and been exposed to many temptations, but through all he had been mercifully sustained, and safely guided to that happy hour. Next to the favour of God he valued that of good men, and that, he had happily secured wherever he had been. The books he had that night received were not only a pleasing proof of this, but were also an important addition to his small library. They were what he needed but what he could not very well afford to purchase, as all and more than all his means would be required for other purposes. From their perusal he hoped to derive much profit, and to learn much that would be of permanent use to him in future years. With a grateful heart he read a portion of that good old Book which had been his counsellor and guide thus far.

And bending low at the mercy seat of a sympathizing Saviour, he poured forth the gushing joy of his soul in the words of Israel's sacred songster. "Bless the Lord, O my soul and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Years have passed away since that interesting event, and many and great changes have taken place. Mr. Arthur—taking with him as the partner of his joys and sorrows a worthy young Islander—removed to one of the interior towns of Ontario, where he has amply redeemed the promise of his earlier ministry. Not unfrequently we see his name figuring in connection with religious gatherings, and he is ever spoken of as a successful preacher and pastor. And while Cameronia has had many good men and true as ministers and teachers since their departure, we doubt whether it has ever had any that are more kindly remembered than William Arthur and Allan Fraser.



## CHAPTER X.

### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

**TH**REE years have passed away since we parted with our friend at Cameronia. During that period he had diligently striven to qualify himself for the efficient discharge of the important duties, about to devolve upon him, as a minister of the gospel. Such close and continued application to study, having somewhat impaired his health, he was advised to seek rest and recreation. He first sought the old homestead, and spent a short time amid the scenes of his childhood, visiting old friends and renewing the acquaintances of former days. While all were glad to see him, his father was especially so, and, perhaps manifested a little pardonable pride at his having acquitted himself so creditably. As the happy child told of his trials and his

triumphs, and of the good and guiding hand of Providence, the good old man's eyes filled with tears, and gave utterance to his heartfelt gratitude to God that they had all lived to see that hour. And as they knelt together once more around the family altar, it was an hour not soon to be forgotten, as the saint and father, implored for each, the blessing of the Most High.

Having spent some time thus pleasantly at home, he went to visit some of his former friends in Charlottetown. He first called upon the Principal of the Academy, who was much pleased to see him, and congratulated him upon the position he had won. For him Allan had ever cherished a very great respect, and he embraced this opportunity of acknowledging his many acts of kindness to him, when he had been his pupil.

"Since I have had charge of the Academy" replied the old gentleman, with much feeling, "I never knew any distinctions among those



committed to my care, save those resulting from superior excellence. I was fully convinced that there was something in you, when we first met, and I am pleased to see that I was not mistaken."

One of his former schoolfellows hearing that he was in town, immediately sought him out and earnestly requested him to visit his aged mother, who was then lying at the point of death. Entering the chamber where the ripened saint lay musing on the great change so soon to be experienced, they gazed upon the seraphic countenance for a few moments in perfect silence. A feeling of awe took possession of their hearts, heaven seemed near at hand, and the gates of the golden city appeared wide open.

"Mother," said the son, approaching the bedside, "here is Allan Fraser. I thought you would like to see him once more before you ——" die, he would have said, but the word lay unspoken upon his tongue.

"Yes," she replied, slowly opening her eyes, and extending her hand, "I would like to see him. Allan, let a dying mother thank you for the interest you have taken in the spiritual welfare of her dear child. He often talks about you, and is thankful that he ever met you. I hear you are going to be a minister. Be faithful, and preach the good old gospel. Tell of Jesus—Jesus always—Jesus only. Nothing else will do, but he is all—everything. Boys, I know its true, I feel that I am going home—home to the Saviour. Meet me in heaven." She fell back exhausted, the solemn hour had arrived, and without a struggle or a groan, she peacefully passed away.

He next directed his course to Cameronia, the scene of his former labours, and the place where he had spent so many happy days. But, alas! a great change had taken place, the village had lost some of its most influential citizens, the church some of its best supporters, and the minister some of his most valued

friends. But while the workmen die, the work still goes on, for others rise to fill their places. Everything was in a flourishing condition, the religious interests of the place were being steadily promoted, and the Sabbath that he spent there was one of very great pleasure to himself and profit to the people.

Having a few weeks still to spare, he determined to spend them in visiting some of the principal places in the Eastern British Provinces. Of what he saw and heard, and what were the impressions made upon his mind during his tour, we shall let him speak for himself in the following letters to a young acquaintance:

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, }  
June 10th; 185 . }

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

According to promise I embrace the present opportunity of writing to inform you that my health has greatly improved, and that my rustication for the last few weeks has acted like a charm. Indeed the bracing air of this tight

little isle has accomplished wonders, and I feel like a new man. But as my present object is to give you an account of my wanderings, I may as well begin at the beginning.

Charlottetown is a small, but pretty place, pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the Hillsborough river, and has a population of some seven thousand inhabitants. It is the provincial capital, and rejoices in a few fine public buildings. The streets are wide, are laid off at right angles, and everything has a neat and tidy appearance.

The island is about one hundred and forty miles in length, and varies in breadth from three to thirty miles. It is quite flat, and there is nothing in the whole country worthy the name of a mountain. Its agricultural capabilities are very great, and it may be termed, with great propriety, "The Garden of British America." The people are quiet, sober and industrious, and are chiefly engaged in fishing and farming. And although its present

population does not exceed seventy thousand, competent judges are of opinion, that, with its varied resources, it is quite capable of sustaining half a million of souls.

Since my return I have travelled it from end to end, enlarged my acquaintance with men and things, and have had a splendid time. Knowing that you are a great admirer of the "female persuasion," I may as well tell you that I have met with some rare specimens of the country girl, such rosy, healthful, vigorous looking lassies would, I am sure, compare favourably with any elsewhere to be found. Their merry laugh would drive away the *blues* from the *bluest*, and their frank and genial manners, as free from prudery as from impropriety, would lead you in light and tripping verse, to immortalize the milkmaid "driving home the cows."

Speaking of the ladies recalls a mournfully interesting circumstance which took place here some time ago, and which, in the hands of a

skilful writer, might be wrought up into one of the most exciting stories of the day. As I make no pretensions in that line, I will merely give you the leading facts. The Pastor of one of the city churches — a fine, noble hearted young man — had become sincerely attached to a highly accomplished and amiable young lady, who was connected with one of the first families of the place. The attachment was mutual, and they were engaged to be married. In the meantime he had received and accepted a call to the pastorate of an influential church in Scotland. Pressing engagements had prevented his coming out for her, and it was arranged that he would meet her in Liverpool. She had been visiting some friends in Nova Scotia, and, with a sister who was to accompany her to Europe, was returning home to prepare for the voyage. But, alas! she was destined never to see either her home or her intended. Crossing the Straits of Northumberland in the night, the steamer foundered,

and through some mismanagement nearly all on board perished. The last that was seen of the two sisters, was just before the ship went down. Standing on the deck, locked in each other's arms, they were calmly awaiting the awful moment, when they would go down into the cold, gurgling waters. The next moment, and

"All was hushed,  
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed  
Accompanied by a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

But that was not all. According to agreement, her affianced met the Atlantic steamer at Liverpool, when instead of receiving his hoped-for bride, he was informed of the awful fact that she was sleeping beneath the troubled waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Poor man! The shock was more than he could sustain, his spirit was terribly crushed, reason was dethroned, and life itself was in danger.

Recovering his health, he resigned his pastorate, went to the Crimea, and sought death in the hospital and in the field. Disappointed in this, he returned to his native land, gave up all connection with the church of God, recrossed the Atlantic, and now lives the mere wreck of his former self, preaching a latitudinarian theology, and is unconnected with any denomination.

Last Sabbath I spent in the neighbourhood of Fortune Bay, and seldom have I passed a day more pleasantly. I had the privilege of hearing a sermon on the words, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," which was really excellent. The ideas were good, the language chaste, the arrangement admirable, the theology faultless, and the spirit earnest and devotional. The preacher was a young man of more than ordinary ability who had given up good worldly prospects, in obedience to what he believed to be the call of duty, and had gone forth to rough it in the bush, and



win souls for Christ. Men may talk as they will of the true hero, but it requires a purer, loftier spirit to travel, toil and suffer, as this man does, than to meet death on the battle field.

Having a marriage ceremony to perform the next morning, he invited me to accompany him, an invitation which I gladly accepted. Oh, how I wish you had been with us, as it would have afforded you much amusement. The house was located in the midst of a dense forest, and everything about it had a most primitive appearance. You are aware that I have lived in the woods, and was able to make myself quite at home. The house contained but one room, and as we were somewhat early, we saw all the preparations that were going forward. The mother of the bride was a widow, poor but decent, and had evidently seen better days. Lizzie was a child of some fifteen summers, gay and giddy, apparently imagining that, with a husband, she was about to receive all needed good. The Bride-

groom was about five feet in height, was twice the age of the bride, and had recently renounced Romanism in order to secure the mother's consent to the marriage. As the important hour drew near, he repaired to the garret or loft, to adjust his fixings, while a room was improvised for the bride by hanging a quilt across one corner. While these things were going on, we wandered round, made the acquaintance of some younger members of the family, and obtained the important information that the old Rooster had been killed for dinner, because Lizzie was going to be married. After the ceremony we sat down to the feast, and while there was much about the affair that was of quite a ludicrous character, there was yet much in the free and easy manners of these simple minded rustics that was very pleasing.

Unwilling to weary you, and wishing you all needed good, both here and hereafter,

I remain, yours truly,

ALLAN FRASER.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., July 5th, 185

My Dear Friend,—

Before I left the Island I went to hear the eccentric Mr. MacDonald preach, and certainly such a meeting I never attended before. To describe it is quite beyond my power, for it is one of those things that must be seen to be appreciated. I will give you, in brief, all I know of the history of this remarkable man. He was educated in Scotland for the Presbyterian ministry, but for some cause, his connection with that church ceased soon after his ordination. He then came to the Island, where, for a time, he led a very irregular life. All at once he changed his course, and sought readmission into the church of his early choice. This being refused him, he began to preach on his own responsibility, multitudes flocked to hear him, and now he has churches in every part of the country, and counts his followers by thousands.

Persons become strangely affected under his

preaching. Their heads will jerk, their whole bodies be powerfully agitated, and uttering meanwhile, a peculiar moan or cry. This is called "*taking the work*," and strange to say, his most bitter enemies will be thus operated upon without a moment's intimation. Some believe him to be in league with Satan, some believe him to be a powerful mesmerizer, while others regard him as an eminently holy man and endowed with unusual gifts and graces. For myself I will express no opinion, but simply give you a few facts, and allow you to draw your own conclusions.

For a moment or two after taking the pulpit, he calmly surveyed the sea of faces that were before him, as if to see if any of his own were absent. His appearance is very venerable, and his grave and serious manner impressed me very favourably. But that feeling passed speedily away, as he took off his coat, unbuttoned his vest, untied his cravat, drew forth his snuff-box, and proceeded to take two

or three good pinches. After opening in the usual Scotch manner, he spent about an hour in commenting upon the most remarkable events that had taken place in the world since his last visit — he only comes here twice a year. He then baptized several children, after which he preached a very able sermon on "The wages of sin is death."

During the service, a young woman *took the work*, and trembled, jerked, and moaned most strangely. "Turn her on her knees! Turn her on her knees," said the minister, after which she became more calm. But his followers were powerfully excited, and strong men seemed as if in convulsions. How to account for these things, I must leave to older and wiser heads, but I am glad to be able to say, that many of his people are among "the excellent of the earth."

A somewhat laughable incident occurred on our passage across the straits. A foppish young fellow, seeing a number of clergymen

on board, seemed determined to annoy them by the utterance of heterodox opinions. Finding that they took no notice of him, he turned to a rough looking American sailor, and said :

“These blackcoats appear to be afraid of me, and are anxious to keep out of my way. They say they believe in a hell, and I wish they would tell me why their good and merciful God made it.”

“Why,” said the old salt, “that question was once put to our brave old General Jackson, and although I guess he wa’nt much of a parson, he soon gave an answer to it.”

“And a capital one too, I have no doubt,” said the young sprig. “Perhaps you would be good enough to tell it to these Reverend gentlemen — it may do them good.”

“With pleasure,” replied the sailor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a knowing wink to the bystanders. “He said that God in mercy to decent people had made it for those who insulted the ministers of the gospel,

and ridiculed the Christian religion," adding in a most provoking manner, "Wa't that rich? eh bub." The answer was so appropriate and unexpected, that the poor fellow was utterly taken aback, and in the general laugh that followed, thought it prudent to retire.

St. John is a busy place, admirably situated for commercial purposes, carries on a large trade with the United States and Britain, and has a population of about forty thousand inhabitants. There are a number of very fine public buildings, one of the most important of which is the Insane Asylum. Within its walls are some two hundred demented creatures, whose affliction varies from mental imbecility to the wildest madness. Those of the latter class I was not permitted to see, but with the others I was allowed freely to mingle. Two or three had been ministers of the gospel, to whom "much study" had become "a weariness to the flesh." Some talked as intelligently as to lead me to wonder why they were

there at all, and the lofty ideas of others were quite amusing. One old lady claimed to be Queen Victoria and issued her orders in right royal style; some were very religious, and some were as happy as the day was long. Seldom have I listened to sweeter singing than I heard there, and wittier words or more telling terms the clearest heads could scarcely furnish. The Superintendent, Doctor Waddell is a thorough gentleman, well qualified for this responsible position, and in his administration of affairs, seems to combine the tenderness of the parent with the authority of the master. Everything about the premises is kept in superior order, and the comfort of all is scrupulously cared for; but after all it was the saddest sight I ever witnessed to see the vacant look and silly stare of such a host of unfortunates.

