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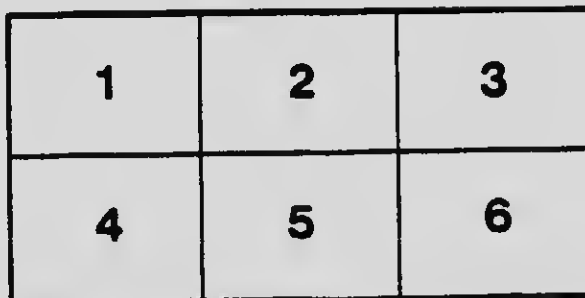
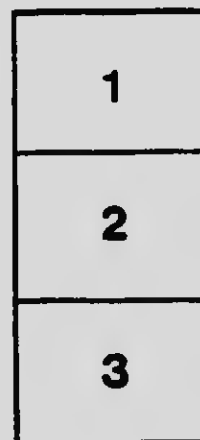
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Occident and Orient

BY

REV. W. W. WALKER

Author of "By Northern Lakes," "Sabre
Thrusts at Free Thought," "Plain
Talks on Health and Morals,"
Part II.



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To that magnificent body of men known as the
officers and soldiers of the Canadian militia specially,
and to the young men of the Dominion generally,
this work is most respectfully dedicated.



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PREFACE

IN this romance, based upon the facts of history, it has been the aim of the author to hold up the Man of Nazareth and the system which He has given the world in their full fruition, thus showing their saving power and mighty influence over the hearts and minds of the sons of earth.

For the historical facts we are indebted to the *Toronto Globe*, the *Mail and Empire*, the *Hamilton Times*, and *Montreal Herald*.

The value of the information which was transmitted through the columns of the advanced and progressive newspapers named above was not lessened by the fact that they all contained the official reports of the American War Office. The greatest pains has been taken to ensure correctness as far as possible, and we trust that the book will be made a blessing to the young men of Canada, both military and civil, from Arctic snows to where the southern vines are dressed, and from the rugged shores of Labrador to where the silvery waters of the mighty Pacific kiss the shining sands.

W. W. WALKER.



OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

THE character of this production with whom we shall first deal was exceedingly wayward from his earliest youth, always manifesting a wayward tendency and a disposition to resent any effort toward restraint upon the part of his friends. Born and cradled in the wilds of Algoma in Northern Ontario, he knew nothing of the conventionalities of an Eastern civilization, consequently his freedom of will was indulged to such an extent that at last legal restraint with him was a thing altogether out of the question, a condition which would prove troublesome throughout his career in the public school, which he entered at seven years of age.

Herbert Cameron was soon distinguished, not so much for his ability to master the subjects taught, as for his being the ringleader among

the juniors in all manner of mischief. No doubt he possessed the ability to acquire knowledge, and that perhaps rapidly, but he was so bent on fun, and the playing of practical jokes upon his fellows and the neighbors generally, that he had little time, and less inclination, for study.

The teacher was not the kind of person to inspire respect for law, being very diminutive in stature and of the wishy-washy, milk-and-water type, with a chronic grin upon his face which indicated a larger measure of imbecility than brain power. Thus everybody will see that the spirit fostered and developed was that which had little regard for the feelings of others. The more sedate children had their luncheon spirited away and hidden where they could not possibly find it. The family living nearest the school had their pet dog captured, and a tin can filled with pebbles appended to him, and then sent across the fields on the full run, to the inexpressible delight of the young vagabonds who committed the deed.

The teacher, making some feeble remonstrance because of the complaints of those who lived near, was speedily marked out as the subject of persecution, and next evening after the dismissal of school Master Herbert and his

boon companions affected an entrance into the teacher's department, took that functionary's arm-chair, which had the centre of the seat scooped out hollow, bent a good stout pin so as to maintain an upright position, placed it in the middle of the chair, then poured water all around until it was about an inch deep; after which they made their exit, carrying with them the ebony ruler, which they deposited in the well, lest it be applied to them for their misconduct.

Unfortunately, however, for the boys, as they hastened home they overtook some of the girls who had been at school, and who had loitered along the road in play, and in a moment of weakness and over-confidence told all they had done.

At nine o'clock sharp next morning the bell was rung for school, and when all the pupils were assembled in breathless expectation of some approaching event of interest, as the news of what had been done was passed around the entire crowd, the teacher, without looking, seated himself heavily in his chair, and then suddenly leaped up with a cry of mingled rage and pain—pin and water had both taken instantaneous effect. Never before had Mr. Banks, the teacher, manifested so much energy

in dealing with those under his charge as at the present time. A court of inquiry was at once established, and the boys all asked in their turn if they knew anything about the flooding of the chair and the placing of the pin upon the seat, but, of course, all the boys denied point blank any knowledge concerning the affair. Then the girls were arraigned and closely questioned about the matter; when, alas!—the boys might have known a girl could not keep anything—all was told just as the boys had communicated it to the loitering girls the previous evening. As the result of the finding of the court, Herbert Cameron, the chief character of this work, and his only too willing assistants were ranged in line before the desk of their now irate instructor.

The incapacity and incompetence, however, of the teacher was now manifest in his weak and dawdling policy in not dealing out justice to the guilty culprits. His already effeminate expression of countenance assumed a still softer and weaker aspect. He now feared that if he punished the boys before him as their offence merited, they would probably in some way have their revenge, and, consequently, he let them off with writing "Honesty is the best policy" twenty times on their slates. The work was

done by all except Herbert, who asked his father to allow him to remain at home next day and help with some work, and then, on returning the following morning without his exercise, the long-suffering Mr. Banks had either forgotten the matter altogether, or had feared to enforce his command, probably the latter, and the punishment of the leader of the wayward trio was never endured.

It is almost unnecessary to say that because of their escape from severe correction on this occasion the boys became greatly emboldened, and there was more waywardness and mischief than ever.

About a mile from the school and a considerable distance from the road was an old deserted house, and one beautiful day in summer Herbert said to his companions, "Let us skip lessons and go to the old house and play marbles all day." The other boys at once acquiesced, and, consequently, early in the morning, giving their parents to understand that they were going to school, they repaired to the appointed rendezvous and practised athletics on the old joists, from which the boards had been removed, played marbles for keeps, had a wrestling match and a boxing bout, and then a sleep; and after what they pronounced a

splendid day's sport—without any girls to give them away this time, as they termed it—they watched for the children returning from school, so that they would get home at the usual time without arousing suspicion, after having warned those who had been at lessons not to tell. Unfortunately for them, however, they got home a little after three o'clock instead of four, as they supposed, the returning pupils who had misled them having been the juniors, whose hour of dismissal was three.

The parents of the boys at once questioned them as to the cause of their getting home so early, but the truants stoutly maintained that they had been at school. In order to ascertain the truth of this a messenger was at once despatched to the teacher to learn if the truth had been told concerning the matter. Mr. Banks, when interviewed, said that Herbert Cameron and his associates had not been in their places during the day, and he had heard nothing of their movements or whereabouts.

The boys now stood convicted not only of truancy, but also of lying, and all of them were severely punished, and promised that they would never again be guilty of such gross misconduct.

There had been a growing feeling for some

time in the community that Mr. Banks was not the right stamp of a teacher, and was wholly incapable of enforcing discipline, the misconduct of the school children being sufficient evidence of this. For some considerable time, however, nothing was done concerning the matter, until one day the boys climbed to the roof of the school building, and crammed an old blanket into the chimney; then, going inside in the absence of the teacher, loosened the stove-pipes, and left them in such a condition that the slightest jar would cause them to fall.

Next morning when the fire was kindled the whole place filled with smoke, the fire smudging for a time and then going out. Several attempts were made to set it going, but at last the red-eyed occupants of the building were forced to decamp.

Mr. Banks, coming on the scene at this juncture, examined everything to see if he could find out the cause of the trouble, and on attempting to draw the pipes out of the chimney an inch or two, to ascertain if there was any obstruction in that particular place, the whole business fell with terrific crash, covering the floor with soot, and scattering the pipes in every direction. This last and crowning disaster caused even the good-natured teacher to

heave a sigh of anguish. It was now an hour past the time for calling school, and everything in the room was in a sorry plight. The probability of the work of readjusting extending over a considerable period of time led to the dismissal to their homes of all but the larger boys, whose services were required forthwith. Herbert and his comrades were among those who were retained to assist in the work of reconstruction, and so interested did they appear in fixing up, and so successfully did they disguise their feelings, that an onlooker would never for a moment think they had been guilty of preparing the way for all the trouble.

In about an hour the pipes were all once more in their place, and the fire started, the boys never hinting that perhaps the chimney might be choked. As a matter of course the same experience was passed through as formerly—the place was soon filled with smoke, and all had to retreat to the open air.

Mr. Banks was now very much perplexed, it being evident in his usually expressionless countenance. He had cleaned out the flue where the pipe entered, and everything seemed to be in proper condition, and nothing being visible on the outside it was thought very singular that the smoke could not escape and

the fire burn properly; and being too fleshy himself, and also too cowardly, to climb the roof and see if anything had been placed within the chimney, he was afraid to order any of the boys to do it for two reasons: first, they might not obey, and, second, they would perhaps meet with an accident, for which he would be responsible. As nothing could be done, and as school could not again be called until the matter was adjusted, it was decided to notify the trustees of the condition of affairs. In response to the call, those functionaries came and had everything straightened up in its proper place, after which they held a meeting, and decided after a very brief discussion that there must be a change, and accordingly Mr. Banks was notified that at the close of the year his services would be dispensed with. Furthermore, it was decided to at once advertise for another teacher, particularly specifying the fact that none but a rigid disciplinarian need apply for the position.

During the balance of the year the boys, having scented danger (being told of the action of the trustees), behaved themselves better, doubtless dreading an approaching storm. They even evidenced more interest in their studies, which for a long time had been sadly neglected.

The only subject that Herbert Cameron ever seemed to have any regard for was arithmetic, and on this he spent all his time—that is, the time that was not taken up with the commission of lawless acts and mischief generally. He appeared to his teacher, and also to his companions, to have thoughtful moods. Indeed, he had perception and foresight enough to know that he would soon be compelled to devote himself more to his studies, and conceived the idea that he might as well have the credit of making a start voluntarily. He also appeared in those sober moments to be meditating a career as a student, and began to spend more time over all his subjects, knowing that without this he could never pass to higher institutions; and although he occasionally broke forth into some desperate misconduct, yet the most casual observer could easily see that there was a pronounced change for the better. He manifested as keen perception and discernment in the mastering of his subjects as in planning mischief. Indeed, Herbert was now considered a clever boy, and despite all his badness a certain purity of character was discernible in him which gave promise of a splendid type of manhood. Also with regard to truth-telling; his mother, who was a noble specimen of woman-

hood, had recently read to him a story of George Washington, the first President of the United States, and as it treated of his boyhood, and of his truthfulness in connection with the incident of the new hatchet and cherry-tree, our hero was much impressed with it, and mentally resolved that never again, while life endured, would he be guilty of falsifying; and faithfully he stood by his resolution, until soul and body separated to be reunited no more until the morning of the resurrection.

The balance of the year now rapidly passed away, and after Christmas holidays there would be a new teacher. A considerable amount of speculation was indulged in by the boys as to the style of man he would be. One thing, however, they all thought quite probable—that they would not be able to play off on him as they had done with Mr. Banks.

Vacation, with its festivities and merry-making, soon passed away, and the day for the opening of school arrived. Curiosity, and also the fine bright winter weather, brought out an unusually large number of pupils. Nine o'clock arrived, and with it the new teacher, who at once called for order; and when all were seated delivered a short address, setting forth the fact that according to the report of the trus-

tees the failure of his predecessor had come about through his inability to enforce discipline. Mr. Stacy, for such was the name of the new head of the institution, was a little unfortunate in referring to his forerunner in this manner, but can be forgiven on the ground of his being particularly anxious to impress at once upon the refractory boys before him the fact that there would no longer be laxity in enforcing commands, or rather in neglecting to enforce them; finally, in conclusion he informed them that he would have order and respect for authority at any cost. By this time his sharp-eyed pupils had sized him up in the following way: He is just a little above the medium height, with sharp, clear-cut features, and black eyes that snap fire as he speaks; spare in flesh, and much younger than Mr. Banks; also, the expression of his countenance, though firm, was thought to be anything but unkind.

