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CUTLASS

OR THE ST

"Soldiers' & Sailors' Home,"

AT HALIFAX, N. S.

BY

MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

*Soldiers' and Sailors' Home
36, Brunswick Street.*

"CHRISTIAN MESSENGER" OFFICE,

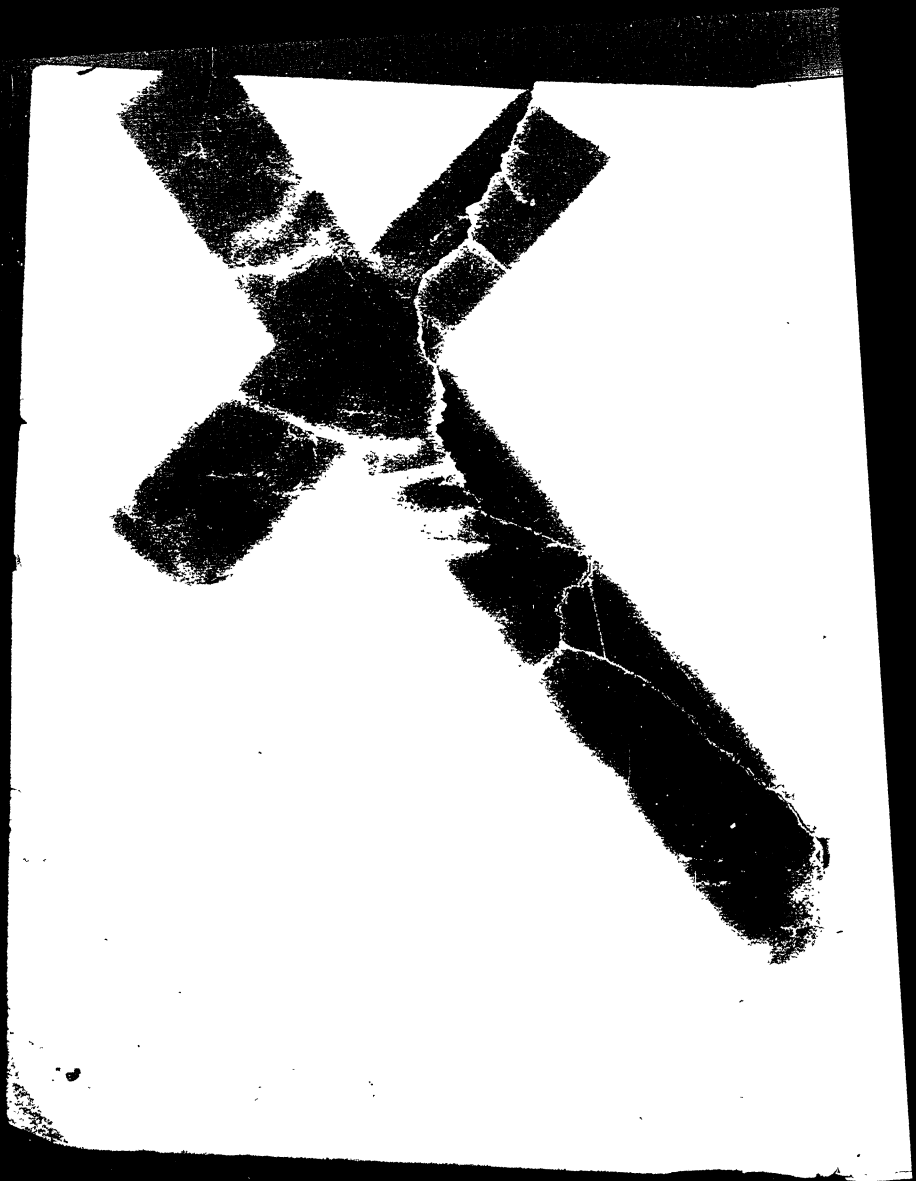
HALIFAX, N. S.

1875

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Cutlass and Bayonet

OR THE STORY OF THE

“Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Home,”

AT HALIFAX, N. S.

BY
MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

“CHRISTIAN MESSENGER” OFFICE,
HALIFAX, N. S.
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DEDICATION.

My Dear Friends of the Army and Royal Navy,—

The story of the establishment of our "Home," although written for the information of others, yet belongs more especially to you; and, with a heart full of deep interest in your welfare, I dedicate these pages to

OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

whom I know so well, and whose friendship towards me I value so highly.

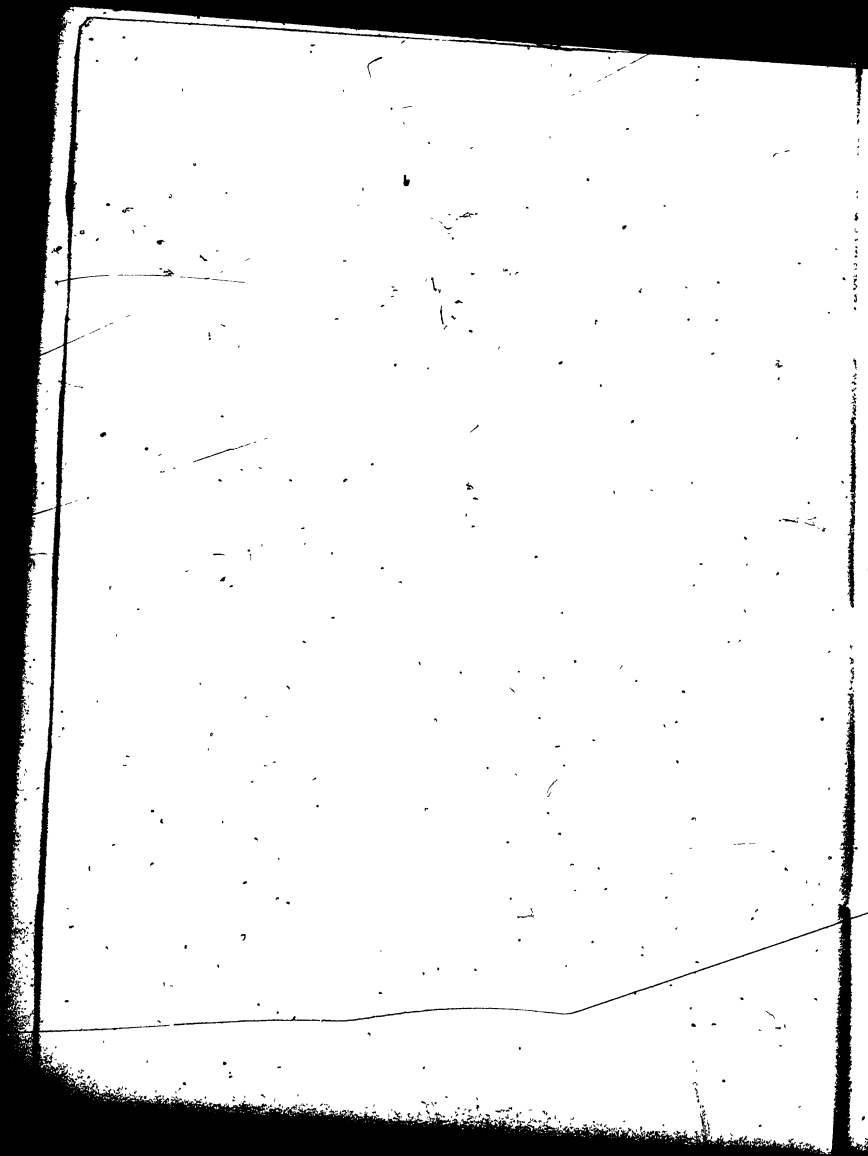
May we have many happy meetings on earth; and when you no longer need the sympathy and comfort of the "Home," here, may you through faith in Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners, find an abundant entrance into that brighter, better "Home," prepared in heaven for His redeemed ones.

