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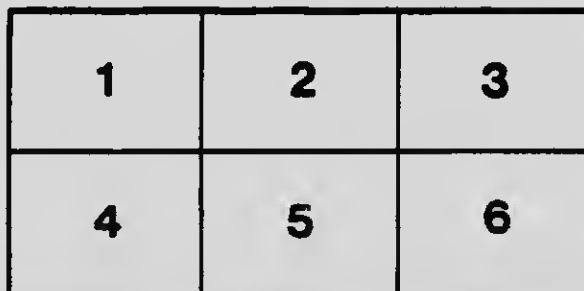
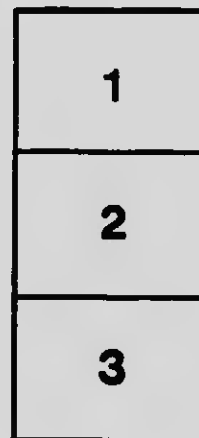
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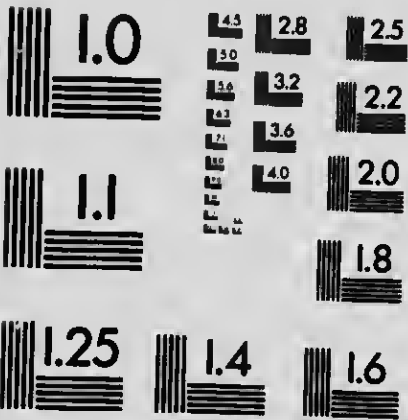
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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
CANADIAN LIFE.

ROSA
PORTLOCK

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
CANADIAN LIFE

WITH A STUDY ON BIBLE PROPHECY

BY
MRS. ROSA PORTLOCK
(WOODSTOCK, ONT.)

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
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INTRODUCTION.

I AM reminded by many things of having made a promise, to the effect that I would at some time give to the public a further history of myself and God's dealings with me and mine ; but how or where to begin is a question ?

A boy who had a large apple given to him wished to divide it into five pieces ; but how was this to be done ? " I could cut it through the middle," he said, " and divide it into four or six pieces, but five equal parts is a puzzle."

I feel somewhat like that boy. I could begin, as it were, at the beginning, and give an account of things I have seen or done as they come to my mind, and this perhaps would be rather amusing, but it would not satisfy me. Canada to-day, with all its civilization, is not the same as it was thirty years ago. Movement is so rapid ; science is making such gigantic strides ; men are trying to look into the future, making themselves as gods, while yet the work given them to do is unaccomplished.

" Replenish the earth and subdue it," was the first unconditional command (Gen. 1-28).

When that command has been fully obeyed, " The

†
INTRODUCTION.

earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Hab. 2: 14) "I would that they may be one even as we are one," prayed our blessed Lord when He was upon earth; but are we one? No! We have opinions many, creeds many, and ways and means many for accomplishing the work given to us to do, whereas the directions are so simple that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

There are questions of the day to answer, and I feel I should be a coward if I did not try to meet them. Yet the attempt to do so may be considered presumptuous on the part of one in so humble a position, but most things come from small beginnings.

In England, near the River Ouse, there is an old oak so large that more than a hundred persons can dine under its branches, yet it grew from a very small seed. Our great men grow from tiny babes, and "In the beginning God made (one) man;" now we count men by millions.

The Earl of Shaftesbury once said: "Other and better men have preceded me, and I entered into their labors; other and better men will follow me and enter into mine."

So, sitting in the pretty town of Berlin, where, as a stranger, I have met with much kindness, I will make my humble effort, trusting that in trying to please the reader I may not forget to put before them the beauty of a consistent life—a life lived in Christ, for Christ, and with Christ.

R. P.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A THRIVING ONTARIO TOWN.

“ Those who watch Providence will never want a providence to watch.”

“ Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you ” (Matt. 6:33).

“ How e'er it be, it seems to me,
‘T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

—*Tennyson.*

BERLIN is the capital of Waterloo, and received its name in 1826. In 1820 it had one blacksmith's shop ; in 1825 the first factory was built and a store opened. Now, in 1899, it is one of the most thriving towns in Ontario, and well deserves the name, so often given to it, of “ busy Berlin.”

It was settled chiefly by Pennsylvania Dutch. It has a population of about 9,000, is situate on the Grand Trunk railway about sixty-two miles west of Toronto; it is cleanly, healthy, and has a great number of beautiful residences, chiefly brick.

It has thirty-four manufactories, three banks, an opera house, a free public library, a college, schools and parks, also twenty-six places for the worship of Almighty God.

It is essentially a religious town; the people are kindly and do not forget to entertain strangers. Speaking for myself, I may say that as a stranger among strangers I was most graciously received and invited to their houses and their tables; and this, not because they could possibly expect a return of compliments, for I am not only a stranger to them, but in so humble a position of life that I am astonished.

They have an orphanage, too, with eight small specimens of humanity—one, a colored girl about ten years old, was spoken of as a most lovable child, taking care of the younger ones in a tender, motherly way. I heard her spoken of in several houses as well as by the matron herself. I went over the gaol, in which there were four prisoners; also over the poor-house, in which I found about ninety old, old people—some not responsible at all, and none of them able to earn their own living. I felt that it was a good thing to have them there to be taken care of and kept clean.

There was only one thing I found to object to in this beautiful little town: the small wages paid to the working-man, though I expect to find this same blot in many other places.

When will the time come that man shall love his neighbor as himself? I think I hear some one say, That is more general now than it ever was. I ask in

what way? Why! look at the amount given away every year in charity. Yes, but if our employers would give better wages, build their own homes smaller, and live a little less expensively, their working-men could keep themselves without this charity, and build for themselves homes in which to dwell. Do you say, "Not in every case—some would drink it all up, no matter how much they earned, and others would squander it in waste."

Doubtless you are right, but that is another question; the employer will have done his duty, and the industrious man will not suffer. Neither of these are responsible for the others. Charity is not all charity that goes by that name, for "Charity is Love."

Is there anything in life man more desires than to achieve a good name? And to attain this some try to get wealth, some honor, some power, others devote themselves to art, science or literature, but underlying all we discover the hope that it may be their lot to obtain that after which they aspire.

Is it not true that men are beginning to see that to gain this good name and keep it their motives and their efforts must be pure; they cannot afford to do evil; it does not pay; it will sooner or later hinder or hurt. If you touch pitch it will blacken, if you touch fire it will burn.

Could we but realize the greatness of the life committed to our keeping, should we not try to live more in accord with the Giver of that life? thus developing lofty conceptions and noble purpose, always looking up instead of either downwards or towards self.

But I hear a call to tea. I am boarding in a German family; everybody is very kind. I must say I was rather dismayed the first day I came here as I took the seat assigned to me at the head of a well-filled table and saw nine young men take their places

and at once begin to make havoc with the eatables set before them. I had no idea that my fellow-boarders were all men. It was the first time that I had ever gone to a public boarding-place; I felt a little shy, to say the least of it, and I don't know hut the boys were just a little uncomfortable, too.

When supper was over I went back to the parlor. Do you know what a boarding-house parlor is like? Have you ever spent a first evening in one all alone?

I went to my room at nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards heard some one playing on a violin dance music and some of the popular songs of the day; the last I heard before sleep took possession of me was "The Two Little Girls in Blue."

I did not meet my boys again until the next day at dinner, as they went to work early in the morning. They were polite and nice to me. The violin player was the one who sat at my right hand, a good-natured German. He and I became quite friendly; he took a good deal of teasing from his fellow-boarders, who told me that he was very fond of the girls and that the violin he played on had only three strings. I soon got accustomed to their ways and placed them at their ease, though it was some time before I could coax them into the parlor; after I was able to do this, however, we had quite a social time. When I left the town it was with the good wishes of every one of them. I had one opportunity of speaking for the Master, hut the great day alone will tell to what extent it did good.

My work for this summer has come to me through many happenings, which some would call chance, but which I prefer to call Providence, and in mapping out that work I had three objects in view: To earn my daily bread, to regain lost health by change of air and exercise, and last, though by no means least in

my consideration, was the speaking a word for the Master and His kingdom.

Each morning I go out calling from house to house until noon; each afternoon I receive callers from two till five, to whom I give lessons in art needle work.

I have already spent some, and expect to spend many more, happy days in this way. As I leave my home each morning I repeat the old familiar lines:

“Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolv'd to know,
In all I say, or think, or do.”

I did not start on this course without some opposition, which, I am glad to say, I was able to overcome.

We are very dependent one upon another, but as long as we respect ourselves others will respect us. I am really enjoying my outing; it is going to be quite an education to me, and I shall try to impart to others some of that which I myself receive.

I rejoice in the fact that God has already used me more than once to minister to His waiting ones, and to give messages of His love and consolation.

Some years ago a dozen or so of boarding-school girls may have been seen taking their usual walk in one of our pretty Devonshire towns in England, and although there were two teachers in charge, a lad was able, unseen by them, to give into the hand of one of the young ladies a note, which she immediately put into her pocket. As soon as she was alone she eagerly scanned its contents, then, bursting into tears, spoke thus to herself: “Can I do this? Is it right? or ought I to go home? No, I wont; she is cruel, mean, and I hate her. I will do what he asks me to do. I am nearly seventeen, and mamma was married

at eighteen. And oh" (with a sob), "if she were here I should not have to do this; but she is dead. I will not be a slave to this woman and her young ones. I will do as he says. Mabel is all right with Uncle John."

A month later, on board a steamer coming to Canada, was a young and pretty bride, about seventeen years of age, with her husband, some two years older. They were apparently very fond of each other, yet at times could be seen a shade of sadness on the young bride's brow, as though she were not perfectly happy.

Six years later, living in a handsome house in one of our Ontario towns were a young couple with two children—a boy and a girl. One glance at the mother is sufficient to tell you that her days are numbered,—the cough, the hectic flush, the quick breathing, speak very plainly of consumption.

A few kind words of sympathy brought the ready tears to those bright eyes, and a second visit in answer to her invitation brought the cry which could be made more readily to a stranger than to friend or neighbor: "I am very ill and I know I must soon die—but, oh! I am afraid."

A little later the caller is shown into the bedroom. "Well, dear, how are you to-day?"

"Very weak, Mrs. Mordant, but I do not suffer much. I took your advice; my husband wrote to Mabel, and he got a telegram saying that she would start at once. I am asking God to keep me alive until she comes, though I know I do not deserve it; but He is so full of love. I thank Him again and again for sending you to me, and that I opened my heart to you that morning."

"I am glad of that, too, dear friend, and I know that our God is full of love. But supposing He does not deem it wise to keep you here until your sister comes, are you willing to trust Him in that as in all else?" A moment's silence, then in earnest tones:

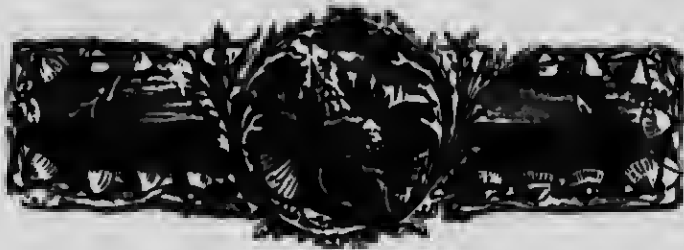
"Yes! I am willing; not my will but thine be done, oh, Lord!"

She did live until her sister came.

Six weeks later, in another town, on picking up an evening paper I read: "Died on the 18th inst., Mrs. A., beloved wife of W. A., aged 24 years and 6 months.

How little we know to whom God may send us! Let us watch for opportunities.





CHAPTER II.

A WONDERFUL GET-UP.

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want” (Ps. 23 : 1).

“The King of Love my Shepherd is,
His goodness faileth never—
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.”

MRS. LEONARD! Mrs. Leonard, there goes that white horse again with the old man on his back! This is the third time he has passed by here to-day. Why, he's coming in at the gate—coming in here, I do declare.”

“So he is,” said Mrs. Leonard, as she went to open the door.

“If you please, is my sister here?” said a youthful voice.

“Who is your sister, may I ask?”

But before he has time to reply, Mrs. Leonard is rather unceremoniously pushed aside, and he is warmly embraced by the first speaker, and shaking hands with a young man who comes from an inner

room at the sound of his voice, and whom he calls "Bill."

Very soon his horse is tied to a tree, and explanation is the order of the day. He is presented to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard as "My brother, Harry Elliott."

"But, my dear boy," said his sister, "what a figure you cut. Why did you come out in such clothes, and on a Sunday, too."

"Oh! we're in Canada now, you know; and I wanted to show you a real Canadian farmer and his get-up."

"You may well call it a get-up, for it is one, and I see you have still your old love of mischief; but where have you come from? how long have you been on the road, and are you hungry?"

"Well, now, you remind me of it, I do think I could eat my breakfast."

"Why, it is past dinner time; have you had nothing all day?"

"Not a thing. I was too excited to eat this morning, thinking I should find you without any trouble, and here I've been roaming about all this time."

"Poor fellow, you shall have something to eat at once, then you shall tell us all about it."

A lunch was soon prepared, and as he sat down to it he said: "Now, Sis, while I am trying to satisfy the inner man, won't you tell me everything that has happened since I left you in England?"

"Well! let me see. You left in June, and it is now September. It would take a long time to tell you everything that took place in three months; but I will do what I can. Of course you know we missed you very much and were often thinking about you. When we got your first letter William surprised me by saying: 'If I were not a married man I would go out to him.'"

"Do you really mean that?" I said. "Would you go? Because I would like that above all things. But there is your mother to think of!"

"Yes," he said, "that would be the only drawback. Though I'm sure she would not keep me, if she thought it for my good that I should go."

"So to cut a long story short, we went to see her, and it was decided that we should start as soon as we could make arrangements for so doing."

"We were fortunate enough to get an offer for the business, and sold it for cash down. We gave the debts to Mr. Gordon for collection, and here we are."

"What boat did you come on?"

"The *Prussian*, Allan line."

"Had you a good time?"

"Yes; and we had a good captain. I can never say too much in his favor. He did everything he could to make all on board happy. He had a little harmonium on deck most evenings, on which he played—the steerage passengers singing and dancing to their heart's content."

"We had a service every Sunday morning, with a sermon from a Scotch gentleman, who went a good deal amongst the passengers and was greatly respected."

"We were eleven days on board, and each day brought before our eyes something sad and something droll. There was, as it were, laughing and weeping at the same time in some part or other of that same boat. Doubtless, it would make a good sized volume if I could write the history of all on board. However, I will tell you one little thing that was very pleasant, and one that was very sad, which must suffice."

"There was an interesting old couple on board who were newly married—a very romantic account of

which marriage the lady herself gave me. She told me they were engaged when she was only eighteen years old and he was twenty-one. He left her in Scotland while he went to Canada to make a home for her, then he was to return. She had remained faithful, but he had been married and his wife was dead. He was wealthy and had a fine home near Niagara. On his paying a visit to his native land at the age of seventy-three they met and were married, and the dear old lady was as happy as a young girl. She was rosy cheeked and fresh looking, and I should imagine had been a beauty in her young days."

"Quite a romance," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Then the sad case I spoke of was the death of a little boy, whose parents were afraid he would die before we landed. He did, too; but not until we got into the St. Lawrence. So he was buried in Quebec.

"We landed on Sunday at one o'clock; we were one night on the cars, one in Toronto, and reached Brampton on Wednesday. William went to a thrashing on Thursday, to another on Friday, and to a third on Saturday; to-day you see him. Does he look any the worse for a change of work?"

"No! I don't think he does. How do you like it, Bill? Do you find it hard?"

"Oh, no; I suppose there is work on a farm I should like better, but I made up my mind that I would take the first thing that was offered to me, and so I did."

"And I mean to do the same," said his wife.

"And now, if you have finished your repast, Harry, we will have an account of yourself since you left us, and a history of this wonderful get-up of yours—dirty boots, blue cotton trousers and coat to match,

no collar or tie; and, surely, if you were in England the boys would ask you 'Who's your hatter?'"

"I guess they would. The boss wanted me to get fixed up, as he calls it, but I wanted to show you a real live Canadian."

"I told you in my first letter all about our passage out and that we both hired the very next day, did I not?"

"Yes; but by the way, how is Walter? Have you heard from him?"

"I got one letter and wrote him one, that's all."

"When did you first see my advertisement?"

"I was in bed when the boss got home last night—they only get a paper once a week, on a Saturday. My room is just off the kitchen, and they were sitting around the fire, when Mr. Atkins called out, 'Harry, Harry! What's your sister's name? I believe she's here in Canada.'

"I was only about half-awake, and jumping up I rushed out in my night-robe. There sat the mistress, the maid and the daughter. The boss roared and laughed. 'Get your trousers on, lad,' says he, and I went back in double-quick time, you bet. I got dressed and there was the advertisement sure enough. I've got it here in my pocket.

"If this should meet the eye of Harry Elliott, who hired with a farmer five miles east or west of Toronto about the end of June last, he will find his sister, Mrs. Mordant, by inquiring at 36 Trevor Street, Brampton, County Peel."

"Yes, that's it. What then?"

"Oh, I wanted to start off right away, but they would not hear to that at all. The boss said he'd call me early and I could have the old white horse, and that's how I got here. But, you know, when I went to 36 Trevor Street it was only a store, and

being Sunday, of course it was closed. I tried to find out the man's name and where he lived, but I was ever so long before I met with anybody who knew his name. At last I was told he was George Wright, and that he lived nearly a mile past here."

"That must have been the first time I saw you go by?"

"I expect it was. Well, when I got to the house Mr. Wright was away, and neither mistress nor maid knew anything about any person by the name of Mordant, so I trotted back to the village and I was advised to go to the proprietor of the printing office. I did so, and that's how I found you."

"Well, you did have a hunt, and no mistake," said William, "but I'm glad you found us at last. How do you like the country?"

"First rate, the people are very kind; but of course everything is different from what it is at home. What do you think of it, and Mary?"

"So far, Mary says its great fun, but she has not been to a thrashing, you know. I suppose we shall all get used to it in time. How far is your home from here?"

"About seven miles, and that reminds me I must get along or it will be dark before I get there. And, oh! I came near forgetting my message. The mistress told me to tell you that she hoped you would go out and see them."

"Did she, that was very kind of her."

"Yes, she said if you would fix on Wednesday they would be in Brampton and would take you out with them; then you could stay until Saturday, and they would bring you back. They always come to the market, you know."

"That is very nice of them, seeing that we are strangers. I think we should go, William, should we not?"

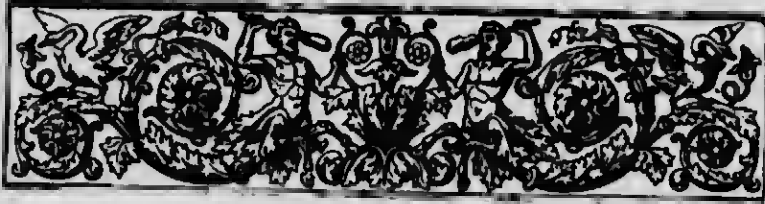
"Just as you like. I expect we shall have to fall into the ways of the people. It will seem strange too, Harry, to visit where you are only the hired boy."

"That makes no difference. We are all equal here. The girls call me Harry, and I call them Sarah and Jane; the hired girl is Agnes."

"What kind of a lady is your mistress?" asked Mrs. Mordant.

"She's a real jolly, motherly woman—that's what she is—and the boss is just as jolly. We have lots of fun, I can tell you; but here's Bill with my old nag. Good-bye, Sis—I'll tell them to call for you on Wednesday. Good-bye, Mrs. Leonard and Mr. Leonard. Good-bye, Bill." Then the old horse started off with the odd figure in his wonderful get-up.





CHAPTER III.

A WAR ON OUR HANDS.

“Search the Scriptures” (John 5: 39).

“Let God arise, to lead forth those
Who march to war;
Let God arise, and all his foes
Be scattered far.”

WILL you pardon me if I come back to present times in this chapter. We are getting very near the end of 1899, and a great war is on our hands. Many differ as to the right or wrong of this because they do not study the question from the beginning. I was to-day taken greatly to task because I said the British would doubtless be the victors in the end.

“I thought you were a Christian,” said my opponent.

“I trust I am,” I said; “but I fail to see why I should not be a Christian and still believe that the British would be victorious.”

“Well, I don’t know whether I will call myself a Christian or not, but I am a man anyway, and I

don't see how God can be just and like war and so much bloodshed. And if He has the power that some of you Christians say He has, I can't see why He don't put a stop to it. The Boers don't hurt us, and why can't we let them alone; the fact is, the British are a greedy lot; they just want a little more territory, and they don't care how much blood they shed to get their own way."