The city is rich in Churches, and you cannot be in it long before you hear of old Trinity, Saint Andrews', Germain Street Methodist,



Brussel Street Baptist, and one or two others around which gather much denominational interest. Episcopalians are loud in praise of their Messrs. Gray and Armstrong; among the Presbyterians no name is spoken of more respectfully than that of Dr. Donald; Mr. Robinson is held in high esteem by the Baptists, while Mr. Narraway is head and shoulders above his brethren in the Methodist Church. How shall I describe him. A medium-sized, thick-set man, with an eye as piercing as an eagle's, and a head betokening immense brain power. He is undoubtedly a great preacher, and were it not that he is utterly deaf he would command the highest price in the ministerial market. As it is he is at a premium now, and notwithstanding the disadvantages connected with his infirmity, the best churches are anxious to secure his services. I heard of many noble names among the laity, but of these I cannot speak. There is a push and energy among the people that speaks well for

tuem, and which has built up their noble city. Towns and cities grow rapidly on this side of the Atlantic, and here, where little more than half a century ago the Indian held undisputed sway, we have this busy bustling commercial centre, the home of wealth, culture and refinement.

Fredericton is the capital of the Province, situated about eighty-five miles up the river Saint John, and is a very pretty little place. Here are the Parliament Buildings, the Governor's residence, the Episcopal Cathedral, and a number of fine private residences. One of these is that of the Hon. Judge Wilmot, a gentleman whose praise is upon every tongue. His garden is the finest in the Province. Flowers of every imaginable hue and kind and colour, arranged with the most exquisite taste; beautiful arbours, quiet walks and spacious lawns, render it a little Paradise. And every stranger who chooses has free access to this delightful spot at any time.

But as the country had more attractions for me than the city, I was greatly delighted with the scenery along the Saint John River. It was certainly beautiful in the extreme. Mountains and valleys, hills and dales, extensive woodlands and rich intervalles; the river running for miles in a straight line, and then winding through the hills in a serpentine manner; now, narrowed between bold and over-hanging rocks, and then, expanding into a broad sheet of water; while thriving villages, beautiful residences, and richly cultivated farms, combine to render this one of the most interesting regions through which health and pleasure seekers might desire to pass. Perhaps you may smile at my enthusiasm and consider my picture overdrawn, but I assure you it is not. In proof of this let me quote from an American tourist who has recently been among us, and has given the world his opinion through a leading New York journal. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, and

you will see that my description is exceedingly moderate :—

“ We confess admiration of noble rivers and Alpine mountains. The latter are the huge backbones and ribs of the world. The former are the grand arteries and veins of fertile valleys and luxuriant plains. They are the magnificent handiwork of God. They are the adornments of the world. Eden had four rivers. Palestine has three. There was not room enough for more. They are Bible emblems—fitting illustrations of the rivers of grace and salvation which flow down from the mountains of God's benevolence and love to bless and save our race. We have admired mountains and rivers in many lands. Snowy Hermon, Alpine Ranges and the lofty Pyrenees fascinate our eyes. We have sailed on the Nile, on the Tagus, on the historic Rhine and the magnificent Danube. But the tide of our admiration rose higher when we sailed up the romantic waters of the noble St. John of

the borderland. It was the first time. The air was balmy—full oxygen and sparkling with electricity. A bright morning sun looked down from the blue heavens. The skies were cloudless. Old Sol was riding high up in his celestial chariot. Our swift steamer ran up in a few hours from the city of St. John to Fredericton,—the beautifully situated capital of the province,—presenting to our admiring eyes a charming panorama of rural scenes—fine farms, luxuriant fields and meadows, and romantic shores and hills—some ninety miles in extent. It is the gem of the province.

And now a more particular panoramic view of this remarkable river, unsurpassed in some respects by any we have seen. Near the romantic mouth and colossal gateway of its rushing and roaring waters, sits the city of St. John, like a queen on her lofty throne, the pride of the provinces. She is the guardian angel of the stream. Like a loving couple, they are mutually dependent, and in no danger

of a divorce. Beginning their historic career the same day, under the name of the sainted exile of Patmos, they sail down the stream of time, with increasing prosperity.

The advent of the St. John is unique and imposing. At its grand gateway, 640 feet broad, it presents to the eye of the beholder four roaring, rushing cataracts each day—two outward and two inward. A magnificent and costly wire suspension bridge spans the tremendous chasm. It is a commanding standpoint for the spectator of the scene. The waters of the St. John come down in their power and might and rush through the gateway, as if advancing to the conflict with an enemy outside. It is the first attack in the grand battle of waters. Then the whole Bay of Fundy rises up in its majesty and might; backed by its ally, the Atlantic Ocean, to repel the attack, and combines all its tidal forces to drive back the St. John through its gateway from whence it came. And thus the bloodless

battle goes on unceasingly, from age to age. Who but God could thus pour *in* and pour *out* such a tidal force of waters! We pity the man who can stand and gaze at such a scene unimpressed with the grandeur of creative power! This whole region is the grand family gathering place of tidal magnificence.

Come, then; all ye admirers of Niagara, next summer, and replenish your humanity amid these attractive scenes! And now step on board the steamer, near at hand above the gate, and let us sail up the St. John. In the first three miles we pass lofty mountain cliffs, like a narrow vestibule, which opens into "Grand Bay," seven miles long and five broad; and then we curve into "Long Reach," twenty miles in length and the river two miles broad. At the head of Long Reach is Belleisle Bay, a deep inlet or lake, ten miles in length. Above this are broad intervalles and rich islands. Next, see on your right a narrow lake thirty miles in length. A few miles further up you

see the Jemseg, a deep channel which leads four miles into Grand Lake, which is thirty miles long and six miles in width, with many tributaries, of which Salmon River, fifty miles long, is the chief. All the way up you see from the deck of the steamer many fine farms, villages, country seats, tributary streams, and fertile fields, till you reach Fredericton, eighty-five miles from St. John."

As you have visited Halifax yourself not long since, my description of it will be very brief. It is splendidly situated, and from the water especially, has a very imposing appearance. The harbour is one of the finest in the world, is open at all seasons of the year, and is capable of holding the whole British navy. Several ships of war, English and French, were in port during my visit, and it afforded me real pleasure to go on board and examine one of each. Having been born in the army, anything in the naval or military life is particularly interesting to me, and wherever I see



a Jack Tar or a Red Coat, I feel like claiming relationship. And while many of them are, without doubt, far from being what they ought to be, yet I have known many who were truly pious and God fearing.

Many years have passed away since I first landed in this city, and great and important changes have taken place, both in it and in the world. But, perhaps, the greatest change has taken place in myself. I was then a little boy, led along by a fond mother's hand, but she has gone to the home above, and I have grown to man's years. Little did I then know of the world—of its joys or its sorrows—but now I know considerable. Though yet short, my life has not been uneventful. But amid all its changes, the good hand of my Heavenly Father has ever guided me, and with a glad and grateful heart I feel to say:—

“When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.”

As the time draws near for me to be wholly engaged in ministerial work. I feel to ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I want to be useful, to glorify God, and be the means of saving souls. I realize my own weakness, but I am not without hope that He who has called me to this great work, will assist me in the discharge of its duties. And while I go forth with weeping bearing precious seed, I hope to come again with rejoicing, bringing my sheaves with me.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and wishing you every blessing, both for time and eternity,

I remain, yours truly,

ALLAN FRASER.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HOME MISSIONARY.

**A** STORY is told of an eminent University professor, a man of rare endowments and famed for extensive information, who went with some young friends on a skating expedition. On the way to the Rink he talked to them with so much science on the subject, they expected from him the most marvellous feats of clever gyration. To their astonishment his skill proved to be small and his tumbles woeful. "How is this, Doctor, how is this?" enquired one of the youths as he assisted the fallen chief to rise. "Easily explained, sir, easily explained," was the good natured reply—"you see I am up in theory, but down in practice." Such is the experience of youth, but the time comes when acts and not theories will be expected. The world is

a great school and experience a most effective teacher. The way to work well can only be learned by working, and from heavy burdens more than from books is the knowledge to be gotten. And, however valuable the school and the college may be, the man who claims to pronounce with authority on any of the deeper problems of human experience must study in the rugged university of every day life.

With a trembling heart and with many misgivings did Mr. Fraser, as we must now call him, enter upon his great life work. Rockville, his first field of labour, was a wild and sparsely populated section of the country. The people were poor and eked out a precarious living by fishing and cultivating the few patches of fertile ground the place possessed. Why men settle down in such inhospitable localities, while there are so many other places where nature invites the hand of cultivation and promises a rich return, we cannot imagine.

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But whatever may induce men to locate where everything conspires to keep them poor, it is the duty of the church to carry to them the word of life. The spiritual destitution prevailing in many parts of the country is truly distressing, and almost incredible tales are told of the ignorance of sacred things among the lonely dwellers in the bush. Of this Mr. Fraser met with many painful illustrations, one of which we here give. Visiting the house of one of these isolated settlers he spoke of the death of the Saviour as an event of the gravest moment. Judge of his surprise when the wife turning to her husband with a look and tone of surprise—"Well, I declare we never heard a word about it. How did it happen? George did you hear anything of it?" George had heard something on the subject but could not give the particulars, but "guessed it was a shameful piece of business anyhow."

His labour was very severe. He had to

preach three times on the Sabbath and travel from twenty to thirty miles. His time was occupied in visiting isolated families, and almost every evening he held some kind of a service. The season was one of great scarcity of provisions for both man and beast, and he often felt as if he knew not where to spend the night. Hard work, poor fare, miserable accommodation, and exposure to all kinds of weather, rendered his position anything but pleasing. Sometimes after a day of exhausting labour he had to pass the night in a cold room with a mere apology for a bed. Of one night in particular he often speaks as one of peculiar hardships. The weather was intensely cold, and the house a rough unfinished log cabin. His bed, though the best to be had was wretchedly poor, and through the chinks and crevices of the walls and roof he could see the stars twinkling in all the brilliancy of a clear winter's sky. Wearied with the Sabbath's labours he was soon soundly sleeping.

During the night a sudden storm came up and the snow drifted in all around him, and when he awoke he found his hair frozen to his pillow—the heat of his head having previously melted the snow. Little do our city ministers know of the hardships experienced by their brethren in the outlying districts, and are really not able to sympathize with them. But in the great reckoning day he who roughs it in the bush may shine as brightly as he who officiates in the church of vaulted roof, of cushioned pews, and aristocratic surroundings.

But even here he laboured not in vain. Good was done, souls were led to the Saviour, and he was cheered with evident tokens of the Divine presence and approval. In the humble homes of that isolated region he appeared as the messenger of mercy, and as he ministered at the bedside of the dying and pointed to the painless land beyond, the grief was lessened and the loss made lighter. Death-bed scenes were witnessed there of the most

glorious character, and from that unpromising field many souls were gathered in and saved, to shine as stars in the crown of his rejoicing when the toils of life are ended.

From Rockville he removed to Mapleton, a place pleasantly situated on the seaboard, and in many respects, far superior to the former. The soil was rich, the fisheries in the neighborhood productive, and the people generally in pretty comfortable circumstances. Many of them were quite intelligent, having come from the more highly favoured parts of the country, where they had enjoyed fair educational advantages. Many of them exhibited a degree of culture and refinement, not often to be met with among the labouring classes. And almost every family had a snug little library, with the contents of which they seemed to be pretty well acquainted, and upon which they could converse with readiness and ability.

As in almost every other place, there was a



great diversity of religious sentiment among the people, and nearly every denomination in the land had its representative. Such a splitting up of the population had hitherto prevented any minister from being settled among them, as no one party was able to support him. But the church to which our friend belonged, assumed the financial responsibility for a year, and sent him to see what could be done. For the position he was eminently fitted. A good preacher, diligent and painstaking in the performance of his duties, modest and unassuming in his manners, and upright and honourable in all things, he soon won the respect and confidence of the people, and was cordially welcomed wherever he went. In his pastoral visits, they soon came to regard the word of advice and prayer as a something not to be overlooked, and many, who at first, simply submitted to it out of respect to his feelings, came to love it for their own sakes. And many a soul was thus led, step by step,

to the feet of Jesus, where they sought and found "The pearl of great price."

The good results of Pastoral visitation are obvious to all. While the pulpit is the preacher's throne, the home of his hearer is his council chamber. He has much to receive as well as to impart, and from his intercourse with the members of his flock he can gather much for his public ministrations. Their joys and sorrows, their trials and triumphs, he cannot afford to be unfamiliar with, and his personal knowledge of and acquaintance herewith, will give point and pungency to his appeals. As a wise physician he will try and ascertain what kind of treatment their every case requires, and will be afraid to deal in dry abstractions. At home he studies books, but, abroad he studies men, and between the pen-and-ink description and the living reality there is a measureless difference. The Pastor who lives apart from his people cannot be supposed to be very deeply interested in their welfare, and

it would be difficult to persuade them that he is. No matter how eloquently he may preach; how learnedly defend the truth; how gracefully adorn and dignify the pulpit; how beautiful his language or brilliant his ideas; unless he comes down to the common level, and mingles with his hearers as a friend and a brother, his influence will be limited and his success comparatively small.