The first day was largely spent by the new teacher in ascertaining where the pupils stood in their studies, and in putting them to a severe test, in order to find out the extent of their knowledge, after which a thorough rearrangement of classes took place, many of them being reduced to a lower form.

It had now fully dawned upon both boys and

girls that a man in every sense of the term was at the head of the institution. No one tried to take any liberties, for all clearly discerned that such a course would entail serious consequences. Even Herbert Cameron was shrewd enough to see that his days of lawlessness were now numbered, and that henceforth it must be hard work, interspersed by nothing but harmless pleasure.

Mr. Stacy, however, was as wise as he was firm, and instead of trying to crush the spirit of the leader of the wayward trio cultivated his friendship, recognizing in him the most promising pupil in the school. The friendly expressions were at first coldly received, but, not being pushed unduly, were at last very much appreciated. A weekly report containing a summary of punctuality, correct recitation and conduct was sent home to the parents of the children with great regularity and promptness, thus keeping them posted concerning the progress of the latter, which plan was found to work admirably.

Mr. Stacy had such excellent order in his school that he was asked by a visitor if he did not use the ruler a great deal in correction, but he confounded the questioner by saying that he never whipped one of his pupils, declaring that

there was a moral force immeasurably superior to the physical, which he had always found to restrain. Other visitors also, upon studying his system of teaching, pronounced him a modern, up-to-date teacher.

The children all progressed marvellously in their studies from this time forward, and the trustees seeing this were delighted with the thought that they could not have made a wiser selection of a teacher. In the midst of the general progression, Herbert Cameron was a conspicuous figure, and was now making rapid progress in his beloved subject, mathematics, going beyond the branches prescribed for the public school, through mechanics, solids, mensuration, gauging, etc.. Mr. Stacy encouraging his brilliant pupil at every step.

It was now a long time, the boys declared, since they had had any fun, and even yet though there was a great change for the better in Herbert, he was only too willing to lead off in some mischief still. There was a pond about a mile from the school in a neighbor's wood, covering perhaps about half an acre, and some three feet deep in the centre, and he suggested the idea to the boys of going some day at twelve o'clock, when school was dismissed, and fixing up a raft upon the shore, and then sliding it into the

water, and having a glorious time upon it, especially if they could prevail on some of the "plugs," as they termed the duller boys, to get upon it with their clothes on, and then push them into the water. The plugs, however, were very slow to commit themselves to the raft without disrobing. Our hero seeing this, and understanding boy nature, said he would bet his jack knife that they were too cowardly to go on it; they, in turn, bet all their marbles that they were not, and to prove it at once climbed on the tottlish concern. Herbert, having disrobed, at once volunteered to steer the raft for the boys; to this, however, they objected, suspecting treachery, but again they were quieted by being tantalized as cowards, and said, "Let her go." The cunning steersman performed his duty faithfully until the raft reached the middle of the pond, then leaping suddenly on the outer edge of it, the boys were all precipitated into the water, and the agile Cameron, leaving them in their sorry dilemma, hastily serambled out, partially robed himself in a few seconds, and taking the rest of his garments in his hand fled for his life, just as the dripping plugs were preparing to pull themselves together to administer a severe trimming, as they termed it, to their persecutor.

When Herbert had out-distanced his pursuers he completed dressing himself, and hastening back to school arrived just as the bell was rung for the afternoon session. Everything went on during the afternoon as usual until about three o'clock, when the other boys arrived, who upon being closely questioned as to the cause of their extended absence and whereabouts received the following punishment: Albert Sands, a red-haired fiery urchin, and John Carey, a bright mischievous-looking boy, both boon companions of the hero of our story, were suspended for one month, whereas all of the others were sentenced to write "Unprincipled conduct" five hundred times, and were given forty-eight hours in which to do it, or else stand suspended for the same length of time as the ringleaders. It is almost needless to say that the condemned boys made a desperate attempt to implicate Herbert Cameron, but the teacher reasoned in this way and doubtless very wisely, that as he had reached school in time, and had really been outside his jurisdiction during the hour of his absence, and also had done nothing very bad—simply played a boyish trick—he was in no way deserving of punishment. The others were all compelled to fulfil to the very letter the obligations laid upon

them, which only justified their early convictions regarding the firmness and decision of their teacher.

The parents of the suspended boys made an attempt to have them reinstated after serving one week of their sentence, but Mr. Stacy was so firm that, when they emphasized the matter, he said that if the trustees demanded his resignation as the result of it he would never yield an inch. The entire section now understood that they not only had a teacher who was of too great value to part with, but also one who would submit to no interference with his administration of discipline.

Everything moved along rapidly in the line of study after the incident mentioned above, Mr. Stacy insisting upon the greatest diligence and application, striving to impress upon his pupils the fact that without it there could be no true success. The friendship between the teacher and our friend Herbert ripened daily and hourly, the kind and charitable treatment accorded the latter by the former in connection with the bathing affair had its affect in the proper direction, and the progress of the hitherto wayward boy was now very marked. He excelled in all his studies as well as in mathematics, and now openly declared his in-

tention of entering the institute at II—, in preparation for the university.

One beautiful May morning Mr. Staey called at Herbert's home and, as there was no school on that particular day, invited his pupil to take a stroll with him in the woods. In that memorable walk there was a confidential conversation, which was never made known verbally, but which was seen in result. During the few remaining weeks of our friend's sojourn in his native place he regularly attended his classes, and it was no unfamiliar sight to see teacher and pupil walking and communing together. Such environment and companionship could not fail to leave its impress upon a young life and heart, and none knew better than the discerning teacher when the day of parting came that the boy to whom he bade adieu, now grown as tall as himself, and going forth to a higher institution, was destined under the providence of God to leave his footprints on the sands of time.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN A HIGHER INSTITUTION

AFTER leaving the public school, with its familiar old landmarks, our friend spent two or three quiet weeks at home with his parents, and then—armed with two letters from Mr. Stacy, one of class standing and the other of introduction—Herbert presented himself to the principal of the famous H— Institute, who was struck with his gentlemanly manners and pleasing address, and after reading the letters cordially welcomed his new pupil, and assigned him to his form and classes.

Herbert found himself at home from the very beginning, making many friends during his first month at the institute. This is to be accounted for by the fact that he was anything but a boor, but on the contrary was fond of bright, good society and perfectly easy in his manner, with a quiet dignity, and now an utter absence of boisterous ostentation.

The headmaster, Doctor Stanton, showed marked kindness to Herbert from the beginning. He was a splendid typo of the cultured, brainy, and yet genial, Canadian, tall and slight in build, with lofty brow and kindly nature, and was universally loved by his sons and daughters, as he was pleased often to call his pupils.

The assistant who had charge of Herbert's department was by no means so noble a specimen of humanity as his superior; he was short in stature and a little given to corpulency, with a round, red face somewhat resembling a full moon on a hot autumn night. His age also was about sixty years, but he desired to be thought much younger, and while instructing his class would often talk of characters who were just in their prime like himself. Such vanity of course amused and at the same time disgusted his pupils. His aspect was more that of a foreigner than of a typical Canadian, but, on the whole, he was a man of good character and fine attainments, though his manners were a little crude, and he lacked that ease and grace which his pupils looked for and which all would expect in one in his position. If Mr. Eastall, with all his faults, however, had not been a good man in the main he would never have held his position in so noted a centre

of education. His standing in such an institution and in such a community was a good certificate of character.

As one would naturally expect in an institution, like that at H——, with such a scholar as Doctor Stanton at its head, there were some clever pupils, who excelled in their studies and swept their examination papers; indeed it was only the most brilliant who were attracted to such a school. But the best of them soon found that, especially in mathematics, they were outdistanced by the boy from the hills of New Algoma, and in other subjects he could very readily hold his own. He was now studying algebra and Euclid, together with the Latin and Greek languages and literature.

In the midst of his numerous duties and studies, however, our friend never forgot his parents in their far-away quiet home, and every week regaled them with a good long letter describing his experiences in H——, which was a smart town of five or six thousand inhabitants, with a good sprinkling of educated people, and containing some fine residences and public buildings. Those letters were very welcome, especially to the father, who was a man of some culture and intelligence; and although the mother was not an ignorant woman, yet she

was only anxious to know that her son was safe, and cared very little for descriptions of institute life or experiences. She was, however, a strong and pure woman, and from her the gifted son took his purity of character and strength of will as much as from the father. The latter was very much pleased with the progress of his son, and when at last Herbert became prize-man in his form, his parent was so overjoyed that he sent him a fine present, together with his warmest congratulations. Our hero found, in the midst of his successes, that there was not diversion enough; it seemed to him as though there was too much work and not enough play, and his mind reverted to the scenes of his primary school days, when he was accustomed to roam the woods and fields of his native place at will. These thoughts naturally led to some degree of discontent, and after taking the honors in his form, his ambition being satisfied to some extent, his condition of unrest became so pronounced that it led him into an escapade which established his character forever, by filling him with disgust for everything that was not gentlemanly and that did not evidence good breeding.

One beautiful summer's day, Herbert and a fellow-pupil hired a carriage to take a long

drive in the country and have a good time, as they termed it; and as our friend's companion had many acquaintances in the district, all went merry as a marriage bell. They had dinner with a very fine family, in which were grown-up young people, who were surpassingly interesting and intelligent—so much so, indeed, that the institute boys whiled away a considerable part of the afternoon playing lawn-tennis and telling stories; and when at last they said farewell, and were invited to return, they promised to do so. But, alas, for human vows; it was never fulfilled! As the day was rather warm, our friends, after a long drive on leaving the hospitable home of their entertainers, felt very thirsty, and alighted at a very respectable-looking hotel to assuage it. Herbert's friend suggested that they take claret. He, however, demurred on the ground that he was not accustomed to wine and would probably be intoxicated by it. His companion, however, laughed at him, saying that he was too puritanical for anything, and having never signed a pledge, and considering because of this that it was no breach of trust, he yielded, and for the sake of being sociable drank to the health of his friend. Then, entering their carriage, they drove to the home of another acquaintance,

where there were two or three highly-accomplished young ladies, who very graciously received the young gentlemen from H——, and showed them into the drawing-room. During the preparation of tea our young travellers were left for a few minutes to scan the evening papers, and while doing so a little child about a year old crept into the room in which they were sitting, and approaching Herbert, wanted to be taken up. By this time the wine had taken affect, and he kicked the poor little thing and swore at it, and it had to be carried from the room crying bitterly.

The only person who knew what had happened, apart from our friend's companion, was the nurse who removed the child, and she had the wisdom and charity not to mention it to any member of the family. All were now invited to the dining-hall to partake of a sumptuous tea; but things turned out worse there than in the drawing-room, for now the wine had so far taken affect, that the usually gentlemanly and well-bred Herbert poured his tea out of the cup into his plate and buttered his bread with the butter-knife. His friend at once apologized for him, and told the family what had happened, and they—knowing him to be naturally scrupulously polite, and his people

very respectable—judged that it would not be wise to let him return that evening to the institute, as, if the matter came to the ears of Doctor Stanton, he would probably be expelled. A room was accordingly at once prepared, and to this the two adventurers were assigned for the night, where a good sleep put the foolish boy on his feet once more and restored unto him his senses, which he had temporarily lost.

As may be supposed, next morning Herbert Cameron was very much ashamed, and would rather have faced anything than the breakfast table; but he was brave and manly, and felt that he owed an apology, which on his meeting the members of the family was promptly made and generously granted.

After the morning meal, which was partaken of in silence as far as our hero was concerned, the boys hitched up their horse and drove straight to H—, arriving there about noon. Of course, Herbert had exacted a promise from his comrade that he would not tell a single soul of what had happened; but, although he felt that he could trust his friend, yet he feared that through some other channel the news would be conveyed to town, and, if so, he would undoubtedly find himself in trouble. If, however, it was told to any of the citizens or teachers at

any time, nothing was ever repeated concerning it.