"I think you are a little hard on the British, are you not? as well as upon God—I speak with all reverence. With Him it is not a question of liking, or even of power; His plans were made in the beginning and they must be carried out. He has given us His Word; but how few there are who live by it or attempt to understand it. Just as soon as we are perfectly obedient there will be no more need for war; in the meantime 'tis justice that the British are fighting for. I know that they are by no means perfect, yet you must acknowledge they are the only people who take care of the countries they conquer, giving them the Gospel and civilization.

"Look at India, for instance. What did they find there? Superstition and cruelty of every kind, amongst themselves and to others. Their children were thrown into the River Ganges to appease their gods; their old women taken to the river bank and there left to die.

"If a prince or king amongst them died, his twenty-four wives were buried alive with him, and many other cruelties were practised on behalf of their religion. There is nothing of that kind now, for India is being civilized under British rule."

"Well, but it was the missionaries that put a stop to all this."

"Did they? Thank God, they have nobly done their part; but, my friend, it took a superior power to

conquer and make them ready to hear the still small voice. I believe God has chosen Britain to be that superior power. But she is slow to understand God's will towards her, which is undoubtedly a reign of righteousness, showing mercy and giving liberty to those who come under her sway.

"Will you go back with me to 1845 and on to 1849, when the purposes of God (purposes, mark you, of mercy to the Sikh nation) demanded of Britain that she should take and hold that country of the five rivers, as the gate of Afghanistan. She refused—boldly and positively refused—as she, later on, boldly and positively refused to take Khartoum, the gate of Egypt.

"Now, look back again. The Sikhs, headed by Rajah Golab Sing, crossed the Sutlej river and invaded India—a clear act of hostility and insult to the British Lion. Then followed four battles, the final one of Sohraon, on February 10th, 1846, which was the literal destruction of a noble native army that very, very nearly had destroyed their own.

"They had refused the Punjaub—what was the result? 'They had to learn a lesson drawn in blood to be paid for in treasure'

"On January 13th, 1849, the almost fatal battle of Chillianwala was fought, in which we lost guns and an enormous number of men. The 24th Foot alone lost 800 in ten minutes; in fact, that night the British Empire in India almost toppled over to its fall. A month later the Khalsa army was finally conquered in a battle of six hours' duration. Then Britain humbly accepted God's gift of the Punjaub, and annexed it. That was on March 29th, 1849. But at what a cost! Seas of blood, so to speak, were shed to teach Britain her duty. What sorrows and miseries before they would yield, and what millions in

treasures were expended ere they could learn what was God's will concerning them!

"Some fourteen years ago they were in precisely parallel circumstances. God willed that they should take Egypt and secure Khartoum. Seeing their obstinacy, He has led them step by step. In 1882, Arabi Pasha was destroyed, and they gained an easy victory at Alexandria; but they refused to land and take the country, although Egypt was prostrate, Cairo surrendered, and Arabi a prisoner.

"Then the Mahdi was raised up—a power they dared not despise. What did they do? Placed a noble life within this rebel's power in Khartoum. To their eternal disgrace poor Gordon was allowed to meet a cruel fate. Armies were sent forward, 'tis true, at the critical period; but too late to save our glorious Christian hero. These armies were overtaken by the hot season, and a new expedition had to be sent to their succour.

"Since then Khartoum and the Soudan has been given to them.

"South Africa should have been taken long ago, when it would have been easier. But now it has got to be taken, and I am afraid many great and noble lives will be lost ere South Africa will submit to British rule—even as it was with India before she was ready to claim England's Queen as Empress. This is why I say that Britain must gain the victory. Just as soon as they get the upper hand they will at once make their power felt; but they will use that power for the good of the people, and many will live to say, 'It was a good thing for South Africa when Britain became chief ruler.'"

"But, why Britain?" said Mr. C.

"Because she is the only nation capable."

"Well, now, you really talk like a book; but I

can't see what England wants to be getting all the world for, nor I never could see what the States wanted to fight Cuba for. I suppose they are a chip-off-the-old-block, and will want to grab all they can."

"Do you ever read your Bible?" I asked.

"Yes! I *do*. Indced I don't read anything but that—and the paper sometimes."

"What part of your Bible do you read most!"

"Oh, the Psalms and Proverbs, and the New Testament."

"Well, what do you see there?"

"Why, I see the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and a higher calling than fighting and tearing each other to pieces. St. Paul says, 'We're to live peaceably with all men.'"

"Inasmuch as it is possible," I added.

"Well, now, to ask a fair question," he said, "Don't you think these people might do better by getting ready for heaven than by trying to get a little bit more of this earth which is to be burnt up?"

"Your question is not an easy one to answer at random; for, you see, I believe the Bible from cover to cover, and I read it literally."

"Yet you talk about this war as if God was fighting in it, and leading the Britishers. Why should He take more care of them than anybody else?"

"Another difficult question—but if you will permit me, I will write an answer to both and read it to you some evening."

"All right, I shall be glad to have you do so; but I don't promise to believe that the English are anything better than other people."

"No, don't promise anything; but I shall do my best to show you that they are the right people in the right place."

The next evening I went over and read aloud the following short paper:

I find I must answer your question by quoting Scripture, and the first thing I get is, "That when God made man, He gave to him an unconditional command, namely, to subdue the earth." In looking up the meaning of the word subdue, I find it means—to conquer by a superior power; to reduce to subjection; to overcome by persuasion; to soften; to melt; to reduce to tenderness.

These meanings may all be applied to the different methods used by men in the subduing of the earth, which must be made fit for our Lord's return.

We find the multiplying and replenishing is progressing; but God saw that the subduing of the earth must be accomplished by a people prepared for the work; so he decided to call out a nation for Himself, which He did.

He next has to make that nation superior to all others, for it is to rule the world.

From the time that nation was formed and came out of Egypt, He has elected His own workmen; that is, whenever he had a great work to be performed he elected and prepared someone to do it.

The Bible teems with the work that nation did and is to do. Abraham, the head of that nation, is heir of the world (Gen. 17: 4; Romans 4: 13).

The children of Israel have always been a fighting people; they had to fight for their own possessions in the land of Canaan. In 1 Chron. 5: 22 you will read, 'For there fell down many slain, because the war was of God.' This is only one of many texts to show that God does countenance war. We notice that one of their punishments was to be that they should flee before their enemies.

Most certainly, there is a spiritual work to do—a glorious Gospel to preach to the ends of the world. There is an after life to strive for. But this is not all:

there is a world to subdue, and make ready for the coming of the King, and man has got that work to do.

But Israel was not obedient, so God gave them over to their enemies, and turned them out of their land.

Does that mean, think you, that He gave them up—pronounced them a failure?

No! a thousand times no! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people.

"I think this answers your first question. The answer to the second, 'Why should God care for the British more than any other nation?' is one to which, I am afraid, you will not agree, though I think I could prove it to you from the Bible if I had time."

"Well, what is the answer, anyway? Let us see if we disagree with you.

"Then, I should say, that it is because they are the chosen people of God, and He is bound by His promises to take special care of them."

"No! I can't see that, but I must say that I have enjoyed your reading so much that I should be glad if you could give us a few more like them—say, one each week—if it would not be asking too much."

"No, indeed; I should esteem it a great privilege to be able to speak for the truth of God's word. So, if you will allow me, I will have a paper ready for this day week and read it to you."

"Thank you, very much, I am sure we shall enjoy it; so good-bye until then."

This was the beginning of a series of Bible readings, given on the subject of "Prophecy and the literal reading of God's Word."

I have enjoyed the study very, very much, and do earnestly pray that God may accept and bless them for His name sake.



CHAPTER IV.

NEW SURROUNDINGS.

“ Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus;
Wheresoe'er He leads me, I will follow on.”

“ Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip
not ” (Ps. 17: 5).

MR. AND MRS. MORDANT had been married just one year when they came to Canada. They landed at Quebec the Sunday before our story opens and were staying with Mrs. Leonard, in Brampton, until they could decide as to the best way in which to make a home for themselves in the new country.

Harry Elliott and his chum, Walter Roe, had sailed from England three months before. Harry was quite a youth and very fond of his sister, and she was very fond of him. I doubt if she thought there was any boy even to be compared with him.

On Wednesday Mr. Atkins and one of the young daughters called, according to promise, to take them to their house. They were made very welcome, and the well-spread tables were a great surprise to them

when they sat down, but (as Mrs. Mordant said to Harry) a much greater when they got up. Where did all the piles of bread, buns and cakes go to? to say nothing of apple sauce.

On Thursday they visited all the neighbors round, and on Saturday were taken home the richer by a roll of beautiful fresh butter, a chicken all ready for the table, and some wonderfully light biscuit such as they had never seen before, as well as a bottle of rich, genuine cream.

Now, to English people who had been brought up in a city, these things were more or less a treat, and they then and there voted the people of Canada kind-hearted and generous.

During the next week Mr. Mordant hired with a farmer for two months, and Mrs. Mordant made arrangements to work for a married lady who took in dressmaking. She was to stay there all the week, but to return to Mrs. Leonard's for Sunday, when Mr. Mordant was also to be there.

One day, not feeling very well, she stayed home, and was surprised by a visitor, an elderly gentleman, calling himself James Watson. I will give the account of his visit in her own words, as told to her husband.

She said, "I invited him in when I found it was really me he wanted, and begged him to be seated. Then he began to question so closely that I was astonished at his nerve, though I answered him as patiently as I could. After a while he said, 'Well, now, I'm glad I came to see you, though I thought by what I was told that most likely you'd have a little money by you; but I am going to make you the offer just the same.' I looked at him wonderingly. What could he mean? He returned my gaze very earnestly, and after a minute or two said, 'Yes, your

face is an honest one, so I am going to do it.' I was smiling now, for I had no idea as to his intentions, or as to what he was going to do. The table was between us, so that was some protection against bodily harm, and he looked so thoroughly good-natured that I was not very much afraid. At last he said, 'Yes, I'll make you an offer. I've got a little house to sell, and I'll give it to you for one hundred and fifty dollars. I'd have liked a little money down, but as you haven't got any, why you shall have it all the same. You can pay me fifty dollars as soon as you get it, and the other in one and two years afterwards.'

"I was so taken by surprise that at first I was speechless. When I was able to find words I said, 'Why, we are perfect strangers to you! Are you not afraid to do such a thing? Is it not true that possession is nine parts of the law?'

"'Yes,' he said; 'but I like your face, and we are told not to be backward in the matter of entertaining strangers. You know George Wright, the grocer,' he said.

"Yes, I know him.

"'Well, he will call for you at five o'clock this afternoon, with a horse and buggy, and take you to see the place, and I will call to-morrow morning to see what you say about it; so good-bye now,' and he shook hands and went, leaving me in a maze of wonder, first as to the transaction itself, then as to what a buggy would turn out to be."

Her husband was, if possible, more amazed than she was. He could hardly think of any one placing such confidence in strangers.

Our little English woman, however, had more surprises later, and more cause for voting the people of Canada a good sort.

James Watson sold them the house with its acre of

land, part of which was a well laid out orchard, and its outbuildings made it really worth a great deal more money than he asked for it.

He seemed determined that they should get settled before the winter came on, so he went security for a beautiful new stove and a bedstead.

A few days later Mrs. Mordant, carrying a new broom in her hand, went to look over her little place and to plan out the cleaning process.

She was surprised shortly after her entrance to see within the doorway a bright comely face, and to hear a very pleasant voice say, "Good-day! I am Mrs. Rollings, your nearest neighbor; you are Mrs. Mordant—George Wright was telling me about you; we deal with him."

I shall be killed yet with surprises, thought Mrs. Mordant; but aloud she said, as she shook hands, "I am pleased to see you, though not very well prepared to receive at present—there seems to be no place to sit down except on the stove; the chairs and tables are not here yet."

"So much the better—we shall not have to move them about. I have come to help you clean up, you see. I have brought a pail, brush and cloth," and almost before Mrs. Mordant had come to herself the fire was burning, the water was heated, windows, walls and floors were clean, and the stove was polished so that you did not need a looking-glass.

"Now," said Mrs. Rollings, "you are to go and have tea with me, then I'll take you part of the way home."

Thus, when Christmas came, behold Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, Harry Elliott, Walter Roe, with Mr. and Mrs. Rollings enjoying their first Christmas in Canada—and they did enjoy it thoroughly. Yet, as Mrs. Mordant said, the more you have the more you want,

so now she began to wish for her sister Annie, who had stayed in England. Here is part of a letter written to her about that time :

" Oh, Annie, I wish you were here, we are so jolly ; it is just play this keeping house. Two young girls from the next farm come in sometimes, and we make taffey, play games and have lots of fun, in spite of the fact that the floors are carpetless, the chairs cushionless, and the table guiltless of a cover.

" By the way, did I tell you in my letter about the little bag that Mrs. Rollings hung up on our door the first night we slept in the house. It was a little white bag, and we were not to look into it until the morning. Then we found it to contain a bit of bread, in token that we should never be hungry ; a bit of wood, that we should never be cold ; and five cents, so that we should never be without money ! "

Shortly after Christmas James Watson paid a visit to the little house. Mrs. Mordant noticed that he was very feeble and frail-looking, so she made him a cup of tea. He was pleased, and seemed to be somewhat refreshed after taking it.

In the course of conversation she thanked him again for his many acts of kindness to them. " It's all right," he said. " I am getting old and have not done half the good in the world that I might have done ; so let me do a little while I can. You'll be here perhaps when I'm dead and gone, and will, I hope, sometimes think kindly of me. I do not feel very well these days," he said, " and my wife is not very kind to me, she never wants me to go out, she'd keep me in all the time if she could. I guess I'll get back now and she wont know that I've been up here. So good-bye, and thank ye kindly for the cup of tea."

That was the last time she saw him ; he died about three days later.

Summer is now close at hand. The little log-house looks cheery, the trees in the orchard healthy, and the garden is full of promise. There are sounds of animal life all around. They have fowl, for I see two or three broods of young chickens; there are geese, and ducks, a young pig, and two calves, also a cat and dog. Most of these have a history, which brings out the fact that where people are ready to appreciate kindness there will be no lack. Mrs. Mordant was very popular amongst her neighbors, always ready to help them with her needle, and they returned the compliment by helping her, for she, being new to the country and its ways, had much to learn.

As I said, most of her animals had a history. The cat when first they went there was a tiny black and white ball, which Mr. Mordant carried in his coat pocket. She was a great pet, of course, and by and by, when she had two little kittens, it is no wonder that she was almost human in her cleverness. One kitten was quite black, the other black and white; the latter she carried to Mr. Mordant every evening and placed it on his knee, the black one she placed on Mrs. Mordant's knee, then curling herself up on the rug between them she went to sleep, doubtless feeling sure that her children were perfectly safe.

But this wonderful cat did something which was much more clever than that. Mrs. Rollings at one time gave them a little chicken—a thorough-bred Dorking, which had been left an orphan. Being very young they had to keep it in the house for awhile, and lest the cat should kill it Mrs. Mordant spent a little time in making them acquainted. This she did by putting them both on her knee and petting them together. Strange to say, they soon made friends, and that little chick slept every night with the cat until it was old enough to perch, then it got on the

handle that went across the basket. This, of course, was very strange to puss, and she would lie with her paw outstretched, purring and calling ever so long. Sometimes the little thing would go and snuggle down with her for a few minutes, then away. The same thing would be repeated again and again, until at last she realized that her charge was over and she must sleep alone.

One other thing this clever cat did after her kittens were pretty well grown, that was to go out every morning at eleven o'clock, and at three in the afternoon, and bring in a mouse, first for the black kitten, then one for the other. She never deviated from this plan, or from the set time more than five minutes. How she knew the time so well has always been to me a mystery.

The two calves had also been left orphans, and had been given to them; one they named Sambo, and the other Jennie. Many a time I have laughed with Mrs. Mordant over the way she had to work with them. She went every morning to a neighbor's house for two pails of milk. On one occasion she did not fasten the gate securely, and when she was about half-way between the two houses on the return journey, she saw Sambo bounding towards her. She set the pails down, picked up a stick, and ran to meet him; but her strength was nothing to his. She tried to turn him back, but he turned her into the ditch instead. She did not stay there long, however, but seizing one pail she ran, hoping to get to the gate before he could overtake her. Alas, she could not do it, and rather than go into the ditch again, she dropped it, and stepped aside. He did not get the milk, though, for he came with such force as to tip it over, and every drop was spilled.

One morning, some time after this, the poor fellow

was sick, and the little woman did not know what to do for him ; he could not eat anything, nor could he stand upright. She asked advice from her neighbor, Robert Clarke, who, after looking at him, said : " He's as good as dead ; you may as well give him up."

Now, I must tell you that Mrs. Mordant was a woman who believed in prayer, and she asked herself, " Why should I not pray about this ? If there is anything I can do for the poor beastie God can help me to do it." So she knelt down and prayed that He would give her knowledge and wisdom in the matter. While she was yet praying she remembered some medicine that they had brought from home ; a sure remedy in such cases for human beings, and why not for animals ? She took the thought as an answer to prayer, and taking the bottle in her hand, she gave him a dose.

Three hours afterwards she went to give him another dose, which he took quite greedily, lifting his head and licking her hand. This was at three o'clock, and at six, when she went to him, he was standing up and quite ready for his third dose, and very soon he was better. Jennie took the same complaint, but only needed two doses, as she was attended to in time.

How is it that we so often forget God in our daily tasks ? Would He not make them lighter and easier if we trusted Him for guidance ?

Our friends had rabbits, too, which thrived well, and were very productive.

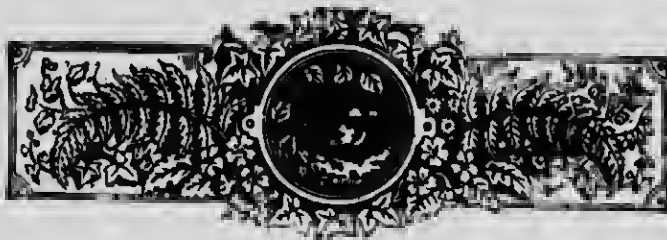
A little pig, two days old, was brought to them, which they raised. It went two hundredweight when it was killed, though it gave them a good deal of trouble before that time.

When it was a few weeks old it made its escape and got into an opposite field (Have you ever seen a small pig run ?). Three men went after it, and it

took them two full hours to catch it. He ate three small rabbits and a good-sized duck ; got amongst the potatoes, and into the flower garden. Then while Mrs. Mordant was beating him with the broomstick he gobbled up ten little chicks before they could get out of his way. That was the "last straw ;" he was sent to a farmer, who offered to take charge of him until he was fit to kill.

The Dorking rooster had also to be killed ; he would not be peaceable inside or out. He picked at the kittens and fought every fowl in the yard—even the geese kept their distance. He was so large that he could stand at the table and pick off a crumb without tiptoeing ; so there were ups and downs for them in their work and in their play, though I have heard Mrs. Mordant say that she never had a happier time than that which she spent in the little log-house.

The dog, which was given to them with the kitten, and which Mr. Mordant carried up, one in each of his coat pockets, met with rather a sad fate. Mrs. Mordant thought she would take him with her to the town one day, and they met the cars. She went aside on the embankment, and the little fellow followed her. She did not think to pick him up, and he must have got very frightened as the cars drew near, for before she was aware he bounded away on the track and made for home. Of course the cars overtook him and went over him, completely severing his head from his body. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mordant were terribly cut up about it.



CHAPTER V.

THE BRITISH NATION CHOSEN OF GOD TO COLONIZE, CIVILIZE AND CHRISTIANIZE THE WORLD.

“Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession” (Psalm 2 : 8).

“Years of greatness and of wealth,
Years of honor and of might ;
Much for God have men been doing,
Bringing glorious truths to light.”

“GOOD evening, Mrs. Mordant, I am glad to see you ; have you got another paper to read to us ?”

“Yes ; if convenient to you, that is my privilege.”

“It is quite convenient ; I was expecting you. Would you mind reading before some friends of ours I have taken the liberty of inviting ?”

“Certainly I don't mind ; the more the merrier, they say.”

“Well, thanks ; come right into the dining-room ; it's the most comfortable room in the house, to my thinking.”

I was then introduced to some eight or nine people, who gave most attentive audience while I read the following :

First, dear friends, I want to show that the British people, as a nation, is chosen of God. Her mission is admitted by most people, though they differ in views and principles.

Canon Donaldson, of Truro, said : " God has chosen the English, as He chose the Israelites of old, to be his witnesses to the heathen world."

Dr. Temple says : " Of all the nations that bear the Christian name, there is none so marked out by the providence of God to be the messenger of His wonderful Word as the country to which we belong."

The present Pope of Rome says : " Every one knows the powers and resources of the British nation, and the civilizing influence with which the spread of liberty accompanies its prosperity, even to the most remote regions, ' for happy is that people whose God is the Lord.'"

Do we not all turn with hope to the English people, observing, as we must do, evident signs of divine grace in their midst ?