That you may, in life's struggles and temptations, "come off more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved you," is the earnest prayer of

Your faithful and affectionate Friend,

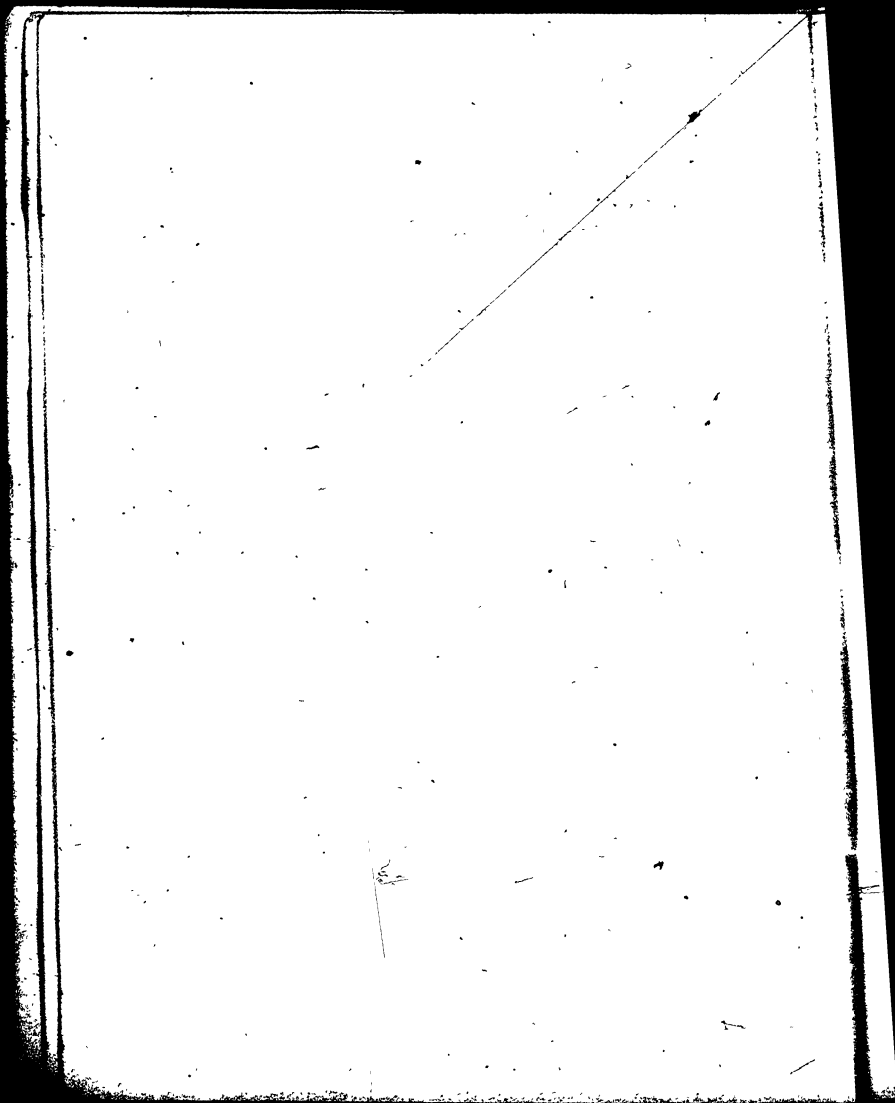
ELIZABETH MARY HUNT-MORGAN.

Halifax, N. S., January 1st, 1875.



BY-PATH MEADOW.

"The captive exile hasteth to be loosed."—Isaiah li. 14.



**"DEPART, FOR I WILL SEND THEE FAR
HENCE UNTO THE GENTILES."**

God has a work appointed for each of His servants. There is much to be done for His glory in various places, after different manners, and by widely diverse means; the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; yet the Lord of the harvest sends forth his laborers without hurry, without confusion; and the apportionment of the work to the individuals whom He has made "workers together with Him" is no chance selection. The "lines" fall not at hazard, but according to the deliberate measurement and decree of the Great Surveyor. Widely differing allotments in the vineyard are made to widely differing Christians. One cannot fill every place equally well; only that appointed by the Lord is the right,—the place filled with blessing for his chosen and called servant; and if, sometimes, through one of those blunders to which our frail, unwise humanity is too prone, we leave our own spot in the vineyard, without waiting for the moving of "the pillar of cloud," and go in search of something to which we were not called,

we shall surely find that He will "hedge up our way with thorns," until we return to our forsaken duty.

All the Lord's people are to work for Him; it is our highest duty, our most precious privilege; but we must be willing to work just where, and how, and when *He bids us*. Rushing into engagements without earnest, faithful seeking of the Master's will, can but issue, for us, as disastrously as did the treaty of alliance with the Gibeonites for the men of Israel, when the latter were deceived and cheated into friendship towards their foes, and had themselves to thank for their trouble, because "they asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord."

Slight may appear to others the obstacles in our self-chosen path, yet the Lord's wanderers will find them insurmountable. Intangible may seem to others the trammels which bind our hands from working effectively for Christ, yet we know and feel them to be as benumbing as the charmed floss with which Maimouna bound the hands of Thalaba.

Only in simple waiting on the Lord, can we be sure of the right place, and the right work. Nor should we blame fellow Christians who are called to a work different from that given to us; "to their own Master they stand or fall"; our part is to listen for His word

to ourselves. Paul was sent "far hence unto the Gentiles,"—not because Jerusalem had no need of such teachers, not because he was not qualified to preach there,—but because God, in His infinite wisdom, for whose reasons He is not accountable to His creatures, had seen fit that so it should be:—*this* one, "beginning at Jerusalem"; *that* one, "far hence unto the Gentiles"; and, says the Apostle: "He that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me towards the Gentiles."

This train of thought was forcibly aroused in my own mind by the circumstances connected with my residence in New York during 1873 and part of 1874.

I had been engaged in somewhat extensive efforts to spread the knowledge of Christ in England, especially among our army and navy, preaching on board several of the ships, and forming mothers' meetings and temperance societies for the soldiers and their wives in different regiments; and in leaving England, I certainly did not expect to cease my active interest in gospel work.

But soon after arriving in New York, the conviction began to grow upon me that I had run before the

Lord, that I had gone whither He had not called me. Never, since my first being led to faith in Jesus, had I felt so utterly paralyzed, so entirely shut up from Christian work. *Something* seemed to bar me back from every effort to engage in the old, loved employment of preaching. My own health and my husband's failed from time to time, and many circumstances not necessary to mention here, combined to thrill into our hearts the query put to the wandering prophet, Elijah:

“What doest thou here?”

O how wearily I longed for the dear old flag of England! How my home-sick heart loathed the uncongenial surroundings of the strange city, and longed for the refinements and christian sympathy of *my home*.

Yet every subject of distaste and weariness would have become utterly insignificant, had the Lord shown me that He had a work for me there. This consciousness of living for Jesus and in His continual presence, can render the loneliest, most unhomelike spot a paradise to many a toiling missionary in foreign lands; *but I had it not*. Ever more and more clearly sounded in my ears, the command:

“Arise and depart, for this is not your rest!”

me. Earnestly we sought guidance of the Lord, entreating
d I that He would not leave us to our own devices, or, let
rom us in any degree choose our own way, but that He
ack would make our way clear to go where His work
ent might be waiting for us. I remembered my former
ed labors for the soldiers and sailors. Letters had come
es- to me from many of them in England, referring to our
ur past meetings, and speaking with grateful happiness
a: of blessings received in those meetings. We thought
f for many reasons of England, with a loving desire to
return, but I felt I was not perhaps needed there so
much as elsewhere. My place at Portsmouth had been
filled up; a "Soldiers' Home" had been established
there by another "Soldiers' Friend;" and in other
garrisons many christian ladies were occupied with the
temporal and spiritual welfare of our men, and although
there remains great need of *more* such workers, even
in England, yet the need there is not *so* great as in
some other places. We laid the matter repeatedly
before the Lord in importunate prayer for the leadings
of the Holy Spirit; and as we sought direction from
Him, the thought of HALIFAX came with increasing
power to our minds. We understood that here our
soldiers and sailors, but especially the soldiers, were

almost entirely alone; while other classes were generously cared for, and kindly regarded, the sympathies of the Lord's people seemed not yet to have been drawn out to any extent towards those who wear our country's uniform. Overlooked, or misunderstood, the real worth of those gallant hearts appeared to be unrecognized by the public in general. Here was a sphere of work, for which, from former experience, I was, at least in some degree, qualified. But, were we called by the Lord? Again we prayed that He would not suffer us to go without Him; again our cry was:

"If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence."

In a spirit of waiting and watching, we saw the days pass by, feeling that He who had inspired the prayer, would in His own good time, grant an "answer of peace."

And here, out of my own experience, let me urge on my fellow-workers in Christ, not to move one step, even in what may seem the Lord's own work, without earnest prayer to Him for direction. Only in perfect submission to His will, only laying down self-utterly at His feet, can rest in His work be gained; and even this submission, this self-abnegation, can be reached

only through the power of the Holy Spirit working in
 us "to will and to do of His good pleasure." Cisterns
 of our own hewing out, will prove but broken cisterns;
 powers of our own gathering will surely fade; from
 sowing to the flesh," only corruption-reaping can
 result; choosing our own way will be only "kicking
 against the pricks;" going to warfare at our own costs
 will bring certain defeat; building on our own founda-
 tion will hurl down ruin. Only the Almighty Lord is the
 fountain of living waters; flowers of His giving bloom
 and wither amidst earthly desolation; sowing to the
 spirit will bring a reaping of life-everlasting; giving
 ourselves up to His leadings will result in a safe passage
 through the Red Sea, the wilderness and the enemy's
 hand; fighting "the good fight of faith" under the
 Captain of the Lord's hosts" will end in the glorious
 triumphant shout: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us
 the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and
 building on the Divine foundation will be a secure
 investment so that thus working, we can boast, in His
 strength, "I BUILD FOR ETERNITY!"

"All for Jesus!" Just as He wills, to take and
 claim our service. So, led by Him, earth has no desert
 for His loved ones; for even "the valley of Achor" He
 giveth "for a door of hope."

O for a more consecrated spirit! O for a more complete blending of our wills and wishes into the heart of God; that the prayer of our Saviour may be fulfilled in us!

“As Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.”

So, even out of the hard stones of our blunders, the Mighty and Loving One can enable us to raise Bethel monuments to His delivering mercy; and after the restless slumber of inaction, give us the consoling waking to renewed energy in His presence.