Besides Mapleton, Mr. Fraser had several other settlements to visit, some of which lay on the seaboard, and others in the interior. His journeys to and from the latter were very dreary, and not unattended with danger. Occasionally a huge black bear would cross his path, causing Sally, his little pony, to prick up her ears, and manifest an unwillingness to proceed. During one of his solitary drives, one of these animals planted himself in the middle of the road, and seemed to say, "Come on, if you dare." Mr. Fraser had no idea of turning back, Sally refused to move forward

an inch, Bruin doggedly kept his position, and what to do was the question. The situation was not a very desirable one. Night was setting in, the animal was apparently ready for a fight, Mr. Fraser was unarmed, and his usually quiet little pony was becoming quite restive. Things were beginning to look rather serious, when an horseman came dashing along, and Bruin alarmed at this reinforcement, took refuge in flight.

Sometimes his course lay along the seaboard, with the bold high cliff upon the one hand, and the water upon the other. On those occasions he would leisurely jog along—his bridle rein hanging loosely over Sally's neck—and give himself up to the delightful emotions of the hour. Yonder would be seen a stately ship moving upon the waters like a thing of life. There a fleet of fishing boats would be busily engaged in the cod, herring, or mackerel fishing. And here the wreck of some noble ship, deeply embedded in the sand,

told its own sad tale of peril and of death. Many an hour of pleasant and profitable thought did he enjoy as he rode along that pebbly strand, and some of his best sermons were studied there, amid the mingled voices of the land and seabirds, and the soft murmuring of the waves.

But it was not always thus pleasant, for sometimes the journey could not be made without danger. The distance to be travelled on the beach was about ten miles, and, about half way, there was a bold headland running out into the sea, which could only be passed in safety at low tide. One evening, having been belated, he found himself in very great danger of being drowned. Night was setting in gloomily, quite a gale was blowing on shore, the sea was running very high, the waves rolled in over him, driving him high up amongst loose boulders and other debris, and had it not been for the sure footed and nimble little Sally, he certainly must have perished.

But the sagacious creature, as if sensible that everything depended upon her, bravely toiled on—now struggling to keep her footing, or staggering beneath the force of a heavy wave, and then, as it receded, springing forward, till, at length, the dangerous cape was rounded, and horse and rider were out of danger.

But while "in labours more abundant," he was cheered to know that his efforts were appreciated, and rendered a blessing to many. An extensive work of grace was experienced in the Mapleton congregation, and a large number united with the church. Among the rest were three young men, who have since entered the ministry. One of them is now labouring in Ontario, another has recently died in New Brunswick, and the third is now in Ohio. God alone can tell, and eternity reveal, the good that was then wrought. Ministers are sometimes sorely tempted to conclude they are not in the path of duty unless they see immediate results. But

for the encouragement of all such we wish to say, that one of the young men above spoken of was led to God through the instrumentality of a sermon which Mr. Fraser believed was, perhaps the poorest he had ever preached, and of which he was thoroughly ashamed at the time of its delivery.

About a year after the revival, an event, or series of events, of an unusually painful character occurred, which we must not forget to mention. Every year large numbers of fishermen from the New England States, frequented the shores of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, attracted thither by the excellence and variety of the fish that there abound. One of the prettiest sights we have ever seen, was a fleet of some two hundred and fifty sail, rounding the West Cape of Prince Edward Island. The previous day had threatened a storm, and they had run into Egmont Bay for shelter. The morning was very fine, and with every sail set, they were standing for the

fishing grounds. As we stood upon the bold cape, and heard the ringing cheer, and caught the mingled notes of "Hail Columbia" and "Shall we gather at the river?" we breathed a prayer that the Pilot of Galilee would guide them safely home. In fine weather their work is very pleasant, and for days and weeks together they are able to prosecute it without interruption, but sometimes a storm comes up so suddenly, that great loss of life is the result.

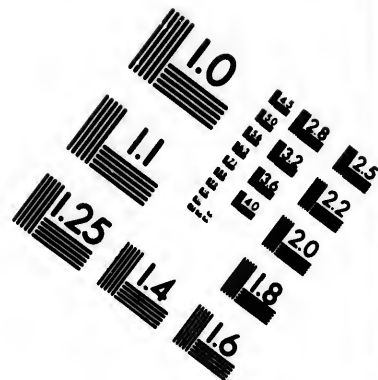
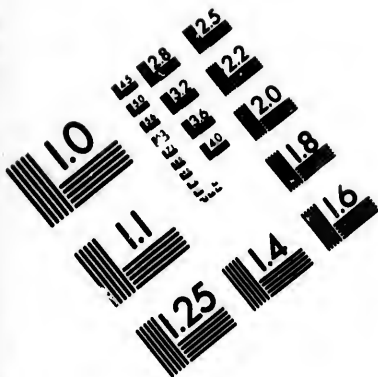
One of these storms can never be forgotten by the people of Mapleton. The day was the Sabbath, but it was a day of turmoil and excitement, and not of rest and quiet. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, the sea ran very high, and a drenching rain added to the gloom and discomfort of the occasion. The coast is very dangerous. For over fifty miles there is nothing like a harbour, and a reef of sunken rocks with scarcely enough water in places to float a canoe, runs out into the sea about ten miles. All through that dreary day, the



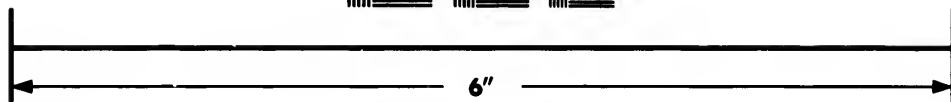
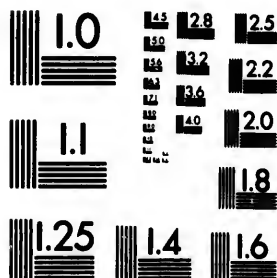
poor fishermen laboured hard to keep off shore, and some few succeeded, but the greater part were wrecked. Vessel after vessel drove past — sails, shrouds, bulwarks, all gone — their crews perfectly powerless in the presence of the angry elements. Every now and then some one would be driven upon the rocks, the waves would sweep over her, and carry over into the boiling flood, the poor fellows who had manned her.

The day was drawing to a close, when one of the largest of the vessels, which had succeeded thus far in keeping off the shore, was seen approaching the place of danger. She was evidently well managed, and everything was done that was possible to save her. Unable to bring her about, they let go the anchors hoping thus to outride the storm. But the hope was vain. The cables parted, she was thrown violently on the rocks, and soon went to pieces. Some of the crew were instantly killed, and others were seen clinging to pieces





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of the wreck, and striving to reach the shore. The crowd on shore looked on ready to render any assistance in their power, but they could do but little, as no boat could live in such a sea.

To witness such a scene as this, is heartrending in the extreme. Parents thought of their absent ones, children of their parents, and wives of their husbands, and many a prayer went up to God on behalf the suffering ones. Mr. Fraser, regardless of the storm, mingled with the crowd, anxious to do anything in his power. While intently watching a something in the water, a little girl came up to him and said, "Mr. Fraser, we can pray, can't we?" He promptly acted upon the suggestion, and lifted his voice in earnest supplication on behalf of those whom God alone could help.

The prayer was hardly ended, when every heart was thrilled with the cry, "There's a man with a woman in his arms." Yes, there he was, determined to save her, or to perish in the attempt.

"Sure, thin, an' I can't stand that," said a brawny Irishman who was standing by, "In-dade I can't. The poor craythur's his wife, and I'll help him, or die too, I will," and fastening a rope around him, he plunged into the sea.

Sooner than was imagined possible, he reached the struggling and heavily burdened man, and after incredible exertions succeeded in bringing them safely to land. Poor Pat, though badly bruised and otherwise injured, rejoiced at his success, and with a mysterious look said something about a mother's love. A mother's love! Who has not heard about it? Who has not experienced it? Who cannot remember some touching incident associated with it? Carefully wrapped up and bound to her bosom, was a tender infant of a few months old. The husband could not leave his wife, the mother could not leave her child, and all together had sunk into the waters, to live or die as God might determine.

The husband, a powerfully built, fine looking young man, had sustained but little injury, but his wife was, to all appearance, dead. She was promptly cared for, the usual restoratives were applied, and, after some time, she gave signs of returning animation. Her first words were, "Winthrop," "Eva." For a time her life was despaired of, but, by the blessing of God upon good care and nursing, she was brought round. Strange to say, the child was unharmed. A beautiful, blue-eyed creature, its sweet young face forcibly reminded one of the infant Moses when rescued from a watery grave. Every one was delighted when the mother was pronounced out of danger; but Pat was in raptures, and again and again gave expression to his delight in true Hibernian style.

"Sure, and it's meself that is proud av' ye, me little darlint," as he would hug the babe with a good natured roughness that would make it scream, "Was there iver sich a shwat

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little craythur? Talk of Mooses; Mooses niver had sich eyes, and no Jew that iver lived had sich a skhin. Arrah, honey, ye're a jewel, an' if ye wur a little oulder, I'd be afther axin' ye're father for ye."

"But Pat," the glad mother would say, "you might have been drowned, and as it is, you will carry that scar over your eye as long as you live. My joy and gratitude is mixed with sorrow when I think upon what you have suffered on our account."

"Dhrowned, did ye say, Sure, I niver thought ov sich a thing, an' is it the likes of Pat O'Leary that wud bother his head about a bit ov a schratch. Troth, an' i've got more thin that at a fair afore now, whin I was in the ould counthry. Sorry for me; musha, an' I'm not sorry for meself. It's proud I am that I saved ye."

"Pat," she replied, "we can never répay you, but we have concluded, if you will agree to it, to take you home with us, and try and



make you comfortable the rest of your life. We are not rich, but what we have you must share with us."

Several others were rescued, cared for, and sent home, and others were decently interred, while their friends, as far as could be ascertained, were corresponded with, and the details of the melancholy affair made known to them. All this labour devolved on Mr. Fraser, but it was cheerfully done, and he felt more than recompensed when he read the thanks of survivors, or their friends, after their return home. With some of these he has since met, and of others he has been the welcome guest, but no words could express their indebtedness to him, as they recalled his kindness to them in the trying time of which we have spoken.



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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SETTLED PASTOR.

**M**EADOWBANK is one of the prettiest places in the Province of New Brunswick. Situated on one of the numerous streams that flow into the Bay of Fundy, hemmed in on three sides by lofty hills, and facing one of the richest and most fertile sections of the country, its appearance is calculated to make a very favourable impression upon the stranger. The nodding hills, the fruitful fields, the fast flowing river and the expansive bay, are all objects of interest, and conspire to render it a most delightful place. Advantageously situated for commercial purposes, and the surrounding country rich in lumber, coal, gypsum and other valuable articles of trade, its thrifty and enterprising population carry on an extensive trade with

the United States. Some are quite wealthy, all are in comfortable circumstances, and poverty and want are unknown. The people are proverbial for sobriety, the Temperance cause has always been popular, a licensed tavern is nowhere to be met with, and an unusually large proportion of the population are professing christians. Two Evangelical denominations provide for their spiritual necessities, the greatest harmony and good feeling prevail, and everything indicates the presence of a strong religious element.

By a train of circumstances that need not now be narrated Mr. Fraser was led to this interesting field of labour. His reception was of the most kind and cordial character, and he entered upon his work with a glad and hopeful heart. Everything was done to make him feel at home, and old and young were anxious to contribute to his comfort. The church was a neat and well finished building, pleasantly situated in the center of the village, and built

in Gothic style. Attached to it was a neat and comfortable vestry, in the tower was a bell whose rich and silvery tones rang out its regular call to prayer, and the premises were kept in good condition. The parsonage was a neat though old fashioned cottage, surrounded by a number of maple, elm and Balm of Gilead trees, and a profusion of lilacs, roses, and other flowering shrubs. The congregation was large, the services well attended, the Sabbath School in active operation, and the various interests of the church creditably sustained. If work was to be done the labourers were ready, and into all his plans and purposes they were ready to enter heartily. Financially, his circumstances were much improved. Hitherto he had been compelled to practice the strictest economy, and had often felt that while poverty is no disgrace, it is a great inconvenience and sometimes a grievous hardship.

No right thinking individual will lightly estimate a minister's time and labours, but at

once admit he ought to be suitably remunerated. The teacher, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant and the mechanic expect to be paid according to the expenditures of the past and the responsibilities of the present, and certainly the minister ought not to be an exception. If a man is competent to preach he is surely capable of earning a respectable living in some other calling, and to neglect or refuse to pay him is alike dishonest and dishonourable. The idea of *giving* to a minister is insulting to him and discreditable to his people, unless it be a farewell offering independent of and unconnected with his regular claims. "Let it not be thought," said the good John Angell James, "that what is given to a minister is a charitable donation. It is the payment of a just debt. It is what Christ claims for his faithful servants, and which cannot be withheld without robbery. I spurn for myself and for my brethren the degrading apprehension that we are supported by charity."

And to a liberal support. Mr. Fraser was fully entitled. To this great work he had consecrated talents, which would have commanded a richer remuneration in a worldly point of view, had they been devoted to some other calling, and the Bible rule is, "the labourer is worthy of his hire." In his chosen sphere, he was a workman that had no cause to be ashamed. While making no pretensions to eloquence, he was eminently practical, and aimed at being useful. He was not what would be called a doctrinal preacher, though the grand fundamentals of the gospel were by no means neglected. His forte lay in description, and the story of Bible characters and events were presented in new and attractive forms. But whatever the theme, the matter would be richly Evangelical, and the spirit devotional. He was a diligent student of Scripture, and availed himself of all the sides within his reach to understand the true meaning and design of the various passages upon

which he preached. And not until he had made all possible preparation, did he feel at liberty to take the pulpit, to guide the wanderer, or to build up the believer.