Some one has said that " Britain never touches a spot on the face of the earth without improving it."

Rudyard Kipling, published in the *Times* awhile ago a translation of a remarkable poem, which is traced to a Sikh infantryman. The last verse, speaking of the English, runs thus :

" They do not consider the meaning of things,
They consult no creed or clan ;
Behold, they clap the slave on the back
And, behold, he becometh a man.
They terribly carpet the earth with lead,
But ere their cannons cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes,
To call the living to school."

It is not an idle boast to say that we belong to an Empire which is unique. Rome was great, but not so great as the latter-day British Empire, whose centre is found in the Isles of the west; whose sovereign is known as the Royal widow, the tender mother, the constant friend, the noble ruler, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India.*

Imperial Federation is almost an accomplished fact, and we rejoice at the loyalty of our colonies to their mother in the hour of her trial. It is stated that the British Empire is peopled by more than "310,000,000 souls, and her revenues are immense."

Do you ask: How is it that England possesses so great and glorious a mission as that, which even the Pope is disposed to grant to her?

You will get different answers to your question. One may be, "That the providence of God hath conferred it upon her" (and this is true); or it may be answered, "That God chose the English, as he had chosen the Israelites of old." But, to my mind, the best answer is this, "God hath made England his special witness on earth, because she is Israel, only under another name. Isaiah 62: 2, 'Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.'"

It is to this chosen Israel that God says: "Ye are my witnesses." (Isaiah 43: 10, and 44: 8). It is to the men of Galilee, representing the "light-bearing tribe of Benjamin," that the risen Lord says: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me."

Now, what is the mission to which this wondrous Empire is called?

* These lines were written ere the hand of death, that spares neither cot nor palace, had removed from the throne and her affectionate people England's good and gracious Queen Victoria.

It is a nation, and a company of nations. It has a national church, with a glorious history; it has a throne, upon which is seated one of the seed of David, whose first act, when she did come to that throne, was to acknowledge herself the servant of the King of kings.

We must not put these thoughts from us much longer; they are thoughts and questions which must be faced.

Shall we say that England's name and throne came to the front in its turn, as other nations had done; and as other empires have risen and fallen, so shall this? I do not think we dare. The hand of God is so surely traceable in our history, we have been so marvellously protected and shielded in our little island home, from which the invader has not been able to drive us. Nor will they be able; our work must be completed; our mission fulfilled.

God promised to Abraham that in him, "shall all families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 12: 3); also "all nations" (Gen. 22: 18).

This is truly Britain's work.

As a nation she must reach the world for God.

Socially, we must leaven it for Him.

Imperially, shall we not hold it for Him?

Spiritually, we *will* win it for Him.

Is she not reaching it? The aborigines of her colonies fade before her progress, and make way for her. She is a nation clothed with power to compel a hearing for the Gospel of Christ. She has temporal might and strength to speak for Him with due authority. She is a nation to speak to nations, great and mighty, spreading abroad to the east, west, north and south, influencing the world's inhabitants, to the four quarters of the globe.

She is, as I said before, secure from invasion, yet

powerful at sea wherever her ships may go. She is in possession of the chief gates, and she is using all in the Master's service. In what, then, ought you and I to glory?

Is it in England's army, navy or commerce? or is it because of these that her position has been given to her? I think not. Nay, rather it is for God's glory, and that she may make way for the Gospel of peace which is to follow the victories of her army, navy and strategy.

Now, dear friend, do not again call her greedy. It is God's will that she should rule, but she is slow to believe the promises as even were they of old, and God's gifts have to be forced upon her, as were the gates of the Panjaub and Khartoum.

Before closing, just a few words about the Boers. You said to me, "They do not hurt us, why can't we let them alone?"

Do they not hurt us? As we sit in our own dear homes, surrounded with comforts, the open Bible and every liberty—they do not hurt us, they are far away.

But look at their character, cruel and unjust in the extreme.

With regard to our government, they have broken their word again and again.

An English gentleman, writing of them, says: "They are little kings on their own farms and brook no interference. Their treatment of the blacks in their employ is shocking to contemplate." I quote from a missionary who lived amongst them for many years.

England took Cape Town in 1795, abandoned it in 1802, and took it again in 1806.

The question of slavery brought them into conflict with the South African Dutch, and in 1835 England declared the emancipation of the slaves. The

Dutch were incensed at this, and many of them crossed over the Orange river to resume it in what is now called Natal.

In 1843 Natal was proclaimed a British colony, and thousands of natives were set free.

In 1848 this led to another exodus across the Vaal river into what is now called the Transvaal. This country was owned and possessed by native tribes. The Dutch, or Boers, as we now call them, dispossessed the natives, killing many of them, driving others from the territory, and subjugating the rest to a state little better than slavery—never treating them as ordinary human beings. Their land was forcibly taken from them, and no amount they might offer would buy them a bit.

Until quite recently there was not even a marriage law for them, and then the fee was enormous. Every tribe cherishes an intense hatred for the Boers, and but for the strong arm of the British Government would gladly seize this present moment to avenge themselves.

While the Boers are fighting us, we are holding back the natives from attacking them.

In 1876 the Boers were on the verge of bankruptcy, civil war and destruction by the natives. To save them the British Government annexed the Transvaal, securing peace.

Again the question of slavery arose, with its usual hostility on the part of the Boers.

In 1881 came the Majuba Hill catastrophe, when our British troops were defeated and Sir George Colley killed.

Mr. Gladstone, by mistaken leniency, gave them back a good deal of their independence, though the paramount authority of Great Britain was never abandoned. Later they were again insolvent, but in

the following year gold was discovered, which brought thousands of strangers to the country, and Boer insolvency was changed to almost fabulous wealth.

President Kruger proclaimed the Transvaal open to all nationalities, with equal and just laws for all. This law was altered again and again. English was made a foreign language. The Boers were quickly outnumbered, but kept all authority in their own hands, denying every right of citizenship to those whose enterprise, money and labor made the country rich. Redress was sought, but only met with sneers and insults, and not until overtures had been again and again rejected were other means of redress thought of.

The Uitlanders have sunk millions of pounds in the Transvaal; they own a large portion of the land, and a very large percentage of the revenue is derived from their industry. Both white and black Uitlanders are mostly British subjects, and the British Government has a perfect right to interfere on their behalf.

The Boers, had they been just, could easily have had the loyal support of the Uitlanders, and thus made the republic secure.

The British never sought to destroy their independence, and Paul Kruger knows this quite well.

The Boers are now fighting for a gross injustice. They would rule, though in the minority, and the vast working population be reckoned of no account except as contributors to the wealth of the ruling few.

Doubtless they have been dreaming of the time when the British flag should be superseded by theirs, and for years they have been making warlike preparations to this end.

The Jameson Raid gave them an excuse to disarm the Uitlanders, and helped them by making our Government have more patience with them, thus giving them still more time to prepare for driving the hated

British into the sea and getting to themselves full power over South Africa.

On the contrary, we are going to war on defence of a principle. The treatment of the natives by the Boers is barbarous and a disgrace to a civilized nation. For my part, I think Kruger has destroyed his last foot of standing ground and the last hope of independence for the two republics.

I do not expect it will be an easy thing to fight in South Africa. By what I read of it, the whole place is full of native fortresses, formed by the hills and stony ranges. But if, as I fully believe, *Britain* is *Israel*, then I say she must conquer, for Israel is to rule the world under Christ the King of kings and Lord of lords. So I say: May we speedily see South Africa under the British Flag—the Flag of Liberty float where she may, putting down tyranny and letting the slave go free; thus the black and white races will fulfil their destiny in love and peace. So, dear friends, you see it is absolutely necessary that we should go into this war. We shall soon see our empire on review as it were; she will soon have to show us what she can do. As I said before, I do not anticipate an easy victory; the country is difficult; the people are many in number; and I am afraid Britain is a little too self-confident. I would that they could realize that they have to take South Africa for God, instead of thinking only of the Empire and the Queen, though I love both Empire and Queen; but I love them because they both belong to the Lord of Hosts, and I would love Him most of all and delight to do Him honor.

"Thank you, again and again, for such a paper," said mine host; but looking at me with a quizzical little smile, he said: "Mrs. Mordant, after all this what will you do supposing the British do not win?"

I was silent for a minute, then said: "It is a little late, but I will trespass a tiny bit more on your patience and answer your question by telling you a very simple story:

"Once upon a time a little old lady lived in a little old house, in front of which was a small garden. She was very old, very plain looking, and very poor; yet in spite of this she was very happy. Her clergyman, passing by one morning, heard her singing.

"'Good morning, Nancy. You are always singing. How is it?'

"'I dunno, sir, 'cept 'cause I'm always happy.'

"'Now, Nancy, suppose God should send a frost which would destroy the fruit and things that you are depending on for a living, what would you do then?'

"'Well, sir, you see, I never did suppose, and I never will suppose. I'll just wait till the suppose comes; then I'll make the best on it.'

"Now, sir, that is what I am going to do; so good night, and pray excuse me for keeping you so long."

"Oh! but I see Miss A. at the organ, so we must sing a hymn before you go."



CHAPTER VI.

NEW ARRIVALS.

The Lord is with His people, wherever they may be;
His care still overshadows them, be it on land or sea.

“ Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven ” (Matt. 5: 16.)

WE will go back now to the little log-house and see how our friends are progressing.

The summer had given place to early fall.

Mr. Mordant was working at the foundry, and doubtless his wife might have been lonesome had she given herself time to be so; but she was always busy — her garden had been the admired of all admirers; people had walked miles to see it.

She had charge at this time of a baby whose mother was ill; she did quite a bit of sewing for the neighbors, and was as happy as the days were long. She used to say to her husband sometimes: “ I declare, I get a fresh surprise every day, things are so different here to what they are at home.”

"What is the surprise this time?" he said, on one occasion.

"Well, I was just through bathing the baby this morning when the door was opened and in walked a young woman. She neither knocked nor said 'Excuse me,' she just put her bundle down on one chair and sat herself down on another.

"I said: 'Good morning! Is there anything I can do for you?' and she answered, as cool as a cucumber: 'Yes, will you please give me some breakfast?' Of course I gave her as nice a one as I could, and she said: 'Thank you,' and went off.

"Then you know how it rained this afternoon, and how cold it got. Well, I saw a lot of cattle go by, and a man with a ragged coat and an old slouch hat on was driving them. As I watched, to my great surprise he turned in at our gate. I waited for him to knock, but no, sir; he just lifted the latch and walked in, took a chair, and sat up close to the stove. Then he gave a little shiver, saying, 'I'm about starved.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'I'm sorry; I'll get you something to eat at once.'

"'No, no, I'm not hungry, I'm only starved with the cold,' he said. 'How old is the baby?'

"'Five months,' I replied.

"'Fine little fellow; what's your name?'

"'Mordant.'

"'Did you buy this place or rent it?'

"'We bought it.'

"'Who made your garden?'

"'I did.'

"'Did you, now? You don't look as if you had that much in you.'

"'Sometimes appearances are deceitful,' I said.

"'Yes; sometimes little folks can do more than big

ones. Well, thank you for a warm; I don't think it rains quite so fast now.'

"With that he walked away after his cattle; and can you possibly guess who that man is?"

"No, I can't; how should I?"

"Well, he is Mr. Snell, the great cattle buyer, worth thousands of dollars; fancy me thinking he was hungry!"

"Is that so? I've seen his house; we should call it a mansion in England; but now I've got a surprise for you."

"Have you? What is it?"

"A letter from Annie."

"Oh!" (as she reads it) "She is coming! she is coming! and a young friend with her; they are to sail on the *Circassian* from Liverpool on September 6th. So we may look for them about the 20th. Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

There was much anxiety, however, before their arrival. Many preparations were made at the time they were expected, but they did not come. The *Circassian* was reported in, yet they did not arrive, and it was concluded that they for some reason had not left England. A letter was looked for daily, but it did not come, and, as is so often the case, it was the unexpected which happened. Mr. Mordant—who was laid off work at the foundry for a few days—had decided to go with the boys to a thrashing, which was some distance away. They were to start at four in the morning and have breakfast when they got there, and they expected to be two days away. Mrs. Mordant had decided to visit friends in town during their absence. I tell you this so as to give a reason for them being literally without food in the house, save what would be sufficient for her own breakfast in the morning—a little bread and butter

with a small bowl of apple sauce. The boys had gone to bed quite early, and she was about to go when she heard footsteps and a timid knock at the door.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Does Mrs. Mordant live here, please?"

"Yes; who is it?"

"Oh, that's Mary's voice! It's me, Mary; let us in, quick."

The next minute they were in each other's arms, for it was Annie and her friend come at last. The boys were soon dressed, and there was great rejoicing in the little log-house that night.

There was consternation, also, for the girls were hungry, and how were they to be fed?

If Annie were here now she would tell you that in all her life she had never tasted anything so good as that bit of apple sauce.

Fortunately there were eggs and flour, and this sufficed to satisfy their hunger for the time being.

Mary was wise enough to make the boys go back to bed, leaving all news until a future time, and very soon they were sleeping the sleep of the just.

Of course, Mrs. Mordant deferred her visiting, and talking was the order of the next day.

It appeared that almost at the last moment they had changed their minds and taken passage on a sailing vessel instead of on a steamer, as they had first intended.

They were seven weeks on the water, and landed in New York in place of Quebec.

While waiting for their trunks to be examined, they were robbed of their purses, which contained all the money they possessed, as well as their tickets. New York is a busy place, and nobody seemed able to help them, or they did not know how to seek help,

or to whom to apply. Their checks were gone, and they could not even get their trunks; it was more than a month before they were sent on.

A gentleman, seeing that they were in evident trouble about something, questioned them, and took upon himself to see that they were cared for. There were many who passed by on the other side, but he acted the part of the good Samaritan, took them to a respectable boarding-house to stay over Sunday (for this was Saturday), and became responsible for any expense they might incur, promising to see the proper authorities and get them sent forward on Monday. He took their address so that their trunks could follow; got them a pass, and himself saw them off on the train; but in the hurry nobody had remembered that they would want to eat on the road, and only for the kindness of strangers they would have been hungry, indeed.

When they got to Toronto they found that through some oversight their pass only brought them that far, and they were told to wait there an hour when they would get a train for Brampton.

Poor Annie was crying, and Alice Gray, her friend, was trying to soothe her, when a gentleman stepped up to them—another good Samaritan—asking why they were troubled. They told him, and he at once got them each a ticket and put them on the train. They asked his address, so that they could refund the money. How gladly Mrs. Mordant repaid this I need hardly say, as also the good woman who fed and sheltered them in New York; for she had refused to accept payment from their gentleman friend when she learned the circumstances of the case.

They soon settled down in their new home, and had no difficulty about getting work, as they were both good needle-women and were very soon in great demand.

They determined, however, not to work too hard the first year; they would be free to work or play as they liked, so long as they were not a burden on their friends.

Annie used to say, "We will stay on at the farm, Mary, as long as we can pay our board;" and Mary answered, "Yes, the farm in miniature," though they had got a cow now and were doing very nicely.

When Mrs. Mordant was married, in a letter she received from her sister Julia was this sentence: "Be sure, dear Mary, you avoid the first quarrel." She read it to her husband and laughed at the idea of quarrelling with him; but, sad to say, one day it came, and over a mere trifle. I do not think that sister Julia's advice was even thought of at the time.

The girls were not working that day and the boys decided to take a half-holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, with the girls, went to market in the morning, returning a little while before noon.

It was rather cold, and Mrs. Mordant began to build the fire, which did not seem inclined to burn, and she jokingly remarked that her sweetheart could not be in a good humor; when Mr. Mordant, pushing her to one side, said, "Now let me see if you are in a good humor," and he began to take the wood out of the stove. Had she left him to do it all might have been well; but she wanted her way and he wanted his, and they got into a wrangle, going a little too far for his patience. So it ended in his throwing the wood down as he said, "You can make all your fires after this," then he went into the bedroom and closed the door.

Very soon things were in a fair way for dinner, and Mrs. Mordant said, "Look, what a lovely fire, I must go and make peace with my old man; he must be in a good humor by this time, surely." But he

was not, for when she went into the bedroom she found him with his hat and coat on, and a bundle.

"Where are you going? What's in the bundle?"

"I'm going away where I can't be a nuisance to you any more."

"Oh, now, don't get vexed over such a little thing; let us kiss and be friends."

But he was not to be pacified.

"No," he said sternly, "I will go to Toronto. You've got your brother and sister, so you won't be lonesome."

"And you think they will take your place? But they won't. If you go I shall go with you."

"You can't do that, for I am going to walk."

"Then I'll walk, too."

"You can't, it's too far."

"Well, now, listen. You shall not go alone unless you run away. I am going with you, and when I can't walk any further I will sit down, and you may do as you like."

As he moved towards the door she picked up a small handbag, and putting into it a few useful articles, she slipped on her cape and hat, told the girls not to worry, and following him up the road soon overtook him.

He turned round quite sharply, saying, "Why don't you stay at home? I am going to walk on the track."

"All right," she said, "so will I."

"How will you cross the cattle-guards?"

"If I can't get over, I shall tumble in, that's all."

By this time they were near to Walter Rollings' house, and he called to them to know if they were in a great hurry. When he found they were not he said, "We have a big lift on here, Mordant; will you give us a hand? You go into the house, Mrs. Mordant, and we'll be in after a while."

Mrs. Mordant told Mrs. Rollings all about it, and she, laughing, said, "I'll fix him—you see if I don't. It's very near dinner time, and when they come in you be mending this waist for me." With that she went on quietly getting the dinner.

"I do not feel at all alarmed, you know, Mrs. Rollings," said Mrs. Mordant. "He won't go a step farther after he finds an excuse for turning with some show of dignity."

"We must try and furnish that excuse, then, and I think we shall manage it," said Mrs. Rollings. "I think it was quite providential that my husband saw you. And you've got his bundle, I see. They are coming now," she added, going forward to meet them.

"How do you do, Mr. Mordant? You just saved me a journey coming along when you did. I wanted your wife's advice very badly. Come in; here's water to wash your hands. Dinner is quite ready. Come, Mrs. Mordant, you can finish that for me while your good man and mine smoke their after-dinner pipe."

Thus she rattled on till they were seated at the table, when the conversation became general.

After awhile their pipes were laid aside, the little job of sewing was finished, and they simply got up and went home again, not having gone more than ten minutes' walk from their own dwelling. The only remark made as they crossed the road was, "It is too late to start now, so I will wait till to-morrow."

The girls were greatly relieved on seeing them, and at a look from Mrs. Mordant understood that they were to make no remark.

Thus ended the quarrel, which might have been so much worse but for the little interruption by the way. The providence of God, Mrs. Mordant called it—for she fully believes that God rules the lives of His people in even the minutest details.

I asked her once how that held good in cases where Christian people made such mistakes as sometimes even to become really sinful.

I will give you her answer, as near as I can remember it. She said :

"It seems to me it is like this. Two ways are open to us; we choose one of them without enough thought, without prayer for guidance or real desire for God's glory, and we do this unconsciously, as it were—thoughtlessly. After a while we find that it would have been better for us to have chosen the other path.

"Now, this knowledge may affect us in two ways. We may become carelessly indifferent; say bitterly, 'Well, I made my own bed, I must just lie on it'; thus getting astray from God for awhile, and the road will get harder as we travel it. Or, we may accept the fact that in making our own choice we made a mistake. We shall in that case go to God and lay before Him both the choice and the mistake. We would do well to take the words of one of our beautiful collects, 'Prevent (or go before) with thy grace and follow after with thy blessing,' which prayer, offered in humble faith, will never fail to bring the help and blessing needed.

"Please remember," she said, "if we touch fire it will burn, if we touch pitch it will blacken. So the consequences of our mistakes must be borne; patiently or impatiently as the case may be, but bear them we must. One thought more comes to me. We cannot always confine these consequences to ourselves, they reach out sometimes to the third or fourth generation. Yet, if we be God's children, trusting Him, how good He is to us, helping us along the difficult road we have hewn out for ourselves, making our paths light and our way easy by His presence as He invites us to cast our care upon Him."

We must pass on, or our readers will think that they are to be kept at the little log-house for all time. Alas! the happy hours spent there are nearly over. It is about three years since the Mordants took possession, and some changes have taken place since then.

Early in the new year Annie was married to William Powell, a friend of Mrs. Rollings'. It was a very pretty, quiet wedding at the church in Brampton, performed by Mr. Middleton, the rector. A few friends spent the afternoon and evening with them, wishing them much happiness, etc.

William had a good situation with a farmer, a nice house, rent free, which he furnished neatly, and they were quite happy and contented.