“So in my waking hours,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethels I'll raise;
Still by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.”

IN ANOTHER LAND, BUT UNDER "THE DEAR
OLD FLAG."

Long parted have we been, many troubles have we seen,
since the weary day we left them on the good old English
shore ;

and we look a last farewell to return to them no more
but they're coming, coming, coming, they are coming with
the flowers,

they are coming with the summer to this new land of ours,
and we'll all forget our sadness, and shake their hands in
gladness,

and bid them joyous welcome in this new land of ours."

"And He led them forth by a right way that they might go to a city of
habitation."—Psalm cvii. 7.

We arrived at Halifax on Saturday the 29th of
August. The way had been made clear before us, and
with glad hearts we had crossed the boundary, and
were once more under Royal government.

Our first impressions of Halifax were not of the most
pleasant nature. A heavy Scotch mist veiled the
city, as our train drew up at the railway station,
and rendered the drive to the hotel any thing but
 exhilarating.

Now and then, as our cab passed a cross street, we

caught a chilly, foggy glimpse of steep declivities sloping down to unseen depths, or towering up till the summits were lost in the vapory shroud.

"Is *this* Halifax?" I ejaculated, thinking of what I had read of its lovely drives, and the fairy beauty of its surroundings. After being shut up to the tame flatness of Manhattan Island so long, I craved for something like scenery; but these muddy streets gave a small promise of my being gratified. But suddenly out of the fog loomed a scarlet shadow, growing more distinct as it approached, until I could recognize the uniform of the Royal Engineers. Then we passed two or three of the Royal Artillery, then little knots of the Eighty-seventh. *There* was my work! Those dear old uniforms, with their memories of happy days in England, came to me, as if in realization of my weary prayers to be among them again.

The next day, the weather detained me from public worship, and the time was spent in deep searchings of heart and prayer to the Lord concerning the work we had come to do. As my husband and I conversed on the subject, discussing the various plans which were suggested to our minds, we became strongly convinced that the first thing to be

ne, and which was quite possible in God's strength, h
us to do, was the establishment of a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Home." The thought naturally arose in our minds:

"In the event of our beginning so responsible an enterprise, will the Lord's people be sufficiently interested in such a work, to give it their support, if our own means will not be adequate to the whole charge, pecuniarily?"

To this I replied, that if the Lord clearly showed the first step in this, or any other undertaking, our duty was simply to take that step, trusting implicitly to Him for further instruction and power. Again we sought the throne of grace, and our plans were matured as we prayed.

Monday morning rose fair and comely in its late summer brightness after the rain. From the Citadel a clear call of the bugles, and well remembered echoes spoke to me again of the past. We toiled early up one of the steep streets, until we reached a spot whence we could obtain a view of the whole city. Far away on one side loomed the shadows of distant woods, while at our feet lay the heaped-up roofs of Halifax, and across the

blue sparkling water of the harbor, gleamed the white houses of Dartmouth, the windows glistening and flashing in the morning sunlight. Here and there a church spire pointed heavenwards from the "busy haunts of men," and swaying gently on the placid stream rested many a white sailed pleasure boat, or more stately ship. Parties of soldiers were continually passing us with firm military tread, groups of gay, jovial blue-jackets were lighting even the sunshine with their bright laughing faces: the fair city seemed to have put off her heavy veil of mourning, and robed herself in garments of bridal splendor for the fast coming autumn.

And there, with bugles ringing around us, we looked on our work and on *our home*.

I at once wrote several letters to friends in England who had formerly shown much very practical sympathy with my work there, and detailed to them our plans and hopes for a still larger field in Nova Scotia.

On the following Wednesday we found that a few artillerymen had arranged to meet in order to form a Temperance Society, and with feelings too deep for expression, I met with them, like an exile come home. I would mention here that the society thus

formed has increased in strength and numbers, and is in every respect in a flourishing condition.

During the same week, I attended the monthly conference meeting at Granville Street Church, and on mentioning to the Pastor and deacons who welcomed me among them after the service, our wishes for the soldiers, and adding that I thought of lecturing for the projected "Home," they most cordially offered me the use of the church for a Lecture. Shortly after, the North Baptist Church made the same kind offer, and the church in Hurd's Lane followed. Then it was intimated to me that if I should ask the committee of the Young Men's Christian Association for the loan of their lecture-room, it would probably be willingly given.

Having so far met with encouragement, we thought it time to secure a house; but this proved a matter of greater difficulty than we had imagined. At that season of the year, empty houses were scarce; and I met with obstacles in other ways which I had not in the least anticipated. One building which appeared suitable, we had nearly concluded arrangements to take, when I incidentally mentioned to the landlord, our intentions with regard to the soldiers. To my astonishment, his countenance fell.

"I couldn't have the uniforms on *my* property," he replied scornfully.

"I really do not see," I returned indignantly, "how your property can be injured by the presence of any one whom I consider fit for *my* society."

And so that matter ended.

Shortly after, we heard of another house, suitably situated, and of moderate rent. On looking over it, we found it every way calculated to make a pleasant "Home," at least until time should necessitate more roomy quarters. The owner was a professed Christian; I did not therefore fear another repulse. But when we mentioned the purpose for which we wanted the house; he hesitated; and on calling later in the day, for a decided answer, he said that the person residing next, had expressed in the strongest terms his disgust at the idea of "the uniforms" being seen so near his dwelling. Mr. Blank refused therefore to let me the house. I offered to pay the rent monthly in advance—in vain; and he added, crustily:

"I'm sure you won't get a house in Halifax, if you are going to have the soldiers coming to it. Nobody will like to have a lot of uniforms about their property."

"But, Mr. Blank," I urged, "you are a Christian man;

How can you call yourself by the name of Christ, if you deliberately hinder His work? I do not ask you for any favor, any self-denial on your part; I only want to rent your house at your own fair price."

"No," he repeated; "it always injures a property for soldiers to be seen on it. Everybody will tell you the same."

"I do not think so meanly of the Halifax citizens as to think they will *all* shrink in this way from the men whose lives are ready at any moment to be laid down for our defence," said I. "Indeed, too much sympathy has already been shown in the work, for me to entertain such an opinion."

"Yes, they may sympathize with the work; but you'll find it as I say, when it comes to asking them for their houses. I tell you, you can't go against public opinion," he replied.

"Indeed, I can," I returned; "when public opinion contradicts God's word. Jesus went against it so entirely, that at last Public Opinion crucified Him between two thieves; and He suffered it to be so, *for us*; and can we profess to be His followers; can we talk of missions to the heathen, and send some refined, educated missionary on 'half pay' among savages, while we in our own free land shrink from

holding out a hand of friendship to our fellow-countrymen, our own soldiers and sailors, many of whom are devoted Christians, and who are frequently vastly superior, even in worldly knowledge, to numbers who presume to slight them?"

"O I'd give to the Lord's work," answered Mr. Blank, growing flushed; "I'd give to the Lord of my substance; but I can't injure my property. And we know soldiers are not a class that one would like to be among."

"I like to be among them," I returned, quickly, "and if ever you reach heaven, you will be obliged to associate with them there, for there are plenty of them in the Father's house, and more are on the way. And as for being with them in this world, I never met with a soldier or sailor either, who failed to conduct himself in my presence as a gentleman!"

Happily, Mr. Blank's prophecy turned out to be a false one, as I fully believed it would. After meeting one more refusal, I obtained the promise of a house, for which, however, I had to wait, as it would not be vacant for a month. In order therefore to employ the intervening time to the best advantage, I resolved on making a short Lecture tour through the western counties, hoping thus to arouse the interest

Christians in other places. Just before starting on this journey, a letter reached me from one of the English friends to whom I had written, inclosing a draft for five pounds; while the Secretary of the English Tract Society sent me notice of a grant of books for the "Home," and single papers were sent by other friends.

So far we felt that our Heavenly Father had given us abundant cause for grateful confidence in His mercy, and still seeking His blessing, we started on our *tour*, on Monday November 9th.

THE LECTURE-TOUR.

“I was a stranger, and ye took me in.”—Matt. xxv. 35.

Our first stopping place was Windsor, whither I had written to a venerable Baptist deacon, for the loan of the church. On alighting at the station, we had a short consultation as to our further movements, and agreed that my husband, whose health was still delicate, should wait there with our valise, while I sallied forth on a journey of inquiry after the Deacon. I had somewhat prided myself on my ability and readiness to travel with no luggage except this one valise for both of us; but now, and on many other occasions before the end of our *tour*, I found even that one to be an incumbrance, and ceased to wonder at the ancient Roman's having called their articles of baggage, *impedimenta*. I was much interested, as a stranger to the country, in the new scenes and characters around, especially being struck by the air of primitive simplicity, and *neighborliness* that pervaded the little town. Every one seemed to know everyone else, and all concerning them; and a general spirit of mutual helpfulness seemed regarded as a matter of course.

My first inquiry after the residence of the Deacon was made in a small shop, or "store," as it was here called; and in reply, the proprietor said he "had seen the Deacon down in town half an hour ago," and directed me to a house in the same street, where "they always are sure to know where he's to be found."