For a long time after the affair mentioned above, our friend spent nearly all his time over his books. He did not enter into the spirit of the sports, which he had appeared to enjoy so much in the past, but, on the contrary, gave every evidence of the fact that he was thoroughly disgusted with himself; and although he did not sign a pledge, yet he made a solemn vow that he would never again touch, taste or handle wine or any other intoxicant while life endured, and so faithfully was it observed that none of his companions in futuro years could ever succeed in leading him to break or violate his covenant.

As the result of the more than usual diligence during the last few weeks on the part of our friend, he was promoted to a higher form, where, together with his former subjects, he had hydrostatics and chemistry added, making altogether a very heavy course; but with his application and ability he carried it with great credit to himself.

During the latter part of the year a military company was organized from among the pupils of the institute, and seeing them drill and manœuvre aroused the martial ardour of our

friend—an element which he possessed in no small degree, for it will be remembered that from the beginning he was unusually high-spirited. He soon became as much absorbed in soldiering as in his studies, and took so naturally to sword exercise that it was not long until he was the best swordsman in the company.

The time for the sessional examinations soon arrived, and in consequence of this everything was forgotten in cramming. As Herbert had been the prize-man in his form the previous year, he now worked almost day and night, hoping that he would be medallist in his present year. But, alas! for too much time spent in military exercises; he who had formerly been so faithful in his classes and successful in his work, lost the prize by a few marks. A boy who had not been considered among the brightest in the institute in the past had by persistent application and neglect of every thing else scored a victory.

Our chief character, however, had sufficient self-control to hide his chagrin, and also reticence enough to keep his thoughts to himself; but he was always quick to profit by an adverse experience, and decided that from this time forward no nonsense would prevent him

from giving a good account of himself. He did not sever his connection with the volunteers, comforting himself with the thought that he was now a lieutenant and champion swordsman, and as he was about at the top in that line he need not attend drill very often, as a substitute would do; and keeping up his membership would not thus trench very materially upon his time, which, owing to his recent failure, he had now learned to regard as very precious, and mentally resolved that he would carry the prize in the highest form or die in the attempt.

The principal always treated Herbert with the greatest courtesy, like Mr. Stacy, his former teacher. He recognized in him the material for a first-class man, and consequently spoke kindly to him whenever they chanced to meet. This preference was, however, so wisely and unostentatiously shown that it was not noticed or commented on by others. Doctor Stanton was in the habit of giving an annual social evening to the pupils in the highest form, and as the time had now arrived for the event of the season, as it was termed, invitations were sent out to the friends of the institution to join the seniors in what was intended by its scholarly head to be an object-

lesson to those who, as graduates of still higher seats of learning, would be called to move more or less in society in the coming years. The Doctor was an authority on social usages, table manners, deportment, etc.—then need we wonder that only the most highly-cultured people in town were invited to mingle with his children, as we have said he was sometimes pleased to call them, and that everything, even to the minutest detail, was carried out in fitting harmony with the highest standard in the land? It was, indeed, a brilliant affair, never to be forgotten by those who were called to take part in it. Herbert Cameron's conduct throughout the entire evening was above criticism. He carried himself with dignity and grace and ease, and was especially in evidence among the ladies present. A good conversationalist, naturally humorous and bright, he won golden opinions from all, except a few of his own sex who were affected by a visit from the green-eyed monster. The affair was now at an end, having passed off gloriously to all except the awkward squad, who were and are omnipresent.

Social hilarity and mirthfulness had now to give place to thoughts of more serious things. Institute life, which was akin to life at the high

school, was now fast drawing to a close, and Herbert Cameron began to consider where he would take his college course. He first thought of Heidelberg or Leipsie, or possibly Paris, but with second thoughts decided to graduate at a Canadian institution, and then perhaps take a trip abroad and, if unable to take a post-graduate course in some famous centre across the sea, by visiting such a certain amount of special knowledge and experience would be imparted, which would in after years prove useful, as the mental horizon would be expanded thereby.

After much thought and advice concerning the matter, the boy who had been reared among the forests of the North in a home constructed of hewed logs, and who had attended a primary school constructed of the same materials—but who had in him the energy and enterprise which he inherited from a race with ambition and independence sufficient to go out into what at first was a vast wilderness to make homes for themselves and families—decided upon the finely-equipped university in the city of A——, shall we call it?—a great and flourishing centre of population, abounding with parks, gardens and public edifices, broad streets and sweeping boulevards shaded by rows of lordly

trees trimly kept which would do no discredit to the world's metropolis.

After making his decision, Herbert was compelled to settle down to a few weeks of close work in preparation for his final examinations. He was determined to take honors and leave the town of H——, if possible, leaving behind him a brilliant record as a student.

The week of trial soon arrived, but, unlike many, it found our friend thoroughly prepared to battle with abstruse questions and hard reasonings. With every confidence, as the result of a complete mastery of the subjects in hand, our hero sat down in the examining hall, and completed his work in business-like fashion. In two days, when the result of the sessional was made known, H. Cameron stood at the head of the honor list, and was congratulated by Principal Stanton for the marked and pronounced success, which was, he believed, the result of painstaking diligence and labor, in connection with his work as a student.

The annual commencement, the last function of the season, was a time of both joy and sadness to our hero—joy at again meeting those who for years had been his society friends and fellow-students, sorrow at the thought that soon there would be a separation, and that perhaps

final, as the highways they purposed treading led in opposite directions. However, in spite of thoughts both sober and mirthful, the time passed rapidly away, after having been well improved by the beauty and chivalry of the institute and town in promenade, feasting, song and speech-making, everybody declaring in the elegant language of the East, that "It was just sublime."

Next day Herbert completed his preparations for returning to his far-off home to spend the summer with his parents, his last act at H— being to call upon the venerable head of the institution which he had learned to love to say farewell. Doctor Stanton was very busy at the time of the call, but glancing hurriedly at the card which was left in his hand by the servant and seeing the name of his most brilliant and successful pupil upon it, he at once dropped everything, and upon entering the drawing-room received the young man whom he delighted to honor most cordially and affectionately. After some moments spent in conversation, the Doctor pressed Herbert to spend the entire day with him, saying that there were many things that he would like to converse about. The invitation was accepted with pleasure, and during the hours of that memor-

able afternoon Herbert told his old instructor all that was in his heart, that he had arranged to take his university course in Canada, believing the Canadian colleges to rank among the very best. Doctor Stanton said that he knew something of Northern schools, and, although he believed a man could receive a thorough training in American or European institutions, yet he was loyal, and felt that no mistake could possibly be made in taking a course in our own land, where the standards of education were very high.

When the time had arrived for departure, the Doctor seemed quite affected as Herbert rose to say good-bye, and pressing a beautiful Bible into the hand of his late pupil said, "May the God of heaven bless you and guide your footsteps to a glorious destiny." Doctor Stanton believed, like his last teacher in the primary school, that he would one day hear of Herbert Cameron, as he believed his name would yet be enrolled among the honored of the land. This was more than verified, as that name was not only afterwards inscribed upon the bed-roll of a nation, but also treasured up in the archives of the skies, among the names of the translated saints of God.

CHAPTER III.

UNIVERSITY CAREER

AFTER a quiet summer spent among the Algoma rocks and hills helping his parents, who were thrifty energetic people—like many of the inhabitants of that new country, putting up their own house and barn, making their own waggons, sleighs, and indeed almost everything, and who, to crown all, were furnishing the money requisite for his education—Herbert, in a spirit of manly independence, arranged with them, though they did not desire it, to repay after graduation every dollar which had been advanced to him. His independence of character was only equalled by his purity of heart and life, and thus possessing those vital principles, to which was added at a later day the grace of the eternal, he embodied within him so many of the elements of true manhood as to make him an influence for good, in a secular sense, wherever he went, and enabled him to win the respect of the keen-eyed, discerning

authorities at the university of A——, who were not slow to recognize the fact that no common man had come among them from the wilds of the North.

At the time our hero was settling down to work at A—— he found that several Americans were also getting into line, having recently arrived from the United States, and thus by their act paying a high tribute to the excellence of Canadian institutions. Some Canadians, however, were registering at Harvard, Yale and Princeton about the same time—a friendly interchange going on which was destined to do much toward the bursting asunder of the bands of an unreasonable and senseless hostility, and promoting a better feeling and kindlier sentiment between two great neighboring peoples.

For some time after commencing his studies our friend was very reserved, but an event soon transpired which compelled him to stand with the men of his year, this being the time-honored custom of "hustling" the Freshies, observed at the best institutions. It was whispered around one day among the first year men that the Seniors meditated making a descent upon them very soon. With lofty spirit and strong military instinct our hero prepared to stand

effectively by his class, and, if possible, turn the tables on the plotters.

Next day, as the members of the Freshman class were leaving their lecture-room, they found their tormentors in full force awaiting them in the corridors, and the hustle at once commenced. The first year men fought like lions, and left many of their opponents minus coats, neekties, and other articles of clothing, but, being vastly outnumbered, were finally worsted and hustled out, in student language.

The Freshmen presented a sorry spectacle after their ejection. They were of all sizes, from five feet to six feet three inches tall, and were in all conditions of ruin. Herbert Cameron had fought so persistently, and had proved so hard to handle that when all was over he was one of the most dilapidated-looking of the throng, but afterward declared that it was productive of much good to him, as it drove him into a closer relationship with his classmates, and led him to feel that they had a common cause and kindred interests at stake.

After the incident recorded above things moved about as usual, the honest students (let us hope most of them were such) working just as faithfully as though the sessional examinations were at hand; the dishonest ones having

a good time and waiting until the last two or three weeks for a sudden cram. Our friend from the romantic North belonged to the former class, and labored industriously and faithfully, not only that he might keep abreast of his fellow-students, but also that he might lay the foundation of a sound and thorough education, for he was too intelligent to think that university graduation was any more than a foundation; that it mattered little whether one spent one, two, three or four years at college, they only learned how to study in any circumstance, and even in a complete course, the thirty or forty or fifty subjects mastered were small in comparison to the hundreds, and perhaps thousands, that would be mastered by the true student in after life, and which would be requisite to the development of ripe and matured manhood. Let no man think that because he has taken a college course he is a scholar, however excellent it may be—and we believe that the man who takes such course is privileged beyond the common walks of life, and that our institutions of learning are doing a glorious work—but after all he has but plucked a single specimen of the ripening fruitage, but moistened his lips with a single drop from the overflowing spring.

The fondness evinced by our hero for mathematics in his earlier years gave way gradually to a preference for philosophy during his university course, and, although he studied the highest branches of the former subject, together with the languages and sciences, yet he may safely be classed as a philosophical specialist. His progress along this line was very marked. One thing, however, was sorely missed throughout this Freshman year, which was, contact with society, the conditions being almost the same as at the well-known H— Institute, the people evidently desiring to see the students through at least one year's examinations before they received them to their homes and introduced them to their families, a policy which all intelligent people would endorse, on the principle that it is to some extent at least an evidence whether or not a young man possesses brains. It is a weeding out process by which not only those who lack ability, but also those who lack manly persistence and force of character are culled. Need we wonder, then, that right-thinking people wait until the second or third year, and therein associating with the boys in college vernacular they know their guests and companions represent the cream of the intellect of a generation that will soon have

the reins of power in its hands, wielding a mighty influence, political and otherwise.

We must not give the impression to our readers, however, that our leading character had, from a very wayward boyhood, developed into a manhood that was something more than human; he was not an angel, as will now be seen.