But to do this, time had to be economized. The old adage: "Take care of the *pennies* and the *pounds* will take care of themselves," teaches very clearly the importance of trifles. Want of order and arrangement in the distribution of one's time, leaves a person hurried, and, in a great degree, the creature of circumstances. Such an one has no settled purpose before him, and passes through the day, undoing at one time, what has been done at another. And when evening arrives, the review of the day affords but little satisfaction. No new information has been acquired; no new ideas have been originated; no step has been taken towards moral or intellectual excellence; no real good has been done; a bad habit has been strengthened; and another day wasted in profitless employment, has been added to a list already too long.

Mr. Fraser usually spent his time in somewhat the following manner. Being an extemporaneous speaker, he frequently found that after all his previous preparations, some of the best things he ever uttered, were suggested at the moment of delivery. Monday forenoon, therefore, while these new thoughts were yet fresh in the memory, was devoted to interlining the manuscript, or in transferring them to his scrap book. The afternoons of Monday and Thursday were spent in pastoral visitation, and as his parish was not very large, he was enabled to see them sufficiently often. Saturday afternoon was reserved for such rest and recreation, as would best prepare both body and mind for the labours of the succeeding day. And the rest of his time was spent in his study, in the improvement of his mind, in preparation for the pulpit, or in any special work demanding his attention. Yes, for all kinds of work he is ever ready. On the platform he is frequently found, believing that



thus he may be of benefit to many who are beyond the reach of his pulpit ministrations. For the periodical press he has largely written and were his contributions of this character collected and published in permanent form they would form a volume of useful and entertaining matter. Work is his motto and delight and with pen or tongue he seeks to promote the welfare of his fellow men.

In the social relations of life he was very pleasantly situated. Among his friends and parishioners were a number of persons whose many excellencies of head and heart placed them far above the average. We have often heard him speak of those with whom he was thus happily associated, and of the mutual regard they had for each other. As the reader may wish to know something more about them, it will afford us much pleasure to give a brief pen-and-ink sketch of a few of the more influential. The first is a quiet, unobtrusive individual, whose appearance and manner

would never lead one to suppose him to be a successful politician. Few, however, have been more so. When little over twenty-one years of age he entered the political arena, and has never known a defeat. After serving his constituency in the Local Assembly for many years, he has since Confederation held a seat in the Dominion Parliament. In the carrying of that great measure he played no unimportant part, and the future historian of this Canada of Ours will feel it to be incumbent upon him to make honourable mention of his name. This white-haired, interesting old man is familiarly known as "The Squire." He is quite literary in his tastes, is well read in history, revels in poetry, is an enthusiastic student of geology, considers "The Testimony of the Rocks" a most wonderful book, looks upon the *Toronto Globe* as the highest authority in political matters, enjoys a joke, and is a most agreeable companion. Of Albert we have spoken elsewhere, and will merely say in pass-

ing he is one of the most amiable young men we have met with, and as a vocalist he ranks high. Much as we admire the organ, we could almost be persuaded to dispense with it, could we always have such a voice as his to lead our congregational singing. Mr. Andrews' career might be made use of:—

“To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

He was a native of Ireland, and early in life united with the Methodist Church. In that communion he laboured for a time as a Local Preacher, and felt moved to give himself to the work of the Ministry. He disobeyed the Divine mandate, married, and went into business. Coming to this country he started life anew, but dark days overtook him. His good and noble wife passed away, and with her fortune seemed to forsake him. For years he had rarely entered a place of worship, spent much of his time in the study of works of a speculative character, and wandered far from the simplicity of the gospel. Meeting with

Mr. Fraser he had been induced to attend again the house of God, he sought and found the Divine forgiveness, and is once more wending his way heavenward. John A. is now no more, but his memory is like "precious ointment poured forth." While he lived no man in the parish stood higher in public estimation than he did, and the regret felt at his sudden and untimely removal was sincere and universal. The history of the next is illustrative of what can be accomplished in the educational line. Born on a farm and brought up amid rural scenes, he soon gave evidence of a desire for intellectual culture. Offered his choice, money or education, he choose the latter, and after spending some time at Provincial Institutions, took a five year's course at Old Trinity, Dublin. There he won the highest honours, and returned to his native Province prepared to take high rank among the educators of the young. After giving full proof of his ability in this respect,

he was called to his present responsible position as a college Professor, and we expect yet to see him at the head of the Institution with which he is now connected.

That portly personage is at once seen to be a son of the stormy deep, and has many a tale to tell of the perils of seafaring life. Having laid away his aged mother in the tomb, received four of his five daughters into the Church, and otherwise intimately associated Mr. Fraser is always a welcome guest at his home. On some doctrinal points they do not "see eye to eye," but the Pastor has no more regular and attentive hearer than this retired shipmaster. There are others we would like to refer to, enterprising merchants, rising lawyers, and good and worthy men, matrons and maidens, whose influence and example is deserving of all praise, but space will not permit.

With these Mr. Fraser spent many an hour in edifying converse, and their intercourse with each other was mutually beneficial.

The good book says, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," and why? Because the ideas, sympathies, and example of the wise and good possess a blessedly transforming power. All moral character is formed on the principle of imitation; hence the moral likeness of the child to the parent, the citizen to his nation, or the man to those with whom he associates. We are ever giving or receiving, getting or doing good, or the reverse. Meeting thus frequently and freely without unnecessary reserve, the intelligence of each became the property of the whole, and "as iron sharpeneth iron" so did the intercourse of these friends contribute to their mental, moral, and religious advantage.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

**T**HE Sabbath evening congregation had been unusually large. The well known and beautiful story of the Prodigal Son had been told with pathos and power. The sermon had been one of Mr. Fraser's best, and every heart had been thrilled by the glowing description of the joyous meeting of parent and child. Tears had freely flowed from eyes unused to weeping, and all had retired from the church with a higher appreciation of the ability of the Pastor, and a greater reverence for the good old book. Wearied with the labours of the day, Mr. Fraser had retired to the study for a few minutes quiet rest. Leaning his head upon his hand, he was thinking of the sermon he had just preached, and the profound impression it had produced,

and was trying to recall the passages which seemed to have been most telling, when he was roused from his reverie by a loud knocking at the front door. In a few moments the study door opened, and the waiting maid said:—

"Mr. Fraser, there is a strange gentleman down stairs, who wishes to see you. I am afraid he is crazy, for he is walking the floor at a great rate, and seems to be in trouble. I hope he won't hurt you, for he looks queer."

"Don't be alarmed, Maggie," said Mr. Fraser, "he will not harm me. Shew him up."

Maggie disappeared, and soon returning ushered in the stranger with a look which betrayed considerable uneasiness, and which seemed to say, "watch him closely."

The stranger was a respectable looking old gentleman, of nearly sixty years of age. His head was white, his face wrinkled, and his whole countenance indicated that he had passed through some great affliction. After



the usual salutation, and a few common place remarks about the weather, there was an awkward pause. The stranger was evidently ill at ease, and wished to say something but hardly knew how to begin. The silence was becoming painful, when Mr. Fraser said:—

“You seem to be a stranger here. May I ask how long you have been in the neighbourhood?”

“I am indeed a stranger,” was the reply, “I only came here, yesterday, but all places are alike to me now. I *am* a stranger to peace and happiness.”

“While I sincerely regret that such is the case,” said Mr. Fraser, “I rejoice to know that there is *One* both able and willing to heal the broken hearted, and to comfort all that mourn. You believe that.”

“I do, and I do not,” replied the stranger, “if you can understand such contradictory language. He is willing to forgive all who are truly penitent, and are resolved to do right in future, but not else.”

"Assuredly not."

"But," queried the other, "if God should forgive, how is it possible for a man to forgive himself, when he knows that he has injured others. Must not such recollections embitter his whole life?"

"That must largely depend on circumstances. If the parties are alive, we ought to make such reparation as is in our power; and if they are not, we must lay the whole matter before God, who will take the will for the deed. He is too wise, too good, and too just to require us to perform impossibilities, and, besides, there is such a thing as being unnecessarily severe upon one's self."

"Yes, if he was but alive, or within my reach, I would gladly make all the reparation in my power. But no doubt he is dead, perhaps lost, and I am the cause of it all," groaned the wretched man.

"Of whom do you speak?" kindly enquired Mr. Fraser, who was now thoroughly aroused,

and sincerely pitied the man before him.

"Of my son," said he, after a moment's hesitation, in which he seemed to be striving to master his emotions, "and if you will bear with me, I will explain to you the whole affair. My home is in New York. Providence has blessed me with an abundance of this world's good. Want I never knew. My wife was one of the excellent of the earth, and, while she lived I had some comfort. I had an only son, who was as dear to me as my own life. From him I expected great things, and fondly hoped that he would be a comfort to us in our declining years. But in this I have been sadly disappointed. Becoming acquainted with some reckless young men, he ran away from home, and plunged into the wildest excesses. His mother died of a broken heart, and her last words were a prayer for her erring, but still much loved son.

"Some time ago he returned home, poor, penniless, and apparently penitent, and sued

for a father's forgiveness. Deeply wounded by his misconduct I received him coldly, and bitterly upbraided him for the injury he had done us. I felt that I was acting cruelly, but a false pride seared my heart. Stung to the quick by such ungenerous and unexpected treatment he left me in anger, and what has since become of him I cannot tell. Oh, sir; if I had acted the part of the Prodigal's father, how very different it might have been with me now. I am wandering from place to place in the hope of finding him, but I fear it is now too late. God may forgive me, but I can never, never forgive myself. You will pardon the liberty I have taken in calling upon you, but I felt that I could not leave the place without doing so."

Mr. Fraser assured him that it afforded him a mournful pleasure to listen to his interesting narrative, and encouraged him to hope, that as he had no evidence of his son's death, his whereabouts might yet be discovered, and

another prodigal be welcomed to his father's house.

"Oh, sir," said he, "if my poor misguided boy would return once more, how gladly would I welcome him. Or, if I only knew where he was, I would go to him and confess that I too had sinned."

Mr. Fraser then took down the Bible, and read again the simple and touching story about which he had preached, and in prayer commended his visitor and his wandering child to the fatherly care of that God who is "a very present help in trouble."

Strange as it may appear, the very next morning a young man called at the parsonage, to see if Mr. Fraser could assist him in obtaining a situation as clerk in some of the stores. He was poorly clad, had a sad and careworn countenance, and appeared to be in delicate health. Still, there was a something about him that seemed to speak of better days, his language and address inducing the opinion

that he was not what he seemed to be. Without at all wishing to be impertinent, Mr. Fraser intimated a desire to know something of his history, and assured him of his readiness to aid him as much as possible. Favourably impressed with the minister's kindly tone and manner, and believing him to be one in whom he could confide, the young man threw off all reserve, and gave such a history of himself as fully convinced his astonished listener that he was the long lost son of the old gentleman above spoken of. Persuaded that he was truly penitent and desirous of reforming, and that he was especially anxious to be reconciled to his father; Mr. Fraser informed him that his father was then in the neighbourhood, and would be glad to meet him.

"What," exclaimed the astonished and delighted son, "can it be possible? My father here, and willing to receive me. Oh, sir, is this so? Have you seen him? Pray tell me, quick?"

"I have," replied Mr. Fraser, "and had a long and interesting conversation with him last night after service, from which I learned sufficient to know from what you have told me, that he is your father. With matters of this nature I have no wish to intermeddle, and will therefore give you no particulars. Keep perfectly quiet, remain here, and I will at once send for him."

Leaving the young man to commune with his own thoughts, and to prepare himself for the unexpected interview, Mr. Fraser sent a note to the old gentleman, briefly informing him that he had obtained some information respecting his son, and requesting him to call at the parsonage as soon as convenient.

"You are very kind, Mr. Fraser," said the father on his arrival, "to take such interest in a stranger, but I have been disappointed so often, that I have grown quite sceptical. Your news, I fear, is too good to be true."

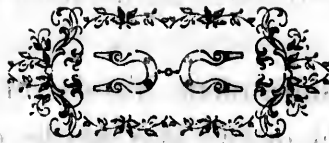
"Not at all, sir, not at all," was the laughing reply. "No disappointment this time—seeing is believing."

So saying he threw the door of the parlour open, and father and son rushed into each other's arms. All that was said was "Father!" "Willie!" Both wept freely, but they were tears of joy, that Providence had permitted them to see that hour. The scene was too sacred, the feeling too deep for a stranger to witness, and Mr. Fraser withdrew and left them alone with the rejoicing angels.

Of the subsequent history of this young man, a word or two may not be out of place. He returned home with his father, settled down, and became a good christian man. He married an excellent woman, who has greatly aided him in his efforts to do right. They reside with the father, and spare no pains to render his home happy. Two little ones love to climb up upon his knees, to play with his



silvery locks, and to call him "Grandpa."  
 And it need surprise no one to learn that the  
 eldest bears the name—to them all the dearest  
 name on earth—of "Allan Fraser."