A pleasant-faced little woman answered my knock at the door of the house supposed thus to be the head quarters for news of the worthy Deacon, and I learned that he lived a mile out of town, that he had been in town that morning, but had probably returned before this time, and that my lecture had been duly announced for that evening in the Baptist Church.

With this information, I returned to my husband, and leaving our *etceteras* in the care of another obliging inhabitant, we marched off towards our goal. Leaving the town behind us, we passed an iron foundry on the left, and soon quitted the public road for a long winding lane, green at the sides, and filled with rich brown mud in the middle. An ancient looking quadruped fed placidly along the green borders, raising his meek eyes with a questioning glance, as we daintily picked our way through the

mud. It was a most enjoyable walk ; country slush was truly refreshing after city pavements. At last we reached a verdant hill, on which a wooden farm house was picturesquely perched, a small wood thickening into deep shade on one side, while on the other, stretched off a sunny vista of green fields, dotted over with white sheep, as white that is, as those animals ever are ; for my own part, despite all that poets of Arcadian tastes have said and sung respecting "the snowy fleece," I never have seen any sheep whose coat could boast of a purer tint than the color of stale dough.

Approaching the porch of the farm-house we encountered the Deacon himself, to whom we introduced ourselves, with the query.

"Had we pleasure of addressing Mr. B——?"

"Yes" answered the good man doubtfully,—not uncordially, but as if not quite sure of his own identity. Still with the same hesitating air, he invited us in through the kitchen into the family sitting-room, where a delicate looking woman ; his invalid daughter, sat by the fire in a low rocking chair. Another daughter came forward with a warm hospitable greeting to welcome us, introducing herself as Miss B——, after I had made the terrible

blunder of addressing her as Mrs. B——. How could I help it? Old gentlemen *do* sometimes marry young wives, and she was evidently mistress of the house. We were soon made quite at home, and I was shown into a cosy little room opening out of the sitting-room, (as bedrooms frequently do here), to take off my wrappings. No formal invitation to dinner was given, but everything was taken quite as a matter of course in this friendly dwelling. A little conversation speedily satisfied my curiosity as to the puzzled look of the good Deacon on my first appearance. He had expected to see in Mrs. Morgan "a very big, fat old lady;" and when we had somewhat recovered from the fit of laughing brought on by this confession, he naively added:

"You know when we have heard great things of a person, we naturally expect some corresponding appearance!"

During the afternoon, I was shown into the drawing room of the establishment to write my letters in quiet. It was a prettily arranged parlor, a choice selection of the best English authors, and some shelves of tastefully assorted shells and minerals giving to the whole an air of refined comfort.

Before my letters were finished, Mrs. Hardwicke

of Canard came in, and at once exhibited so genial and Christian an interest in our work, that I felt it was a token of the Lord's will to prosper in the way. She gave us an immediate invitation to stay at her house, half-way between the villages of Canning and Canard, should we visit the neighborhood; this we gladly accepted, and I wrote directly to ask the Wesleyan and Baptist Pastors for the loan of their churches, and to request that they would announce my lectures for the following week.

As we gathered around the cheerful tea-table, some one made a sympathizing inquiry as to how I could manage to get through all the literary and other work devolving on me. To this I replied that a systematic perseverance did much, and that my domestic duties were much lightened by the fact that my husband gave less trouble than many gentlemen seemed quite naturally to do; adding, laughingly, that when a girl, I used to say that it would not do for me to become the wife of any but a John the Baptist or an Elijah, as neither of them required much fine stitching, and one of them was so easily pleased as to content himself with dining on such simple fares as "locusts and wild honey," while the other, better still, had an angel to superintend the baking of his cakes.

“And I suppose, Mr. Morgan, gravely remarked the old Deacon, turning his benevolent glance towards my husband, “you have often felt that you have had an angel to bake *your* cakes.”

At this pretty speech from seventy-five, the duet of daughters exclaimed:

“O no wonder all the ladies like father, if he offers them such nice compliments as that!”

But it was now time for us to move to our place of assembly for the evening's Lecture. Darkness, unrelieved by the light of a single star, had already settled down over the long lane we had to traverse, and after some fumbling attempts to find our way, we had to return for a lantern. The Deacon, not being able to go out after sundown, was not very well provided for the emergency; but this only afforded our whole party a subject of increased amusement, as he rummaged out a dilapidated lantern, with what our Dorsetshire peasantry would have called, “a vlare in the zide o' un.” As the air however was quite tranquil, we had no difficulty in using this elegant article, which was none the less useful for its rusticity. Once more we started down the lane, my husband taking the lead with the lantern, which he held close to the

ground, while we followed, (Mrs. Hardwicke, her niece and myself), in Indian file, just able to see one step at a time, as we carefully avoided the deepest of the mud. I thought of that sweet verse:

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on!
 Guide Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 The distant path;—*one step is enough for me.*”

O how much care and anxiety we should save ourselves, if we were always satisfied to see just the one step after our Heavenly Guide!

We had a very sympathetic audience, who gave a good collection for the “Home” at the close of the Lecture. On this, as on all similar occasions, I have preferred a collection at the close, to an entrance fee, as the latter might exclude some who would willingly come, and who might either obtain a blessing from the word spoken, or might be incited to aid the work by their prayers, even if they had nothing of earthly wealth to contribute to the Lord’s service.

Mr. Shand, a member of the Church, who lived in town, very kindly asked us to stay at his house for the night, so drawing our lantern from where Mrs. Hard-

Wicke had hidden it behind the door, we followed our new host, glad to rest after the fatigue of the day.

Our next evening's lecture was in the Presbyterian Church. Our excellent Deacon had in the afternoon offered to "get out the waggon," and drive me to the minister's, in order to make arrangements for the meeting. I accepted the kind proposal, though secretly braving at the thought of the "waggon," a word naturally suggesting to an Englishwoman's mind some heavy, springless vehicle, anything but agreeable, in the thorough shaking up and down which would be endured by its unhappy occupants. But on my being informed that the equipage was ready, I went out to find that a Nova Scotia "waggon" is a neat little carriage in the phaeton style, very plain and unpretentious, but equally easy and comfortable. The fat pony that drew this particular specimen, was evidently on the best of terms with his master, clearly considering it his bounden duty to do his work without indulging in any of those caprices perpetrated by meaner quadrupeds, but quite as clearly convinced that he required no instructions from the driver, as to pace, he himself being the best judge of his own powers and the possibilities of the road. Accordingly, although the Deacon carried a

“switch,” for form’s sake, and occasionally laid it
with the softest of touches, on the poney’s back, yet
that solemn stepping animal made no remonstrance
and made no alteration in his speed, conducting him-
self generally as a tolerably honest-hearted *maire de*
palais might have done in olden times towards his
royal lord of France.

Hitherto all our proceedings had been marked out
for us with little difficulty to ourselves; but on Wed-
nesday, when we arrived at Hantsport, we had not
only to give the Lecture, but also to advertise it, as we
had not notified the people of our coming. At the
little station, we were informed that one of the Baptist
deacons was to be found at the village Post-Office,
whither we directed our steps. Our request to be
allowed the use of the church was readily granted;
and being supplied with writing materials by the old
Deacon, I hastily wrote several notices, one of which
my husband stuck just above the slide through which
the business of the Post-Office was transacted. The
calm and immovable-looking Deacon handed a little
pot of paste to us through the aperture, quite as if our
proceedings were the most natural in the world, and
having affixed a second notice outside, we went in

reh of an hotel. The drollest little house ever
nified by the name, stood at the end of the street,
and here we settled until the next day, and were made
very comfortable by the hostess, who was so interested
in our work, that she refused to make any charge,
saying that she felt glad to think she could do anything
to help in such an undertaking.

At twelve o'clock the three teachers, who boarded
the house, came in from their schools, and very
willingly engaged to announce the Lecture in the
afternoon session; we furnished them with written
handbills; and then, to save time, my husband and I
went out in different directions, in order to make known
till further our intended meeting. I took my notices
to several blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, where they
were soon tacked up on the doors, in full view of the
public, by the obliging proprietors. When this was
accomplished, I wandered down to the shore, where a
number of men were engaged in ship-building, and
distributed among them some tracts, which were very
courteously accepted. One unfinished ship was sur-
rounded by lofty scaffolding, on which several men were
working. I contrived to climb up the not too secure
elevation, and gave away my tracts to all I could reach.

"You're rayther venturesome, ma'am," observed an old carpenter, who was at the far end of the scaffolding, and as I gained *terra firma* again, I overheard him say to one of his companions :

"Aint she venturesome! Why she'd make her fortune on the stage!"

Not a very flattering remark; but from the man's respectful tone to me previously, I supposed he thought he was paying me a compliment.

Anxious to meet the audience we had taken such pains to call together, we repaired in the evening to the little church; but to our dismay found all in darkness, and the doors fast locked. A few lads standing near had just heard that the "Lecture was to be *to-morrow!*"

"Dear me, this *is*, unfortunate! exclaimed Mr. Whitney, who had accompanied us from the hotel, "I'll go to the singing-class and see if Mr. Burgess will postpone it for an hour. We must try to get you an audience if we can."