A university being a thoroughly modern institution, women, of course, were admitted to lectures and degrees in arts, and among the many hundreds attending were some of a decidedly intellectual cast, to which was added personal purity, and in a few cases great beauty. The quality most prized by our hero, among the three enumerated was a stainless character, but perhaps on the same principle as in the case of Solomon asking for wisdom alone, that he might judge his people righteously, and by forgetting his own personal interest he pleased God and his interests were remembered; so Herbert desiring the priceless jewel of virtue was favored of providence, and had beauty and mental acumen thrown in with the lady of his choice, for it was noticed during the past few weeks that he and one of the brightest of his class had more than an ordinary respect for one another, although they scrupulously avoided

any public exhibition of the sentiment that pervaded their souls. Perhaps the experience of a member of the Freshman class a short time before had taught a salutary lesson and placed a solemn emphasis on the fact that if any but Seniors fell in love they had better carefully disguise the fact, as no parade of such sentiment would be tolerated on the part of students of the first year, one of whom, having brought his young lady friend to look through the museum, was caught by irate Seniors and bounced to the ceiling in her presence for his audacity, as they termed it.

Herbert being chaffed one day by some of his friends for his preference for a certain "Freshette," as they termed it, said, in his usual off-hand way, that he liked ambitious women, and was determined to use his influence in helping to bring about a better feeling between the two classes of students. A sturdy classmate who was standing near said, "We do not doubt your word, friend Cameron; you are giving stronger proof every day that you *love* the new woman, and actions, you know, speak louder than words."

Our readers will understand, judging from the fine characters possessed by both parties concerned, that the courtship of the young

Northerner and his Southern love was very correct and wise. They read and discussed poems, walked in parks and gardens, talked politics, and sometimes broke down like all lovers and forgot their natural dignity—as Herbert was once heard to say that love made fools of even philosophers—yet this brilliant pair never neglected their class work, remembering that in coming years their usefulness in the world and their benefit to humanity would be vastly increased by exceptional faithfulness now.

Our hero was not very long at A—University until his old military tendencies began to show themselves, and finally culminated in his connecting himself with the company of volunteers which was enrolled from among the students. His fame as a swordsman soon spread widely in college circles, and he speedily became one of the most popular men in the entire command; but having remembered the lesson taught at the H—Institute, where he missed the prize in one of his years by devoting too much time to drill and manœuvres; and now making it a means of recreation, as well as obtaining fresh air and exercise, he was enabled to do justice to himself in every respect with beneficial results. It seemed per-

fectly natural to be putting on the historic red coat once more and practising with arms.

The first year of university life was now drawing to a close, a fact which our hero did not regret, for he had often said that whereas it was no disgrace to be a Freshman, yet it had many disadvantages, and he looked forward with no little pleasure to something better. The regular examinations at A—— proved a record breaker for high standing taken by the students, and although Herbert Cameron did not take honors, yet he secured first-class marks on most of his subjects, notable among them philosophy; whilst Miss L——, the young lady in whom he was most deeply interested, secured first honors in classics, a circumstance which, of course, pleased him very much, as there was no jealousy in his nature. Almost immediately after the sessional he bade farewell to his friends and started for his home, where he surprised his now aged parents by arriving one week sooner than they had expected. He had much to tell his friends concerning his experiences in a great city, and spoke in the highest terms of the intelligence and excellence of its citizens. But much as our friend enjoyed the comforts and refinements of the centre of commerce and education, he never lost his first love

for the gorgeous natural surroundings of his native place, and revelled in the prospect of spending his vacation botanizing in the woods and geologizing among the rocks that contained gold, copper and iron, as well as other minerals.

Those who are familiar with the physical features of the districts of Northern Ontario are quite well aware of the fact that the missionary told the truth who said that Algoma resembled Palestine in all but climate, with perhaps a little more forest. But as there is rock, hill, lake and stream in the one, so there is in the other, all combining to make, with the addition of forest, a scenery that is glorious in the extreme. Need we wonder, then, that Herbert Cameron loved the environment that had done so much toward making him both physically and mentally what he was. The occupation throughout the summer had been so congenial that the time passed far too quickly, and soon our friend had to say good-bye to everything that was dear and leave for the opening of college. He, however, was so soon in readiness for departure that his mother could not understand his alacrity and evident composure, not unmingled with gleams of joy. Dear as home ties had become, sacred as its surroundings were, there was still something

dearer and more sacred, upon which the dutiful son threw some light, when he said to the parent, "There is one of the lady students in whom I have some special interest, and who is good and pure like yourself." This at once explained his good humor upon the eve of his departure.

His good old father drove him next day to the steamboat landing, and after giving him some sound and wholesome advice concerning his conduct and the necessity of his trusting in God, bade him an affectionate adieu, and started homeward upon his lonely drive. Herbert, after his father's departure, thought of his mother's words, when she said that she had often heard that the average university woman was a person of exalted character; and this being doubtless true, she would expect one who was infinitely above the average and so unusually brilliant as Miss L—— would be a very superior person indeed; in conclusion, saying that she had confidence in his judgment and believed that whoever he admired lived a life that was not only above reproach, but was also above suspicion.

Our friend soon arrived at his destination, and took his place among the Sophomores, or second year men, with a good deal of satis-

faction at the thought that he was no longer a Freshman, and that he could take Miss L—— any place he desired without a prospect of being bounced. He also determined that he would not take a second place in his class during this year, and settled down to hard work on his subjects almost at once. Close work with him differed somewhat, however, to what it did with many others, for he was naturally a student, and bright and quick in mastering the most abstruse thought. Being thus enabled to do his work rapidly and thoroughly, he had some time on his hands for sociality and promenading, which the reader may imagine he used to the very best advantage in more ways than one.

The second year was not far advanced when an incident of a rather doubtful character occurred, that tended to break the monotony of college life. An old naval gun, captured in one of the continental wars, had been taken to A—— and placed in a park not far from the university. The position of the piece of ordnance was such that it commanded a leading street, and though of the old obsolete muzzle-loading type it was still in working order. A large party of Sophomores who had been out together for a constitutional, noticing this, resolved to have a lark, as they

termed it; so, accordingly, having procured a quantity of powder, they, with Herbert's assistance—for at mention of this joke his old disposition to mischief, which had been held in check for so long a time, came back upon him like a flood, and, reasoning that there was no danger to life and property in carrying it out, he was one of the ringleaders—loaded it up with a heavy charge of powder, upon which was placed a number of small empty tin cans. The loading was done one evening, and the firing was planned for the next, so that the boys would not be long around the gun at any one time, and thus attract attention. When the time had arrived for the discharging of the ponderous weapon, the committee appointed to do the work proceeded to the place of rendezvous, and applied the match. There was a deafening crash, which shook the earth and rattled the windows in the houses for blocks around. Before the smoke had cleared away the students had disappeared, rushing at once to the university, and in their haste, not noticing the Bursar, who was standing just inside the main entrance, they ran over him, knocking him down and severely shaking him up. Meantime the entire ward had been aroused by the terrific explosion, and a large number of people, together with a

whole squad of police, were soon on the ground. Although there was no material evidence to prove it, yet the latter suspected that it was the work of students; but knowing that in an investigation they would stand together, and if the guilty parties were convicted and fined their classmates would at once club together and pay the fine, and there would be very little satisfaction in it; and also considering the fact that no damage had been done, they very wisely dropped the matter, and at once returned to headquarters.

For days after the above occurrence, the Sophs were very devoted in their attendance on lectures, and scrupulously correct in their deportment, their dignity calling out protests from the Freshmen.

Next time Herbert met Miss L—— he found her very indignant because the firing of the gun had been charged to the Sophomores, and, as she herself was one of that unfortunate class, she considered it an outrage, and thought that the great horrid things who had done it should confess, so that innocent people would not be wrongfully accused. Herbert did not like the sarcastic reference to the matter, and merely shrugged his shoulders, saying that boys would be boys, and men would be men, each in

their own order, and then raising his hat and bowing politely, but with great dignity, he left. This was the first little spat between his fiancé and himself. He had intended to tell her all, having considered it a capital joke, but was offended by her sarcasm. Several days now passed and they did not meet, each evidently avoiding the other, until our hero at last became ashamed of himself, and sought out Miss L.—. She, however, was a little cool, and more than ordinarily dignified; but Herbert determined that he would never again mention the gun incident, and certainly never confess to any human creature, however excellent their character. In every possible manner, however, excepting that of confessing his part in the affair, he was more than nice, and made excuses to see her quite frequently, and so the breach gradually narrowed, until at last there was none, and they had more confidence in one another than ever before.

The second year soon passed away, and the examinations were drawing near. Herbert's work, however, had not been neglected, and he had no fear whatever of the results, the posting of which evinced the fact that he had taken honors in philosophy, and first-class marks on all other subjects, except one; and for some reason that

he could not understand he had a third-class on that, which greatly disgusted him, and led him to say that written examinations were not a correct test of one's knowledge; and we all, doubtless, know of cases in which brilliant students have gone into examining halls and, through sheer nervousness, have failed to make the desired percentage. Failure is not always, however, due to the above condition; sometimes a professor will demand a certain form of answer to a question, and if it differs in the slightest degree from what he expects he will cut down the number of marks, so that the result will surprise the student, who may have thoroughly mastered the subject in hand.

Vacation having now arrived, Herbert bade farewell to Miss L.— particularly, and to the rest of his classmates generally, and left at once for his home, where a princely welcome awaited him. The summer was again spent largely in botanizing and geologizing among his native hills. On these expeditions he sometimes met with peculiar people who, living in isolated and almost inaccessible places far away from the centres of population, had little acquired knowledge, that is from books or teachers, but who possessed a great amount of native ability. One man in particular was

very anxious to know all about the business of our student friend. He was very tall and thin, and did not look unlike the imaginary Uncle Sam whom we see depicted in cartoons. During a lengthy conversation it became evident that he very much disliked women, and had consequently never married. Further, in connection with women's rights he did not consider that they had any particular privileges, and as for their speaking in public and teaching, and taking man's place generally, he thought it was an outrage to society and should at once receive its quietus. He then gave an example to prove that, without occupying any public position, women had infinitely too much influence. A friend of his who bore an excellent character, but who had been slandered by enemies until his reputation was all but destroyed, was in the habit of occasionally attending a certain church, and after close observation gave it as his opinion that the entire business was run by two females, thus proving that all the men were nonentities, and so accustomed to render homage to the opposite sex that when a man came among them they were envious, and accordingly treated him with disrespect. Continuing, he said, to be respected by such people would at once be an acknowl-

edgment that the elements of true manhood were conspicuous alone for their absence.

The hero of our story, however, being a modern, up-to-date man, was in no way influenced by what he had heard, but still believed in the right of the gentler sex, when qualified by natural and acquired ability, to occupy any position, without regard to the measure of truth and honor connected with it. Some obsolete theologians say Paul condemned it; but let them study the conditions prevailing in his day and the setting of the subject, and they will find that the Jewish custom was to question the speaker and dispute with him, refuting his arguments in the synagogue, if possible; and as this would be a breach of good breeding and deportment on the part of women the cultured and gentlemanly apostle forbade it. But when the spirit of God fell upon a member of the female sex, the generous-minded Paul conceded that she had the same right to teach and preach as those of the opposite sex.

After a summer spent largely in experimenting and putting theory into practice, Herbert returned to college in the autumn well fitted to undertake a heavy year's work. The first week was rather lonely, as many of the

students had not yet arrived at the university. One especially was much missed, but in a little over a week turned up in the person of Miss L—. There was, of course, a happy meeting, and wherever they went during this session, by mutual consent they were chaperoned by a friend in the most correct and approved fashion.