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CHAPTER XIV.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

**H**NWILLING to break the thread of our story, we have not mentioned the fact, that sometime previous to this Mr. Fraser had entered the married state. While he had many friends for whom he cherished a very great regard, in whom he had the greatest confidence, and whose advice and counsel he highly valued, he nevertheless needed an helpmeet—one that would promote his happiness and increase his usefulness. In taking this important step he was well convinced that his success or failure in his great life-work would largely depend upon the character of the woman of his choice. A suitable partner is a man's strongest earthly safeguard; her approving smile his greatest encouragement; and her good opinion his most coveted reward.

Mrs. Fraser is a good wife and a wise counsellor, and her husband has often remarked that had he followed her advice more fully the principal mistakes of his life would have been prevented. Six children have blessed their union, and in their domestic relations they are contented and happy.

But to return. Sometime after his marriage Meadowbank was visited with severe affliction. Death in various forms was unusually busy. The victims of consumption were numerous. Diphtheria laid many in the grave. Scarletina made sad havoc with the young, and malignant fever clothed many a household in the weeds of woe. Mr. Fraser had never seen so much suffering before, and with all these forms of disease around him it need not be wondered at if sometimes he feared for his own safety. But duty was too plain, and her calls too imperative, to be misunderstood or disobeyed. He felt that his proper place was at the bedside of the suffering, to comfort the afflicted,

or to encourage those that were sinking into the arms of death. He was ever on the move, ministering to those who were in trouble. And by his unwearied devotion to duty during this trying time, he endeared himself to all, and won a popularity that was both desirable and enduring.

The first death scene that we shall describe was that of one of the most amiable and interesting young ladies connected with the church. Through Mr. Fraser's instrumentality she had been led to the Saviour, and for him she entertained the most affectionate regard. She had been an invalid for some time, and like all consumptives, had flattered herself with the hope of recovery. But the illusion had been dispelled, and she stood face to face with the last enemy. Feeling that her end was near, she desired to see her beloved Pastor once more. He was soon at her side listening to her dying testimony, and cheering her as she passed the gloomy valley. Truly it was a

scene of indescribable interest. There lay a lovely girl, struggling in the agonies of death, while weeping friends stood round, waiting for the moment of deliverance. For a time all was hushed and still, save the low breathing of the sinking one, when, looking heavenward, she slowly repeated the words:

“He will never leave you, he will never forsake you.” Lo I am with you always, even unto the end.”

And while the last word yet lingered upon her tongue, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

There was one case of a peculiarly painful character, which excited more than ordinary interest. The family consisted of the father, mother and two children. Fever entered the home, and one after another was smitten. The babe after a brief, but distressing illness, was laid away in the grave. The little boy's life was for some time despaired of, but he subsequently recovered. Before he was out of danger, the mother was taken down with

the disease, and soon fell a victim thereto. At the time of her death, her husband was too ill to leave his bed, having taken the fever also. It was hard to have a fond wife die under the same roof without a parting word or a farewell kiss, but it was unavoidable. When Mr. Fraser bore the sad intelligence to the suffering husband, his only remark was, "Poor Mary, I shall soon be with her, and may God bless our dear boy." In a few days the prediction was verified, and he was placed beside her in the same grave. They were highly valued members of the church, and their loss was deeply felt. In their lives they were pleasant and lovely, and in their deaths they were not long divided.

But while many who passed away at this time had the comfortable assurance that they were going to be forever with the Lord, there were those whose deaths were dark and dreary in the extreme. One case in particular is worthy of notice, as a warning to those who

adopt infidel principles. Mr. Robinson was a native of Scotland, well educated, and had been early instructed in the principles of our holy religion. His prospects in life were good, and humanly speaking, he ought to have won a proud position in society. But he had formed associations unfavourable to piety, and had finally become a confirmed sceptic. He was now about seventy years of age, intelligent and conversational, but decidedly hostile to Evangelical religion.

But death is a great modifier of opinions, and the quiet of the sick chamber is well calculated to subdue and solemnize the most careless. When Mr. Robinson felt that he was dying, he painfully realized that he was unprepared for the great change. His sufferings were intense, his agony indescribable. His words were too terrible to be recorded, the scene too fearful to be told. For days he tossed about in the most awful manner, while strong men shuddered at what he said, till at length

exhausted nature gave way, and he passed into the presence of his Judge to receive a righteous sentence and a just reward for all the deeds done in the body.

Hitherto the home of the Pastor had not been visited by disease. For this he felt thankful, and rejoiced that such was the case. But he rejoiced with trembling. He felt that he belonged to no privileged class, that death comes alike to the saint and to the sinner, to the shepherd as well as to the sheep. Those who stand the nearest to the throne, passed, on their way thither, "through much tribulation." Saintliness can claim no exemption from suffering, piety is not to be determined by outward circumstances, and heaven's estimate of an individual's worth can never be ascertained by what he does, or does not suffer.

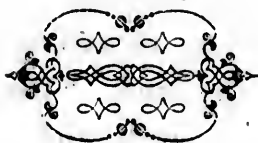
The smitten one was their youngest child. Maude was one of the loveliest little ones we have ever seen. From the day of her birth



she seemed to claim a large share of her parent's love, and to wield over them a strange influence. There was such a sweetness in her look, something so expressive in her soft blue eyes, that many said she was too good to live. It has often been remarked that children of unusual promise rarely live long, and may we not believe that the Holy Spirit lends this additional charm to childhood, while preparing them for their early removal. No sooner was she smitten than all felt that she must die. Her sufferings were extreme, and toward the last truly heartrending. For some thirty hours before she died, she passed from one fit to another, while the parents stood by with anguished hearts, beholding sufferings they could not alleviate. Just before she departed, as her father was bending over her, she gave him a look of unutterable tenderness, and put up her mouth for a kiss. That look, that act, spoke volumes, and affected him more deeply than anything he had ever wit-

nessed. Another terrible spasm, deliverance came, and pain and suffering were for ever ended. Drying their tears, and drawing a sigh of relief that the little one was at rest, the language of the parents was

“Go to thy rest, my child ;  
Go to thy dreamless bed,  
Gentle and undefiled,  
With blessings on thy head ;  
Fresh roses on thy head ;  
Buds on thy pillow laid,  
Haste from this fearful land  
Where flowers so quickly fade.”



## CHAPTER XV.

### TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

**T**HE poets of antiquity represent Envy as pale, lean, and cross-eyed, dwelling in a dark and gloomy cavern, and never rejoicing but in the misfortunes of others. The good and beautiful she never saw, or was incapable of appreciating; and the pleasure or prosperity of those around her, occasioned her the greatest uneasiness and grief. The beautiful prayer of the pious Fuller is worthy of being printed in letters of gold, hung in pictures of silver, and placed in some prominent place in every church, hall, school-room and parlor in the land. "Dispossess me, O Lord, of this bad spirit, and turn my envy into holy emulation. Let me labour to exceed those in pains, who exceed me in parts; let me feed, and foster, and nourish, and

cherish, graces in others; honouring their persons, praising their parts, and glorifying thy name, who hath given such gifts to them."

As stated in a previous chapter but two denominations were represented at Meadowbank, and the ministers and members of the respective communions met and mingled together as became the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. But it had not always been so. A number of the oldest and most influential families had originally belonged to a church that in these pages shall be nameless. Having been neglected for a length of time, a large number of them had, at this time, become members of the church of which Mr. Fraser was the much esteemed Pastor. Anxious to recover the lost ground, the authorities of the Church in question sent a minister to see what could be done. To say the least of it, he was not the man for such a delicate and difficult task. For while he was an excellent scholar and respectable preacher, he was self-

opinionated, unsocial, uncharitable and sadly deficient in those qualities which constitute the Christian and the gentleman.

Upon his arrival at Meadowbank, notwithstanding their great doctrinal differences, he was treated in the most kindly manner by both ministers and people. As he preached on the Sabbath afternoons, when there were no services in the other churches, he commanded large congregations. Some attended because they, or their parents, had belonged to this denomination, but the majority were actuated by that natural curiosity which leads men to be desirous of hearing anything that is new. But instead of preaching what he believed to be the gospel, he made it a point to assail those who differed from him, and to denounce their opinions as wrong and unscriptural. After continuing this for some time, he announced his intention to organize a church on the true gospel plan, and intimated his hope that all who had been previously connected

with his church would dissolve their present connections, and once more rally round the old standard. The day arrived, a large congregation gathered to witness the ceremony, a sermon suited to the occasion was preached, and the issue was rather anxiously looked for; but notwithstanding the efforts that had been made to ensure success a mere handful identified themselves with the new economy. The poor old man was sadly disappointed, for failure he had never dreamed of. But if he could not build up, he seemed determined to pull down. He commenced a course of lectures on the history, doctrines and usages of the church to which Mr. Fraser belonged. In this he hoped to be successful, and, indeed, there was good reason to fear that he would. He was a man of years and experience, had seen much of the world, and had apparently paid considerable attention to controversial questions. Mr. Fraser on the contrary, was but young, had never taken any part in doctrinal

discussions, and by many was deemed quite incompetent to deal with such an antagonist. An immense congregation assembled to hear him, and for four evenings, he laboured to prove that the doctrines and usages of the church in question were unscriptural and dangerous, and not in accordance with the progressive spirit of this age and country.

During the delivery of one of his lectures, a little circumstance occurred which occasioned considerable remark. While uttering one of his most bitter passages, the lights, with one single exception, were suddenly extinguished, and the assembly left in all but total darkness. The lamps were immediately retrimmed and relighted, but again they refused to burn, and the service had to be concluded by the light of a candle. Various opinions were expressed as to the cause of this singular affair, when a Scotchman observed that they "needna wunner sae about it, ony ane might ken that as the deil was the chief ruler o' the sunnagogue, an'

didna lo'e the licht, he had whuffed oot the lamps wi a whusk o' his tail."

Mr. Fraser attended the Lectures, took notes of all that was said, and at the close, announced his intention to reply to the same at a given time and place. Never before had the quiet little village been so excited. The more solid members of the church, regarded the affair as one of Satan's devices to divert the public mind from the consideration of sacred things, and their fear was that the weaker minded ones might be injured thereby. On the Sabbath preceding the reply, Mr. Fraser preached from the words, "Stand ye in the ways and see, &c.," and urged all to "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free."

Wednesday evening came, and a still larger congregation assembled to hear the reply. Such an audience he had never addressed before, and for a few minutes he was quite nervous, and spoke with some hesitancy. This soon passed away, his manner became earnest



and animated, and his voice rang out in clear and telling tones. He spoke of his own unwillingness to engage in controversy, and of the unprovoked nature of the attack. He then proceeded to deal with the questions at issue, and exposed the fallacy of his opponent's arguments. He took up his garbled quotations from various authors, which, like suborned witnesses had been made to speak against the truth, and made them build up the cause they had been summoned to destroy. He placed him in the unhappy position of either having spoken of things with which he was unacquainted, or what was far worse, of having wilfully misstated facts. He charged him with endeavouring to stir up the worst passions of the soul, and to turn away the people from the simplicity of the gospel. But as he was an aged man—and grey hairs are entitled to consideration—and a minister, and his profession claimed respect; he was dealt with as leniently as the interests of truth

would permit. For more than two hours the assembly listened with unflagging interest, and all felt that the good old cause had been triumphantly vindicated. This was the winding up of Mr. Dunn's career at Meadowbank. His few friends, dissatisfied with his proceedings, deserted him, and unable to command a congregation, he soon took his departure,

“Unwept, unhonoured and unsung.”

Mr. Fraser's many friends, feeling that he had rendered them important service under peculiarly trying circumstances, considered it incumbent upon them to testify their appreciation of the same in some suitable and substantial manner. Accordingly he received a note from Mr. Rogerson, the leading member of the church, requesting him, if convenient, to remain at home the next evening, as a few friends were desirous of paying him a visit. No reasons were given for the rather unusual request, nor was the object of the intended visit stated, and he was left entirely free to

conjecture what he pleased. At the appointed time, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, and a number of other friends came in and informed him that they desired the free and unrestricted use of the parsonage for the evening; assured him that everything would be left in good and creditable condition; and that he and his family were to consider themselves the guests of the company. Such a mode of proceeding was quite new to him, but having full confidence in the prudence and good sense of his friends, he cheerfully allowed them to have their own way.

After having partaken of a sumptuous repast, and spending a couple of hours in a most agreeable manner, Mr. Rogerson called the assembly to order, and informed them that the principal business of the evening was yet to be attended to. What that business was he was not permitted to tell,—that privilege, that honour—was reserved for one who was much better qualified to do so than he was.

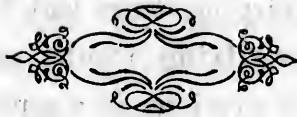
Unwilling therefore to anticipate aught that might be said, or take up the time that belonged to another, he would simply call upon Miss Davis to perform her part of the programme. The young lady in question then stepped forward to where Mr. and Mrs. Fraser were sitting, and read an interesting address.

The address was every way creditable to all concerned, was appropriately worded and excellently read. It touchingly referred to scenes never to be forgotten by many who were present, when Pastor and people had wept together at the graves of the departed, or rejoiced with each other when seeking ones had found "the pearl of great price." It spoke of the recent unpleasantness, and of the efficient manner in which, in their estimation, he had vindicated the interests of the church they loved so dearly. It assured him of their heartiest sympathy with him, of their increased respect for him, and of their earnest prayer that God would be with him and bless

him. It did more. It announced to him the pleasing fact that his people were prepared to *do* as well as *say*, and that the reader of the address was authorized in their name and on their behalf to present him with a substantial expression of their love. A well filled purse was then handed to him, accompanied by kindly wishes for the comfort and happiness of himself and family both in this life and also in the life to come. The whole affair was well managed, and while a surprise on the one hand was a real pleasure on the other.