Meanwhile my husband went to look for the sexton, who resolutely declared, first that he "wouldn't stir without the trustees," and then that he "wasn't going to turn out, unless he had twenty-five cents *down.*"

My husband promised him the cents, and with much difficulty induced him to open the Church. It was now five, and to expedite matters a little, my husband ordered to ring the bell while the old sexton lighted up. That this was received very indignantly by the old man: "Nobody but me never touches that bell" he growled, and he hobbled slowly from one lamp to another; "I never lets anybody ring that bell. That's always my work!" We afterwards heard that the bell was a recent improvement, of which the sexton was excessively proud.

He continued mumbling until he had kindled the lamps, when he took hold of the bell-rope and gave a few reluctant pulls. A number of the Church had now come in, and desired him to light a fire. Mr. Gruff opened the stove-door and peeped inside, with an expectant air, but making no discovery of anything unusual, peeped out again, took up some logs of firewood, turned them over discontentedly, and as he threw them down again, muttered, more gruffly than ever:

"I guess *they* won't burn, anyhow!"

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks, however, we had a better audience, as to numbers, than we had feared would be the case. Mr. Burgess was so obliging as to

set aside his class for that evening, and thus the members of it were able to attend my Lecture. At the close, I received an invitation to preach there on my return-journey, and Mr. Burgess expressed a cordial wish for me to lecture at Ellershausen, his home. Here was another instance of the Lord's merciful Providence in bringing me into communication with those interested in the work.

On Thursday morning, we went on to Wolfville, where the Pastor of the Baptist Church had arranged two services for me. The interest manifested here amounted quite to enthusiasm, and even children listened attentively to the story of what had been done among our soldiers and sailors in England. On the second evening, a large number of boys flocked in early, and as the adult portion of the assembly gradually filled up the seats, our young friends were "moved on" to the edge of the platform, where they remained, apparently highly pleased with themselves and all the world, conducting themselves with a propriety which the most nervous Lecturer could not have failed to appreciate.

So genuine was my welcome in this thoroughly wide-awake little town, that a third Lecture was

delivered a fortnight later, when the Rev. S. W. DeBlois again kindly presided. Two divisions of the Sons of Temperance were present, and also ministers of more than one denomination. Before the collection was taken up, Mr. DeBlois rose, and said:

"I think it is quite unnecessary to add anything to what has been said; but I will quote from a charity-sermon by Dean Swift, who being too indolent to preach a long sermon, said that his text was: 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;' and then added: 'There's the text! Now if anybody wants a good investment, *down with the dust!*' And so I say: Down with your dust, as the collection bags are handed round for the 'Soldiers' and 'Sailors' Home.' "

I need not add that the good people of Wolfville *did* "come down with their dust," very handsomely.

At each of the Lectures, I had asked for gifts of books, in order to form a library, and this appeal was answered very warmly. Indeed, on the last morning of our stay at the hotel, we kept the house in a state of chronic excitement, on account of the frequently recurring ring of the door-bell, heralding the advent of "more books." Besides the contributions of this nature, and in cash, the proprietress of the hotel aided

us in our object by reducing her bill to less than half the regular charge. A roll of religious papers was also placed in my room by some unknown friend addressed to "Mrs. Hunt-Morgan, from a well-wisher."

It was with real regret that we quitted this scene of new friendships and happy successes, and pursued our journey westward. With our reluctance to leave Wolfville, however, mingled a feeling of pleasure that our next stay would not be among entire strangers, as we were now bound for Mrs. Hardwicke's, at Canard. We had been directed to alight at Port Williams station, and then to take the "mail-coach" to Canard, my imagination had conjured up the vision of an old-fashioned yellow vehicle, drawn by four horses, like those which in olden days carried Her Majesty's mails from town to town in the "dear little Island" at home, and one of which, almost the last of its species, used to run between Shaftesbury and Salisbury, when I was a "sma' wee thing." Judge then of my surprize on seeing a Nova Scotia "waggon" drive up to the station, to be informed that this was the "mail-coach." Certainly it was a more agreeable mode of transit than that which I had pictured to myself. A waggon well supplied with warm buffalo-robies is much more com,

able than the old, close coach with its carpeting of
p straw, and constant tendency to topple over.
e air was keen with prophecies of winter, and we
ere by no means sorry when we reached the cheerful
eside of our kind friends who were expecting us.
fter tea, I enjoyed another pleasant drive in the
ear starlight, as my host had to attend a singing-class
t the house of the Wesleyan minister, at Canning, and
gladly accepted his invitation to accompany him.

Sunday morning dawned cold and bright, and at ten
o'clock, we packed ourselves into Mr. Hardwicke's
waggon, and started for the Wesleyan Church, where I
was to preach. Several "teams," as a horse and
waggon are termed collectively here, were already at
the church, reminding me of the descriptions I had
read at home, of the gatherings from miles around to
hear the gospel in the mighty West.

In the afternoon, I was privileged to address a Sun-
day School, and in the evening preached in the Baptist
Church, at Canard. Here again a hearty welcome was
extended to me, and after the conclusion of the service,
I was surrounded by sympathizing friends shaking hands
and bidding me "God speed." Six invitations for the
night were given me by different persons, and wishes

for my coming again were repeatedly uttered. My heart swelled with gratitude to the Lord who had thus given me acceptance with His people.

We then made arrangements for another service at either Canning or Canard, when we should return from Annapolis which was to be the farthest point in our journey westward; and on Monday morning, Mrs. Hardwicke drove us to the station, our steed, Jezebel by name, and gentleness by nature, being an old friend of the family, and performing her duties with becoming sobriety. Now this Jezebel, or Jess, as she was more frequently called, was destined to play quite an important part in our mission, for so many times after this was she harnessed for our use by our kind host, that I began to feel a sort of property in her, and almost an affectionate regard for her; and when a few weeks ago, a present was made of a handsome cat, to clear the "Home" of mice, we at once decided that puss should be known by the name of "Jess," in memory of our many pleasant drives behind Mrs. Hardwicke's amiable favorite.

At Annapolis, the Baptist and Wesleyan Churches were lent me on two successive evenings, and I had also the happiness to be present at a missionary meet-

ing in the latter church, when a missionary to the Micmacs gave an interesting account of his sphere of labor.

A refreshing hour of real spiritual enjoyment was passed one afternoon by the bedside of a dear sufferer, on whom the Lord's hand was laid heavily in bodily affliction, but who seemed to rejoice in spirit "in hope of the glory of God." She promised to pray for our mission; and as she spoke with deep and solemn interest, I felt awed by the thought that for me, and those who share my most anxious cares, prayers should be uttered out of the very midst of the furnace of trial. Not utterly laid aside from the power to work for Him was that patient "prisoner of the Lord;" for from beside that bed, I rose strengthened and taught, to go forth with renewed life to the battle against sin.

On my way to the station on Thursday morning, I spent some time on board several ships that lay alongside the wharf, and distributed a quantity of tracts, which were received very pleasantly by the sailors, who, with the politeness invariable among their class, assiduously helped me over the sides of their vessels and called their shipmates to come from their various

occupations to receive their tracts. One, it seemed, had attended one of the Lectures, and he introduced me to several more as "the good Missionary Lady." Leaving the ships, I walked on to some sheds, where several carpenters were at work, and having given away a still larger number of tracts, returned to the station, where the train was drawn up to the platform, although we had an hour to spare before the time for starting. As I entered the carriage, one of the conductors, observed my parcel of tracts, and in reply to his inquiring look, I told him how I had been occupied during the past hour.

"Well now," he answered, reflectively, "I don't reckon it's much good to give tracts to folks, 'specially not to railroad men; they're such wicked wretches; though they're just the oncs as ought to be the best, seeing as they're in danger of losing their lives at any moment. But I've seen 'em take a tract, and maybe they'd just read a little bit, and then throw it on one side."

"But," I replied, "who can tell how much good just that 'little bit,' may do! May I offer *you* a tract"?

"Certainly you may, ma'am," he returned with

ready courtesy, "I'm sure I'd take anything that I could think would do *me* good."

"God is always ready to do good to those who ask," I replied.

"But do you believe God hears the prayers of the wicked?" he asked, folding his arms, and leaning thoughtfully back.

"Certainly, He hears the prayers of many who feel their great sin, but who cannot yet realize their pardon," I answered.

"Well now," he resumed, "I think I came into the world with my lot upon me, as t'were, all settled. God is Almighty, and if I am to be a Christian, why it will come round, I can't do anything contrary to what God chooses; and if I'm *not* to be,—why just the same, I can't help it."

"You are a fatalist, then," I rejoined, "like the Mohammedans?"

"Yes, something of that kind," he said, with a nod, half decided, half doubtful.

"Now suppose your engine-driver were to reason in that way, "I continued, you would not think him very sensible. It is true that the Almighty God is over all, and of course knows beforehand all that will happen to us; some events in our lives he

simply *permits*, others He specially *ordains*; but this gives us no license to consider ourselves free from duty on our own part. God knows whether this train will reach Bridgetown this afternoon, or not; and it cannot arrive there, most certainly, unless He pleases; but then you know it would not be right if your engine-driver were indolently to fold his arms, and say: "Well, if the Lord has ordained that this train shall go to Bridgetown this afternoon, of course it will be so, and I need not trouble myself about it!"