You may remember that the last new comer into the Mordant mansion (as Walter Roe had christened it) was a baby boy—not their own, though he soon became very dear to them. He was two months old when placed under their care, and was extremely delicate, though he got to be a healthy little chap before his mother was able to take charge of him. Her illness had been a long and tedious one.

It was at the time we are writing of, however, that she began to think she would like to have him home, and yet her husband was afraid she was not strong enough to take full charge of even the housekeeping. So it was decided that just as soon as convenient after the wedding the Mordants should leave their little home and live with the parents of the child—to keep house and take charge of things generally—until Mrs. A. should be stronger and able to take her duties upon herself.

They sold their stock and rented the house for one year. Alice (Annie's friend) took a situation in town, and the boys took board also in town. Mr. Mordant, of course, was with his wife. Thus a year passed

quickly by, and in the month of May we find them once more in the old place. The same, yet not the same. Everything outside is looking its best, but they are most unsettled. It was all very well at the first to go there alone—there was a novelty and a charm about it—but now the novelty has passed, the charm is broken.

Mrs. Mordant is standing by the barn. What is she saying? "O Jennie and Sambo, where are you? And I may call chick, chick, till I'm hoarse; not a thing left, and I loved them so—no baby either; poor little Eddie, I am sure he will miss me. Why, what's this? Pussy, pussy, pussy; come here, my pet. You've stayed around all this time, and I believe you know me. Come into the house, and I'll give you some milk. With you to keep me company I can get to work again."

And so she did, but the charm and novelty of it never came back.

Thus, when the next farm was sold, and the man who bought it wanted their place, too, as it joined the other, they let him have it and went into the town to live.

This was more than twenty-five years ago, but if you were talking to Mrs. Mordant to-day, she would tell you that leaving the little place at all was their first mistake, and the selling it was the next and worst, that is humanly speaking. About two years later William Powell built a little cottage, close to the Rectory in Brampton, and lived there.

At this time the Canadian Pacific Railway became a question of the day, and men were called upon to go out with a party of surveyors. Amongst some of the first to go were Mr. Mordant, Mr. Powell, Harry and Walter.

During their absence Mrs. Mordant went to stay

with her sister. I think this was in the spring of 1872.

As doubtless my readers will remember, there was a great deal of trouble, which it was almost impossible to get to the bottom of, about this same road. In fact, it got to be called "The Pacific Railway scandal," so intense was the wrangling and great the contention over it.

Two companies, or corporations, had it in hand, but were disbanded, when a third company was formed, of which Sir Hugh Allan was President. It was to be composed of Canadians only, and no foreign capital was to be used, and I believe it was through some infringement of this that the quarrel ensued, which quarrel or misunderstanding took a political turn, thus forming a great scandal.

Sir John A. Macdonald, then Premier, was a little quick to make promises. He did not always consider the difficulties in the way of carrying them out.

When the surveyors, however, peered over the Rocky Mountains, they knew at once that years of surveying would be needed before it would be possible to decide on the best route.

I remember, the second year the men went out, they had to wait in Toronto at their own expense for six or eight weeks, while disputes were being settled as to the advisability of going on with the survey or not. They were eventually paid for that time of waiting, in the cases of those who had been hired to a certain date.

Feeling was very strong between the people of British Columbia and Canada, and I have always liked to think of the nice, quiet way in which Lord Dufferin dealt with the case. In a speech, made to the people of British Columbia, he said: "You have been subjected to much anxiety on points which were

of vital importance to you. From first to last, since the idea of a Pacific Railway was originated, things, to use a homely phrase, have gone contrary with it, and with everybody connected with it. Doubtless, you have suffered in many ways. The promise was, that the railway should be begun in two, and finished in ten years from 1871, the date of your union with Canada. We are now in 1876, and the work of construction has only just begun.

"Canada has failed to fulfil her treaty, but she has not been guilty of a wilful breach of faith. I myself am quite convinced that when she promised this she acted in good faith; her mistake was in being too sanguine in her calculations. But, remember, the mountains which have been our stumbling-block were your own, and in your own territory.

"The change of government then caused some delay, but not, as has been said, that Mr. Mackenzie was against the railway scheme, which, I believe, has not got a better friend than he in the matter. He was only against the time terms of the bargain."

I may here say, that Lord Dufferin in this speech did a great deal towards making peace between the disputants, and also gave some good advice to them as to their treatment of the Indians, who were in their keeping and under their care.

This was his farewell address, on the 20th of September, 1876. When bidding them good-bye, he "hoped that the next time he went to British Columbia it would be by rail."



CHAPTER VII.

THE NATION WHICH GOD FORMED FOR HIMSELF.

"O Lord, thy word endureth forever in heaven"
(Ps. 119: 89).

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

"GOOD evening, Mrs. Mordant, glad to see you—
hope you've got something good for us to-night; sit
right down."

"Why, father, let Mrs. Mordant take her bonnet
and cloak off. Give them to me, Mrs. Mordant;
father's always in such a hurry."

"Oh, well, you see, if I was going to be spokesman
I should just hang my hat up and be ready."

Thus the good-natured fellow rattled on until we
were seated and I had been presented to two who
were not there before, and had asked after one who
was absent, then I began my reading:

Now, dear friends, having spoken about the nation which we know exists, and which we all, more or less, love and are proud of, I want to tell you something of that nation which God formed for himself in the early days of this world's history. This, of necessity, I must take from the Bible: "Now the Lord said unto Abram. . . . I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great. . . . I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 12: 1-3).

Again, He said: "Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates" (Gen. 15: 18).

And again, "I will make nations of thee, . . . and I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession, and I will be their God" (Gen. 17: 3-8).

"Sarah, thy wife, shall bear thee a son indeed, and thou shalt call his name Isaac" (Gen. 17: 19).

"In Isaac shall thy seed be called" (Gen. 21: 12).

"Thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 22: 16-18).

Will you please notice that these promises were made to Abraham unconditionally? Therefore, they are bound to be kept; and remember, it was to be an everlasting possession. They were wonderful blessings, and reached out to all time.

Abraham *was* great, and his name *became* great, and of him God *did* form a nation, but it was to his *seed* the chief blessings were to come.

Israel was to come of him, and to be a blessing to all the nations upon earth.

Christ was to come of him and be a blessing to

all the families of the earth, but lest there should be any misunderstanding, God gave the promises over again to Isaac in these words: "Go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of: Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and bless thee; for unto thee, and thy seed, I will give all these countries, and I will perform the oath which I swore unto Abraham thy father: And I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 26: 2-4).

Note these promises are still unconditional, and notice further Abraham's faith with regard to a wife for Isaac.

When he was very old he bound his servant by an oath that he should go seek a wife for his son from amongst his own kindred. He gave him full particulars, and sent him to Mesopotamia, to the city of Nahor. He was not to go alone, "For God shall send His angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence" (Gen. 24: 7).

She was God-given, for this man made it a matter of prayer and God heard and answered. (Gen. 24: 43-45.)

Now look at the remarkable blessing she receives from her brethren.

"Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions (a countless multitude), and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them" (Gen. 24: 60).

I would like you at your leisure to read this entire chapter, Genesis 24, it is so very interesting.

In passing I may notice that Abraham took another wife after the death of Sarah and had more children, but they had no part with Isaac. They

received gifts and were sent into the east country, but Isaac was the heir (Gen. 25 : 5, 6).

God is still careful that no mistake should be made, and the promises are repeated to Jacob, with a further promise that he should "spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south" (Gen. 28 : 13-15).

His name was changed to "Israel," and God told him that a nation and a company of nations should be of him, and that kings should come out of his loins; and the land which I gave to Abraham and to Isaac, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed after thee will I give the land (Gen. 35 : 10-12).

Later, when the famine was sore in the land, God said to him, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation" (Gen. 46 : 2, 3).

Time goes on and Jacob is about to die; but first he must appoint his heirs, and give his blessing to his sons, as the custom was. He tells Joseph what God had said to him and what he had promised to him as an everlasting possession, then He goes on to say, "And now thy two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, which were born unto thee in the land of Egypt, are mine; as Reuben and Simeon (or in place of Reuben and Simeon) they shall be mine; thy future children shall be thine" (Gen. 48 : 3-6).

Ephraim is to be a company of nations greater than Manasseh, though Manasseh is to be a great people (Gen. 48 : 19).

Joseph also received the chief temporal blessings at the time of his father's death, when he called his sons together that he may tell them what should befall them in the latter days.

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall: "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and

hated him. But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; from thence is the Shepherd, the stone of Israel" (literally, of his seed is to come the caretaker of the stone of Israel).

"Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee, and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb. The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren" (Gen. 49, 22-26).

Still, no condition, you see. Ephraim and Manasseh are heirs to their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and Abraham is heir of the world. Now, I want you to notice that these promises I have told you of were made when as yet there was no nation. It was four hundred years later when that nation actually came to the front, and Moses was appointed by God to bring them forth. As you know, he led them through the wilderness to the borders of the promised land, and here we find conditions laid down for them; but these conditions are for them to walk by, and do not in any way affect the promises which were made to their forefathers. These conditions, commands, precepts and laws, are only so many helps towards making a people such as God desires to rule this world, as St. Paul says, "a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ."

Now, what kind of a people does Israel become? Stiffnecked, rebellious, disobedient, and idolatrous. They are brought from Egypt by God's outstretched arm; His power causes them to walk through the Red Sea dry shod, and the same power causes the death of their enemies.

They go through the wilderness, alternately sinning and repenting, being punished and forgiven again and again.

It is interesting to read their further history as we get it through the different books of God's word. We find Judah and Ephraim often vexing each other; Manasseh is jealous of Ephraim on account of the birthright; Esau or Edom, as a people, are constantly annoying Israel, and seeking to do them harm. Yet, in spite of their disobedience and sin, we find Moses, the man of God, who knew them so well, and who suffered many things at their hands, blessing them before his death, and showing them what should surely come to pass. And of Joseph he said: "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush: let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren. His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns: with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth: and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh" (Deut. 33: 13-17).

Now, please, dear friends, note this wonderful blessing, or rather list of blessings. They are all temporal. They were never fulfilled to the house of Joseph in Bible times; they did not come into all the land which God gave to them as a possession, for He gave to them as the seed of Abraham this land, "from the

river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates" (Gen. 15:18). They never owned it; but, as God is true, they must possess it at some time, and if Britain is Israel they possess it now. The "river of Egypt" is the Nile. It has its rise in equatorial Africa, upwards of two thousand miles south of Cairo. The Euphrates rises in Armenia, six hundred miles north of Jerusalem. The promised land, therefore, takes in Armenia, with Ararat on the north, and Uganda on the south. The western boundaries, given as in above text, were, on September 2nd, 1898, given over to the British. On that date, at one blow, Lord Kitchener (then Sir Herbert, or General Kitchener) destroyed the whole power of the Khalifa, and, in spite of the French at Fashoda, gained for the British-Egyptian Government the basin of the Nile from its source to the outlets at Alexandria. But this is a digression; I shall have more to say of Egypt by and by.

We will go back to Judah. Moses must have foreseen that he was to be separated from his brethren, and would need special help.

And this is the blessing of Judah: "And he said, Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people; let his hands be sufficient for him; and be thou a help to him from his enemies" (Deut. 33:7).

We will now look at a few of the promises made to those who would keep the commands of God as laid down for them.

"If ye walk in my statutes and keep my commandments, and do them, then will I give you rain, . . . fruitful land, . . . and fruitful trees, . . . plenty of bread, . . . peace, . . . safety, . . . success in war, . . . the tabernacle or church in your midst. . . . I will walk with you . . . and ye shall go upright." Wonderful blessings, and as much for us to-day as for them (Lev. 26:3-13).

Christ corroborates this when He says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). What things are here meant? Food, clothing, etc., as you will see by the verses above the one quoted.

Now let us look at the punishments for disobedience. "But if ye will not harken, and will not do these commandments . . . I will do this unto you, I will even appoint over you terror, . . . consumption, . . . burning ague, . . . sorrow of heart; . . . ye shall sow your seed in vain. . . . I will set my face against you; . . . ye shall be slain before your enemies; . . . they that hate you shall reign over you; . . . and if ye will not then harken unto me I will punish you seven times more for your sins." . . . Three times this "seven times more" is repeated, and the punishments are more and more severe each time till they bring us down to the siege of Jerusalem. And not one word of this has failed. As a nation they enjoyed peace and security for a little while, and as a nation they received their just punishment for sin. Individuals are the same, and can we not look around to-day and see the same things going on?

When Adam sinned he died; and so death passed upon all men. Our forefathers sinned, and brought upon themselves the evils of sickness. We inherit death, we inherit sickness. But Christ has come, and "whoso believeth in him, though he die, yet shall he live." Jesus has come, and whoso has faith but to "touch the hem of his garment" may be healed.

After the death of Moses these people were ruled over by judges for many years; then they wanted a king, so that they might be like unto the nations around them. Samuel, the last of the judges, made Saul king, but he displeased God and died an ignominious death, he and his three sons in one day.

God next appoints David as king. "He was thirty years old when he began to reign. In Hebron he reigned over Judah seven years and six months; and in Jerusalem he reigned thirty and three years over all Israel and Judah" (2 Sam. 5:4,5). He led them on from victory to victory, for it was warfare most of the time. After his death "Solomon, his son, reigned in his stead," and they had forty years of peace and prosperity.

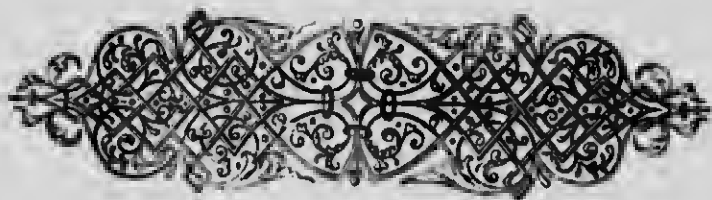
This is a brief sketch of the Bible history of this nation. But, before closing, I want to say that just what God formed that nation for He is going to bring it to. He is going to have it do just what He raised it up intending that it should do. He is unchangeable. He never said one thing and meant another. He will yet be glorified in this very people, in spite of all their sin and wickedness. They are His, and though he must punish, it is not forever.

As I folded my paper I noticed a young lady move to the organ, and then a sweet voice began to sing:

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near."

At this point others took up the words and the hymn was sung through to the end.

Thus ended a pleasant and, I trust, profitable evening.



CHAPTER VIII.

A WEDDING THAT DID NOT COME OFF.

“And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?” (Luke 3:10).

“We know God’s mighty hand is leading,
Leading all the journey through;
What are we his people doing?
Are we working with him, too?”

AFTER the men had left on their first trip, Mrs. Mordant began to wonder what kind of work she could take up for the Master. She felt that in one sense she had not lately been doing anything specially for Him—she had had so little leisure. But now her time was her own and must be used in some way for His glory; and very soon a way was offered to her.

Mrs. Powell took two boarders, one a middle-aged man, who worked in the foundry, John Crouch by name; the other a young lad about seventeen years old, who worked day work for Judge Scott.

As I told you, they lived close to the Rectory, and

were soon on very friendly terms with the rector and his wife—two bright Christians, shining for God's glory.

We had some pretty rough boys in Brampton at that time. By the way, is there any town without them, I wonder. Having had some experience with boys in the Old Country, Mrs. Mordant told Mr. Middleton that with his permission she would form a Bible-class for them. He laughed, saying, "Have you not got Archie Braseby with you?"

"Yes! Why?"

"Don't you think you had better begin with him?"

She knew what he meant, for Archie was an awful boy for mischief.

"But I intend to make him my captain," she said.

And so she did. He would have done anything for her, night or day. He certainly kept the house lively, and many a scolding Mrs. Powell got for aiding and abetting. He teased Mr. Crouch most unmercifully. The poor fellow had a small lump on the top of his head, on which at different times pepper, salt and mustard was sifted.

He was constantly getting into trouble outside by playing practical jokes on people, yet he was kind hearted in the extreme, and nobody could be a better nurse in times of sickness.

After the Bible-class was formed, Mrs. Mordant was a little anxious lest he should get excited, for she knew that if he took a liberty the others would follow suit. They were a dozen of the toughest boys in town, but very soon you could not pay them to miss that class.

Archie led the singing. Sometimes he got a little boisterous when there was a chorus to the hymn chosen, but, taking all together, she had very little trouble with them.

For each lesson correctly said and for early attendance they got one small ticket (three in the evening). They could exchange twelve small tickets for one larger, then four of the larger ones could be exchanged for either a New Testament, prayer-book or hymn-book; or six large tickets would get them a Bible. She also taught in the Sunday-school, besides doing a good deal of visiting amongst the very poor.

She said to Mr. Middleton one day, "Visiting amongst the poor in Canada is not at all like it is in England. Jack's as good as his master here, and it requires some tact to avoid hurting their feelings."

She was greatly amused on one occasion by a little girl about eight or nine years of age who called on her one Sunday morning. She was very dirty and very ragged, and this was the conversation that passed between them:

"Please will you give ma some sweet milk?"

"Give your ma sweet milk? Who is your ma?"

"She's Mrs. John Weston."

"And where does she live?"

"Down hy the mill."

"Oh! in that frame house right in the hollow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I was there last night. Did you not tell people yesterday that your ma was ill?"

"Yes, ma'am. So she was."

"But you said she could not get up."

"No, she couldn't; hut last night she had to, 'cause we had nothing to eat."

"Where was she then when I called?"

"Gone to the shop to huy things for to-day."

"What did she huy, and what have you got for dinner to-day?"

"We've got" (in quite a lively tone) "boiled mutton and turnips, taters and apple pie."

"You've got all that and yet you come out on Sunday morning with dirty face and hands and ragged clothes to ask for milk?"

"Well, ma can't drink that water, and she ain't to drink no more tea, and she wished she had a drink o' milk, and I run up here to get her a drink."

"If I give you some milk will you go home and wash your hands and face?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, you tell your ma that I shall call and see her to-morrow."

On Monday morning Mrs. Mordant found the child's mother at home, a forlorn-looking woman, apparently half-dead with consumption.

The child was right; she had been in bed for several days, and on Saturday was not able to get up during the day; but in the evening, when her husband took home a little money, she, knowing that she could make it go further by spending it herself than by sending for things, got up, and for twenty-five cents she bought bread, tea, a bit of neck of mutton, a turnip and a few potatoes. The pie was made from a bit of dripping and a few apples that had been given to her by a neighbor.

In the course of conversation she said, "I was sorry my little girl troubled you on Sunday morning. She ran off without telling me where she was going to. She heard me wish for a drink of milk, and it seems she knew where to get it. I did enjoy it so much; it was very kind of you to send it."

Her case was laid before the ladies of the church, and she was cared for in a systematic way as long as she lived.

Mrs. Mordant visited her constantly, and at last she fell asleep in Jesus. The grass has grown over her grave now for more than twenty years.

The boys of that Bible-class are scattered, and it is not known whether any of them received a special benefit or not. Mrs. Mordant says, "The Word was there, and since it cannot return void, it must have accomplished that whereunto it was sent."

I wonder if it would be possible to belong for any length of time to a church without some trouble in the choir. It seems to be quite the fashion these days to get at loggerheads with the parson.

Of course we had to have our turn at St. George's. The members of the choir thought they would like to turn to the east while repeating the creed, as it seemed to have become the fashion in some of the city churches.

"Will you turn, your reverence?" asked Mr. A., an Irish gentleman.

"No! I will not, I'm quite satisfied to stand as I do."

"Well, you won't object to the members of the choir turning, will you?"

"I won't object if nobody else does."

Accordingly, on the following Sunday the choir turned nicely to the east while repeating the creed, and turned as nicely back again.

However, there were those who objected, and to give Mr. Middleton his due he tried to overrule those objections, and in some cases he did overrule them; but one very old lady, who had gone to church there since it was first built, although she could give no definite reason for objecting, object she did, and begged that no change such as that might take place while she lived, "which won't be very long now, you know, Mr. Middleton," she said, "and it hurts me to see them all turn their backs that-a-way."

"Do you mind it so very much?" he said. "The choir seems to think it is right to turn to the east, and

it really makes no difference to us if our hearts are right with God." But she could not be persuaded, and because of her age Mr. Middleton would not have her feelings hurt.

He spoke to the choir on the night of the weekly practice, telling them that it must not be, as he would not have the humblest member of the congregation made uncomfortable.

On Saturday the organist told the rector that the members of the choir did not think it right that they should be overruled by just two or three of the congregation, and that they purposed turning to the east as they had done the Sunday before.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, "but wilful is that wilful does—they must take their own way."

On Sunday morning, as soon as the chant was finished, there was just hesitation enough to give the choir time to turn, when the rector said, "Let us pray," going on with the service from that point.

Certainly they were angry, and told him so.

He said, "I cannot help it; for you to repeat that creed, led by me, at the same time that you were doing something in open defiance of my wish, would have been committing a grievous error, and to that I will be no party. But, gentlemen, I am sure you will have more true politeness than to force me to do the same thing again."