During the closing months of his university course, our hero devoted himself most faithfully to his work, and on Sundays made a practice of hearing the best preachers in the city. One in particular soon became a great favorite, Rev. Doctor D—. He had a strong personality, and combined the two great qualities of eloquence and thoughtfulness. His sermons gave undoubted evidence of culture, having a fine literary finish. Herbert and Miss L— often discussed preachers and preaching, and neither of them could endure anything crude in the pulpit. One fine, bright Sabbath they, accompanied by their chaperon, dropped into a rather inviting church, but found before the sermon was five minutes under way that the preacher was a sensationist. They were both deeply disgusted, feeling that no man was fitted to stand behind the sacred desk who was not reverent and

dignified in his manner; and, no doubt, this cheap sensationalism is a disgrace to the pulpit, and dishonoring to God, and, as our student friend put it, was but a relic of the coarse buffoonery of the dark Middle Ages, when financial magnates hired fools to entertain them. As our friend was very moderate in his language usually and a young man of splendid mental balance, his opinion of sensational preachers did much to influence others in the direction of considering their efforts so cheap as to be beneath the consideration of all right-minded people, and Miss L—— said she always noticed that sensational men had small heads, giving an evidence of lightness and lack of brains. It must be remembered, however, that Herbert and Miss L—— were not Christians; this perhaps accounts for their rather withering criticism of flippant methods. We sometimes lose sight of the fact that the end may justify the means, and much good has been done by men who have never been guilty of a single independent thought in their lives, and whose calibre is very small, and their scope very narrow.

The four years of study in the university of A—— were now nearing a close, and soon the final test was to be made, resulting in

Herbert standing as first-class honor man all around. Miss L—— was not quite so fortunate this time, though she graduated with first-class standing, omitted the honors.

His collego course being now completed, Herbert Cameron was face to face with perhaps the greatest problem of his life. He had taken his degree in Arts without emotion, and with apparent indifference, in the presence of assembled thousands, realizing that such things were too often but a caricature upon the man; but this other matter cost him many an anxious thought. He had no doubt as to the depth and tenderness of his love for Miss L——, but how could he now ask her to unite her destiny with his when he had not yet decided upon an occupation, and had no private resources. It is true his parents were in comfortable circumstances, but he was too manly and independent to think for a moment of seeking help from them. At last, however, he was enabled to cast doubt and fear to the winds, and, going to his faithful friend, told her all that was in his heart, and said that if she could marry him with his prospects he would do everything in his power to make her happy and comfortable, and, continuing in a fearless

and honest way, said that if he ever possessed a fortune it yet remained to be accumulated.

Miss L——, of course, knew the eminent qualification and splendid mental balance of her friend, and consequently had no fear for his future; and though brave and gifted herself, yet, like most women placed in similar circumstances, she promptly said no to his request for her heart and hand, but there was a kindness and sympathy in the answer that led our hero to think that it was not meant as final, and besides he had always heard that ladies intended to do the very opposite of what they said. At all events here was a prize worth a more than ordinary effort to capture, and he was determined to press his suit, which he did with marked success. Although it was pretty generally understood that an engagement existed previous to this time, yet, though the young people thought they understood one another, there was no actual verbal understanding, but now every detail was settled, and the time fixed for the consummation of their bliss. They now returned to their respective homes to make preparations for the auspicious event, the climax of a most romantic courtship.

CHAPTER IV.

HERBERT CAMERON'S MARRIAGE AND ENLISTMENT IN AMERICAN ARMY.

IN a few months, at the home of the parents of Miss L—, in Western Canada, in the presence of a brilliant company, Herbert Cameron, Esq., M.A., was united in marriage to the lady of his choicest love by the Rev. Doctor R—, assisted by Rev. Mr. H—. Many and costly were the presents, and multitudinous were the congratulations, after receiving which the happy couple left at once for a tour in the Southern States.

After visiting the places of greatest interest in the South our friends went to see the battlefield of the late terrible Civil War, where they were filled with sadness as they walked over the ground that had been redeemed by the blood of brave and patriotic men, who cheerfully gave their lives for the commonwealth.

As Herbert was very anxious to have his parents see their new daughter, he took his

bride without delay, after leaving the scenes of former conflict, to the old Algoma home.

As the reader may judge, the young travellers received a hearty welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Senior, were overjoyed at the arrival of their children, and soon learned to love very deeply their new and accomplished daughter. Mrs. Herbert was not slow in discerning where her husband got his splendid qualities of mind and heart, for it was quite evident to even the most superficial that his mother was a very superior person, being possessed of no ordinary intellect, and also being a most devoted Christian. Two or three happy weeks were spent in the old place, during which our hero took his wife on expeditions over the hills and through the woods of this place that was so dear to him. The last week of their visit brought with it a diversion in the form of a call from the gentleman who had been Herbert's chief groomsman. He was a peculiar character, though respected very much by the Camerons because of his true worth as a scholar and teacher. In stature he was small, and in feature possessed of an elongated mouth and a sharp, hooked nose, which gave him an odd appearance. Though always gentlemanly in his deportment, yet

he never could agree with any one, and always took the opposite view of every subject from those with whom he conversed. At the dinner in connection with the marriage of his friend, he had gotten into an animated argument with the chief bridesmaid, she taking the ground that marriage was a failure, and he, though he believed her arguments were correct, tried most vigorously to prove that in the main it was a great success. Cynical to an unusual degree, he was virtually out of joint with everything, and yet, strange as it may appear, a man of blameless life and of much moral excellence.

The second day after the visit of our eccentric friend, the question of a calling came up, and Mr. Cameron told his bride that he would not object to a military career, provided that any war in which he might engage would be defensive, or in the interests of the down-trodden or oppressed. Mrs. Cameron was very wise in not interfering with her husband's choice of occupation, especially as he had his way to make in life, and only said that his being absent from home so much would be the worst feature of the situation. However, the matter rested for some time, until at last it looked as though the faint murmuring that had been heard of trouble between the United

States and Spain was going to break forth in storm and tempest. The probability of this increased, when on February 15th the battleship *Maine* was blown up by a mine in Havana harbor, causing the loss of two or three hundred valued lives. Preparations were now being made all over the Republic for the inevitable, and Colonel Roosevelt was organizing his famous Rough-Riders. Our hero placed himself in communication with him, stating that he had belonged to the militia of Canada, and asking if he could be taken on the strength of the regiment as a private soldier. Having received a favorable reply, he waited almost breathlessly, his faithful and devoted young wife having everything in readiness for the final summons. Meanwhile events marched. General Woodford, the American Ambassador, soon asked for his passports, and left Madrid. War being now certain, President McKinley at once called for 125,000 volunteers, and Mr. Cameron was at once ordered to join his regiment. He had taken a neat wooden cottage that stood near the parental home for his wife during his absence, providing her with a companion and every comfort that his limited means would allow.

The day of parting soon came, and our

friend bade adieu most tenderly to both his wife and parents, charging the latter to be both kind and true to their new daughter, and leaving them in the care of Ilim whom he had never yet served, he started at once for Key West to join his regiment. The reason assigned for his joining the Rough-Riders was that they were nearly all cowboys and college men. With the former he had no acquaintance, but supposed that they were good-hearted fellows; with the latter, however, he would be quite at home, anticipating on the whole a good time in campaigning with such men. The democracy of our hero was seen in the fact that with him the cultured and well-informed belonged to the higher class of society, whereas the illiterate composed the lower class.

On his way to the front, Mr. Camerou spent a day at A—— among his old college friends, and was warmly received by all, who manifested no little wonder at his going to Cuba to fight for Uncle Sam. But he said in reply that he believed the war was just, and if he could do anything toward giving liberty to the poor Cubans he would feel that he was fulfilling his mission. After a delightful time, and, last of all, hearty good-byes, he started South. The journey, though long and wearisome, was

helpful with regard to imparting information, as he passed through lovely villages, great and populous cities, and fine stretches of country, with a railway system that was in every respect up-to-date. Arriving at last at Key West he promptly reported to the commanding officer, who received him with the greatest cordiality, having already heard of his value as a military expert. He was at once assigned to his company, which his practiced eye informed him was composed of very good material; and as they were men of fine physique he recognized within them great possibilities, knowing that what was required was rigorous discipline and close attention to the details of company drill.

A few days of preparation having passed, General Shafter's expedition of fifteen thousand troops left Key West for Cuba, where they arrived after an uneventful voyage, and effected a landing within about fifteen miles of the city of Santiago, at Daiquiri and Siboney. There was little opposition to the United States forces taking possession of the shore at these places, so Mr. Cameron and his now effective company had not yet had their baptism of fire, but it was soon to come. The soldiers were anxious to advance upon the

Spanish position, and permission was given the Rough-Riders, supported by one volunteer regiment and the first regular cavalry, to advance.

After a toilsome march through jungle and tall grass, they came suddenly upon the enemy, within about eight miles of Santiago, and a conflict was at once precipitated. Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt and Lieut.-Col. Wood handled their command with great skill and coolness, walking up and down before the lines with the composure of veterans. No portion of their regiment, however, was so dangerously situated upon this memorable occasion as the company to which Herbert Cameron was attached. They were within about one hundred yards of their hidden foes, and mauser bullets rained upon them. Their best marksman, after disabling three Spaniards, was shot through the head and instantly killed by a sharpshooter; another was dangerously wounded, and two or three more hit seriously.

The sounds of battle were blood curdling, the sharp crack of the small bore mauser mingling with the short roar of the Krag Jorgensen, the shouts and cheers of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded as they lay here and there in the chaparral where they chanced to fall. At last, after volley upon volley

in quick succession had been poured into the brush where the enemy lay, their fire slackened, and it becoming apparent that they were retreating, a general advance was ordered, and with fixed bayonets and carbines at the ready cavalry and infantry swept forward, driving their foes before them, until the latter reached a blockhouse, where they made a final stand, but a few rattling volleys poured into the structure sent its occupants scampering off in the direction of Santiago. The victory was now complete, but it had cost some valued lives. Captains Capron and Luna, Major Brodie, Sergeant Hamilton Fish, and many of their gallant comrades-in-arms were dead, while nearly forty others were wounded.

Our hero, who had been given the command of a section, in describing his feelings to a brother officer next day, said that he was very nervous when the first scattering shots were fired, but when he saw his first man fall it angered him, and every sensation of fear vanished. In giving commands to the men of his section at the opening of the conflict he was ashamed of the tremor in his voice, but as it progressed his voice gradually became clear and full once more, especially as he marked the heroism of his men. Many acts of great

personal valor were performed. "D" Company's first lieutenant refused to take shelter during the fight, the bullets raining around him. His hat was shot through, and also his clothes in two or three places. His courage greatly animated all who beheld it, his superior officer even admitting that his conduct was greatly influenced by it.

Our hero, though of course partial to his own men, was yet just and fair in his judgment of others, and testified to the splendid courage of some of the Spaniards, who absolutely refused to retreat even when most of their comrades had forsaken them, standing like statues until shot to death. Sad it is to see brave men die thus, but such are the chances of war.

The first act of our friend after the bloody skirmish was to write a long letter to his wife and parents describing his experiences and telling of his baptism of fire. The loved ones at home were, of course, greatly cheered to learn of his having escaped the deadly missiles of battle, but they were soon to hear, not of his baptism of fire, but of blood, for the deadly slopes of El. Cano and San Juan lay ahead.

The hero of this story noted very critically any defect in discipline or otherwise in his company, the command of which, owing to the

illness of both captain and lieutenant, was now given him. In the action near Siboney, and as soon as his men had rested a little, he vigorously set about righting the matter, and they were put through some very sharp and effective evolutions, so that when the advance upon Santiago took place, what with the fiery hail through which they had passed in the jungles upon the memorable 24th of June, and the rigorous training of the last two or three days, they were transformed into veteran soldiers.