"No" he remarked, thoughtfully, "I see! That wouldn't work at all, — as to the engine."

"Nor will the principle work as to religion," I returned. "God chooses to work by means, and if we do not use those means, in the natural order of things, we have no right to expect any result."

"Well," he resumed, after a pause, "I used to go to meetin' pretty sharp, till I was twenty-six. My father and mother were religious kind o' folks. But when I was twenty-six, I got to believe there wasn't anything at all in religion."

"I don't think you quite mean that," said I, meeting his serious, inquiring glance. "You don't really believe that *religion* is nothing, but I fear some

inconsistent professor has been the means of shocking you into the opinion that there is a great deal of humbug among many who call themselves Christians."

"Yes that *is* what I mean," he answered, eagerly, "that's just it. There was a minister I used to know, and two leading members of the Church, and they were actin' just contrary to what they professed. There was one man that made a profession of being something *extra*, he once borrowed thirteen pounds o' me. When he brought it back, he asked. Did I want it down that day, or might he keep it another day or two? Well, I said, yes he might, I wasn't in such a terrible hurry to a day, if t'were of so much importance to him. So he thanked me, and promised me faithful I should have it within the inside of a week. But he went off, never paid me to this day, and I never saw no more of him; so I come to think religion didn't do folks much good."

"But," said I, "if some are hypocrites, and so ruin their own souls, that is no reason why you should not ask the Lord to have mercy on yours."

It has been well said that the very existence of counterfeit coin only proves the existence of genuine money which the false tries to represent; and

just so the existence of false professors proves that there must be real christians *somewhere*. If the person who pays your salary were once to give you some valueless notes or coin, I do not think you would on that account refuse to take money for the rest of your life; you would only be more anxious in future to receive the *true* circulating medium. Thus, if you meet even again with persons who disgrace the name of Christ, it should only render you doubly careful to seek the pure faith in Jesus for yourself."

Just then, a passenger entered the car, and our conversation was interrupted. I saw the man several times during the further course of our journey, and he always greeted me with marked civility, but I had not again an opportunity of speaking to him privately; but often has the remembrance of his intelligent, troubled countenance recurred home. and I have felt this wandering, tossed soul as a burden on my heart in prayer to the Father of Mercy. The reference made by him to the injury done him spiritually by the inconsistencies of professors, deeply impressed me with the awful responsibility of us who are called by the name of Christ, especially of those among us who stand forth in more prominent positions in the ministry of the Lord.

Fearfully solemn is the warning given by the Lord to the prophet: "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Again, when a righteous man doth turn from his righteousness, and commit iniquity, and I lay a stumbling-block before him, he shall die; because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done, shall not be remembered, but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul."

If such be the Lord's solemn warning to his servants against mere omission to speak faithfully for Him, how terrible must be the sin of *wrong*

words and *wrong* doings on the part of those who stand before the world as His messengers! In the plaint of that soul groping in darkness, I seemed to hear a renewed personal charge from the Lord to be faithful.

When we reached Bridgetown, no one was waiting for us at the station, and with a silent prayer that we might be provided with a resting-place of the Lord's choosing, we directed our steps towards the Rev. Mr. Clarke's; but before we had got half-way, he met us, and at once took us to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Chipman, two venerable disciples who, as others had done elsewhere, entertained us in the name of the Lord. We now found that Mr. Clarke, having been absent from home, had only just received our letter, apprizing him of our coming, and that therefore the people had not been made aware of the intended Lecture. I unpacked my writing-case without loss of time, and very soon had a number of notices written, which my husband took to the various shops. Not contented with this mode of making the matter know, he then called on the District schoolmaster, and asked the loan of the school-bell, having previously ascertained that the town did not possess a public crier. The bell

proved small, and of a cracked tone, so Decatur attempted to borrow a larger one at some of the hotels, but in vain; a gong was very readily offered him, but enterprising as he was, that was rather *too* much even for his philosophic carelessness of appearances, and contenting himself with his school-bell, he perambulated the streets as coolly as if he had been "to the manner born," and greatly to the amusement of the inhabitants, who looked out of doors and windows to learn the reason of so unusual a performance.

"Fink-a link-a dink-a rink-ink-ink-nk-k" ! twanged the bell.

Then followed the proclamation of the evening's Lecture. A few more paces down the street, and the ceremony was repeated.

"Yer bell's cracked, Sir!" remarked a worthy Bridgetonian, with a suppressed chuckle.

"There!" exclaimed my husband, as he returned to tell me of his exploits, "I have followed Duncan Matheson's example for once; and I think you will have an audience."

This was the case to a larger extent than we really expected, although we were told by several persons that had they known of our coming, in time

to send the news to the surrounding hamlets, the house would have been crowded. Several books were given me for our Library, and our hostess's son-in-law next morning drove us to the station with our parcels, now become very bulky and numerous.

Old England is dear to my heart, and sweet, very sweet are her memories, but Nova Scotia can boast of one thing beyond the Mother-land:—Acadia possesses a Paradise; and there was to be our next scene of labor. Shakespeare says: "What's in a name?" I reply: "A great deal, sometimes." Being a stranger in the Province, I confess it was the name of this lovely little village which first made me wish to lecture there. To hear stories of Paradise would be delightful,—but to lecture to its denizens!

And yet, on further consideration, it seems almost a pity to bring such names down into common everyday use. A sweet flower loses the delicacy of its aroma, when too frequently, or too roughly handled.

Even in early winter, the scenery around was exquisitely beautiful, and I could easily imagine what must be its charm when Spring's gentle touch should tinge the fair apple-blossoms with blushes,

or autumn's deeper thrillings should dye the woods with crimson. We spent the earlier part of the evening with Mrs. Bent in her romantic little cottage in the midst of the universal apple-trees, beside a clear river rippling brightly on through sun and shade, carrying life and verdure everywhere with it.

The evening was intensely cold, but as I entered the little Church, I saw that if the Nova Scotians have severe winters, they nevertheless well understood the art of keeping themselves warm. Three glowing stoves were doing their very warmest; and as the platform was between two of these, I now felt the force of the old saying that it is a trying position to stand between two fires. Certainly, in more ways than one, we had "a *warm* welcome" to Paradise.

After the Lecture, Mr. and Mrs. Langley took possession of us in the usual hospitable style, and established us at their house until noon of the next day, when, with several additions to our parcels of books, we went on our way to Berwick, where I was to preach on Sunday. Our train was two hours later than the usual time, and it was dark when we reached Berwick, where we were informed at the Station, that Mr. Parker had sent to meet us to an

early train. The snow was falling heavily, and while we stood hesitating as to what course to pursue, a stranger overhearing who I was, offered me a seat in his carriage, his friend having to walk in order to accommodate me. It was just another instance of the Lord's kind care for us, and also, ("honor to whom honor is due") of the disposition which I have very much observed in Nova Scotia, to show marked courtesy to strangers. Before my unknown friend and myself reached Mr. Parker's, we met the latter's waggon going for us to the station, so that Decatur and the obliging *incognito* who had been toiling through the snow on foot, were picked up, and all got a ride together.

Heartily glad was I to retire early that night. Hitherto my strength had been wonderfully maintained, but speaking in public every evening, and having to travel almost every day, began to wear me a little, although everywhere, our kind entertainers made all possible arrangements for my comfort.

On the Sabbath morning, the Baptist minister allowed me the use of his pulpit, and I preached from a portion of Scripture which had been much blessed to my own soul:

"And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and

I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." Ezekiel xx. 37.

The Lord gave me much liberty in speaking, and the heart of the people seemed with me. After the service, the Pastor advanced to express his fraternal kindness and sympathy with God's work in our hands; and I then had the privilege of uniting with the church in remembering Christ's death in the breaking of bread. It was truly a season of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

In the afternoon, we had a "union service," when the Wesleyans and Baptists met to hear the account of my mission-work in England; and in the evening, a prayer meeting was held in the church, while the pastor was absent on a preaching engagement some miles off.