In the evening, before leaving the vestry, he asked the leader, "Shall we have the creed to-night?"

"Yes, your Reverence, with all our heart."

And this ended the trouble.

Mr. A. was very comical and very popular; he could lead the others, not only in the singing, but in any direction he chose.

He was the father of the little boy baby that Mrs. Mordant took charge of. He called her husband Lord

Mordant, and he retained the title amongst his friends as long as they remained in Brampton.

My readers must have seen that Mrs. Mordant was a busy little woman. Many people wondered how she accomplished the work she managed to get through. I think it was because she was systematic. She was a great reader, too, and yet had time to spend her evenings in being sociable, both at home and abroad. She was very popular amongst the children; wherever there was a children's party you would be sure to find her as well, as Annie. "They knew so many games," the children said.

About this time they became acquainted with a widow lady who was glad to do what she could to earn a little money, and often helped them on busy days. It soon became evident that Mr. Crouch paid a good deal of attention to this lady, and at length proposed for her hand.

"What do you think about it, Mrs. Mordant?" she asked.

"Well, as far as means go, I should think he would be quite able to keep you very comfortably. He is most industrious and earns good wages. You would be able to keep your little girl at school, and if you like him I see no reason why you should not accept him."

Thus, the question settled, the banns were published for the first and second time and the wedding gown was made. He had bought boots for her and her daughter, an easy chair and carpet for the parlor, a new suit of clothes for himself, and the wedding day was fixed. It was to take place from Mrs. Powell's, and his fellow boarders were invited guests, as well as friends of hers.

But something happened.

How wonderful are God's providences, and His

ways past finding out. What great things come sometimes through simple little actions.

A young boy belonging to the Bible-class above mentioned heard that his mother was ill and that she wished him to send her some medicine such as he had sent her before.

He got the medicine, but instead of sending it he asked leave of absence for a few days and took it home to Guelph.

The day after his reaching home his brother took a friend in to spend the evening, who had lately come from England, a Mr. Watkins.

They were playing a game of whist when Willie, the young boy, said, "Oh! mother mine, I am going to a wedding."

"Indeed, my boy, and who are the happy couple that would care to invite such a madcap as you?"

"Well, really it is a wonder he would invite me, for I do bother the life out of him nearly; he boards with my chum, Archie Braseby. His name is John Crouch and hers—"

"Who! what! did I hear aright? John Crouch, did you say?" exclaimed Mr. Watkins, rising in a most excited manner.

"Yes! that's what I said. What's the row?"

"Why, he's a married man, if I am not very much mistaken. Is he stout, not very tall, and has he got a lump on the top of his head about the size of my thumb?"

"That's the man—you've just hit him. Many a dose of pepper and salt has that lump received from Archie Braseby. But, say, I hope you're mistaken, for the lady's sake; she's just as nice a little woman as you'd meet in a day's march. They have been called in church twice, and are to be married next Monday."

"Well, I must go back with you and see him, for I

was talking to his wife just five weeks ago, when she asked me to try to find him and see if he was well, and to let her know, as she would not like him to be in need, though she could not live with him, as he was such a crank."

"Well, so he is that, sometimes. Mrs. Mordant can hardly make him shut up, and she is the only one in the house that has any control over him. Oh, dear! I guess you had better go down with me; but I am sorry, I tell you."

On Saturday at noon they went to the house. Archie Braseby gave Mr. Watkins an opportunity of seeing him without being seen.

There was no further doubt, he was the man, and his wife was living.

Mrs. Powell was spoken to, and Mr. Crouch was told that he was wanted.

"How do you do, Mr. Crouch?"

"Quite well, thank you; when did you come to Canada?"

"I have been here two weeks, and been trying to look you up, but only just found you. I saw your wife just before I started."

"I have no wife."

"What nonsense! I spoke to her; she is well and hearty"

"I have no wife; I lost her eight years ago; she has been dead to me since that time."

"Oh, well, you may look at it like that, but that does not make it so, for I can assure you she is very much alive."

"Well," said Mr. Crouch, "my time is up, so I bid you good-bye."

"Good day, sir, I am glad to find you so well. I told Mrs. Crouch that I would try and see you, and send her word as to your welfare; so I will; good-bye."

When he came home to tea Mrs. Mordant and Mrs. Powell had a serious conversation with him, but he would not acknowledge that he was wrong. "I am not a liar," he said. "I never told you my wife was dead—I told you I lost my wife."

And in thinking it over nobody could remember that in as many words he had said his wife was dead. He had lost his wife and came out here, and we had taken it for granted that she was dead. Of course the wedding did not take place, and the law permitted the woman to keep the presents he had given to her, but it was most unpleasant to be mixed up in such an affair.

We tried again and again to get him to say he was wrong, but he would not, so he had to get a fresh boarding-place.

Mr. Middleton talked with him, but he said he had done no wrong, he had not seen his wife for eight years, and he had a right to marry if he wished.

"But," said Mrs. Mordant, "you should have given Mrs. Malurn the chance to accept or reject you on those terms."

"But she would not have had me then."

"And, knowing that, you deliberately deceived her."

The next trouble was that he would still go to communion.

Mr. Middleton said, "No! When you are ready to acknowledge that you have done wrong, then come to communion. If you come before I shall pass you by."

In spite of this he went. Mr. Middleton passed by him, and he left the church, went to the Methodists for some time, and about a year later he was married to a woman older than himself, and as they left the town soon after this we lost sight of them.



CHAPTER IX.

WHENCE COMES THIS WONDROUS EMPIRE WHICH IS TO WIN THE WORLD FOR GOD.

“Fear not : for I am with thee : I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west ; I will say to the north, Give up ; and to the south, Keep not back : bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth” (Isa. 43 : 5, 6).

“ Whence this company of nations,
Foremost in the march to glory ;
Through the storm, the fire, the waters,
They have come a conquering army.
Lost awhile, through nations sifted,
All things gone before ;
Till, in western isles replanted,
Thence to move no more.”

Good evening, dear friends. Once more I have the privilege of reading you something from God's word. My subject to-night is : “ Whence comes this wondrous empire which is to win the world for God ?”

As I said, the promises God made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were unconditional, as were also the blessings pronounced on the house of Joseph by Jacob

and Moses, and these latter were chiefly temporal blessings.

I also said that for their sins and wicked idolatry they were sent into captivity, from whence they did not return as a nation to Palestine.

Now, then, what became of them? Did God intend that they should perish or cease to be his people? Impossible. His promises are sure. He changes not. "When they be in the land of their enemies I will not cast them away or destroy them utterly, to break my covenant with them; for I am the Lord their God."

But I will, for their sakes, remember the covenant of their ancestors, whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt, in the sight of the heathen, that I might be their God; I am the Lord" (Lev. 26: 44, 45).

In the former part of this chapter, from the first to the thirteenth verses, you will find the general law given to these people, by which their lives were to be governed; and they may be summed up in what our Saviour said to the young man in the Gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

As I said, the promise as to what they should receive for keeping the law was God's continual presence, protection and blessing in their common life and daily work.

I also said that their punishment would surely follow disobedience, which would end in complete banishment from the presence of God and from their pleasant land.

There is another verse I want you to notice tonight, which says; "If they will remember their iniquity and confess their sins, and humble themselves when they be in the land of their enemies, I

will not cast them away, but I will for their sakes remember my covenant which I made with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and I will remember the land" (Lev. 26 : 40-42).

I must take you back a little to the time of David. His history is a remarkable one. He studied the interests of religion, which had been greatly neglected; he gained many victories for God's people, yet he made some very grievous mistakes; but he was always humble and penitent afterwards, and took his punishments so patiently that to us he must ever be a great example.

In his gratitude and love for God he conceived the idea of building a temple for divine worship, but this could not be—he had been a man of blood.

He was permitted to procure the material for it, but Solomon, his son, was to build it. I think we may gather from the history, as we read the seventh chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, that David was disappointed; also, that God knew this, and in His sympathy with him gave the gracious promise we have here recorded :

"I made thee ruler over my people Israel, and I was with thee whithersoever thou wentest, . . . and have made thee a great name." "Moreover" (mark that word), "above all that I have done I will do more."

"Moreover, I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more; neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more as beforetime. . . . Also, the Lord telleth thee that he will make thee an house. . . . Thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee; thy throne shall be established forever" (2 Sam. 7 : 10-16).

A little further on in this same chapter we find David thanking God for this.

"For thou hast confirmed to thyself thy people Israel to be a people unto thee forever; and thou, Lord, art become their God" (2 Sam. 7:24).

This promise was unconditional, and depended not upon anything that the children of Israel might do or not do.

Some writers tell us that this promise simply meant Palestine, and was fulfilled in the time of King Solomon; but I think you will agree with me that this could hardly be the case.

"I will appoint a place." This could not apply to Canaan; David knew from childhood that Canaan belonged to Israel. But the text says, "I will."

What David needed at that time, and God knew it, was a comforting message. Knowing how wilfully disobedient Israel was, and having been refused the privilege of building a house for God, on which he had set his heart, he was in consequence dejected and despondent. So the promise of an additional land for Israel would tend to soothe and comfort him.

"And will plant them." This word plant certainly implies a new settlement of Israel.

We hear David saying, in Psalm 80:8: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt and planted it." What God could do once He could certainly do again, and He did so do when He led His people into Britain and planted them there.

"And move no more." This is very definite. Would it have been true if Palestine had been the place appointed? Certainly not. Within a thousand years from the time of this prophecy Israel was subject to three removals: 1st. The Assyrian Captivity. 2nd. The Babylonian Captivity. 3rd. The Roman Captivity. What a mistake the words would prove

to be if they only applied to Canaan. The land to which they were appointed was also to be exempt from invasion. "Neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more as beforetime."

We know that the children of wickedness did very much afflict them after the days of David—Assyria, Babylon, Egypt and Rome. It must be, therefore, that some second land is here spoken of.

Let us look back for a few minutes. The promises of the Land of Canaan, and many others, were made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but to Jacob was an additional promise, "Thou shalt spread abroad to the east, to the west, to the north and to the south;" and he doubtless refers to this when he tells his son Joseph that he is like a "fruitful bough whose branches run over the wall," and he bequeaths to him the "blessings of the everlasting hills."

I shall speak again of where this appointed place is to be found. First, we will see further what these children go on to do:

David is gathered to his fathers; Solomon, his son, reigns in his stead a peaceful reign of forty years, and the children of Israel are at rest. But—alas, that we should have to write it—Solomon turned away from God in his old age. "And the Lord was angry with Solomon," . . . saying, "I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and will give it to thy servant" (1 Kings 11:11).

You must read for yourself these three chapters in the First Book of Kings, 11, 12 and 13, as I can only give you texts to bring out the fact that God divided the kingdom. "Howbeit I will not rend away all the kingdom; but will give one tribe to thy son for David my servant's sake, and for Jerusalem's sake which I have chosen" (Verse 13).

"The people answered the king, saying, What por-

tion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents. But as for the children of Israel which dwelt in the cities of Judah, Rehoboam reigned over them" (Verses 16, 17).

"So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day" (Verse 19).

"Thus saith the Lord, ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren the children of Israel: return every man to his house; for this thing is from me" (Verse 24).

Henceforth we have two distinct kingdoms, and two kings, of course; Judah had nineteen kings, only three of whom were followers of God.

Israel, or All Israel, as it is called, had twenty-one kings, all bad; you may read their history in the books of Kings and Chronicles, and very interesting you will find it if you compare it with history, when it will cease to have that mystery clinging to it which makes so many people not like to read it.

We are brought now to the time when these rebellious people have tired out the patience of God, and He fulfils His word concerning them. They are taken away captive, a helpless herd of men, women and children, cast out of their land, shut out from the presence of God, to receive the punishment they so richly deserve.

After this Scripture—historically—is silent concerning them.

The book of Esdras, however, which, though not in the Canon, is nevertheless good evidence, says:

"They took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a farther country, where never mankind dwelt."

"That they might there keep the statutes, which they never kept in their own land."

"And they came to Arsareth."

"Then dwelt they there until the latter time" (Esdras 14: 40-46).

Herodotus tells us a good deal about a people called Scythians. He says that they crossed the Araxes, and came to the land of the Kiminerians, on the north-west of the black sea. This was about the year 650 B.C.

The Median revolution against the supremacy of Assyria was definitely successful shortly before the year 650 B.C., an opportunity which Israel doubtless seized to escape in the manner described by Esdras; and since his account and the account of Herodotus are identical in the starting point, destination and date, there should be no difficulty in connecting the Scythians with the Israelites.

It would take too long for me to tell you all the little things that history affords, to those who are careful seekers, as circumstantial evidence.

It is, however, quite easy to trace them, first from Samaria to the river Gozan; then from the Araxes to the Sereth; then from the Dnieper to the Elbe and the Danish Straits, then across the German Ocean into Britain.

It is also a matter of history that they were called Pirates, and later history tells us that the Normans came from a people who were called Pirates. We must remember that pirates in those days were not just what we should call pirates in our later times. I imagine it was land they were after.

However, be that as it may, having traced them to the shores of the Black Sea and Germany, I came across a history of England, a very old one, indeed, and I found that after Rome had held possession of

Britain for about 400 years, she gave it up. It is said that some great man, sent for the purpose, went through the length and breadth of it, and reported that it was not of much account; and as they had a good deal on their hands at this time they left entirely, taking away their troops. Twice, on Britain appealing to them, they came back to help her against the Picts and Scots, but on the third appeal, which was in the form of a letter (the words of which I will give you) they absolutely refused their aid. Here is the letter:

“TO ÆTUS, THRICE CONSUL:

“The groans of the Britons—The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea throws us back on the swords of the barbarians; so we have nothing left but the wretched choice of being either drowned or butchered.”

No Romans came, and they asked help from a nation of Pirates, called Saxons. They came at once to the rescue, and very soon themselves took possession. Others came after them, and by degrees got nearly all South Britain. Each of their chiefs took full possession of that which he conquered. There soon arose seven different kingdoms, commonly called the Saxon Heptarchy. It was now that Britain began to be called, from one of the Saxon tribes, Angleland, and from thence England.

Is it not a matter of history that it was a body of Pirates who first gave its name to Normandy, and who are called, under William the Conqueror, the conquerors of Britain? But as one of our writers in the *Banner* said lately: “When they invaded England they were not our enemies, but our brethren, being none other than the tribe of Benjamin.” For whom, it seems to me, England was waiting, ere she could begin in force her work for God and the Empire.

History repeats itself. Jacob was chosen of God; but in consequence of his own wrong-doing he became a wanderer, and for a long time did not dare to return, fearing his brother's anger. His sons gave him a great deal of trouble, and Joseph, whom he dearly loved, was hated by his brethren and sold into Egypt as a slave. His father was made to believe him dead. Still more trouble comes to him. There is famine in the land; no corn except they go to Egypt for it; they go, and you know the story. They find their brother there before them; not only so, but he holds a high position in the land; he is able to supply all their need; sends for the whole family, and sets apart a place for them in which to dwell. Now, remember the land of Canaan was theirs, given to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for an everlasting possession, yet the whole family—seventy souls—go down into Egypt, leaving others in possession.

Now, what happens? They are contented for a little while, till a king arises who knows not Joseph. Then persecution begins; they are hated and abused in every conceivable way, and the king is determined to put an end to them; but the more he tries the more they prosper.

Four hundred years passed by, and God heard their cry. These few words show us that even there God had His little flock looking and praying for redemption, though, doubtless, many of them worshipped the gods of the Egyptians. But, as I said, He heard their cry and sent them a Saviour.

All at once the nations hear of a great people crossing the Red Sea, and later, that the same people are about to invade Canaan, which they do, taking possession of that which is their own; promised to their forefathers in the years gone by. Moses was reared in such a way as to be able to teach them the art of

war; he was led into the bush that he might be able to cope with the difficulties of the wilderness. In fact, he was made what God would have him be; able to do the work God gave him to do. Notice Scripture is silent about them, or nearly so, after the death of Jacob until the birth of Moses.

Now, what God did once he could do again, and when Israel went into captivity He took care of her; He led her by a way she knew not; He guided her steps in the right direction, and led her near to the place He had appointed for her—the place He had promised David she should have.

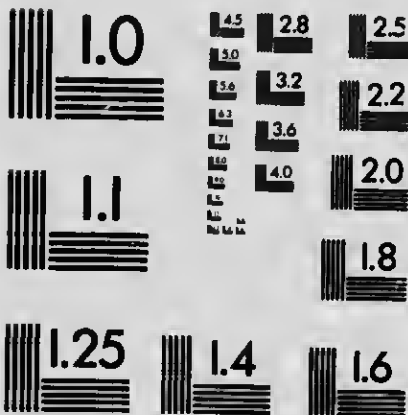
Why did the Romans give that little island up? Just because God wanted it for His own people, and He knew where they were. Thus the refusal of aid from the Romans, and the great need of the Britons, brought about that which had been promised so many hundred years before.

The fact that this great people were Israel did not come to the nations all at once, remember; and the fact that we Anglo-Saxons are Israel will not be accepted all at once either. But the time will come when Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones will be revealed, and Britain, as Israel, will stand upon their feet a mighty army; then, taking Judah by the hand, together they will go to take possession of their inheritance.



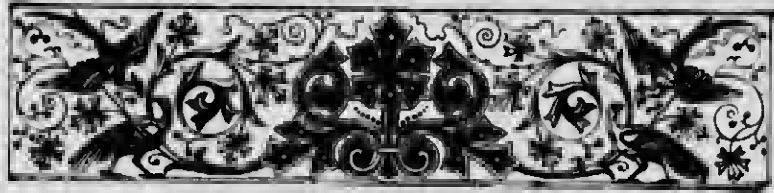
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CHAPTER X.

THE MORDANTS GO TO ORANGEVILLE.

“ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty ” (Ps. 91 : 1).

“ Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it over the land.”

WE must pass on now to the return of our men who had gone out with the surveyors. You may be sure it was a time of great rejoicing, and many friendly gatherings were a result.

The winter passed pleasantly, and when the spring opened out the two boys joined the expedition for another year, the elder men deciding to stay at home.

Early in June Mr. Mordant and Mr. Powell went into the country for a few weeks, when a sad accident occurred. While using a saw, Mr. Powell got his fingers in the way, and three of them were taken off. He suffered a good deal, and Annie, who was quite ill at the time, was troubled at not being able

to wait on him as she wished to do. However, as all things come to an end, so it was in their case. His fingers healed, Annie was better, and they were able to face the winter quite cheerfully by the time that season made its appearance, and we were looking forward to another return of our boys. I remember that when they came we had a very enjoyable time, for, boy-like, they made things lively; so with fun at home and abroad, Christmas, with all its joys, once more passed by.

I may mention a fact here which is pleasing to me to be able to call to mind, showing what an act of brotherly kindness will sometimes effect.

One of Mrs. Powell's boarders was a young man whom we will call George. He was the son of a Methodist minister, handsome and gentlemanly, but in the habit of sometimes getting, as we say in Canada, on the spree.

He never went home when he was the worse of drink, so that when he did not go home this very fact told its own tale.

He was invited, with the Powells, to spend Christmas day at the Mordants, and accepted the invitation; but the night before Christmas eve he did not go home, and they could hear no tidings of him. On Christmas eve the Mordants, who had been spending a few hours with friends at quite the other end of the town, were going home about midnight when they saw a man very unceremoniously thrust out at the side door of an hotel. They were on the other side of the road, but were able to see that he was very drunk. As they were watching him they saw him either fall or lie down. As they were not far from home, Mr. Mordant took his wife to the door, then hastened back, for he knew that it was too cold for him to be left there all night.

He soon reached him, and when he got him on to his feet was surprised to find that it was George. He took him to the house from which he had seen him ejected, and insisted on them giving him a room, he himself helping him to bed, and bathing his face, for his nose had been bleeding profusely and he was a sorry-looking object.

The landlord promised that he would look after him and not let him away in the morning until Mr. Mordant arrived. He went about eight o'clock and helped him to dress, then took him, very much against his will, home to breakfast.

Mrs. Mordant made him some strong coffee, then coaxed him to lie down and by perseverance and tact they got him to be quite himself by the evening, when he became the life of the party, and as far as I know that was his last spree. He has been for some years now a guard on the Grand Trunk Railway, which means that he is a sober man.

Mr. Mordant was not feeling very well, and about the middle of January became seriously ill, and very soon the problem as to how to live came to the front; he was unable to work, consequently nothing was coming in.