The morning of the never-to-be-forgotten first of July, 1898, soon arrived, and Herbert's company witnessed a sight that sent the blood tingling through every vein and artery as never before in their lives. General Lawton's division had been ordered to storm the hill of El. Caney, and at once advanced to the attack; and when the Spanish artillery opened, between exploding shells and an awful rifle fire, and masses of American troops dashing up the slope, the spectacle was certainly one that would never fade from memory. But events thickened. Swiftly as an orderly could gallop, a messenger was brought ordering the 1st and 10th regiments, in conjunction with the Rough-Riders, to carry the hill of San Juan at any cost. Every man drew a long breath, but none flinched

from the dangerous task. The order "Forward, march!" was given, and the troops silently crossed the gulch and commenced advancing through the undergrowth, shrapnel already beginning to drop among them. As they continued to advance the Spanish gunners began to get the range, and at last one of Captain Cameron's men threw up his arms with a shriek and fell back dead. Two others were wounded almost immediately, and as their leader saw them fall he set his teeth and drew his sword, his blood being now up, shouting to his men to come on without flinching and do their duty in the interests of humanity and country. Soon they had passed all shelter and were out upon the bare knoll, when Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt shouted "Forward at the double," and, himself leading by thirty yards, greatly inspired his command by his magnificent courage. History will bear testimony to the wild scene that now followed. The American troops, fired by the loss of so many valiant comrades, swept forward upon the trenches, firing heavily as they ran, and cutting the barbed-wire fences with wire cutters which they carried, subjected all the while to withering volleys from their foes. As our hero looked around at his men to inspire them with his

words for the last time before leaping upon the trenches, he was appalled to see them falling two or three at a time under the hail of steel, but waving his sword, and shouting to them with all his might to follow him, his voice scarcely discernible above the roar of battle, he dashed toward the advanced works of the Spaniards, his double-action revolver in his left hand and his sword in the right—when suddenly there was a blinding flash right in his face, and all became dark.

When the captain recovered consciousness he was lying upon an extemporized bed in the field hospital, miles in the rear. The first question he asked the surgeons who were near was, "How did the battle go?" and when they informed him that the Spaniards were defeated and cooped up in Santiago, he could scarce repress his tendency to indulgence in some very undignified demonstration of joy. The shoulder of our hero had been mangled by a fragment of shell, but as it had not touched a vital part his recovery was rapid, although suffering great pain at times, and very weak from the loss of blood. His valor was upon every lip, and his men would have followed him virtually into the mouth of hell, so great was their confidence in him.

When sufficiently strong, Captain Cameron was driven around the ancient city of Santiago, now in the possession of the American army, it having surrendered while he was recovering from his wound in the hospital. On every hand, especially along the waterfront, there were evidences of the terrible destruction wrought by the heavy guns of Admiral Sampson's warships. One battery was completely destroyed, and another had half of its guns dismounted, while great yawning breaches appeared in the embankment everywhere. In one place particularly, huge rents gave evidence of where the charges of gun-cotton, fired by the *Vesuvius*, had struck, causing, doubtless, great loss to the Spanish gunners.

The city of Santiago was not very inviting to one brought up in a land where there were great cities, with splendid sanitation and regularly laid out streets. Its avenues were narrow and dingy, and those fine squares which adorn Canadian and American cities were conspicuous alone for their absence; and its sanitary arrangements were just in name.

After having seen all the sights, and being thoroughly satisfied with his experiences in Cuba, our friend procured his discharge, and started for home on the next steamer, the last

place he visited having been the hill of San Juan where he was wounded, from the block-house on the summit of which he secured some relics with which to decorate his study in his far-off Algoma home. The only break to the monotony of the homeward journey was the sighting of a large Spanish cruiser, but as the war was virtually over they had little to fear from its proximity, and, perhaps having learned a sad lesson from the destruction of two fleets, it wisely made no attack.

One lovely morning toward the end of July a modern cottage and an large, old-fashioned Canadian home put on a festal appearance, as Captain Cameron, late of the United States Army, and now a war-worn veteran, had returned. Neither his wife nor parents would have recognized him, only for their knowing of his coming at that particular time. He was browned almost like an Indian, and greatly reduced in flesh, and did not give a very flattering account of Cuba or the Cubans. The latter he had seen were of little value in a line of battle, and the climate of the former was exceedingly trying to Americans, especially to those from the northern districts of Canada. His opinion of the Spaniards was much higher, however, than it was of their

rebellious and degraded subjects. He hoped that history would record their splendid valor upon the blood-drenched hill-tops of San Juan and El Cancey, where a few hundred of them practically stood to the death in defence of colonial Spain, a doubtful heritage indeed.

After listening to a recital of her husband's war experiences, Mrs. Cameron told him of her own great conflict and subsequent victory, a greater triumph than that achieved by murderous arms. In her loneliness during his absence, and as she thought of the dreadful possibility that he might never return alive—there being so many dangers in connection with what people are pleased to term the chances of war, such as in this case, the angry sea, yellow fever and, more treacherous than all, the sharp-shooter's bullet—she was led to read and study her Bible more than ever before. And though naturally a brave and resolute woman, born and reared in a land where hardihood and valor flourished, yet in the promises of that which to her in the past had almost been a sealed book, she found great comfort, and was at last led to accept Christ as her Saviour, and as her only hope. This worthy woman talked much to her husband about the way of life, which was proving so pleasant to walk in and

which was so thickly strewn with exceeding great and precious promises, while he, as a mere matter of courtesy, listened attentively, not wishing to have his wife think that he was not interested. But though he was a finished gentleman and very interesting and kind in their drives and walks, as well as in their home, yet Mrs. Cameron could not fail to see that the subject of religion was distasteful to her high-spirited and well-bred partner. So, considering it unwise to press the matter too far, or to intrude her experience further upon him, she resolved, and wisely too, that her life would be an example to him, and that he would be the chief object of her most earnest prayers to God, that the shafts of conviction might reach his heart, so that he might be led to the Lamb for sinners slain.

Captain Cameron was a philosopher, and would not accept anything second hand, but in religion, as in everything else, he must reason it out along independent lines for himself. He informed his wife during his last drive with her that the dream of his life had not been to be a soldier, but a college professor. He thought a life spent in furnishing young men with the mental equipment necessary to enable them to successfully fight the battle of life was one well spent, and yet he had not discovered

the truism that no matter how thoroughly one may be posted along secular lines, he is but half-educated until he has learned to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal, and that no man is a safe guide for the young until he knows the Man of Nazareth has not only died for him, but is his refuge and defence amid the storms of life, and his portion for ever.

It is perhaps necessary to say in defence of our hero that he was naturally far too modest to consider himself educated. Although a Master of Arts he realized fully that he had but touched the hem of the garment of knowledge, but thought only of expansion and development along material lines, still forgetting that in being mindful of eternal things a spiritual insight is given, which enables the student to grasp and understand that which perhaps under different circumstances could not be discerned.

In a week or two after Captain Cameron had disclosed to his partner the fact that he would prefer a college chair to anything else upon earth, he and Mrs. Cameron took a long journey to the distant town of H——. Arriving at which they called upon Principle Stanton, who expressed great pleasure at seeing his

brilliant former pupil, and in becoming acquainted with his elegant, cultured and beautiful wife. They had intended to make merely a formal friendly call, but this would not suit the learned Doctor of the Law, who said that he had many things to discuss with them, and would be honored if they spent the day with him in his home, declaring that though social customs should be observed in relationship with most people, yet in their relationship they were not to think of such nonsense. So it passed that the day was spent, very pleasantly too, with the genial and scholarly head of the famous and well-known institute of H—— and his family. During the afternoon Dr. Stanton showed his guests a letter which he had recently received from the authorities of one of the oldest and most substantial academies in the land, stating that as their principal was compelled to retire because of ill-health they would be pleased if he could recommend some one who would be suitable to take his place, and turning to his soldier friend said, "If you say that you will accept the principalship of this institution, I will at once recommend you to the trustees, and it is certain that you will be promptly accepted." Captain and Mrs. Cameron could scarcely

believe their ears, but it was nevertheless a reality. The words had actually been spoken by a man of great influence in the educational world, and of distinguished scholarship. Indeed we may safely add that his recommendation would have great weight with the board, governing or otherwise, of any institution in the Dominion. Our hero asked the Doctor if he would give him one week to consider the matter, at the same time thanking him most heartily for his generous offer, assuring him that it exceeded all his expectations, as the best he had ever hoped for was a professorship, and this was a principalship.

On the way home Mrs. Cameron said to her husband: "Now you see how the Lord is opening up your way, I believe, in answer to prayer, for your mother and I have been praying for you for some considerable time.

Although the Captain saw a great change in his wife, noticing among other things that her countenance seemed to be lighted up with a new joy, and admired her spirit and example, yet he put her off the track of religion by saying humorously that something seemed to be clearing the way, and also adding that he meant from the first to accept the position which his old tutor proposed securing for him, but as

haste was undignified he asked for the week's consideration.

The truth soon dawned upon all, however, that though man may propose, yet God disposes, and all human or self-made plans were soon to be laid aside, for during the week upon which they had just entered a despatch came from some of the Washington authorities asking him to accept a lieutenant-colonel's commission, as there would be trouble in the East, and they desired veterans of the Cuban War, so as to give backbone to the army of invasion or occupation, which was largely composed of men who had not as yet seen active service in the field.

Captain Cameron's wife and mother were very much disappointed with the turn things had taken. Although knowing that the message from the authorities was not equivalent to a command, but he was an unusually brave man, and comforted them by saying that he believed in the end it would be all right, adding that no man abhorred war more than he, and also that the slaughter and sacrifice of human life pained him beyond measure, and caused him to strongly endorse the utterance of one of America's greatest soldiers that "War is hell." But in spite of this he thought that sometimes it became a necessity, and though a

gigantic evil, a still greater might exist in a people being tyrannized over, downtrodden, and denied liberty of conscience, and perhaps this was the time in which the greatest good for humanity could be accomplished by such agency.

The veteran of the Cuban War at once telegraphed the War Office at Washington that he accepted the commission, and would take the first steamer for the seat of trouble, namely, the Philippine Islands. Mrs. Cameron fled to her room after excusing herself, and after hours had passed away emerged therefrom, her face radiant as the sun, and informed her husband that though she at first felt rebellious, as she thought of his taking his life, as it were, in his hands and going to the ends of the earth, yet God had given her a great victory, and she now could say "His will be done."

Lieut.-Col. Cameron, for such he now was, felt an inspiration from the courage and faith of his wife, and said to himself, as he noted her countenance all aglow with what seemed to be a mysterious light, "If this is religion it would be a good thing for anyone to possess, and I myself may give it a little more attention later on."

In a few days our hero bade an affectionate

farewell to her whom he tenderly loved, and to his parents, and left by steamer for San Francisco, where he boarded a warship, and with many other officers and soldiers launched out into what to them at least, except in theory, was the great unknown.

Although a much longer voyage than that to Cuba, yet the one to the Philippine Archipelago was more pleasant, as the officers were not so crowded, and, on the whole, between playing whist and euchre, and smoking Havanas, and telling their experiences during the campaign just ended, they scarcely noticed the time passing, until "Manilla!" was heard shouted from the lips of the lookout one sultry day about noon, and soon the powerful, swift cruiser was steaming into the harbor among German, French and British warships, and finally through the fleet of Admiral Dewey, right past the flagship *Olympia*, which they saluted, and up along the quay, where they at once landed and reported to General Otis, who asked Colonel Cameron to call upon him in the morning, as he desired a private interview with him. Our hero could not understand how it was that so much deference was shown him, both by Colonel Roosevelt in Cuba, and the commander of the American



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forces in the Philippines. In his modesty he had not yet learned that his reputation as a soldier was as wide as the dominions of Uncle Sam. The morning dawned, and he proceeded at once to the general's headquarters, where he was graciously and warmly received, and, after a most interesting and informal conversation, had the command of a battalion of one of the crack regiments of the army turned over to him. Next morning Lieut.-Col. Cameron drew up his command for inspection, and passed down the line with a critical eye, which soon beamed with delight as he beheld the physique and bearing of the men. When the inspection was completed, the new military head of this fine body of men complimented them upon their splendid and soldier-like appearance and bearing, and also added that he was proud to command them, and hoped if they were ever compelled to take the field against any foe that they would cheerfully and fearlessly follow him, emphasizing the fact that obedience was the mainspring of success in a soldier. When the address was ended the men cheered their commander to the echo, knowing full well that he was one of the most expert and skilful officers in the service.

At first sight the impression was always

given that our hero was a martinet and tyrant, because of his rigorous inspection and enforcement of discipline, but his men soon discovered that he had a kind heart and sympathetic nature, and if hardships were to be endured he was always happiest in sharing them with his men. With such a leader, is it any wonder that they became enthusiastic, and looked forward with complaisance to the day in which he would lead them in battle, forgetting, however, that he might have one fault, as yet unknown to them, that of being a little reckless, not only of his own life, but also of theirs under such conditions.