On Monday, I had my first ride in a sleigh, when I went to the station. Snow was still falling, but before we reached Port Williams, had changed for a sharp, driving sleet. We had to wait some time in the chilly waiting-room before we could get a sleigh. At length we were packed in under a heavy buffalo-robe, and off we went, thumping, jolting, jerking over the uneven road. It was now nearly seven o'clock, the hour appointed for me to lecture;

I knew we could not reach Mr. Hardwicke's much before eight, and then we should have two miles further to go, so that I had to resign myself as best I could to the thought of disappointing an audience for once, if indeed any should venture to assemble on such a terrific night; I earnestly hoped they would all remain at home, since I could not meet them. Meanwhile the storm increased, and the cold became so intense as to produce feelings of agony as the keen wind pierced through and through our wrappings. My husband tried to shield my face by taking off his cap and holding it before me, but the ever increasing tempest drove the icy particles against us with a violence that defied all attempts at the least evasion. Slowly and wearily our poor tired horse plodded on through the frozen snow and sleet, and thankful we were at last when the panting animal stopped at our friend's gate. The bright light streamed from the parlor window, showing that there were watchers within; and guided by its light, I stumbled through the gate and along the slippery path to the front door. The first sound of my hand on the latch brought out Mr. and Mrs. Hardwicke with anxious kindness to welcome the weary travellers, and I was soon disencumbered of my wet

shawls, and placed in the well-cushioned rocking-chair, before the blazing fire. A long night's rest restored us somewhat from our fatigue, and in the morning, our equine friend, Jess, drew us merrily away to the station, to take the train for Kentville, where we arrived, bearing with us a note of introduction from Mrs. Bent of Paradise to her daughter, Mrs. Carroll, who made arrangements for us to remain in her house that night, but as I accidentally discovered afterwards, at great inconvenience to herself. The Baptist minister, Mr. Parker, had settled for me to lecture twice in his vestry, and took the chair on the first occasion. I had heard that in Kentville there existed a strong prejudice against a lady's coming forward as a public speaker. In the course of the first Lecture there, I therefore took care clearly to define my motives in taking this position. My conviction, after much and earnest prayer and years of public work, is more decided than ever that "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female," and that in matters purely religious a christian woman may work in public as well as a christian man, only let her be very careful in being first assured that she is called of the Lord. In church *government*, scripture very plainly shows that

a woman's duty is silence and submission, and in all matters connected with rule in this world, either in domestic or political life, her "strength is to sit still." Woman is not to "usurp authority over the man;" nor have I the remotest sympathy with those who would degrade woman into a political partisan or a domestic virago. But in simply declaring the glad tidings of salvation, not as claiming any right to equality with man, but in all modest and "pure womanly" gentleness, seeking to save souls, not to win earthly power to herself, "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," I feel assured that a woman may "preach the word" and "be instant in season and out of season," with full confidence in the Lord's blessing. Mary Magdalene was the first preacher of the resurrection; "the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus" are mentioned as joining in that first prayer-meeting in Jerusalem, when the disciples met to implore the promised gift of the Holy Ghost. In the second chapter of Acts, referring to these before-mentioned individuals, the inspired writer says: "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon *each* of them. And they were *all* filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit

gave them utterance." It is evident, too, that these holy women must have taken part in the great revival services which followed, or how could Peter with any appositeness have quoted the prophecy as applicable to that day's events:—"It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons *and your daughters* shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants *and on my handmaidens* I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy."

Farther on, too, in the Acts, we read that "Philip the evangelist had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy;" but the simple statement of the fact is followed by no intimation that the apostles, although abiding "many days" with Philip, saw fit to check his daughters in the exercise of their gifts.

Woman's part is, not indolence, but subjection; although the unwomanly clamors after falsely termed "Woman's Rights" may choose to dishonor their sex by denying the latter assertion. Nor can I believe that a daughter under age, or a wife at any time, would be acting in accordance with the mind of the Lord, in going forth to public work in disobedience to the commands of parent or husband. Should those to whom

God has given human authority misuse that authority to the hindrance of His work, the responsibility rests on them, but the wife or the daughter in such cases are clearly called to submit; prayer that the Lord will turn the hearts of the opposers is the only course to be taken by those hindered from the work. The thirtieth chapter of the book of Numbers seems to make such matters clear. With maturity of years, a daughter may be released to some extent from the obligations of "her youth;" but a wife's duty remains binding "as long as her husband liveth."

I state my firm opinions in these pages, as I did in the Lecture at Kentville and other places, trusting by these means to convince all who read or have heard me, that my public engagements are undertaken, as the Lord's work, and not as "Woman's Rights," which latter is I believe the most soul-degrading doctrine which the Devil has ever whispered to woman since he first tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden.

For myself, no family cares demand my sole attention, and the only one living who has the right to command me, aids and abets me in the work.

When the Lecture was concluded, the venerable Pastor observed, to one of his deacons:

"This will go a long way towards doing away with existing prejudices against a lady's preaching!"

The following evening, the Pastor being unavoidably absent, the chair was taken by a deacon, and again I felt happily at home with my audience. During the day, we received two invitations to stay for the next night, one of which we accepted. A goodly number of books were added to our store, and on the morning of our departure, an envelope was handed to me containing two dollars, with the request that it should be spent in tracts or Testaments for the soldiers.

Since returning from this *tour*, I have learned with deep regret of the sudden illness of the aged minister of Christ who with so much paternal kindness welcomed me to Kentville. Struck down in the midst of a sermon which he was preaching at the opening of a church, the blow found him gallantly at his post as a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," and as he was borne away in the strong arms of weeping friends, the quivering lips of the stricken saint gave utterance to a "good confession" of his faith in Jesus, and peace through "the blood of sprinkling."

From Kentville we returned for our third Lecture at Wolfville, mentioned on a former page, and then went

on to Ellershousen, where Mr. Burgess had put everything in order for our meeting. The village was somewhat shaken out of its normal state by the expected coming back from some months absence of the "Marquis of Carrabas" of the settlement, who appeared to enjoy much well-deserved popularity. Tastefully decorated arches spanned the road; the Union Jack fluttered its time-honored folds on many a flagstaff, and we were told that before the great arrival, the black and yellow of the German Vaterland would, in compliment to the nationality of Ellerhausen, float side by side with the British banner.

We at first went to an hotel, but were soon asked to a private house. Before leaving next day we were cordially requested to pay the settlement another visit, and to extend our meetings to a neighboring village.

The following Sunday was spent at Hantsport, where I had been asked to preach in the Baptist Church. The morning subject was from Colossians iv. 17: "Say to Archippus, take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." I went on to the platform, feeling much "bound in spirit," but the Lord removed the cloud with the commencement of the service, and gave me great freedom and comfort in speaking His truth.

Next day we went back again to Canning, where Mr. Hardwicke had taken the trouble to arrange another lecture for me. At his house we found a large assortment of books; some of them Mrs. Hardwicke's own gifts, and others committed to her care for us by some interested in the work.

With this evening closed our three weeks' Lecture *tour*. We stayed another day to rest and enjoy the society of our friends, and then, only pausing to visit the Deacon's family at Windsor, we hastened back to Halifax, full of thankfulness to the Lord, and to His people for the pleasant experiences and encouragements of the previous weeks.

Before closing this chapter, too, I would acknowledge the aid given our work by Mr. Bishop, of Port Williams, who charged a very low price for driving us on the evening of the storm, and who on another occasion refused any payment at all, expressing the pleasure he felt in thus contributing to our mission, by reducing our travelling expenses.

Everywhere we met friendship and sympathy, and we look forward with pleasing anticipation, to a second *tour* among our lately found brethren in the Lord.

THE "SOLDIERS' & SAILORS HOME."

"The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"!

"Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto His people Israel, according to all that He promised; there hath not failed one word of all His good promise, which He promised."—1 King's viii. 56.

We had hoped on returning to Halifax, that the house we had been waiting for so long would be ready for us to enter, but on going over it as soon as the tenants vacated it, we found so many repairs needed to make it at all comfortable, that there was no prospect of its being fit for our use before a considerable time should elapse. Just as we were in great perplexity as to what our next move should be, we were told that No. 35, North Park Street, was vacant; we immediately called on the owner, who showed us the house, which we took, and entered upon at once.

And thus, after earnest prayer and diligent labor, our wish was at last granted, and a Home opened for the Soldiers and Sailors, among whom in past

years, my happiest hours of christian work have been spent.

Determined to carry out the whole thing in a true spirit of missionary activity, we made all our arrangements without other assistance than that given by a minister's wife who helped us to make our carpet for the reading-room.

For a day or two, we lived in a sort of indoor picnic style, dining off chairs and packing cases, instead of a dining table, and extemporizing window-blinds out of various odds and ends until the proper shades were procured and put up. In a very short time however, the carpets were laid, the windows properly arrayed, the gas duly established; and on Monday, December 21, the "Home" was ready for our guests. Ready, that is, to such a degree as to enable us to make a beginning; many articles of furniture were still wanting for the reading and coffee-rooms; some have been already supplied by the kindness of friends, for others we still need funds.

The Rev. G. M. Grant, at one of his Wednesday evening services, laid the matter before his people, and they at once contributed seven dollars, which provided our Coffee-room with a dozen chairs and a table. A

few days after, a lady called to ask if more chairs were required, and early on the following morning sent in a set of ten new ones.

Mr. Graham supplied us with a set of book-shelves free of charge; and the Editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* and *Christian Messenger* send us a weekly copy of their papers.

Just before entering on the "Home," I was asked to preach one Sunday in the little Baptist Church at Hammond's Plains, when the congregation voluntarily contributed six dollars towards our Mission.

And now the work is not done, only just begun in faith that He who has led and prospered us thus far will still be with us.

Temperance Societies are trying to raise the fallen, ministers are preaching against the sin of drunkenness, philanthropists are pitying the wives and children ruined by drink, and many venture to point to our soldiers and sailors, and to say: "Behold sinners above all the Galileans!"