Mr. Fraser was quite overcome by this fresh proof of their kindness, and scarcely knew how to reply. Recovering his composure, he briefly expressed his gratitude for their generosity, but was afraid that it was undeserved. He assured them that his sole motive in entering the controversial arena, was to defend what he believed to be the truth. And he was much gratified to know that his conduct had met their approval, for next to the love of

his Redeemer, he valued that of his friends. With the evening's entertainment all parties were highly pleased, and separated with firmer resolves than ever to cling to the grand old faith.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### GATHERING IN THE SHEAVES.

**M**R. Fraser had been unusually busy of late. The unpleasantness referred to in the preceding chapter had been overruled for good. The sabbath congregations were more than ordinarily attentive, and the social means of grace exceedingly interesting. Several inquiry meetings had been held with the most gratifying results, and many had been enabled to rejoice in a sense of the divine favour and forgiveness. Many more were the subjects of deep and powerful convictions, and there was scarcely a family in the neighbourhood that was not, more or less, affected by the blessed wave of divine influence that was gladdening so many hearts and homes.

One Sabbath, in particular, will long be remembered. The word dispensed had been

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accompanied with the unction of the Holy One, and a solemn awe had rested on the assembly. Quite a number on that day had been publicly received into the church, among whom were a father, mother, two sons and two daughters. If angels are present in our religious assemblies, and note with joy the first indications of penitent feeling in the hearts of the unsaved, surely their delight must have been unbounded as they witnessed the dedication of a whole family to God. And as the Pastor took the hand of each, and touchingly alluded to the interesting spectacle before him, there was scarcely a tearless face in the vast congregation. Each succeeding day in the week had been occupied in visiting and praying with the newly awakened, or in instructing those who had experienced the great change, and Saturday afternoon found him in his study, worn and wearied, preparing for the duties of the Sabbath.



Mr. Fraser, ' said Mr. Mack, one of the best men in the neighbourhood, who had just called, "would you be kind enough to call over and see my wife, as soon as convenient. I do not know what to do with her. She can neither eat nor sleep, and is certainly in a strange way. I have reasoned with her, and prayed with her, but all to no purpose. She thinks there is no mercy for her, and is really the most distressed creature I ever saw. I do not like to trouble you, knowing your time is so much occupied, but if you can come, I would be so thankful."

"My dear brother," replied the minister, "anything that I can do for you, or any member of your family, will never be regarded a trouble. I am sorry that Mrs. Mack is so unhappy, and yet I rejoice that she is so, for you know the old proverb, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." From some conversation I had with her, I am convinced that the good Spirit is graciously operating upon her heart,

and this feeling you speak of, is one of Satan's many devices to keep her in bondage. I will go over and see her at once, and, meanwhile, let us look to God for guidance."

Mrs. Mack was an excellent woman. Her public deportment was all that could be desired, while her amiable disposition, and gentle and winning ways had rendered her a general favourite. She was a regular and reverent hearer, but had not experienced the great change. Of late she had been unusually thoughtful, and felt it to be high time to seek a personal interest in the blood of Christ. Her anxiety was very great, and the half-suppressed sob and fast flowing tears, betrayed her deep emotion. Mr. Fraser had frequently conversed with her, or rather, had tried to do so, but she had been so reserved upon the subject, that failing to understand her real condition, he had not been able to give her the advice that she had really needed.

"Oh, Mr. Fraser," she said, as she met him at the door, "what shall I do? I have sinned away the day of grace, and there is now no mercy for me. My soul is lost—lost for ever."

"Try and be calm, my sister," he replied, "and we will look at this subject in the light of Scripture. If I rightly understand the teachings of God's word, while there is life there is hope. For he is able to save to the uttermost—to the uttermost of human guilt, as well as of life."

"But God has utterly forsaken me," she persisted. "I cannot pray. I cannot believe. I have been *such* a sinner. I have so grieved the Holy Spirit, that He will never forgive me. O I am a poor, miserable, lost sinner."

"No doubt you are, and deserve his wrath, but it was to seek and save the lost that the Saviour came. God, my sister, permit me to say, has not forsaken you, and your present distress is a proof to me, that you are not far from the kingdom of God."

"Oh, I wish I could believe it," she earnestly exclaimed, "I wish I could! Do you really think there is mercy for me?"

"I not only think so," he replied, "but I am sure of it. Listen: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

"The blood of Christ divinely flows

A healing balm for all our woes."

Of his ability to save, you cannot doubt, and of his willingness you have abundant proof. Think of the garden and of the Cross, of his kindness and pity to all; of his many precious promises to the weary and heavily laden; of his goodness to you all through life, and of his spirit's presence with you now. Can you not love him for his great love? Can you not trust him? Dare you question his sincerity? Break through this snare of the enemy! Cast yourself on the atonement!

Delay not another moment! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!"

"I will! I can! I do believe!" she exclaimed, as with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she looked heavenward, "Peace, blessed peace! Oh, how could I doubt his love. Truly He is good."

The reaction was so sudden, the transition from the deepest distress to the calm sweet joy of that hour was so great, that she sank back exhausted, and Mr. Fraser believing it would be better to leave her alone with her God, took his departure. Rarely had he experienced a deeper, purer joy, than that which filled his heart as he returned home. The character and social position of the person he had just left, the difficulty he had ever felt in dealing with her peculiarly despondent disposition, the intimacy existing between the families, and the pleasing change that had just taken place, all tended to render this a season of unusual satisfaction. Her subsequent history has been

eminently Christian, and her simple and unaffected piety has commended religion to all observers. Since then she has had dark days, and has been sorely tried in the furnace of affliction. Her good and noble husband died suddenly of apoplexy, without a parting word or look of recognition, but she bore it calmly and Christianly. And in all her distresses she has happily realized that God is "a very present help in trouble."

Among the newly awakened was a young man for whom Mr. Fraser cherished a very great regard, and in whose spiritual welfare he was deeply interested. His morals were unexceptionable, he was highly intelligent, and wielded considerable influence over the youthful part of the congregation. He had been early instructed in the principles of our holy religion, and with the contents of the Sacred Volume he was quite familiar. He had manifested much interest in the good work that was going on around him, but as he

was extremely sensitive, Mr. Fraser felt that it required great prudence to say anything to him on the subject.

One Sabbath evening after service, he called at the parsonage, and although apparently calm, was evidently the subject of deep and powerful feeling. After a few commonplace remarks about the impressive exercises from which they had just returned, he arose and walked the floor for a few moments in silence. Suddenly stopping and turning to Mr. Fraser who clearly comprehended the situation of affairs, and was gratified to find him in this state of mind, he said:—

“I am much troubled in mind. The importance of personal piety I never fully realized till now, although I have often thought about it. I know I must experience a change of heart, or be lost forever. I believe God to be good and merciful, able and willing to save all who will repent of sin, and seek his favour in a right spirit. I want to be

a real Christian, and, in theory, know how to become one. But theory will not do. I know you will tell me to trust in God: But, I mean no disrespect. What is God? Where is He? His power and glory overwhelm me, I am confused, bewildered, I cannot get near to Him. He is so far, far away."

"My dear young friend," replied Mr. Fraser, "I deeply sympathize with you. I can readily understand your confusion and bewilderment, when you think of the greatness and glory of the Eternal, nor do I wonder that you feel at such a distance from Him. Such feelings are not uncommon. Over that dread distance, poor human nature could never travel; into that awful presence it could never dare to enter. To comprehend the nature of God is beyond our power, nor is it at all necessary. Enough for us to know that He is good, merciful, and just, able and willing to save."

"All that I do believe, but the belief gives me no comfort. When I pray, I seem to be



looking at vacancy ; no heart to trust in, no arm to lean upon, nothing but a formless, voiceless, mysterious Being. My very soul quakes with fear at the thought, and I cannot approach Him if I would, and I dare not if I could."

"Why Albert," answered Mr. Fraser, "you talk as if you had never heard of the Saviour—as if you were ignorant of the life and mission of the Lord Jesus. While truly God he is truly man, and by the mysterious union of the two natures, he has met your difficulty, and bridged the awful gulf between man and his Maker. As God we adore him, as man we love him, and that same Jesus who went about doing good, in the days of his flesh, has borne humanity to the throne, and ever liveth to make intercession for us. Through Him you can approach the Invisible ; His heart you can trust ; on His arm you can rely. He is the way. No man cometh unto the Father, but through Him. The memories of the

garden and of the Cross awaken no fear—excite no dread. You can listen to His voice. His presence inspires no terror. His perfect Humanness renders Him easy of access, and His invitations are most encouraging. Your fears are groundless—your alarm quite unnecessary. He died for you; He thinks about you; He loves you tenderly. Can you not come to Him? And will you not do so now?"

To this reply, the troubled one had listened with the most marked and serious attention, for the subject had never been presented in that light before. In the Divinity of Christ, he had lost sight of the milder glories of His humanity, and had been more awed by the one than attracted by the other. That Christ was both divine and human, he had always believed, but never realized until now. The old, old story seemed to have a simplicity, a freshness, and a beauty, altogether new; and his soul was thrilled with the idea, that the way to God was through the compassionate

Jesus. The difficulty was removed, the problem was solved, and he sat for a time completely lost in thought.

"How strange," he said, "how very strange that I never realized this before. But I see it all now, Christ is the medium of communication between God and man. Yes, I understand it, and it does give me comfort. That feeling of dread is gone — that sense of distance has departed. I realize his presence here now, and my soul is filled with joy and gratitude. O may I love him with my whole heart."

After a short conversation about the evidences of a renewed state, the two knelt together before God, while the Pastor prayed that his young friend might be enabled to live a devoted Christian life. The interview was of the most interesting character, and its hallowed memories have often been pleasantly recalled. He immediately united with the church, entered very heartily into the good work, was rendered very useful among those

of his own age, and is now known and respected by all who know him, as a man of sterling worth.

But nowhere were the results of well-directed effort more pleasingly exhibited than in the Sabbath School. Not only the children were found there from Sabbath to Sabbath, but many who had reached maturer years, felt it both a duty and a privilege to attend. The teachers were intelligent, pious and painstaking, and did their work with such hearty goodwill, that the Sabbath afternoon was looked forward to with an impatience that was pleasing to behold. A well filled library was always within reach, and instead of the light and trashy reading too frequently to be found circulating among the young, the works were both interesting and instructive, and profited while they pleased. The publications of the London and American Tract Societies were generally preferred, for representing as they do our common Christianity, they embrace a

wider range of subjects, and give a more enlarged idea of what the church of God is doing, than can be expected in those of any one denomination. And, as a consequence, the names and labours of the good and great of all communions, were well known and appreciated, and while devotedly attached to their own church, were prepared to give honour to whom honour was due.

Believing that youth in general does not receive due attention from the pulpit, and that judiciously dealt with, their attention can be secured, their interest awakened, and their souls led to the Saviour, more readily than in after life, Mr. Fraser made it a point to preach to them at regularly stated times, and make them to understand that the service was their own. The exercises would be short, lively and simple. A touching story would be told, an anecdote related, a question asked, or a beautiful hymn repeated; and, then, when every eye and ear would be attentive, he

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would make the application, and press home the truth. And, not unfrequently, his youthful charge would evince an interest and show an intelligence in sacred things that was highly encouraging. Children's meetings were held with very gratifying results. The Pastor and teachers would engage in a free and easy conversation, and the young people would be invited to ask such questions as might be suggested by what was said. All would be made to feel perfectly at home, a good understanding was thus established between old and young, and many of those dear little lambs were thus gathered into the fold, and gave the most satisfactory evidence that they had experienced a change of heart.

At one of these meetings the question was asked which they thought the best and happiest man named in Scripture. One said it was Moses because he was so good tempered, another David because he was such a singer, a third Daniel because God delivered him from

the lions, but a little girl of some five years of age was sure it must be John. "Why my dear," said Mr. Fraser, "what makes you think so?" "I heard Ma read that he leaned on Jesus' bosom at supper time, and if he had'nt been good he would'nt have been there. I'm always happy when I'm in my Pa's or Ma's arms, and have my arms around their neck. Oh yes, John must have been the happiest," was the prompt reply.

Yes, sweet child, if we would be happy we must lean on the breast of Jesus, be near his heart, and ever in his loving arms. And it was Mr. Fraser's great joy to welcome many like little Myrtle into the bosom of the church below to be trained for the church above, that having learned the songs of the earthly Zion, they might sing more sweetly those of the heavenly.



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## CHAPTER XVII.

### REST AND RECREATION.

**A** GAIN and again we have had occasion to allude to the good feeling existing between Mr. Fraser and his people. His efforts to advance their best interests were warmly appreciated, and all felt that a few weeks relaxation from public labours after the exhausting exercises connected with the recent awakening would be advantageous to both body and brain. Besides, since his settlement at Meadowbank, he had devoted himself to his work with such unremitting attention, that he had rarely been absent from home a single Sabbath, excepting at the annual gathering of the churches. The good American custom of giving ministers "a vacation," is not common in the British Provinces, and few of them ever dream of enjoying such



a luxury. When the renowned Mr. Punshon visited this country, we were much amused at hearing a good Methodist minister, predicting all manner of evil things, as the result of so many of his brethren attending the Conference to see and hear the eloquent divine, to the neglect of their respective fields of labour.