Colonel Cameron devoted himself for many days most assiduously to practising his men in company drill, battalion formation and volley-firing, enjoining upon them the necessity of performing all evolutions with precision and skill, especially as the relations with the great insurgent army were now very much strained, and an explosion might occur at any moment. The soldiers were honestly informed by their leader that the last day or two had made it almost certain that trouble was coming, and that their foes were brave to desperation, and asked any who were afraid to follow him in the storming of their trenches to leave the

ranks at once and go home to their mothers. Not one man stirred in response to the above words, and their commander said, "I now see that your courage is fully equal to your discipline, and can trust you anywhere." The long expected clash came at last. One fine February evening, about six o'clock, a sentry challenged some Filipinos who passed the line of pickets, and who refused to respond, whereupon, after considerable forbearance, they were fired upon. In a moment a terrible fusilade opened from the insurgent lines.

The first fire of the enemy took but little effect, until at last they massed at Caloocan, Santa Meza and Gagalangin, from which places they opened a tremendous fire upon the American regiments then in action, which was supplemented by heavy ordnance and the throwing out of long lines of skirmishers. All the American infantry and artillery responded at once with a terrific fire, the latter succeeding at last in silencing the rebel guns, but as darkness was coming on no forward movement could be made until next day. At daybreak next morning there was a general advance, Colonel Cameron's battalion, supported by others, sweeping forward with fixed bayonets, and delivering terrible volleys

from their repeating rifles as they advanced in the direction of Santa Meza, which soon fell by storm, although the attacking columns suffered severely from the fire of sharpshooters, who were hidden everywhere they could find shelter.

It was found during the day that the troops had been successful all along the line, even to the capturing of the waterworks, but, alas! alas! the victory, though in itself brilliant, was purchased at the cost of many scores of brave men in killed and wounded.

Though almost reckless in battle, yet there was no one who so deeply deplored the loss of life incident upon it as the hero of this story, and, as he told another officer shortly after the battle of Manila, he would be delighted if there could be some international tribunal established before which all great questions affecting nations could be amicably settled. If such a tribunal or alliance, however, should be impossible or impracticable, a friendly feeling and an open expression of good-will brought about by a similarity of interests which will now exist should have its effect in preventing nations from recklessly plunging into war. Of course, exception was made in the case of rebellious savages, who

must in the interests of civilization and humanity be compelled to submit to lawful authority.

As several days were now required to fortify the captured position, it being deemed advisable not to push the lines any farther out until reinforcements arrived, Colonel Cameron spent his time in superintending the work of making trenches and visiting outposts, sentries, etc., the latter being done sometimes in the middle of the night. In making one of these nocturnal visits upon an occasion in which an attack from the enemy was thought possible, after testing the men who were on guard and finding them all vigilant and faithful, he walked about for a time, and, being in a thoughtful mood, looked up toward the star-lit heavens; and as he thought of each one of those orbs that lightened the gloom being a world, or the centre of a system around which planets revolved, perfect harmony prevailing in all their revolutions and thorough order in all creation, the words of Napoleon addressed to the officers of his staff who ridiculed the existence of divine authority occurred to him: "Gentlemen," said he, pointing to the stars, "who made all these?" and there was silence as of death in response. "Yes," thought the

Canadian strategist, "that great French, or Corsican, intellect was right; behind all matters there is some Almighty power." And then he thought of the slain in the late conflict, and of their probable position before the Judge of all the earth, and lastly of his own responsibility to this all-wise and beneficent Being. It had not yet struck him that he was a sinful creature, and that in this Supreme Being he was yet to find a counsellor and guide. Going back to his quarters he banished his thoughts for the present, and was soon fast asleep dreaming of friends and comforts across the seas.

During the period of inaction at Santa Meza after the defences had been completed, the men of Colonel Cameron's command often whiled away the time playing practical jokes upon one another, and, so long as nobody was killed or permanently injured, their commander, not wishing to seem tyrannical, let them have their amusement in peace. A favorite pastime was placing soap in the barrels of the rifles, so as to cause a powerful recoil when discharged which in most cases knocked the manipulator over, thus causing great amusement to his comrades. The fun reached its height one scorching hot afternoon. When a

friendly native was seen sauntering along in the direction of the trenches, the soldiers showed their love for him by putting an unusual quantity of the cleansing element in a rifle, and then when he arrived betting fifty cents that he could not hit a target two feet square at one hundred yards. Having learned to shoot fairly well, and jubilant at the prospect of making money so easy, he at once took them up, and, when the bull's-eye was adjusted, seized the weapon with feverish impatience and fired. When it is known that the Krag Jorgensen, though of small calibre, takes a cartridge with a very powerful charge, our readers will not be surprised that the dusky son of the East was knocked senseless by the terrific kick which he received, and upon regaining consciousness and looking around in a wild and dazed manner was loudly cheered by the warriors of Uncle Sam, who thoroughly enjoyed the situation.

Jokes, however, were soon forgotten, for the very next night there was an attack of the enemy's sharpshooters, which was sustained without intermission until noon of the following day. The men were considerably depressed, but fought doggedly throughout this engagement, their testimony being that it is peculiarly

discouraging to merely keep up a continuous return fire without seeing the foe or being able to strike back with the bayonet. The result of the fight was that two of the command were killed and several wounded, but the position was held. Sterner work, however, was ahead. An order came from General Otis asking Colonel Cameron to effect a junction with McArthur at once for an attack on Malabon. Our friend was now in charge of the entire regiment, owing to the illness of his brother officer. The order was promptly obeyed, and the movement executed in splendid style. All was now in readiness for the decisive conflict of the war, as the position of the rebels was very strong.

The night preceding the battle all the advanced pickets along his front were visited by our hero, and as he walked back and forth in the dim moonlight, after seeing that his men were treading the paths of duty the philosophical laws of suggestion and association began to work, and again thought of God and eternity came to him. He could not understand how or why they intruded themselves, yet they persisted, and he could not help but think of the many that would on the morrow be hurried into the presence of the Eternal Judge,

perhaps he himself, and that unprepared; but he felt that he alone was to blame in the matter. Returning to his quarters he was soon asleep, but awoke about midnight, when a voice seemed to say, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Colonel Cameron, however, was, as we have shown before, a philosopher, and at once ascribed it to his being only half awake and dreaming. When he again slept his rest was as calm and peaceful as that of a tired child. At daybreak next morning he was astir, and at once summoned the officers of his regiment, with whom he spent half an hour in consultation, after which, in concert with other regiments, they moved upon the insurgent trenches. It was a beautiful March morning and the troops were in excellent spirits, but had not advanced far until the keen-eyed Cameron discovered that he and his men were almost upon the centre of the enemy's position, and opposed by the flower of their troops. He, however, was too much of a soldier to communicate his knowledge to his officers, or to let it be known among his men.

As the line of battle closed in scattering shots came from the trenches ahead, which soon increased to a rattling fusillade. Colonel Cameron at once ordered his men to return the fire,

so as to distract the enemy's sharpshooters. The fight now became terrible; men were tumbling over in every direction. The Filipinos held their ground with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, but, in spite of the fact that they were entrenched, their lines were swept by a whirlwind of fire, which so maddened them that they fought like demons; whilst, on the other hand, the Americans, struggling through a perfect hell of fire and shot, set their teeth with Anglo-Saxon determination and resolution, which soon gave way to wild rage, or, as a veteran of the Civil War said, "The grand anger of battle." As they neared the works the scene beggared description. What with the imprecations of falling soldiers, the cries of those who had already fallen wounded, and the fierce yells of their maddened comrades as they witnessed the slaughter of their countrymen, made a sight that would have appalled President McKinley's cabinet could its members have witnessed it. In this crisis of the conflict, seeing his line of battle bulge and sway for a moment, as though it would go to pieces, Colonel Cameron galloped from end to end, reckless of life and limb, waving his sword and cheering on his men, who, inspired by his splendid valor, dashed with the bayonet upon

the rebel works. Nothing but a wall of rock could stem that living torrent, and the enemy were scattered like sheep before it. The victorious troops after making the welkin ring with their cheers asked in surprise, "Where is the Colonel?" having lost sight of him in the last moment of the charge. Upon investigation it was found that he had been shot through the body, just over the right lung. His sword also was cut in two by a bullet as he waved it in the air. The soldiers who had braved death for their country were smitten with grief as they saw their stern but beloved commander carried unconscious from the field, dangerously wounded by a rebel bullet. They were brave men, and knew he always led to victory, and loved him, rigorous though he was.

When Colonel Cameron—for he was now that in the fullest sense, as the reward of meritorious valor on the fields of San Juan, Manilla and Malabon—recovered consciousness he found himself so weak from loss of blood that he could not endure the light; consequently the surgeons were compelled to shade his eyes, but comforted the wounded veteran by informing him that his recovery was but a matter of time, in view of the fact that the missile had passed clear through, instead of effecting a

lodgment in the body, thus dispensing with the necessity of probing with steel instruments, which, in this particular case, would have been almost certain to have produced blood poisoning with fatal results.

As at San Juan, the first thought of our hero was, How had the battle gone? And when informed that after he had broken the enemy's centre they had retreated into fresh parallels in the rear, where they again made a stand, but General McArthur by a brilliant flanking movement succeeded in getting into the rear of Malabon and Polo, and severed the newly-formed rebel line as sharply and quickly as a Damascus blade would sunder a cord. The victory was complete and decisive, and was rendered even more so by a division pressing on to Malinta by the railway line, and capturing that place also. His face lighted up tenfold more brightly than when the surgeons had told him that he would recover, as his wound was not mortal. His thought was never of himself, but always of victory. Great sorrow was felt when it became known that the American losses were very heavy. Prince Loewenstein and Lieut.-Col. Egbert were slain at Malinta, while many other officers fell at other points. As our hero became stronger, his thoughts once

again reverted to eternal things, and that passage that had so often haunted him in the past was now again before him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." He heard the chaplain talking to the wounded and dying and pointing them to the Lamb of God, but he did not care to be talked to himself, really thinking, as he once said, that religion was a capital thing for boisterous, excitable and ill-balanced people, as it soothed them, but cool heads did not require it.

That our hero once said of his wife, that if her spirit was the outgrowth of religion, then it was a good thing for anybody, was said more in jest than anything else. But, in spite of the strong resolute will, he was getting dissatisfied with himself, and soon the man of iron who never quailed amid the carnage of war or blanched at sight of flashing steel felt himself to be the vilest sinner on earth. While in this condition he thought of the heaven-lit countenance of his wife, and of her blameless life; also of the calm trust of his mother, and of the gentle, Christ-like dignity of Dr. Stanton, who never failed to glorify God in his daily life; and then of Sir Henry Havelock, a soldier like himself, who when dying on Indian sands sent for a sceptical staff officer, and said to

him, "See how a Christian can die," with such effect that the doubter, after witnessing his triumphant departure, turned to his comrades and said, "There is something in it." "Yes," said the war strategist, with closed eyes and voice trembling with emotion, "there is something in it." Having read the Bible through, as much for criticism as any other purpose, he thought of the passage, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," but he was reasoner enough to see that it was possible to do this and still be an outcast before God. As time passed the struggle continued, and at last he thought it fearfully possible, as no ray of light came to dispel the gloom, that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and consequently there was no hope for him. The question, however, intruded itself, What is this sin? and the thought occurred, "The Bible says it is blasphemy." Then thought this acute logician, What is its derivation and meaning? then we shall get at the matter. Greek *blasphemia*, the most heavily shaded meaning of which is slander. Thus attributing the mighty works or miracles performed by Christ, or His miraculous conception, to the power of Satan is slandering the Holy One, or detracting from Him. This is blaspheming of the Holy

Ghost, or blasphemy against the Third Person in the Trinity of God. As the meaning became apparent he said joyously, "I have not been guilty of this; so there is still a chance for me." Later, in meditating on the word believe, he decided that it was not an intellectual belief that was required, as any criminal could exercise that, but one of the heart, a casting of oneself without reserve upon Christ, and at the same time being able to say to Him, "Do with me what seemeth good unto thee." In spite of all this analyzing, however, the light failed to appear, and an officer passing through the hospital, noticing the distress which was manifest in the countenance of the wounded man, asked him if there was anything that he could do for him, as he seemed to be suffering great pain. "Thank you," said Colonel Cameron, "I am fighting the greatest battle of my life, in which I can receive no help." During the struggle, as it continued he thought of a little child who had greatly transgressed, but was assured by an indulgent parent that if it came to him and confessed the wrong it would at once be forgiven and treated as a loved member of the family, and the past forgotten. "Why," said he, starting up in astonishment, "there it is, clear as the sun at noonday. I am that

child; God is the parent. What I must do is simply to take the Father at his word, and believe, and come." And he said, "Lord, I come, I believe." In a moment there was as a flash of lightning in the place; the darkness had vanished; and the lines which he had learned in his youth, but long forgotten, came back in a point of time:

" My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear."