But into our "Home" we welcome the noble men, who, through more evil than good report, have gained many a hard won battle, not only against foreign foes, but against the fearful temptations with which their

too often ungrateful countrymen have surrounded them, and into the power of which the careless negligence of even christian professors has contributed to force them. Verily the churches of God are not guiltless in this matter. Yes, sell the poisoned draught or the materials for it, at wholesale; and then, O ye members of Christ's body, go and curse the men who purchase from you to sell at retail. Build churches with the unrighteous gains of your great spirit-vaults and malt-houses, and then, while the very stones in the walls are ready to cry out against you, go and pray in your churches for the Lord to save the souls whom you are driving down to perdition; say Amen, when you hear your brethren pray for the prosperity of Zion, and say it loudly, lest your peace be disturbed by the mocking laugh of the evil spirits as they regard your work. Sit proudly, in warm content amidst the luxuries of your costly parlors and when you read in your evening paper that some low tavern-keeper, or his customer, is in prison for dealing too freely in the produce of your vaults, raise your eyes to heaven, and thank God that you are "not as other men, or even as this publican!" Pay your minister's salary with what you have gained

from the wages of iniquity, and then wonder that he is not "a bright and shining light." Quarrel with your fellow-*Christians* for using too little or too much water in baptism, and then go and carry on your wholesale baptizing "for the *dead*." Complain that some other denomination draws men from your Church, and then help to license "Synagogues of Satan," to ruin the whole. Shrink away in arrogant contempt from the soldiers who fight for your hearths and homes, from the sailors who incur for you the dangers of the mighty deep, push them to the other side of the street so that there may be ample room between, that they come not "between the wind and your gentility;" brand them with your scorn, until you have made their name to be a reproach among men, and then, when a few have fallen, "done to death" by your endeavors, stand up before the world, and slander the noble whole, because of the few whom *you* have driven to shame and destruction. Do all you can to establish houses where men may "sell themselves for nought," and then appoint a day of special prayer that through the Lord's mercy they may "be redeemed without money." But while you do all this, beware, O ye who boast Christ's name, while you crucify Him afresh; "the

voice of thy brother's blood crieth from the ground" unto God! The avenger of blood is behind thee, and there are crimson stains upon thy raiment!

O better take the hand of the noble in loyal friendship, than seduce or drive him to disgrace, and then weep over thy own shame and his!

"Judgment beginneth at the house of God"! Let us who wear Christ's uniform, watch lest we fail to keep it spotless for His grand parade.

Let us give up everything that dishonors Him, even if it cause us earthly loss:—"The Lord is able to give thee much more than this!"

And may God bless our soldiers and sailors, and grant peace unto them and their helpers. And may our "Home" prove a gate of heaven to many of those who have called me by a name which I am glad to bear, and which I long more worthily to deserve:—

"THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FRIEND."

FINANCE.

“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”—Malachi iii. 10.

“All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.”—1 Chronicles xxix. 14.

The Donations in money received up to this date, January 12, are as follows:

Edward Simper, Esq., Salisbury, England.....	\$24 38
A Friend, Halifax, N. S.....	0 50
Mr. T. Bennet, Windsor.....	0 50
Two Friends at Wolfville.....	1 25
Miss Vidito, Berwick.....	0 25
Presbyterian Friends by the hands of the Rev. G. M. Grant.....	7 00
Mrs. Lovett of Kentville, (for Tracts and Testaments)	2 00
Total.....	\$35 83
From sale of my own Tracts.....	8 86

The remaining funds I have obtained by preaching and lecturing, as follows:

Sept. 7, 1874, Baptist Church, Granville St., Halifax.	\$11 40
“ 22, “ “ Gottingen St., “	11 01
“ 27, F. W. B. Church, Hurd's Lane.....	7 38
Oct. 19, Lecture Hall, Y. M. Christian Association.	6 50
Nov. 9, Baptist Church, Windsor.....	12 29
“ 10, Presbyterian Church, Windsor.....	5 50
“ 11, Baptist Church, Hantsport.....	2 55
“ 12, Baptist Church, Wolfville.....	8 25

" 13, Music Hall, Wolfville.....	\$7 84½
" 26, Baptist Church, ".....	8 15
" 15, Wesleyan Church, Canning.....	3 75
" 15, Baptist Church, Canard.....	10 22
" 16, Baptist Church, Annapolis.....	6 00
" 18, Wesleyan Church, ".....	5 89
" 19, Baptist Church, Bridgetown.....	3 33
" 20, Baptist Church, Paradise.....	3 83
" 22, Baptist Church, Berwick.....	8 00
" 24, Baptist Church, Kentville.....	5 37
" 25, " ".....	3 82
" 27, District School, Ellershausen.....	4 00
" 29, Baptist Church, Hantsport.....	1 82
" 30, " " Canning.....	2 60
Dec. 13, " " Hammond's Plains.....	6 00

Total..... \$148 02½

It is only just to those among whom I have lectured to add that in many places where the money collected has amounted to only small sums, the audiences have been small, owing to our having failed to give proper notice of our lecture. In every instance, those present, warmly urged me to repeat my visit, requesting that on the next occasion, I would give due notice of my coming.

The total receipts in cash therefore are:

From Donations.....	\$ 35 83
Sale of my Tracts.....	8 86½
Lectures and Sermons.....	148 02½

Total.....\$192 72 0

Our travelling expenses on the lecture *tour* amounted to \$44.50. Furnishing the public rooms in the

"Home," with incidental expenses, as firing, gas, etc., leave little more in hand than will pay the rent due for the half quarter of our occupancy, on February 1st. Yet I have no fear that the Lord's goodness will fail us in our further necessities in His glorious work.

Gifts other than cash have been also received to this date:

Mrs. Annie Thompson, set of ten chairs.

Mr. Graham, Cornwallis St., set of book-shelves.

Mrs. Langley of Paradise, a picture.

Mrs. Yecomans, Halifax, a rocking-chair, pastry-board and roller, nutmeg grater, two pictures, two jelly-dishes, bread-tray.

Mrs. Wilson, Maynard St., a tortoise-shell cat.

Books have been received from Mrs. and Miss Crozier, Mrs. Whitman, Annie Jones and another little girl—Annapolis.

Mrs. Chipman and Mrs. Stedman—Bridgetown.

Mrs. H. Parker, Mrs. J. Parker, Miss Vidiro, Mrs. Chipman, Mr. Masters, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Dimock, Mr. Lawrence—Berwick.

Mrs. Hardwick, Mrs. Dickie, Mrs. Hamilton—Canard.

Mrs. Kinsman—Canning.

Mr. Masters, Mrs. Lovett, Mrs. Carroll and Miss Cunningham—Kentville.

Mrs. Bent, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. Freeman, Rev. A. Cahoon—Paradise.

Mrs. Chipman, Miss Pick, Miss A. Randall, Mr. A. Randall, Mr. Rand, Dr. C. DeWolfe, Mrs. DeBlois—Wolfville.

Grant of books and tracts from the Religious Tract Society, England.

The papers given me regularly are:

The Christian, Editors, Morgan & Scott, London, G.B.

The Christian Messenger, Editor, Mr. S. Selden, Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

The Presbyterian Witness. Editor, Mr. Murray.

The Gospel Messenger, sent by Mr. C. Brider, Salisbury, England.

The Rock, an Episcopalian* paper is also sent me from England by some unknown friend.

Other papers are occasionally sent me from England for our reading-room, and I shall be glad to receive either magazines or papers from either home or foreign friends interested in this work.

Post Office Orders may be made payable to Mrs. L. M. Hunt-Morgan, "Soldiers' and Sailors' Home," Halifax, N. S.

In closing this record of our efforts and success in opening the "Home," I would express my thanks to

all those who by gifts, either directly or indirectly, have aided our work, also to the Pastors, Deacons and Trustees, who have so kindly lent me their Churches and Halls free of expense, and to the Christian brethren and sisters who have extended to us their hospitality during our tour. I would also acknowledge my obligations to the Editors of both the religious and secular papers of Halifax for their courtesy in inserting notices and appeals, whenever I have needed such aid.

And for each and all whose hands have been with us, my sincere wish is that the Lord may requite them a thousand-fold all that they have done to further us in His work.

NOTE—March 8.—While these pages have been going through the press I have received in cash:

An Officer of the Royal Artillery	\$10 00
Mr. David Thompson	1 00
Mr. Rolands (a soldier's brother)	1 00
Through Rev. G. M. Grant	2 00

Also a colored table-cloth, and parcel of "Good Words," from Mrs. Annie Thompson. A large bundle of Magazines from "a Friend." A basketful of books and Magazines from Mrs. Wm. Fairbanks. Some parcels of "British Workman," and "Christian Weekly," from Mr. and Miss Selden. Three parcels of Magazines from Mrs. Perry, County Dublin, Ireland. A large box of books and Magazines from Mr. C. Bridger, Salisbury, England.

Our "Home" is so well attended already, that I have written appeals to my English friends for funds to purchase a larger and more suitable building; and have received letters of sympathy and inquiry respecting this project. Small packets of tracts and papers are constantly arriving from England, but the demand is still much greater than the supply.

While thanking the Lord for His mercy thus far, I look up to Him hoping to receive further blessings for those on whose behalf I plead.