Having frequently heard him express a wish to visit the United States, and see for himself something of the Great Republic, his friends conceived the happy idea of providing for the supply of the pulpit for a few weeks and of furnishing him with the funds necessary to defray his expenses. Such an arrangement was highly gratifying to him, as he anticipated much pleasure from the tour, and was delighted to think that a long cherished desire was about to be gratified. Accordingly he took his departure, visiting on his way several points of interest in New Brunswick, and after a very pleasant trip arrived safely

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in the city of Boston. Of what he saw and heard during his brief sojourn, and what were his impressions of the various places he visited during his absence from home, we cannot perhaps do better than transcribe a letter written to a friend after his return. And we are sure the information given, the opinions expressed, and the reflections indulged in, will be especially interesting to those who have not had the privilege of visiting the places in question and seeing these things for themselves.

BOSTON, Oct. 2nd, 1872.

My Dear Friend,—

A long-wished for opportunity having presented itself to see some of "the regions beyond" the narrow limits of my little parish, I was determined to make the most of it. I first visited the now famous village of Marysville, and had a look at its more than "decent church that topped the neighbouring hills." Marysville is a thriving little village of some 500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on both

sides of the Nashwaak about three miles from its junction with the Saint John, and an equal distance from Fredericton the Provincial Capital. As the Nashwaak is one of the finest streams in the Province, the "Mills," as this place was formerly called, was for many years a centre for lumbering operations. Some seven years ago, Alexander Gibson, Esq., of Charlotte County bought out the former proprietors, made this his home, and commenced operations on a very large scale. Providence has very greatly prospered him, and to-day he finds himself in a position to which few can hope to attain.

But if he has made money he knows how to spend it, and his contributions to benevolent and religious purposes have been many and munificent. There is scarcely a church for miles and miles around in which he has not invested, and many a struggling society has been helped by his liberality. He has his faults and who has not, but he has his excel-

lencies too. He has improved this place very much by the building of a large bridge across the Nashwaak, a schoolhouse that has few superiors in the Province, and a number of private residences for himself, sons, and workmen, the cost of which can only be guessed at. Add to these the Parsonage and Teacher's residence both of which are admirable in their way.

But the Church is the great attraction and has to be seen in order to be appreciated. None but an artist can correctly describe it, therefore for the task I am not competent. It is Gothic in style, octagonal in form, with a spacious vestibule in front and Lecture room in the rear, and surmounted with a steeple and dome. The stucco work is very fine and the frescoing is elaborate. The ground work of the ceiling is sky blue, and this studded with golden stars gives a fine effect. The windows are of the best English stained glass, and are inscribed with some of the grandest and most

suggestive passages of Holy Writ. The duties we owe to God and man are taught in:—  
“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.” Christ’s interest in the young is shown in; “Suffer little children to come unto me.” The grave is robbed of its gloom by the soul-cheering utterance; “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” Heaven is rendered attractive while we read; “In my Father’s house are many mansions.” And that Calvary scene, so full of sadness and of sorrow, is recalled by the solemn reminder; “This do in remembrance of Me.” The pulpit is under a triple arch, the centre one bearing the beautiful prayer:—  
“Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.” Pulpit indeed there is none, but what is vastly better, a slightly elevated platform, upon which stands a neat reading desk, and three richly finished chairs corresponding in form with the arches overhead. The gallery is reserved for the choir who sit before the organ,

which is a very superior one. The lighting apparatus consists of six lamps in the pulpit, ten in the gallery, four in the entrance, and a chandelier in the centre with twenty-four branches. The pews are uniformly carpeted and cushioned throughout, and each furnished with three copies of the Bible and Wesley's hymns. The church will seat about 500, is heated by furnaces, and no pains have been spared to render it not only a beautiful but a comfortable building. What it cost would perhaps be difficult to tell, but the head carpenter assured us that \$50,000 would not pay the bills. We have seen many beautiful churches, many larger than this one, and many that will last longer, but never did we look on one that could at all compare with this in architectural beauty and finish. We have seen it by day and by night, in the clear sunlight and in the misty moonlight, and our one feeling has been admiration. It is certainly a splendid offering for one man to lay

on the altar of the Lord, and our prayer is that he may find a resting place at last in the still more "beautiful home on high."

In company with the popular Pastor of the Methodist Church of Fredericton, I paid my respects to His Honour Lieut. Governor Wilmot at Government House. I had met him before, but not since his elevation to the Gubernatorial chair. He is a fine looking old gentleman, with an eye as sharp as an eagle's, and a face indicating more than ordinary intelligence. As a public speaker he ranks very high, and his power over his hearers is something wonderful. As a singer he occupies no mean position, as any one can readily understand who listen to his rich full voice, leading the musical exercises of the church in which he regularly worships. As a Sabbath School worker he is well known, and the school of which he is still Superintendent is one of the best in Province. He is the first Colonist that has reached his present high position in

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New Brunswick, and owes it to his distinguished talents, valued public services, and exemplary Christian character. He lived as a lad where he now rules as a Governor, and is most honoured where he is best known. He has been member of the Legislature, leader of the Government, Attorney General, Judge of the Supreme Court, and now Governor of his native Province, and is still as plain and unpretending as when, unknown to fame, he was simply known as Lemuel Allan Wilmot.

Wishing to send by to-day's mail I must now close, and in my next will give you my impressions of the modern Athens and its people. With kind regards, I am

Yours very truly,

ALLAN FRASER.

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MEADOWBANK, Nov. 1, 1872.

My Dear Friend,—

You wish me to tell you what I think of Boston, and to give you my impressions gen-



erally of the American people. As my sojourn there was very brief, and my opportunities for acquiring reliable information quite limited, I am afraid you will not be able to regard me as much of an authority. However, I did see and hear a good deal while there, and will comply with your request as far as I can.

Boston is a great city. Her vast trade, her numerous manufacturing establishments, her noble literary and scientific associations, and her grand benevolent and religious enterprises and organizations, entitle her to the highest consideration. Indeed, wherever you go, you meet with evidences of thrift, energy, wealth and greatness, with minds to plan, and hands to labour. To one who has spent the most of his life in the Eastern British Provinces, such a place presents many objects both new and striking. Never before did I realize how a man could be, "Midst busy multitudes alone," until I walked through one of the crowded thoroughfares of this great city, and could not

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recognize a single face in the pressing crowds. Yes, I did feel lonely, and my heart was touched with sincere sympathy for the young and the friendless away among strangers.

I made Chelsea my headquarters, and my host, a Mr. Smith, did everything in his power to render my stay as agreeable as possible. Rarely have I met with a more estimable couple than he and his good wife, and if they are fair specimens of the genuine American, I do not wonder that strangers generally speak so highly of our cousins. He took me to all the places of interest in the city and vicinity, and seemed to take especial pleasure in pointing out to me whatever he supposed would contribute to my enjoyment.

Born in a fort, cradled among cannon, and brought up in the army, the Navy Yard particularly interested me. As I gazed upon the vast collection of munitions of war, I shuddered at the bare possibility of their being employed against us, for apart from the ques-

tion, "Who would win?" the miseries that would be inflicted upon both nations, and through them upon the world, would be beyond all human calculation. But I was reassured by the thought, that whatever difficulties might arise, there was surely enough piety, intelligence, and true statesmanship between the two, to prevent such a dire calamity, and instead thereof, to draw still closer the bonds of relationship between them.

I visited the rooms of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," those of the "Young Men's Christian Association," the different Book rooms of the churches, and "The Little Wanderers' Home;" and learned many interesting facts connected with the past and present of these noble institutions. The first is operating in various foreign fields, and can point to the triumphs won in the name of Jesus, by many whose names "will be held in everlasting remembrance." The second, like

the good Samaritan, lends a helping hand to the young and friendless stranger, throws around him blessed influences, and seeks to find him appropriate employment. And many who are now its glory and crown, would, in all probability, but for its Christian zeal, have been rolling in the gutter, the inmates of the penitentiary, or sleeping in dishonored graves. The third are flooding the country with a rich religious literature, while the fourth is kindly caring for a multitude of little orphaned ones from all parts of the land. The Superintendent informed me that after staying some time in the Home, they are placed in Christian families, more as adopted children than as servants. Everything is done to make them forget the darker days of their earlier youth, and they seemed to be contented and happy; and as far as I could learn the Home is well deserving of the generous support it is receiving from all classes of the community.

Whoever goes to Boston feels it incumbent

upon him to visit the "Bunker Hill Monument," and the "Mount Auburn Cemetery." The former was erected in commemoration of the first battle for American Independence, and is a substantial piece of masonry, measuring some thirty feet square at the base, and about two hundred and twenty feet in height. It has a winding stairway upon the inside, and an enclosed platform upon the summit, from which you have an extended view of the surrounding country. Seldom have I felt more completely exhausted than after my descent, but its historic associations, and the magnificent prospect that greeted my eye, more than compensated me for all my toil.

To describe the Cemetery is quite beyond my power, and no pen and ink picture can convey any idea of its beauty. Untold wealth has been expended in the adornment of the last resting place of dear departed ones, and certainly if the tomb can be rendered attractive it has been done in this splendid city of the

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dead. I was informed that twenty thousand dollars had been expended upon one tomb, though I cannot now name the sleeper. No doubt many will denounce this as supreme folly and useless extravagance, but I have yet to learn that suitably honoring the worthy dead is anywhere discountenanced in Holy Scripture, or at all at variance with the purest principles of our holy religion.

The hours I spent in this interesting locality were far from being unprofitable. The sacred quiet of the place was in delightful contrast with the noise and bustle of the city. I felt as if standing upon holy ground, and everything seemed to have a softening and subduing influence. There sleeping in the embrace of death, were the representative men of the past and present—soldiers, orators, poets, statesmen, and divines—men who can never die. The storms of life are ended, differences of opinions are forgotten, earthly distinctions are levelled in the dust, the stranger and the

native sleep side by side, and all have proved the correctness or otherwise of their views and the soundness or unsoundness of their faith. Oh, could these dead ones but speak what startling revelations they could make, and what short work they would make with error. But since it is the divine will, that the tares and wheat are to grow together until the harvest, we must not wish to disturb their sleep.

But time would fail me to speak of Fanuel Hall, the State House, Tremont Temple, Mason and Hamlin's Organ Warerooms, the Natural History Society's Rooms, the new Masonic Hall, and other great centres of interest. Much, very much, in connexion with each, is calculated to favourably impress the mind of a stranger, and to lead him to form a high opinion of a people, who have consecrated so much wealth, and exhibited so much taste in the erection and adornment of such elegant structures.

You need not be told that Boston contains many fine churches. I visited several, not so much to see their architectural beauty and admirable arrangements, as to hear the Gospel through an American medium. But here I must confess to some little disappointment. While the sermons to which I had the pleasure of listening were all that could be desired for correctness of style, beauty of expression, and brilliancy of idea, and while I heard nothing to which I could take the least exception, there was not that clear and forcible presentation of the doctrine of the Atonement I had expected to hear, and which must ever be the grand theme of gospel preaching. Far be it from me to hint that these honoured men do not preach Jesus and him crucified, but I wish merely to say, that when I heard them they said less about Christ than I wanted to hear.

But with their prayer meetings I was really delighted. While we preach morning and evening, they preach morning and afternoon,



and reserve the evening for the prayer meeting. There the day's work is reviewed, experiences related, exhortations delivered, supplication presented, believers encouraged, and sinners led to Christ. Accustomed to our more formal mode, I was somewhat prejudiced against their free and easy style, and took it for granted it must lead to what would be unseemly in the sanctuary. But I was pleasingly disappointed, and saw nothing, heard nothing, that could offend the most fastidious. My prejudices were scattered to the winds, and I almost came to the conclusion that I had never known how to conduct a prayer meeting aright. Since my return I have adopted the same plan here, and while a few were ready to enquire, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" the majority fell in with it at once, and it promises to work well.

While the business part of Boston, with its narrow and crooked streets, is by no means beautiful, the suburbs and surrounding country

undoubtedly are. There art has supplemented nature, and you cannot but be delighted. I visited some thirty of the neighbouring towns and villages, and while they differed very widely in their trade transactions, yet there was much about them all to which our country can lay no claim. Of course we are not so wealthy, nor have we had the same length of time to devote to such things, but after all, I am afraid that the reason is to be found in a want of taste for the beautiful.

You want to know what I think of our cousins, but I am afraid to tell you, for fear I should misrepresent them. Some persons, after a few weeks travel, fancy themselves well qualified for such a task, and are laughed at by some and pitied by others. But if I am at all competent to form an opinion upon the subject, I would pronounce them shrewd, practical, persevering, and somewhat reckless in business; open, frank, courteous, and good hearted; intelligent and well informed, and

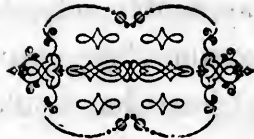
deeply imbued with religious views and feelings. Of course I saw idleness and poverty: ignorance and vice were not wanting, and roughness and incivility were occasionally encountered, but with all these admissions, my opinion as above expressed remains unchanged.

I had intended to have remained longer, and gone farther West, but becoming unwell I deemed it advisable to return home, as soon as possible. The weather was quite stormy and the return rather uncomfortable, but no mishap occurred, and I reached this place in safety. My family and friends were all well, and I found that everything had been well cared for during my absence. All were pleased to see me back again, and several expressed a hope that I had not so fallen in love with our cousins, as to seek a home amongst them. Leaving that an open question, I assured them that I was glad to be with them once more, and hoped that nothing would arise to render such a change desirable.