One day Mrs. Mordant looked into her purse and found in it only ten cents—the last. She went to her work-box, and taking out a skein of white wool and a crochet hook, she therewith made two very pretty pairs of infants' bootees. Lizzie Malurn took them out and sold one pair to Mrs. Sypes (I wish she may see this and read it), and the other pair to Mrs. Boscom. This led to her making about twenty other pairs; and, strange to say, she was asked to stand as godmother to the first two little ones—Flora Sypes and Alice Boscom. She did so, and became well acquainted with both families. Mr. and Mrs.

Boscom are dead, and she has not heard anything of the other family for many years.

I would like to say a little here as to the ancient custom of having godparents, and why they had to be chosen outside of their own family. Many people think it a foolish custom, and wonder why, if they must have godparents, they do not take the father and mother of the child. They say, surely these are the responsible parties and most suitable.

All this is very true as far as the need for them goes in this our time of peace, but when the custom was instituted things were very different, and the former plan was a wise precaution.

You will remember that in the days of the early Church there was much persecution. At one time a heathen Emperor, perhaps the next a Christian; then that which is worse than heathen a professing Christian, but denying the divinity of Christ, thus making the Church a very insecure resting-place, humanly speaking.

Now, when a baby was born it was christened as soon as possible. A godmother and two godfathers were selected for a boy, while a godfather and two godmothers were selected for a girl. They were chosen from friends living some distance away; and, again, each one must live some distance apart. Now, please, try to imagine yourself in some home back in those days, where there are troublous times. Anyone known to have become a Christian is hunted to the death: their meetings have to be very secret. As you doubtless know, they were sometimes held in the Catacombs of Rome, and sometimes in dens of the forest, at others in rooms which were padded so that the sound could not get forth. It was thus, dear friends, the early Church had to worship her God and Saviour. No time then for card-parties and picnics and such things;

not that I would say that these things in themselves are wrong, but in our day they so often come first. A card-party comes before a prayer-meeting, and a picnic must be attended though some duties have to go unperformed in consequence.

But we were to imagine ourselves in the home of one of those early Christian families. They are gathered together in one room—the man, his wife, his aged father, and two children. What is he saying? Listen! "I am afraid I am detected, Lucinda." You gather from their conversation that they are making secret arrangements for sending their children away to two of their respective godparents. True to the responsibility which they have taken upon themselves, they are willing to receive these children. Then, should the time come when they themselves are called to the stake, they in turn will send them on secretly to the other godparents, thus making it possible to raise these little ones for the Lord; no easy matter in those days, for young and old were often burned at the stake, or tossed to the wild beasts to be torn to pieces. In spite of this our martyrs' blood became the seed of the Church.

Our baptismal service was a reality in those days. Parents gave their little ones to God, fully believing that they became members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom.

Have I made it plain, that godparents were in those days a necessity and the giving of our children to God a reality.

I know it is not so now. Too often, when a child is to be christened, its godparents are chosen from those who can bring the most honor or give the largest presents. Parties are given—Sunday, though it be; laughing and jesting, and sometimes drinking, goes on. The fact that they have been performing a

solemn ceremony never once occurs to them. Even the mother thinks only of how sweet she can make her baby look.

We hear sometimes of a mother getting a minister to go to the house. She has five or six little ones to be christened, and she may as well have them all *done* at once and it will be over; as if it were measles, whooping-cough, or vaccination she was speaking about.

She is asked, "Where is the father?" "Oh, he's at work; he won't have anything to do with it. I would have had them all done when they were little if he would have gone with me, but he would not; so I thought I had better get you to come and do it."

Dear reader, this is no fancy sketch, it is one of many such cases.

Where is the faith? Where is the prayer? and how are such parents to teach the little ones things to which they themselves are strangers? I am personally acquainted with a man who says he belongs to the Church of England. It is a well-known fact that as soon as his children were a month old he went to church and stood for them at their baptism. When they were twelve or fourteen he insisted on them being confirmed, and he always went to church on those occasions. Thus he brought up seven boys and girls. The early part of this time their home was one of poverty and misery. He never entered a church except on such occasions as mentioned above, and for many years his wife could only go when he was so stupid from drink that he would not know it, yet he insisted on the children going to Sunday School.

It was at the time of confirmation that I first got into conversation with him, and it came about by my going to speak about his fourth child, a son who was to be at that time confirmed.

How are such cases as this to be accounted for? The man is old now and still a drunkard; the only difference is that whereas he at one time was master of his children, they are now masters of him, and his wife gets liberty and peace.

I am glad to be able to say that she is a good Christian woman. The boys, however, do not go to church, but perhaps in God's good time a mother's prayers may prevail. Nay! should I not say they *must* prevail.

Dear reader, pardon this long digression, and we will return to Mrs. Mordant, who, from making bootees, began to make other little things for sale and to take in ladies' sewing. By this she was able to keep the house nicely while her husband was ill.

I think it was in the year 1868, when the town of Orangeville came to the front as a smart business place, that Mrs. Mordant was asked if she would like to go there and open a branch store for a gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Green.

After some consideration she agreed to do so, which agreement she carried out as soon as arrangements could be made.

Mr. Green put in a good stock for her, and she soon worked up a nice little business and was very happy in her work.

Mr. Mordant's health was still uncertain. There were times, however, when he was able to run the sewing-machine, which he did very nicely, and they made all kinds of baby clothes, ladies' wrappers, etc.

Mr. Powell sold his house soon after this and went to Orangeville to live, so the two sisters were not long separated.

Mrs. Mordant's little girl was about eighteen months old, and was almost as often with aunt Annie as she was with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant both took a great interest in the Sunday School.

The gentleman who had been superintendent for a number of years, and who was very aged, spoke of resigning his position; but rather than that should happen, it was proposed that he should have an assistant. Mrs. Mordant being asked if she would undertake the duty, she accepted the position, and, I believe, carried out her work very faithfully.

Their school-room was the basement of the church, and was at that time in a very dirty condition; "which state of things must be altered," said Mrs. Mordant, when talking to her rector one day.

"I am afraid we have not got money to spare just now," he said.

"What becomes of the children's coppers?" she asked.

"They all go together into the church funds."

"Who buys the books and papers, then?"

"The churchwardens."

"Would you object to our becoming independent workers and separating the funds?"

"No; I should not object to it, though I don't know how it would work."

"Well, we'll see about that later; we must have a clean school-room first."

"I won't object to that, either, only don't ask me to beg the money for it."

There were thirteen classes, six of boys and seven of girls, besides the Bible-class, which was mixed.

Mr. Ellis opened and closed the school; Mrs. Mordant took charge of class-books and visiting; Mr. Henderson, the rector, took charge of the library.

Now, I will tell you how she accomplished the cleaning of the school-room.

Going to the first class teacher she said, "Mr. I., we want a clean school-room, do we not?"

"Yes," he said; "but want will be your master, I expect."

"No, sir; I hope to have a clean school-room by next Sunday, and a banner for every class."

"I hope you get it, that's all?"

"There are seven gentlemen teachers, and seven lady teachers; surely seven men can whitewash that room in one day, and seven women, I am sure, can scrub it. I propose, therefore, that each gentleman will on Thursday next go himself or send a substitute."

"All right. If the others agree to that, I will."

"Then, to make my work lighter, and to save me from having to go twice over the same ground, if you do not hear from me again you will be promptly on hand at eight o'clock, Thursday morning."

To this he agreed.

"Now," she said, "I want to know what color you would like to have for a banner?"

"A banner? Who's going to pay for the banners?"

"Oh, each one will pay his share; I shall get the work done, so they will not cost very much."

"Well, if I have one, it will be scarlet and gold."

"Then, please give me now" (he kept a dry-goods store) "one yard of merino, one of lining, a spool of thread, and ten cents, and I won't ask any more for your banner. You shall have it all made up and ready, so give me your text now that you would like to have on it."

She next went to the first class lady teacher. After putting the plan before her she asked her to go to the school-room on Friday to help scrub and clean, or to send a substitute. She agreed to the latter, and also undertook to work the two banners on the scarlet merino, one for Mr. I., the other for a younger teacher who was not in a position to pay for one; she was to see him and let him choose his own text. Thus she

went to each teacher, and on Thursday morning those who did not care to whitewash sent a man and paid him. The lady teachers, who did not care to scrub, sent a woman and paid her. The young ladies of the school helped with the banners; Mr. Mordant did the stamping, and Mrs. Mordant made them up; not one refused to have them. Thus a day's work, with a good deal of energy, got the first reform bill passed, and the school-room really repaid them for their trouble.

She next undertook to have the school self-supporting, and she had the pleasure while she was there, some time later, of seeing the Sunday School present the church with a hundred dollars at a time of need.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant passed some very happy days in Orangeville, made many friends, and were busy workers in the Church of God; yet it was here that they found there were two sides to the Canadian character.

When they had been running the business about a year for Mr. Green, he failed. Mrs. Mordant was persuaded to buy in the stock, and take the business herself. A friend came forward to advance the money, and she did so. She had about two hundred dollars' worth of made-up articles in the store which had been made on the premises. The money for these really belonged to her, and she found out when it was too late that had she put in a claim for that amount she could have demanded it in full. This would have given her a goodly sum to begin with, instead of which she actually paid sixty-five cents on the dollar for her own work, and this because she did not understand. Now, I know she would like me to make one thing very plain here, and it is this: the Bible distinctly says, "Owe no man anything," and she dates her troubles in after life from the time in which she disobeyed this word.

She by no means wishes it to be understood that her troubles were sent to her as punishment for sin, because the fact of her going into that debt was not on her part deliberate sin ; she never meant to disobey God—she even thought at the time that God had placed the opportunity in her way, and so she took it.

Now, looking back honestly into the past, she knows that she did follow her own desires and wishes. It was not, therefore, deliberate sin, but carelessness in not seeking to be sure that she was right. The results following, then, are not to be looked upon as punishments, but the consequences of her own mistake.

For instance, with the effort to pay what was due and to keep up the stock she worked early and late, not taking sufficient care of herself ; thus she brought on a low state of health, which at last developed into rheumatic fever. She was three months in bed and four months before she could walk out alone. Her little girl had scarlet fever, and Mr. Mordant was still very delicate.

Now, here was an accumulation of evils, yet, as she says, she never lacked friends, and she found God a very present help in her time of trouble.

With regard to the business, as I said, she was to find that there were two sides to the Canadian character. A gentleman said to her on one occasion, "There is no friendship in business." This she found to be quite true. She would tell you to-day, if she were speaking on the subject, that the interest she has paid has amounted to a great deal more than the first money she borrowed, the borrowing of which took a matter of a few minutes, while the paying back and the getting out of debt has, or is, taking about twenty years. But this is another digression, for which please forgive me. We will go back to some of the pleasant times.

Like other churches, they had their picnics in summer, their entertainments at the Christmas season, as well as on other occasions.

The Mordants were very helpful at these times—they were always ready to do what they could. On one occasion they made arrangements with the railway company to take the Sunday School to Toronto: they gave the public a chance to go, too, the Sunday School to receive the money they might make, which, I believe, amounted to forty dollars.

At the teachers' meeting next before the excursion, Mrs. Mordant asked that the mothers belonging to her Mothers' meeting might go free with the Sunday School, and got very angry with some of the younger teachers who went against it. She spoke hastily, and the meeting was closed without it being put to the vote.

She was quite ashamed of having shown temper, and often speaks of the advice given to her by Mr. Eastman, the teacher of the first class of boys. He was quite an old gentleman, and has long since gone to rest. She was very fond of him and often speaks of the help he was to her in visiting absent scholars and the sick ones; also speaking at cottage meetings. This was the advice he gave her: Never try to force a matter through at a meeting; force always raises opposition. Persuasion is better.

The day of the excursion came along, and after they had started, Mr. Eastman told Mrs. Mordant that she was wanted in the next car. When she got there imagine her surprise at seeing all her mothers. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Eastman had gone to those who had opposed their going and persuaded them to give way, then they kept it as a pleasant surprise for her.

Nineteen years later, in 1898, she went back to

Orangeville to spend a few weeks. Here is an account of her visit, in her own words:

"It is astonishing how familiar every place appeared! The walk from the station to the town seemed to be in no way altered. Everybody knew me, I had changed so little. Not so with them, however; the babies I left were clerks, bankers, and grown up young ladies—in two instances wives and mothers. The children of the Sunday School and its teachers were either married or away. The clergyman and his wife were still there, and their greeting was most kindly. Nineteen years had somewhat streaked the hair with grey, but there was no other change perceptible. Their three little ones had grown up. The boy was a young bank clerk, the eldest girl her father's right hand and her mother's help, bright and beautiful; the youngest, clever, full of fun and spoiled by all. I can never forget their kindness to me at all times. I treasure still the books presented to me by him from the Sunday School when I left, and the beautiful address he himself wrote. I do not know just how long he has been there, but I think it must be about forty years. How very few make so long a stay in one place. He wrote me a letter at my husband's death which was full of kindness and Christian love."

Three rather important events took place while they were in Orangeville, which I had almost forgotten to mention. One was the birth of a baby boy to Mrs. Powell. I hardly know which was the more proud of him, his mother or his aunt Mary, who put on him his first little clothes.

They named him Harry when he was a month old. He is now at the military school in London, Ontario, and has been to the Klondike and back with a regiment sent out to Fort Selkirk for two years.

Another great event was the marriage of Harry Elliott, which took place before his fourth trip on the railway survey. We tried to persuade him to wait until he came back, but he was determined to have his own way. Soon after his marriage he took his departure, leaving his wife in Mrs. Mordant's charge.

It was during this time that Mrs. Mordant was so ill, and she found Harry's wife a gentle, tender nurse.

While he was away on this trip he had charge of a boat on board of which was Lord and Lady Dufferin. He was the only white man on board except them and their attendants. On more than one occasion Lady Dufferin entered into conversation with him, and being young, it did not take much, doubtless, to make him talk about himself and the young wife he had left behind.

The third event I spoke of was the marriage of Agnes, Annie's friend. She was married to a widower, a Mr. Young, but he did not live very long. She had two children, a boy and a girl, when she was left a widow; and strange to say, she married again a few years later, and her husband only lived one month, when she was again left a widow.

Mrs. Mordant saw them when she went to Orangeville and found them very comfortable. The girl was nice looking and engaged to be married in the spring. The boy was in a good situation in Toronto.



CHAPTER XI.

A TRUE LIKENESS.

“I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them” (Isa. 61 : 8).

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

ONCE more we gathered round the table, and after pleasant greetings from our friends, I began to read :

My paper to-night is about “A true likeness.” I hope I made it plain to you that Israel was to be found in the latter days a literal people. How shall we identify them ?

The Jews are in a disorganized condition, without king or government, yet we must look for a nation.

“Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar ; the Lord of Hosts is His name. If these ordinances depart from before

me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me forever.

“If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord” (Jer. 31 : 35 to 37).

The question is often asked : Where is Israel ? and the answers vary.

They are scattered and cast out for their sins, and that's the end of them, says the scoffer and unbeliever.

God cast them out as a righteous and final judgment on them, says the careless Scripture reader.

God has cast them out and chosen us instead, says the Christian.

And yet the Bible, which the scoffer derides, and the Christian so highly prizes, is brimming over with promises of God's love and care for them.

“Thou art my servant, O Israel, I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away” (Isa. 11 : 8-9).

From the moment they turned their faces toward the land of their captivity the voices of the prophets rang out, “Turn, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you” (Jer. 3 : 14).

“I will betroth thee to me forever in righteousness and faithfulness” (Hos. 2 : 19-20).

Now, knowing the Jews as we know them, it would be impossible to understand these beautiful texts and read them aright without the knowledge of the one great fact I have tried to put before you, namely, the dividing of the kingdom ; and I shall try to show you that God kept His word. There has always been a nation since the day God formed it.

Now, let us look for our likeness.

Israel was to be as the “sand on the sea shore” for multitude, and “as the stars of heaven” (Gen. 22 : 17).

“Let them grow into a multitude in the midst of

the earth" . . . "increase as fishes do increase" (margin) (Gen. 48:16).

"They of Ephraim shall be like a mighty man." . . . "I will hiss for them, and gather them; for I have redeemed them; and they shall increase as they have increased" (Zech. 10:7, 8).

The Anglo-Saxons are multiplying faster than any foreign people.

In the first chapter of Hosea we read: "I will cause to cease the kingdom of the house of Israel" (Ver. 4).

"Ye are not my people, and I will not be your God" (Ver. 9).

They went into captivity, and the kingdom ceased for the time being; but remember, there was still a king of Judah.

"Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which cannot be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God" (Ver. 10).

Do we not teach this Sunday after Sunday, that we are "children of God," "sons of God?"

Verse 11 says: "Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land: for great shall be the day of Jezreel" (The seed of God).

Jeremiah 3:18 says: "In those days the house of Judah shall walk with the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north to the land that I have given for an inheritance unto your fathers."

The last two verses quoted are yet to be fulfilled; but do we not see signs? Are not the Jews walking

with and to the British people, knowing that with them they can dwell safely, and the time is very near when they shall become one people and have one king to reign over them.

Do you notice that in this chapter of Hosea God is speaking to a people who are not to receive the blessing, but He makes it plain that their seed in the latter days are to receive them.

"I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her; and I will give her her vineyard from thence. . . . She shall sing there as in the days of her youth, . . . and thou shalt call me Ishi (that is my husband), and shall call me no more Baali (that is my lord). . . . I will make a covenant with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven. . . . I will betroth thee unto me forever; . . . in righteousness, in judgment, in loving-kindness and mercy" (Hosea 2:14-19).

We call ourselves the bride of Christ, and our nation a righteous nation.

Of the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven we take our food, and we know not the meaning of famine, or need of these things.

"They shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days" (Hosea 3:5). These are the latter days.

Now, for the sake of argument, say we are not Israel, but a Gentile nation. How is it that we are in every way doing what Israel was to do?

As I said, we are multiplying faster than any other people. In the case of our land, "the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation," in a way peculiar to herself.

In winning the world for God she is "pushing the people to the ends of the earth" (Deut. 33:17). "Her seed is in many waters" (Num. 24:7). She is God's "battle axe and weapons of war" (Jer. 51:20). She

possesses the "gate of her enemies" (Gen. 22:17). She has broken forth "on the right hand and on the left" (Isa. 54:3).

Ephraim was to be a "nation, and a company of nations." Manasseh was to be "a great people" (Gen. 48:19). Britain is a nation and a company of nations. She has sent forth "a great people" from her, but independent of her. Even America, which we may call Manasseh, yet God has given her many children after she lost the other (Isa. 49:19), still her children "go forth, for the place is too strait for them."

"And the remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord, . . . as a lion among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep; who, if he go through, both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver." "Thine hand shall be lifted up upon thine adversaries, and all thine enemies shall be cut off" (Micah 5:7-9).

The social motto of England is, "The brotherhood of man and the glory of God." Her influence goes forth and is, without doubt, in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord. She is not perfect by any means, yet compared with any other nation I should not fear the result; and by the war news to-day it does seem as if she was going right through and treading down.

I think I said that Britain was not only to win but to hold the world for God. Who said to Israel, "I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages" (Isa. 49:8). Who but Britain ever established the blessings of righteous government and benignant rule wheresoever she has gone? To Israel was said, "God giveth thee power

to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant made unto thy fathers" (Deut. 8:18). "England's Imperial wealth is beyond comparison, in order that she may be able to maintain her glorious isolation."

"Thou shalt lend unto many nations, but thou shalt not borrow; and thou shalt reign over many nations, but they shall not reign over thee" (Deut. 15:6). Is not this true of Britain in every detail?

Israel is commanded to be good to the poor, and to minister to his needs, "for the poor shall never cease out of the land" (Deut. 15:7-11). Certainly Britain fits in here—as witness the famine in India, the fire in Hull, the Red Cross army and Patriotic Fund. How nobly all has been supported by the Anglo-Saxon people.

I said England was to win the world for God. "Thou shalt be a blessing to all the nations and families of the earth" (Gen. 22:18 and 12:3).

This is without doubt the work of the Anglo-Saxon. She is preaching the Gospel to all nations; for a witness she is bringing forth the fruits of the Kingdom of God. Our many noble missionary societies are all working for the good of mankind and the glory of the Master. Our blind eyes are beginning to see; we are waking up to the fact that we are the servants of God, and must do His work in His way. "And what is this glorious Gospel with which we are entrusted?" "Listen: Life from the dead; light from the darkness; liberty from sin's bondage; salvation for the lost; strength for the weak; the Bread of Life for the hungry; the Water of Life for the Thirsty; the heaven of God for the lonely; sweet rest for the weary; and all in Jesus—in Jesus only."

This is the Gospel with which England's Church has been entrusted, and which all her faithful children are charged to carry to the ends of the world.

Once more: Israel must be found in an island home, for the prophets constantly speak to them in such a home. "Glorify the Lord God in the isles of the sea" (Isa. 24: 15). "Let Israel give glory unto the Lord and declare his praise in the islands." "The isles shall wait for his law." "The isles and the inhabitants thereof" (Isa. 42). Israel is to be called by another name (Isa. 65: 15), and we are now called Christians.