The battle was now fought and the victory won. Every one who entered the place of suffering saw at a glance the change that had taken place in the resolute soldier. His face was like the orb of day and his entire manner had changed. The cold, piercing eye that had been used for little else for years than to critically measure men and size them up, as the saying goes, now beamed lovingly upon all. The regenerated warrior felt at first that it would not be dignified to tell anyone of his change, but it proved too good to keep, and consequently he told the surgeon and a brother officer who visited him during the afternoon. Also, using a chair or stool beside his bed for a table, he

wrote a long letter to his wife, stating his struggle and triumph.

Colonel Cameron scarcely needed to tell the story of his conversion to any, for all could see it in his face. His recovery was now more rapid, as the peace of mind which he enjoyed greatly facilitated matters in that direction, and he was soon able to sit up in a camp chair and converse freely.

General Otis showed marked courtesy to our military friend during the period of his sojourn in the hospital, having often visited him, and throwing off all reserve at such times, so as to lead the suffering officer to forget that he was in the presence of his superior. The General-in-Chief was much grieved when the news was communicated to him by the head surgeon, that Colonel Cameron's constitution was so shattered, as a result of the wounds received at San Juan and Malabon, also the unhealthy nature of the climate for foreigners had left such evil effects, that a return to his Canadian air was imperative in the interests of all concerned. Colonel Cameron, however, believing that the back of the rebellion was broken, and that any fighting that would be done in the future would simply be of a desultory nature, had decided long before the surgeon thought

of what the nature of his report would be that he would resign his commission in the army, and so order his life in the future under the good providence of God that he would be enabled in his death to leave the world better for his having lived in it.

Before leaving Manilla on his homeward voyage he was entertained at luncheon by Admiral Dewey, on the now historic *Olympia*, and shown the scars of naval battle. The voyage home was not marked by any unusual incidents, except perhaps a gale at sea, which tossed the heavy vessel like a cork life-buoy, and crushed one of the boats. The pale, emaciated soldier had, however, lost none of his coolness, for he trod the reeling hurricane deck calmly as on parade. A lady who was on board could not understand how he was so unconcerned in the midst of danger, but he assured her that what they were experiencing was nothing to one who had been through the storm of war. In due time the steamer reached San Francisco, and as our hero stepped ashore the ground seemed in motion like the sea, and it required considerable care to preserve his balance for a time, until he became accustomed to walking upon mother earth once more. He found the railway journey across

tho country to the Great Lakes very wearisome, and when at last he reached his destination he found himself in a very exhausted condition. But loving hands soon ministered unto him, and a quiet restful week in the cosy little Algoma cottago wonderfully restored the weary traveller, who soon, together with his wife, had many invitations to tako tea with the hard-working, humble, but very intelligent neighbors, and it is to the lasting credit of the man who was honored abroad that he accepted these, and treated the humblest with whom he met with the greatest courtesy.

To the returned veteran of many fights the scenery of his native place seemed more beautiful than ever. He indulged in many long walks through the woods and over the fields, hut found it almost uncomfortably cold at first, after being so long accustomed to the great heat of the East, hut said that our Canadian climate, if a little cold at times, was yet infinitely ahead of anything ho had ever experienced in healthfulness and hracing stimulating qualities.

In the course of two or three months, Colonel Cameron received a letter from the authorities at Washington asking for information regarding the Philippine Islands, if he thought they were worth retaining, what their population

and resources were, and their probable future? In replying to the above he said that the monastic orders placed the number of inhabitants at 4,000,000, whilst the estimate of outsiders was 10,000,000. "In my own opinion," said he, "after some study and thought along this line I would place it at 8,000,000, which I think it is fully, the estimate of the monks being too low, while that of others is too high." Also, with regard to the wealth of the Islands, he said he considered it much greater than was generally supposed, the forests abounding in valuable timber, such as mahogany and ebony, while gold was to be found in paying quantities. "Altogether," he continued, "in my humble opinion, the Government will by retaining the Islands create an open door that will vastly increase the commerce of the United States, and give it a naval base in the East that will be invaluable in coming years." Also, continuing, he said that a great field for missionary enterprise would be opened up. At the War Office they were very much pleased with the Canadian Colonel's opinion of their new acquisition, and thanked him not only for valuable information received, but also for his distinguished service to their country. Upon receipt of this he told his wife that his military career was now ended.

CHAPTER V.

FROM MILITARY SERVICE TO THAT OF THE KING OF KINGS.

COLONEL CAMERON now made it known that his decision was henceforth to engage in college work, where he could influence young men to not only tread the paths of scholarship, but also to follow in the footsteps of the Man of Nazareth. The call was not long in coming, and was promptly accepted, for our friend was soon installed as principal of the fine college in the town of R——, which contained a population of six or seven thousand, almost equally divided between those of French and English speech.

The new head of R—— College was a liberal-minded, patriotic man, and foresaw that his country was destined under the providence of God to become a great nation. He was also aware of the fact that the foundation for nation-building must be laid in unity and harmony among languages and creeds, and he

at once set about doing everything in his power to promote a kindly and brotherly feeling among the people of different races. Like the great Southern commander, General Robert E. Lee, who also became a college president, he (Colonel Cameron) stood for unity and solidarity. He felt, as one who knew war and hated it, that its best preventative was a united people. Scarcely any nation would venture to attack a neighbor who with united purpose opposed to them a solid front. Thus our hero went on from day to day, welding together those forces which make for power, and aiding these regular efforts in connection with his work as a college principal by freely using his pen, and advocating a robust Canadianism above both party and creed, and thus preparing the young men, both those who were privileged to attend lectures and those who were not, to prepare for their high destiny.

Many invitations came to President Cameron to preach in various parts of the country, and trained as he was in debating societies, and well-read and cultured as he was, he captivated his audiences everywhere by his convincing logic and great pathos. He had learned, through close observation and by the exercise of much thought, that the solution of

the labor and social problems lay not in learned discussion or in abstruse reasoning, but in the possession of the spirit of the Man of Nazareth. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man were with him the great practical doctrines of the day, having their origin in that love which is the kernel of true religion, and the exercise of which overtops sectarianism and becomes the foundation-stone of national greatness.

An invitation, which was much appreciated, arrived one beautiful spring morning from the city of A——, which contained the princeps's alma mater. It was to preach the following Sunday in one of the finest churches in the city. The morning of the Sabbath dawned bright and clear, and the president of a now famous college stood before a great audience, in which was the president and faculty of what was to the speaker of the day an old and well known university. The sermon was one of great thought and power on the subject of Christian citizenship, and was very much appreciated by the teachers present as well as by all others. He showed that Christian people above all others should make use of all their privileges, even to the exercise of their franchise, on the ground that

they could do so more wisely and intelligently than any other class.

The subject of the evening was, Is the Bible God's Word or a cunningly devised fable? "What it is will be seen in its influence on the masses and in the attitude of man toward it. Its tendency has been to uplift, and mankind has looked upon it as of God. It has cheered the dying, encouraged the living, and discovery as the result of research has endorsed its teachings. The great university in this city, as well as sister institutions the world over, stands for it, and when education and enlightenment is with it who among us would care to do any more than indulge in a little honest criticism, which only serves to bring out the truth in more transparent light."

Soon after his visit to the city wherein he had studied as a higher student, President Cameron was called to preach in the town containing the institute where he had matriculated. He at once suspected that Dr. Stanton was in some way behind this invitation, which was accepted promptly. Upon his arrival in H—— the now seasoned and experienced soldier-teacher called upon his former instructor, and was most heartily welcomed and entertained. On the morning of the Sabbath

the first person upon whom the preacher's eye rested was the venerable head of the institute, his face beaming with expectancy.

Dr. Stanton was more than satisfied with what he heard on this occasion; his former pupil excelled himself in power and thoughtfulness, and in no uncertain manner showed how the grace of God would solve the mystery of the social question, the national question, and the question of the immortal destiny.

"Being filled," he said, "with the spirit of Him who 1960 years ago trod Judea's plains, made men democratic to such an extent that the corporation laborer who worked on the street was their brother the same as the millionaire manufacturer.

President Cameron, after his return from II—, devoted himself earnestly to the perfecting of the work of handling students. His eye was made critical when an officer dealing with young men, and he was not slow to see that his system could be improved. The chief defect lay in the lack of social training, as the observant principal soon discovered. He thought, no matter how well students were equipped mentally, if they did not know how to act, it detracted greatly from their merit. Dr. Stanton, of II— institute, laid great stress upon

this, and made the annual commencement an object lesson to his students, realizing that it was of no social importance to understand good form, and cultivate a reposeful manner.

President Cameron determined that commencements and conversaciones alone were not sufficient to give that ease and repose which society demanded. In consequence of this he held a consultation with the faculty, and it was thought that the holding of two great special social functions during the session, and making them lessons of instruction indeed, would prove very helpful to the students in after life.

The first of the functions decided upon was to take the form of a banquet to a notable educationist from a distant town. Because, however, of the great expense there was to be but one of this nature every year, designed to teach the young men—especially those who had not in earlier life had advantages—how to give toasts and how to respond to them, which qualification was considered scarcely second to a correct deportment at table. Cold water was always to be used in toasting. It is needless to say that the banquet was a great success, and in every way helpful. The toasts were made and responded to by the cleverest and most witty men present—all designed to make a lasting im-

pression upon the Freshmen, and others who might be a little verdant.

The president clearly foresaw that the men who were soon to go out to lay broad and deep the foundations of a mighty nation must be absolutely free from sectarian narrowness and bigotry, and qualified in manner, if necessary, to take their places in society.

After having made the social functions a part of the curricula of the institution, and getting everything in fine working order, our soldier-teacher, while lecturing on the subject of education in its relation to the religion of Jesus Christ, in a neighboring town, caught cold, and on his return home was taken very ill. His health, which had been impaired by wounds and exposure in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, had never since been good, and in his somewhat run-down condition the cold developed, until symptoms of pneumonia appeared. The best treatment was procured, but neither skill nor love could save. Rallying some time before the end the dying head of one of the finest and most up-to-date institutions of higher education in the world whispered to his loving and faithful wife, who was ever by his side, "Though heart and flesh fail I am trusting in the living God." And later, dictating a message

to his students, he said, "The state will never be great, and you will never be great, unless you rise above party and sect. Also, you will never attain to the perfect stature of true men until you place the Saviour, who redeemed you, above everything in the universe." He then sank into a deep slumber, and did not awake for some hours, when he whispered to those near him, "I am passing through the surf and through the breakers, but my Redeemer stands upon the shore, which I am rapidly nearing, with a loving welcome, and will bear me in his arms through the gates of glory, where the chimes of the eternal city will peal forth a joyous welcome to the battle-scarred soldier of the cross." In a few hours he had received the welcome—the conflict was ended, the victory won.

Sabre Thrusts at Free Thought

or, A Defence of Divine Inspiration

By

REV. W. W. WALKER

Author of "An Itinerant in the British Isles," "Occident and Orient," etc.

With Introduction by Rev. Thomas Cobb

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