Apologizing for the length of this epistle,  
and regretting that I have not been able to  
give you more information concerning my trip.


I remain yours very truly,

ALLAN FRASER,



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

HE illness referred to in the previous chapter was nothing serious, and Mr. Fraser was soon as actively employed as ever in the work he loved so well. After the noise and bustle of Boston the quiet of country life was doubly refreshing. Nothing of special importance has occurred since that time, nothing at least that would be of interest to the general reader. He continues to pursue the even tenor of his way, and anxious to keep abreast of the times, avails himself of every opportunity that is presented to enlarge his acquaintance with men and things. What his future will be remains to be seen, but if we can at all determine what will be by what has been; we have every good reason to believe it will be a good and useful one. Brilliant he is

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not nor aims to be, for show and glitter he has no respect, and much that passes for eloquence he heartily despises. He believes in the solid and the substantial, is eminently practical, and in his pulpit ministrations, uses "great plainness of speech." In a word his highest ambition is to "be a good minister of Jesus Christ." Before, however, we take our leave of him, it may not be out of place to look at him in connection with certain events, in which, though lying outside the ministerial sphere, he took a very lively interest. In full sympathy with the sentiment that, he who is indifferent to his country's welfare is unworthy of her protection, he was anxious in every proper way to promote the public prosperity. He was wont to say, "when I became a minister I did not cease to be a citizen," and though scrupulously avoiding local politics to matters of general interest he paid great attention. Loyally attached to the British Throne he sought to encourage and strengthen the same

feeling in others, and to draw still closer the ties that bound us to the grand old Mother Land. In his earlier years Annexation to the United States was openly advocated by many, and a glowing picture was drawn of the blessings and benefits that would follow the unfurling of the "Star-Spangled Banner." To all such he offered a sturdy resistance, and actively supported every plan and project that promised aid in the killing out of the feeling. Times have wonderfully changed in this respect, few men are now found foolish enough to avow such sentiments, the tide of public feeling has set strongly in the opposite direction, and nowhere throughout the Empire has Queen Victoria more loyal and devoted subjects than in "This Canada of Ours." Several causes have contributed to bring this about, the chief of which have been the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales; the Fenian Raids, and the Confederation of the various Provinces of British North America into one broad Dominion.

That Royal visit called forth such loyal and enthusiastic demonstrations of affection for the reigning family and the Mother Country as surprised every one, and were exceedingly gratifying to the friends of British connection at home and abroad. The Prince's tour was one continued ovation, and the welcome accorded to him by all classes, creeds and nationalities was all that could have been desired. Seldom have we seen such evidences of sincere pleasure than when he passed along Prince William Street, St. John, acknowledging the congratulations of the crowd. "Arrah, now but he's a fine looking lad," said a rough Hibernian by our side, "all dressed up in scarlet and lace, but I'd rather see his mother, God bless her." Pat was right, we gave him that right royal welcome because he was "the son of his mother." Mr. Fraser had a full share of native independence, and never felt like doing homage at any earthly shrine, but he deemed it no discredit to walk in the

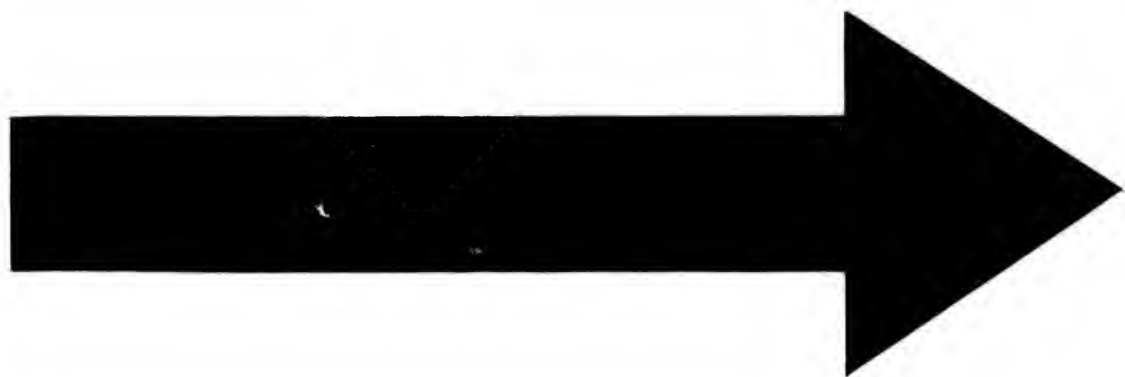


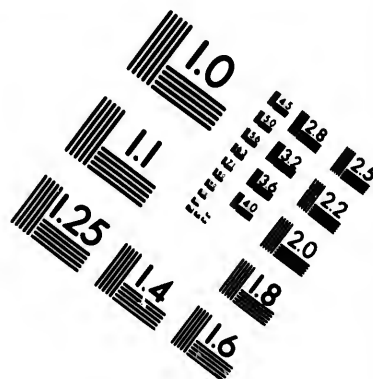
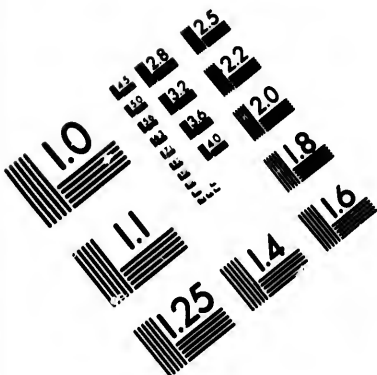
procession that formed his escort, and unite in the cheer raised in his behalf. The man who declared he would fight for the crown if it hung upon a rose bush was a loyalist of the loftiest type. Not the wearer of the crown so much as what the crown represented, and that crown represents to-day the truest liberty, compatible with the rights of others. Others regarded that visit as Mr. Fraser did, the advocates of separation spoke in lower tones, the feeling of attachment to the Mother country was greatly strengthened, and the perpetuation of British power upon this continent made an object of very general desire.

The question of the Union of the Colonies—ably and eloquently advocated by nearly all our leading men on the platform, through the press, and in the halls of legislation—had been forced upon our attention by the conduct of the American people during the past few years. At the commencement of the late civil war, an overwhelming majority of our people were de-

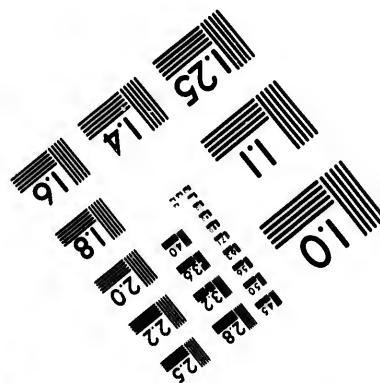
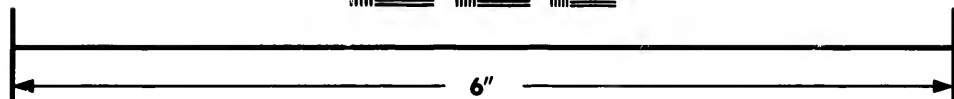
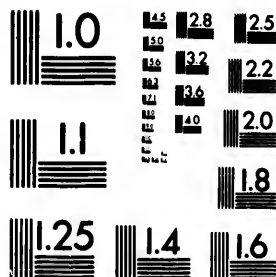
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cidedly in sympathy with the Federals; but a variety of circumstances tended very materially to change the current of public feeling. The British Government, clearly comprehending the gigantic character of the struggle, wisely determined to accord belligerent rights to the Confederates. This course, though almost immediately after adopted by themselves, was looked upon as indicating an unfriendly policy towards the Federals, and as giving aid and comfort to the rebels. A perfect furore of indignation was aroused against us throughout the loyal States; the secular and religious press, politicians, statesmen, and divines, apparently vieing with each other in their denunciations of "perfidious Albion." Then followed the "Trent affair," with its Congressional sword presentation, public dinners and platform oratory, while such representative men as Governor Andrew and the Hon. Edward Everett complimented the violator of international law for his *very*





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*brave and heroic achievements.* As British subjects, proud of our nationality, loyal to our Queen, and exulting in the traditions of a glorious past, we could not view such things with indifference. The colonial heart was moved, the blood flowed feeter through our veins, and the patriotic uprising of our people throughout the length and breadth of the provinces, gave evidence of a firm resolve to prove ourselves worthy of an honored and heroic ancestry. Next came the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, quickly followed by hostile tariffs and a species of non-intercourse legislation, with the avowed intention of forcing us into annexation. But again our cousins miscalculated. The self-reliant and independent spirit of the Anglo-Saxon proudly resents foreign dictation, and treats the impertinent intermeddler with well merited contempt. Instead, therefore, of tamely submitting to the imperious demands of the Annexationists, we turned our attention to the development of

our own resources, and sought in British, West Indian, and other markets the privileges denied us in the United States. And, lastly, came the Fenian movement to accomplish the work. Essentially an American organization, encouraged and sustained by American citizens, applauded by a large portion of the American press, and connived at, if not countenanced, by the American Government, no wonder that wide-spread indignation was felt throughout all British America. No wonder that our people rallied round the grand old flag with such patriotic devotion, impatiently desiring an opportunity to teach the ruffianly marauders, and their guilty accomplices, a lesson long to be remembered. Never did we feel prouder of our countrymen, than when we saw them cheerfully abandoning their ordinary avocations, to defend their homes, their altars, and their all; and if Fenianism was a miserable failure, we rejoice to know that the reason is not to be sought in American pro-

clamations of neutrality, but in the generous response of our people to the call of duty and the prompt assistance of the Imperial Government.

These causes largely contributed to bring about Confederation. Having watched the workings of republicanism for nearly a century, we saw no reason to desire a change in our political relations with the Mother country; and fully satisfied that our interests lay, not in continued isolation, nor in annexation, but in closer union with each other and with the parent state, we sent our delegates to London, to consummate the good work. "Never before," says Hon. Mr. Archibald, "has the world beheld such a spectacle as this. Never have the outlying portions of an empire, sinking minor rivalries and petty jealousies, agreed to unite and become consolidated; to contribute their fair quota for common defence and protection, while still maintaining their allegiance to the parent state." Well might the



British people feel highly complimented by the presence among them of the representatives of four millions of freemen on such an important errand, and by such a triumphant vindication of British rule.

In all these things he was profoundly interested, and gave them his very best attention. Looked at from the standpoint of the present many regard Fenianism as a something to be laughed at, but it was then too serious an affair to excite a smile. If ships of war and regular and volunteer troops were dispatched to the frontier, and the civil and military authorities felt moved to unusual vigilance, it need excite no surprise if the people of unprotected villages along the coast felt somewhat uneasy and alarmed. With hundreds of men on the opposite banks of the Saint Croix threatening what they would do; with the British flag insulted on British soil and the Canadian borders crossed by men in arms, there was surely cause for fear, at least for

action. We remember how Saint Andrews was excited, when one night about eleven o'clock the gun from the flagship called all hands to quarters, the drum beat to arms, and regulars and volunteers turned out with a promptitude which augured ill for our enemies had it been a real attack. There were those in Meadowbank who shared in the general uneasiness, and measures were adopted to guard against a surprise. A volunteer company was organized, a nightly patrol was appointed, and the facts reported to the Local Government. Comical things will, however occur in the most serious seasons, and the Fenian scare was no exception to the rule. Ever on the lookout for whatever might happen one of Mr. Fraser's parishoners saw, one morning, rounding the island what he took to be a gunboat. Slowly moved the dreaded object, the excitement rose, what to do was the question of the hour, and what it all might end in none could tell, when, by the aid of the

best glass to be obtained, it was ascertained to be an iceberg idly drifting with the tide.

Here we leave him with our best wishes for his happiness and success in his work of faith and labour of love. Our task is accomplished—our work is done—and to us it has been both pleasing and profitable. As we have traced the career of our friend, we have recognized the good and guiding hand of Providence, and have been more than ever convinced, that patience and perseverance in well-doing are the sure precursors of honour and influence. And to every young man we would say, "Aim high! Whatever the difficulties that lie in your way; the disadvantages under which you labour; however lowly your position or humble your circumstances; let your motto be, "Onward." Cultivate a spirit of self-reliance. If fortune favours you—if the times are auspicious—if the present encourages you to hope—be thankful! Seize the golden opportunity, and make everything contribute

to your advantage. But if the days are dark  
 —if the prospect is forbidding—and the  
 clouds gather thick around you on every  
 hand—do not despair. Be firm! Stand like  
 a beaten anvil to the stroke! Yield not an  
 inch to the foe! Press on with vigour!  
 Persevere! Hope on! Hope ever! And  
 whatever the temptation to do so

**“NEVER GIVE UP.”**

“Never give up; it is wiser and better,

Always to hope than once to despair,

Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,

And break the dark spell of tyrannical care,

Never give up, or the burden may sink you,

Providence kindly has mingled the cup,

And in all troubles or trials bethink you,

The watchward of life should be Never give up;”

“Never give up; there are chances and changes

Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one;

And 'mid the chaos high Heaven arranges

Every success, if you'll only hope on.

Never give up ; for the wisest is boldest  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;  
And, of all maxims, the best, as the oldest  
Is the stout watchward of, Never give up."

" Never give up ; tis the secret of glory,  
Nothing so wise can philosophy preach ;  
Think on the names that are famous in story,  
Never give up ; is the lesson they teach,  
How have men compassed immortal achievements ?  
How have they conquered the world to their will ?  
'Tis that 'midst dangers, and woes, and bereavements,  
Never give up ! was their principle still."