"And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." As a nation this really happened at the Queen's Jubilee; our noble Queen represented a righteous nation, seeking the truth, and kings did surely behold her righteousness and her glory. So whichever way we look, be it at her home life, her national life, or her Christian life, we can come but to one honest conclusion, and that is, that the likeness between the British people as a nation and description of what Israel was to be in the latter days is most complete, and I pray we may go forward to promote the brotherhood of man and the glory of God; to bring Judah back; to let the oppressed go free; to forward all that shall bring about a righteous government; to heal the divisions of Christendom; and not only to win the world, but to claim it for our God and King.

Let me once more emphatically say, that the God of our fathers changes not. He gave His word unto Israel, and He will keep it.

With all Christian love I must say, however, that our present day teaching does not uphold this. The Bible is almost pulled to pieces by the different sects and denominations, who take a bit here and a bit there and make up a little gospel out of just that little bit; yet amongst all these little bodies of people

we find some true servants of God. For this we do well to thank God, because those who are not against Him are for Him.

No! dear friends, God's plans are not changed. Christ did not come to start up something new, nor even to form a new church. The first martyr, St. Stephen, speaking of Christ, said, quoting Moses: "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren. . . . him shall ye hear."

"This is he, that was in the church in the wilderness with the angel which spake to him in the mount Sina, and with our fathers: who received the lively oracles to give unto us (Acts 7:37, 38).

This goes to show that Stephen looked upon the Church as the same or a continuation of the one in the wilderness under Moses.

Then you will say, Why did Christ come? and what for? He came as the gift of God, "Behold I have given him as a covenant to the people." First He was to be Governor of Israel.

"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel (Matt. 2:6). "That shall be ruler in Israel" (Micah 5:2). Then he was King of Israel.

"Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever (Isa. 9:7).

St. Luke, speaking of Christ's birth as spoken to Mary by the angel, says: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David."

"And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." He was to be Redeemer of Israel.

"And the redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob" (Isa. 59:20).

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people" (Luke 1:68). He was the Saviour of Israel.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour" (Isa. 60:16).

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11). He was also the Glory of Israel.

"Arise, shine, for Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" (Isa. 60:1).

"The glory of thy people Israel" (Luke 2:32). He was also to be "a Light to lighten the Gentiles" (Luke 2:32). "The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light" (Isa. 9:2).

Then is He not the Saviour of the world, to all those who come to Him.

"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Isa. 45:22).

"We know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world" (John 4:42).

It seems to me, dear friends, that Britain is now doing what we see plainly Israel was to do—namely, subduing the earth and all things therein, by the temporal power bestowed upon them; enriching and making the earth and its waste places to blossom and bring forth fruit, as well as carrying the Gospel to all nations and being a blessing to all the families of the earth; but to make us doubly sure that it was appointed unto Israel to do this, our blessed Lord gave His last command to them, "Go ye."

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I

have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world, Amen." (Matt. 28: 19-20.)

Miss Annie played and we sang the hymn—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

After this we spent an hour in pleasant conversation. I was about to leave that town, and my friends were sorry to part from me. I was sorry, too, but it had to be.

I promised, however, that I would try to call on them as I was returning in the fall. I always go home for winter, as it is too cold to be out much. Years tell, and I am not as young as I was.



CHAPTER XII.

AGAIN ON THE MOVE.

“ Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”
(Heb. 13: 14).

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Do you know what it is to move from one town to another with a feeling of uncertainty—asking yourself the questions: Am I doing right or wrong? How shall I get along? I have made mistakes in the past, how shall I avoid them in the future?

This was the spirit in which Mrs. Mordant went to Harriston, not yet strong, and not yet having learnt the lesson of perfect trust in God.

She told me that she took up the work and business in a hurried, nervous way, never staying to measure her own strength, but with a feeling that she had in some measure to redeem the past.

She took up work for the church, and visited amongst the very poor, and I know that God accepted

and blessed some of her work. Thus for a few years sunshine and shadows were strangely mixed across her path, yet she still met trouble with cheerfulness and did her work with gladness, always ready to give a helping hand wherever it was needed.

She was very successful in the management of a boys' class in Sunday School; as you may have noticed, she liked teaching boys. They were seven in number. One is married and living in his own town, the others are scattered.

One thing in that town touched her heart very deeply. It was the fact of so many otherwise good men being completely given up to drink. Several nice families were being drawn under by this terrible vampire.

A dear little woman who was trying to raise her family in a respectable Christian manner found it very hard work.

On one occasion a sermon was preached from the text, "That if two of you shall agree on earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 18: 19).

So this little woman (whom we will call Mrs. Beck) and Mrs. Mordant agreed to pray earnestly that God would interfere on behalf of those who were so entangled in the great web of drunkenness, and God heard their prayers and answered them in a very remarkable way. Four of the worst cases were redeemed without any apparent help from outside; they simply, within a very short time of each other, gave up the habit and settled down to their business. The first one whom God took in hand was very notorious, but one night he went home and to his wife's surprise he was sober. He saw her look, and said, "I guess I'm early to-night, and what's more I am sober. I have taken my

last drink." His wife was about to speak, but something seemed to say to her, "Let well alone," so she went upstairs and thanked God.

She told Mrs. Mordant this herself, and though it is eighteen years ago the man has kept his pledge. Indeed the whole four of them are now respectable and useful members of the town in which they live; a blessing instead of a curse to their families. God does hear and answer prayer. It is wonderful, too, how much God does sometimes for a family brought up by a good mother. As I said, Mrs. Beck was a good woman, and she did bring up her children to love and reverence God, and they were remarkably blessed.

The three elder girls are married. One to a clergyman who is soon to go out as a medical missionary; one to a gentleman who has become a clergyman since their marriage, and the other to a merchant exceedingly well-to-do. Three are still at home, but I believe each member of that household will, as old age creeps on, call their mother blessed.

Mrs. Mordant was very energetic in helping to build a parsonage. I believe she collected the first five cents towards it. She also took the management of a silk quilt to be made in blocks of five inches square; each block to have a name worked on it, for which ten cents was paid. The name of the Bishop of Niagara (Bishop Hamilton) was in the centre, for which he paid \$1.00.

Mrs. Mordant got on one occasion a beautiful lesson for her Bible-class from a little incident which happened in the working of this quilt, and since lessons are always acceptable to those who are willing to learn, I will record it here.

Mrs. Mordant got each block ready, cutting them the exact size, stamping the letters on and putting up

the silk with each piece to work it. In the arrangement of it, blocks of the same color, worked with the same shade of silk, went across the quilt from corner to corner. So you will readily see that mistakes could be at once detected.

One row of blocks were black, with purple letters, and the next row were dark green blocks with light green letters. Two of these were given to a lady who was a very dear friend of Mrs. Mordant's, and who has since fallen asleep. She was a beautiful worker, and when she brought them back she said: "Dear Mrs. Mordant, I changed the silks in those blocks you gave me to work; I thought the green would look so much better on the black silk, and the purple on the green. Don't you think it does now?" as she spread them out on the table.

Mrs. Mordant said, "Yes, I do think so; they are very pretty, and you have worked them beautifully; but they are useless for the quilt."

"Why! how's that?"

"I will fetch the quilt and you shall see for yourself."

Just as soon as the blocks were placed in position Mrs. P. saw that, though apart from the quilt they were certainly much prettier, yet, to put them into the quilt was impossible.

Now, what is the lesson here to be learnt? Is it not this? We cannot alter God's plans. In our work for Him we must be guided by His laws and be obedient to His commands.

Here is, I think, a case in point.

A young lady called Nelly was anxious for work of some kind that she thought would be a help to the poor. So she prayed very earnestly to God, asking Him to give her something to do for Him. A few Sundays afterwards a young stranger preached, and

spoke of a mission they were forming in the east end of the town amongst the very poorest people. A society was formed, and the young people were asked to join it. Nelly, of course, thought this a direct answer to her prayer. Her father, however, at once forbade it, but the more Nelly thought of it the more she was sure she ought to go.

One morning her father said to her, "I have agreed to take charge of a little orphan girl who is coming from India; by all account she has been very much spoiled and has a frightful temper. So, Nelly, you can begin your mission work on her with my full approbation. Don't you think that will be better than trying to do something that I have forbidden?"

In spite of all, however, Nelly thought she ought to join this mission, with or without her father's consent. At last he told her she could go, but she was to stay with her aunt, who lived in the neighborhood of the mission work, and that she need not come home again until she had learned the meaning of the fifth commandment.

Almost broken-hearted she left her home. I think she really believed that she was called upon to be a martyr.

After working about three months, she noticed that her aunt was a great deal away from home, and one evening she remarked upon it:

"Did you not know that your sister was ill?"

"What! Bella ill? No! What is wrong with her?"

"Over work and utter prostration, the doctor says, and since we are on the subject, I think the time has come for a little plain speaking. You know that Bella's hands were full before you left home, and though you never liked housework, and perhaps did not do much, yet you did the shopping and marketing, which was a great help. This has been since done by

Bella. Then Grace came from India, and teaching and taking care of her has been added to all the rest ; now she is down. There will be a doctor's bill and a night nurse to pay, and your father's limited means will be drained to the uttermost, while you, forsooth, are attending meetings, writing papers, and helping every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes in your way. I guess you'd better think things up a bit and find out what you are doing."

Nelly was in tears by this time, and as she looked up she said : " Well, auntie, I am sure I am not happy in my work ; everything seems to go wrong with me, and not being allowed to go home makes me very miserable ; but you know I did want to do something for God, and I prayed very earnestly that He would give me work to do, and show me how to do it ; then, when I heard of this mission work I thought it was an answer to my prayer, and that I must do it when I had asked for it."

" My dear Nelly, I dare say you were in earnest when you prayed, and I give you full credit for thinking you were doing right ; but when your father forbade it you should have prayed again, and have remembered that disobedience to parents is wrong. I do not doubt but God answered your prayer, by sending Grace to you ; but Satan blinded your eyes so that you could not see that in teaching her lay your work. The mission work was more attractive, and you chose it ; but now, dear child, I want you to put the mission work on the one side and your home duties with Grace on the other side, then kneel right down between them asking for guidance, and I do not fear the result ; that is, if you are willing to do the right thing. God will make it plain, and He will make you happy in the doing of it."

Nelly went back to her home a wiser and a better

Christian, and, doubtless, some of that work done for the mission will loom up before her when all things are made plain, and she will see that though it did not fit in just as she expected it would, yet the great Father would not have it lost, but found a place for it, if only a humble one, in His great plan of the universe, just as our two pieces for the quilt fitted in to two single corners, therefore were not wasted. Of one thing I feel sure, if we are God's children our mistakes will be used by Him to advance us in the Christian walk, and lead us forward, purifying and ennobling our characters, rewarding us even in this life.

Nelly was the means of controlling her little cousin's temper, moulding and forming her character, and at last had the unspeakable pleasure of presenting her to God—a suppliant at the throne of grace.

Instead of her home-life being, as of old, irksome and tedious, it became a pleasure to her, and she was able at last, as she said, to make a pudding that pleased her father.

The Harriston people were very proud of their parsonage when it was finished, and the winter months were made gay with penny readings and simple entertainments, in order to raise money for the payment thereof.

The Mordants were very happy there, and it was a grief to them to leave; but it seemed to be God's plan for them, and so we find them again on the move. This time to the pretty town of Woodstock, where she has again been permitted to work for the Master in the Sunday School, in mission work, and for a while as Bible-woman, but of this she will tell you herself.

I found the work of Bible-woman in Canada to be very different to what it had been in England, yet withal it was a very necessary work.

I spent some very happy hours in my district, and some few sad ones. I was misunderstood at first by many of the people, and both my words and actions were criticized; not always kindly, yet I made some very dear friends, and can now claim a goodly number of those who were not so friendly at first.

I look back at my Band of Hope for the little folks, and what do I see? The little boys grown to young men. In some of their homes the cards of membership are still hanging, and by some greatly prized—in one instance framed. Two of those boys have gone to college, and soon will be preaching the everlasting gospel. One is soon to go out as a medical missionary.

One other portion of my work in which I took great delight was the men's Bible-class. I felt that their presence Sunday after Sunday gave me fresh courage to go forth during the week. The hearty singing and earnest prayers certainly helped on the work of the parish. As Mr. Wade oftentimes said, a good strong Bible-class is the backbone of a church, the place from which to draw helpers and workers at any time.

I want to speak here of the two dear girls who were the first to come to my assistance in this work, the one to play the organ, the other to lead the singing, both at the Band of Hope and at the Bible-class. Always at their post of duty and ready to help in any other way when needed, they were faithful from first to last. I feel that I can never say all that is in my heart concerning them. One has gone from our midst.

"Death came and took her away,
Just in the morning of her day."

The other dear girl (God bless her) is still working for the Master as the wife of one of His ministers.

May she be happy, is the earnest prayer of one who loves her.

Yes, as I look back I feel that those were happy times. Many precious hours were spent at our mothers' meetings and our Dorcas meetings. Who would dare to say that the hours thus spent were wasted?

The Word of God was there, earnest prayers were offered, hymns of praise were sung. Busy fingers worked for God's poor mothers who had their hands full of babies. I will answer for it that every word spoken, every stitch put in, and every article given in the precious name of Jesus shall have its reward.

For a very short time we had a temperance meeting, but it did not grow and did not last long. Yet, I thank God that it was attempted, for in the short time it was working we did enrol amongst its members six men who were very seldom sober, and out of the six three received a blessing. One I do not think has ever broken his pledge; another has done so, but never went back to what he was before he joined us. The third left the town. I have heard of him occasionally, and have every reason to believe that he is perfectly steady.

I mention this to show that we must sow beside all waters, because we do not know which shall prosper, either the morning or evening seed, or whether they both shall be alike good.

Changes come to us all. My husband has been laid to rest, and my fingers have had to be busy; but as I said at the beginning of this little book, I still find time to do some work for the Master, and I pray that He will always find me something to do until He shall say, "It is enough, she hath done what she could."



CHAPTER XIII.

CREEDS MANY. OPINIONS MANY.

“For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears :

“And they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned into fables.”

“Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.”

I HAVE only made three calls this morning. I have been talking, and I have gained food for thought. My first call was on a lady who was a Christian Scientist. We had a very interesting conversation and I found her most pleasing to talk to. Her heart seemed to overflow with love to God. I asked her several questions, amongst others if she had always been a Christian Scientist? She told me “No,” that having received treatment from them she felt it right to join their society, and that now she was in full possession of the truth. I could not help asking her “What is truth?” to which she replied, smilingly,

"Come to our meeting on Sunday morning and we will tell you."

I did not go in the morning, but I went in the evening. It was held in an upper room, and I was surprised to find it very much like other meetings — the chairs arranged as in school-rooms, two reading desks, a choir, an organ, and a collection. The lady I had spoken to was called first reader. A gentleman was second reader, that is to say he read texts of Scripture, as she gave them to him, bearing upon her discourse, which was upon the "Love of God."

I found afterwards that the evening service is more particularly for the public. Had I gone in the morning I might perhaps have been told what they mean by holding the truth.

It is wonderful how many different things in the Bible are put forth as *the* truth, and how much is written at different times by different people to explain different parts of Scripture in their own way, and to suit their own line of thought, instead of teaching the Word of God as it stands. I often wonder where commentators get all their talk from. On five or six verses of Scripture you find whole pages of comment, verses that are simply a statement of facts. This body of people called Christian Scientists is growing very fast. I do not purpose speaking of the theory they hold, as I know so little about it, but I suppose as it is with all the churches throughout our land, so with them, the wheat and the tares will grow together.

That same morning I met a gentleman who was very pleasant. He did not want a book, as he read only one, that was the New Testament. We had quite a chat, in which he told me that he had no use for the Old Testament, as that was done away with long ago. The great truth he wanted to proclaim was the new birth; he, having that, could not commit sin.

Anything he might do that was wrong was no longer him hut his flesh; that he, living in the spirit, could not commit sin.

"Do you belong to the Plymouth Brethren?" I inquired.

"No!" he replied, "I do not. I simply belong to the Church of God; I used to belong to the Church of England, but I could not stay there after I was born again."

"Why could you not stay?" I asked.

He smiled as though he really pitied my ignorance, and I dare say he did, but he answered my question by saying, "How could I stay there amongst people who would dance and drink, and smoke, and call themselves Christians? No! I heard a voice which said, 'Come out of her,' and I came. Now, I live no longer in the flesh, but in the spirit."

I said, "I would like to understand you. Suppose I say that I am born again, that I love God with all my heart, and am trying my best to do His will, yet find myself often doing and saying wrong things, would you say that I have got what you call the truth?"

"Well, you come pretty near to it, but you are not quite there or you would not still belong to any Church, for you would hear the call to come out of her, and perhaps you will some day. Then you not only would not sell such a book as that, but you would not read it."

"Now," I said, "is that quite fair? You did not look at the book. How do you know what it is about?"

"No!" he said, "I did not look at it, but I saw that it was a tale, and we don't want to read anything but the New Testament, so that we can know it off by heart."

"What do you think of the Christian Scientists?" I asked him.

"O, not much," he said, "they don't think they need a new birth at all; they are born right if they can only live right. But here, only last week, did they not let a poor little chap die of diphtheria, and would not send for a doctor?"

"Oh! I heard of that, but did they not have a doctor at the last?"

"Well, yes, the neighbors sent word to the mayor, and he sent a doctor. They did not want to let him in, but he was bound to get there and see the child; he was hardly prepared for the sight he saw, though. There was the little chap on the woman's knee, his throat as big as his body, his face bloated, and around his eyes and nose quite black, while his lips were so dry that they were like a brush.

"'Are you his mother?' asked the doctor.

"'No, sir.'

"Then the mother came in, and he asked her what she had been doing for the child.

"She said, 'We have prayed for him.'

"'Have you not given him anything?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Not even a drink of water?' he asked.

"'No, sir.'

"'Do you know that he is dying?'

"'No, sir; we hope he will get better. This is a lady doctor, and she has the case in hand.'

"'Well,' says he, 'let me tell you that he will be dead in five minutes. I am going to make out a certificate, and I shall call it murder.'

"With that he went out, and I can tell you the lady doctor made herself scarce. She was off on the next train."

This was quite true; the child died within the five

minutes, and it was the talk of the town for a little while.

This is only one of many such cases that have come to my notice since then. Thus, it appears to me that though they have some very lovely characters amongst them, they have also some that are very unlovely.

I went home pondering these things in my heart, wondering when the time would come in which we should be all of one mind, or if it ever would be.

I found a letter waiting for me which took my thoughts from that subject for the time being, and here is the answer I wrote to the daughter of the gentleman at whose house I had read the papers on the war, etc.

October 20th, 1899.

DEAR MISS C——,—I received your kind letter this noon, and hasten to answer it. You ask me how I like Galt. Very much indeed; I am boarding on one of the hills, with a very nice old lady. I hope you will try to pay me a visit before I leave.

Tell your father that I cannot say exactly when I shall be able to leave here, but will write a few days ahead, I think; it will be early in November, as I want to be home by the 20th. My paper will be on "The Everlasting Kingdom." You say he wants to know what I think of the war now, and if I am not shaking in my shoes lest the Boers win and become masters of the situation. Please give my kind regards to him and tell him I do not wear shoes, I always wear boots, and I am not shaking at all, though I am deeply grieved at the loss of life and at so many reverses. I think I said to you at one time that I was afraid our people were too self-confident, and went out there thinking they could just say to the Boers, "Get back you," and that they would be obeyed.

They have, however, found out their mistake; they

have met with a determined people and an unscrupulous foe. Led by such a man as Kruger, they stop at nothing, and are afraid of nothing but the bayonet, apparently.

Now, my dear girl, about your own news. I am so glad to hear that you have given your consent to Clarence. When he was here he told me how very much he desired to go to the front, but he could not bear to go against your will. Now you have given consent, he will go with a light heart. May God go with him, be with him there, be with you at home, and bring him safely back again, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend.

Ask your father if he does not think it wonderful, the way in which the Colonies are turning out their men, and gathering round their old Mother in the West.

Please remember me to all enquiring friends, and give my best love to your mother, thanking her again for all her kindness to me when I was there. And now I must conclude for the present. Believe me with love to be,

Yours faithfully,

MARY MORDANT.

As I said, my morning visits gave me food for thought, and I looked back into the past, then into the Word—and I heard the Lord Jehovah saying, "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart :

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up" (Deut. 6 : 6, 7).

The Lord Jesus Christ says : "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfil.

"Whosoever therefore . . . shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 5: 17-19).

Are these commands obeyed? I do not wish to hurt anybody's feelings, but the truth must be told.

Dear parents, what are you doing with your little ones? Are you teaching them to be obedient, truthful, honest, upright? Are you teaching them to ask God for His guiding care through the day, and His protection through the night, and is your teaching backed up by example? Thank God for those who can answer Yes; and may He have pity on those whose answer must be No.

If these two commands were fully obeyed, many things to-day that *are* would not be.

"Mother, why don't papa sit down and hear you read, and kneel down when we do?"

What must the answer be?

Is it any wonder that, as the children get bigger, the mother gradually abandons the custom. And there are the families who never begin the custom.

But I want to say something about these sad divisions in our midst. These little bodies that spring up here and there and spread out in all directions, they remind me of my quilt blocks.

The great building our God is raising is to be a perfect building. Nothing will go in there to mar its perfect beauty; every stone must be fitly joined together.

I know that man is so constituted that there must be differences of opinion on some matters, but is it not a fact that all true Christians think alike on those things that pertain to Eternal Life? For instance, a true Christian believes that God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Saviour and Redeemer of man. He believes that the Holy Spirit is able to

guide him into all truth, and that Christ died for our sins and rose again for our justification, and it is plain from the Word itself that whosoever believes this and is baptized shall be saved. Whence then come all these divisions? We hear of them even in St. Paul's time. "Brethren, mark them which cause divisions and avoid them" (Rom. 16:17).

"Now, I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you" (1 Cor. 1:10).

The sowing of the tares still goes on, and divisions must needs be.

The Church of Rome tried to check it and to bring everybody to one mind, as it were, but they did not do it in the spirit of love, and it led to a violent persecution, such as we, who can worship when and where we like, can hardly understand.

Then the Church of England tried to check it and bring every one to her way of thinking, but she also lacked the spirit of love, and this led up to a great persecution of the Scottish Church. But God has always got His own servants ready to send out on any special mission. He had Luther ready for the work to which he was appointed; He had Wesley ready to come at His call, and to do His bidding. Why were these men called out but to rouse the Church to do her duty in the world? But these are not the divisions that are dangerous, because as a Church we all agree on the vital points of religion; but it is those who say they can live without sin, those who believe they can become perfect in health and in obedience by their own efforts, those who say they have the gift of divine healing and go around to make money by it, and those who have got beyond prayer and have no need to worship God, as they live in the Spirit.

All these out of the way things, as I look at them, should be avoided; 'tis of no use trying to argue with them, they know they are right and you can't make them see anything else. But the point I want to make plain is this, that nearly all these bodies of people have some genuine ones amongst them, and where they are genuine they are generally very noble characters; therefore we see the wisdom of our Lord when He says: "Let them both grow together until the harvest."

I can remember when the Methodists and the Baptists were only small bodies of Christians, gathering together in rooms or small halls rented for the purpose, and calling themselves by different names (this was in Oxford, England). Did they meet with opposition, think you? Why, certainly they did; people who should have known better played all sorts of tricks on them. Locked in where they have been holding a prayer-meeting; gunpowder put into the snuffers, which would of course explode when they went to snuff their candles; a mouse taken alive in a trap and let out amongst the women just as they were in the midst of prayer, these are a few of the tricks I remember.

At what was called the Ranters' meetings there was frequently a free fight. Several boys would go together; one of them would begin a disturbance and keep it up until some of those in authority would interfere and try to turn him out. His comrades then would go to the rescue and perhaps contrive to put the lights out, and, as I said, a free fight would be the result.

The Church opposed them in every way, but just as opposition is good for business so it was good for them; they lived on, and to-day we have, in spite of all opposition, a vast army of people calling them-

selves by different names, out of which army Christ will call His bride.

I must not forget General Booth, seventy years of age now. Surely he was called to the work and fitted for it; not one in ten could have undertaken so great a task.

What opposition they met with—mud, stones, rotten eggs, blows and imprisonments, but in spite of all obstacles the work has gone on and we hear of them in every part of the world. They also stirred up the Church, until now England has got a very large Church Army working on similar lines. They reach people which the churches do not reach, and no doubt are doing a wonderful work.

Now, having pondered these things in our hearts, where are we? Just where we started. We know there are divisions amongst us, and we know these ought not to be, yet we are powerless. Suppose we go to work to pull up the tares? Where shall we begin? Shall we go to what we call the dens of wickedness? Shall we go to our prisons? or to our so-called infidels? Or shall we not go to those in high life, dwelling at ease in our large cities? yea, right amongst those who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus? Methinks, perhaps, the great reaper might begin there.

Did I say we were powerless? That surely is not so. We have power to pray; we have as individuals power to stand firm by the word of the living God, taking nothing from it and adding nothing to it.

Will you take a look with me at one of our large towns? There is a Catholic church, an English church, two Methodist churches, two Baptists, a Lutheran, a Congregational, a Quakers' meeting house, Salvation Army Barracks, a Christian Scientist meeting, and a Gospel meeting. What vast truth does this proclaim? Divisions and want of unity.

If all the Christians in this town were of one mind, what a mighty power they would be for good. There would be no taking a single text and making a well of salvation out of it, as is now becoming the fashion; we should take the Bible as it stands from cover to cover and take God at His word, proving one text by another to His honor and glory.

Think of the piles of books and columns of newspapers that have been written to decide points of difference between a set of opinions such as, Is it right to sprinkle or to immerse in baptism? Is it right to use wine at the communion? Is it right to wear a surplice or a black coat to preach in? Is it right to turn to the east or not when repeating the creed? Even children talk church one with another, and almost quarrel as to which is the best and which has got the nicest teacher in Sunday School; and I know children who keep up two Sunday Schools so that they may get to both entertainments at Christmas time and both picnics in summer.

Oh! the pity of it! Is there no help for it?

Yes! The Bible solves the problem for us in this matter, as in all others; but we do not obey the Bible, we do not teach our children; they are allowed to grow up as they like, to go to any Sunday School they like, so long as they are out of the way.

Thank God, there are exceptions to this rule. I remember the time in England when only poor people's children went to Sunday School, and some few ladies came forward to teach them. To-day our Sunday Schools are a vast institution.

Look back at the first school of the kind: a few poor children gathered from the slums and taught by Robert Raikes the shoemaker. No doubt with all his poverty he was one of God's precious jewels. Did he work alone? No! he no sooner began than

Satan began alongside of him, and the tares were sown with the wheat, and are still growing abundantly.

One thing, however, I will maintain. If a teacher goes to take a class in the name of the Master, pleading for them and teaching them with a single eye to God's glory, he or she shall in no wise lose their reward; but is it not too often a fact that our Sunday School teachers are trying to give to others that which they do not grasp for themselves? Can we single these out? No! they must grow together till the harvest.

Should any read this who are losing courage, may I say to them, Look up, the great Reaper Himself will be able to do that which we cannot do.

I hear people say, sometimes, I don't go to church for I see people there who are not what they profess to be; they are only there to show off their fine clothes and because it is the fashion to go to church.

Well, dear friends, supposing you are right, and doubtless you are in some cases, will two wrongs make one right?

Is there not a special blessing in the public worship of God? I think so. Do not break away, then; stay and strengthen the cords; single out one of these people you complain of, first asking God to guide you in your choice, then pray for that one. Give God no rest until you see a change for the better. It will succeed if you are in earnest, and the fact that you are praying for any one will have a good effect on your own life. Having asked God for a gift, your faith will become stronger, you will pray more earnestly and more frequently than before.

The good effect brought to bear on any person when trying to help another is wonderful in the extreme.

Dear friends, if you have not tried this, I pray you

do so in humble faith, and see how it will help. Even if you are not permitted to see the effect on the one you are praying for, you will, without doubt, realize it in your own life, which will expand, broaden and lift you higher.

A secret between two people always draws them together either for good or evil. You will have a secret, as it were, between yourself and God, which will draw you ever nearer and nearer to Him.





CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVERLASTING KINGDOM.

“For the kingdom is the Lord’s; and he is the governor among the nations” (Psa. 22: 28).

“Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.”

EARLY in November, after a warm welcome from my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. C., I sat down to read, according to promise, a paper on the Everlasting Kingdom, or the Kingdom of the Heavens, which I am told is the most correct translation of the Kingdom of Heaven, as St. Matthew puts it, or the Kingdom of God, as St. Luke puts it.

I think our first hint of a kingdom of that kind is where God says to Moses, “Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, a holy nation” (Ex. 19: 5, 6).

He also tells them that when the time comes in the

which they shall ask for a king (for He knows they will ask one), "Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose: one from among thy brethren shalt thou set king over thee" (Deut. 17: 15).

Their first king was Saul, but he was disobedient and died. Then David, the man after God's own heart, was made king, and his kingdom was to be everlasting.

Does not a king imply subjects and sovereignty?

It seems to me that it was a part of the Divine purpose that a kingdom should be established upon earth under divine rule. Mankind the subjects, God their King, and righteousness their ruling principle.

It was to be everlasting, as indicated by the promise given to David at the same time in which he received the promise of an additional land for Israel; and it was an unconditional promise.

After telling David that Solomon was to reign in his stead, He said, "I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever . . . if he comit iniquity I will chasten him with the rod of men . . . but my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul whom I put away before thee. . . . thy house . . . thy kingdom, thy throne, shall be established forever" (2 Sam. 7: 12-16).

Then we find David praising God and thanking Him for His gracious words and promises. . . . "Thou hast confirmed to thy self thy people Israel, to be a people unto thee forever" (2 Sam. 7: 24).

Here we see, then, that the perpetuity of the kingdom of David is secured by the occupancy of the throne of the House of Israel by a man (or woman) who shall be always by pedigree a descendant of the house of David.

"I will establish his kingdom" (2 Sam. 7: 12).

"For thus saith the Lord, David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of the house of Israel."

"If ye can break my covenant of the day . . . and night . . . that there should not be day and night in their season ;

"Then may . . . David my servant . . . not have a son to reign upon his throne" (Jer. 33 : 17-26).

Now let us see what Daniel has to say about the kingdom.

Most people are familiar with the book of Daniel. They like to read it because it is very interesting, but how few understand it. Why? Because they have got into the habit of thinking it is all a mystery and not to be understood or fulfilled until some future time. Let us see how much of it will bear reading literally.

The house of Judah was taken captive to Babylon. King Nebuchadnezzar was their captor, and he bade his servants bring with them "some of the king's seed, and of the princes, clever men with understanding" (Dan. 1 : 3, 4).

Among the men thus chosen was "Daniel, who was called Belshazzar" (ver. 7). "He had understanding in all visions and dreams" (ver. 17).

Now this king had a dream, and Daniel, after prayer, was able to interpret it (Dan. 2 : 28).

I dare say you remember the dream, the great image, his head of gold, his body silver and brass, his legs iron, his feet clay. A stone cut without hands smote the image upon his feet and broke them to pieces, then became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. This was the vision.

The interpretation thereof was that "The kingdom of Nebuchadnezzar was the head of gold. After him was to rise another kingdom inferior to him, then

a third kingdom was to bear rule over all the earth ; a fourth kingdom strong as iron was to break in pieces and bruise." (This all came to pass literally.)

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven (or the heavens) set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. . . . the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure" (Dan. 2 : 39-45).

This Babylon, then the head of gold, was succeeded by the Medes and Persians, founded by Darius the Mede and Cyrus the Persian. These were succeeded by the Grecians, founded by Alexander, who conquered Darius Codomannus, the last of the Persians. Next we have the Roman monarchy, strong as iron. It broke in pieces the Grecian empire and afterwards destroyed the nation of the Jews. *But not the nation of Israel.* God held them under the palm of His hand until the set time.

We are generally taught that the fifth kingdom is a spiritual kingdom, though I cannot see why. Daniel says : "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom . . . and it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever" (Dan. 2:44). Only by this kingdom being literal can the vision of St. John be realized.

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ: and he shall reign for ever and ever" (Rev. 11:15).

Now, let us look at Daniel's dream, which was like unto the king's in its meaning. He saw four beasts which represented Babylon, the lion; Persia, the bear; Greece, the leopard," which in a few years gained Persia, a great part of Asia, Syria, Egypt, India and other nations.

Rome, the fourth beast, not like any other, which in its glory held the kingdoms of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Britain, Sarmatia, Pannonia, Asia, Greece and Egypt. When these three last fell away the Turkish empire rose in their place. (NOTE.—the little horn speaking great things.) . . . "he shall wear out the saints of the most High," but "they shall take his dominion, consume and destroy it. . . . The kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints . . . whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him" (Dan. 7:27).

Now this is very plain, the people of the saints, the separated ones, God's own people. And who are they?

"The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance" (Ps. 33:12).

"For thou didst separate them from among the people of the earth to be thine inheritance" (Jer. 10:16).

In speaking of his vision, Daniel says: "I beheld till the thrones were cast down," (these four great kingdoms) "and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire."

This makes one think of Isaiah, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool, though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow."

But Daniel goes on to say, "I beheld till the judgment was set, and the books were opened." Christ says, "For judgment am I come into this world."

Daniel goes on to say, "Behold, one like the Son of man . . . came to the Ancient of days. . . . And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a

kingdom . . . an everlasting kingdom . . . that shall not be destroyed."

"The saints of the most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever."

Daniel beheld still, and the little horn "made war with the saints and prevailed; . . . Until the Ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the most High; and they possessed the kingdom [present tense, notice]. . . . Whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him" (Dan. 7:9-27).

Compare this with, "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; . . . shall be utterly wasted" (Isa. 60:12).

Notice that the kingdom is given to Christ in verse 14, and the saints were to take the kingdom in verse 18. Christ and His people reigning together, working together, and by Isaiah so often spoken of as one. "Christ the king of kings;" "caught up to his throne" (Rev. 12:5). Sends "his holy spirit, the comforter, to guide his people into all truth." Thus by the power of His Spirit He reigns over His people and the kingdom of the heavens. A literal kingdom here upon this earth to-day, upon the throne of which kingdom sits a descendant of David, and from the time of the promise there has never been wanting a man to sit upon that throne.

This is most difficult to understand unless we keep in mind the distinction between the two houses; all Israel the one kingdom, the house of Judah the other. This distinction is made very early in their history; long before the house of Judah were called Jews.

You may ask, how do you know that there has always been some descendant of David to sit upon his throne?

If we knew everything, that is to say, if everything was made very plain to us, where would the exercise of our faith come? The "search the Scriptures" of our Lord would have been an unnecessary command; and I do not think He ever gave a command that could not be obeyed.

It is enough for me, then, that God said it, though we are not without proof if we seek it out, and the promise is that the Holy Spirit will lead us into all truth.

Now, then, Christ was a king, is a king, I should say.

"Behold thy king cometh unto thee . . . riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass" (Zech. 9:9).

"And when he was come nigh unto the Mount of Olives the whole multitude . . . shouted blessed be the king . . . who cometh in the name of the Lord" (Luke 19:37-38).

"God shall give unto him the throne of his servant David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1:32-33).

The prophet Micah says, "Christ is to be ruler in Israel; the Jews rejected him and crucified him." Thus you see that text would be a failure had there not been a remnant of Israel in which to reign, or over which to rule.

St. Matthew tells us that after Christ, riding into the city, had been met by the multitude, shouting Hosanna to the Son of David, that he went into the temple, cast out those who bought and sold there, saying: "It is written—my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves" (Matt. 21:4-14).

"The chief priests and the elders asked him: By what authority doest thou these things?" He did not tell them but by a parable.

"A householder planted a vineyard . . . let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. . . . later he sent his servants that they might receive the fruits of it . . . but they were beaten, and stoned, and killed . . . last of all he sent his son . . . they said this is the heir, come let us kill him and the inheritance shall be ours . . . they caught him, cast him out of the vineyard and slew him. What then will the lord of the vineyard do unto these men? They say unto him, he will miserably destroy these wicked men and give the vineyard to others . . . who will render him the fruits in due season" (In this they voiced their own condemnation).

"Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the scriptures, the stone which the builders rejected the same is become the head of the corner; this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

"Therefore, I say unto you (Jews), the kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof; and whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder" (Matt. 21).

The Jews certainly fell on that stone and they were broken.

Daniel saw in his vision "the stone cut without hands." Christ said, the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. What does this mean but that it is a kingdom formed by God, maintained by His power; in fact, the kingdom of the heavens, "the kingdom of God," the same which John the Baptist said was at hand, and of which Christ said, It is amongst you. A heavenly kingdom, yet a literal kingdom. Do you recognize it, the stone which smote the image on the feet?

To whom was it transferred ?

To the great evangelical community of the faithful, mainly composed of the Gentiles, says some of our commentators. But Christ says to a nation. Which one ? Let Isaiah answer. "He shall cause them that come of Jacob to take root (note, this implies a planting); they shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit" (Isa. 27 : 6).

Now, if Israel was to do this how could God make such a mistake as to give it to some other nation to do ? Yet Britain is doing it to-day. "Humane laws, just administrations, charitable institutions, freedom and prosperity, are being sown broadcast over the earth; nations and families are being blessed; its benevolence is sending over the world the Gospel of grace, and the word of the living God. We call her Britain, but God says it is Israel's work. Has God made a mistake, then ? No ! a thousand times no ! The same God who says Israel is to do it, or the seed of Jacob is to do it, also says, they shall be called by a new name which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

Just before his death, our blessed Lord gave to His disciples bread and wine, after which He said to them, "I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me" (Luke 21 : 29).

Does not this corroborate what Daniel says ?

On one occasion Christ asked His disciples, Whom say ye that I am ? Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God. And Jesus said, . . . I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter ; upon this rock (or confession) I will build my church. . . . I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom.

Oh, how much has been written about those keys, yet how simple the words and the fulfilment thereof.

Peter used the first key when he opened the King-

dom of Heaven to God's people; he was speaking to men and brethren (Acts 2: 29). To all the house of Israel, verse 36, and when they said, What shall we do? verse 37, Peter said . . . Repent and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, verse 38, and there were added about 3,000 souls, and these were not Gentiles, remember, for Peter at that time would not have admitted a Gentile. No, they were of either one of the Houses of Israel, who by repenting and accepting Christ were reinstated under a new covenant and a new name. Now, before Peter would use the second key, or admit a Gentile into that kingdom or church, he had to receive a lesson from above. So we have the vision of the sheet let down from heaven (Acts 10: 10-17).

Then Peter went to the house of Cornelius . . . opened his mouth and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons . . . the word which he sent to the children of Israel speaking peace by Jesus Christ is not to be confined to them. . . . For upon the Gentiles also was poured the gift of the Holy Ghost . . . And Peter commanded them to be baptised in the name of the Lord (Acts 10: 34-48.)

Here then we find Peter opening the Kingdom of Heaven to the Gentiles, thus using the two keys which Christ had given him, namely, the power to do that which was given him to do. In the face of this can we dare to say that the Kingdom was given into the hands of a Gentile people? No, it was given to David's greater Son, and by Him given to His people in charge, and later taken by that people and ruled by them for God's glory, and will be kept by them until He comes personally in His own good time.

Oh, if men believed this, would they not work to get ready for Him at His coming? Look how they

are working for the Empire, putting forth all their energies so as to bring about a righteous government, to liberate the slave and let the oppressed go free, obeying the commands of God in a great many cases unconsciously; but if we knew ourselves as His own people, and were making ready for His return, expecting Him, looking for Him, building upon the rock instead of the sand, so that tribulation, distress of nations and other things which shall come upon the earth, may in nowise disturb our peace; but that our faith being strong, we may dwell in God and He in us:

“ Fearing not the darkest hour,
Dreading not the tempter's power;
Trusting Him on whom we lean,
The guide of our most gracious Queen,
For is He not the nation's King?”

It seems to me that God's people, the Anglo-Saxon race, are standing their trial. The judgment is set, but of this I will speak more again. I must conclude now, though I will, if convenient, read you another paper in which I will give you some idea as to how the kingdom can be traced back to David from our beloved Queen.

We then sang the hymn, “Jesus Lover of My Soul,” and this closed a very pleasant evening.



CHAPTER XV.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

“The Lord knoweth them that are His” (2 Tim. 2 : 19).

“Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.”

AFTER our friends had gone, we spent an hour very pleasantly in chatting over the paper I had read, and over the war news, which about this time began to look very serious.

Miss C. had bidden her lover good-bye, and he went with our first contingent to South Africa, 1,000 strong, sailing on October 30th, 1899.

Our Queen must feel very proud of her colonies—her daughter nations—Canada, New Zealand, Australia, eagerly willing to uphold her hands and her Empire, and I believe the men are made better men by the send-off they got, and the noble speeches that were in some cases made to them. I will give you part of one made by Canon Dann, of London, Ont.:

“We are all proud of you. We have every hope

that you will do credit to your country. That which made your forefathers great soldiers will make you the same, trust in God and faithfulness to duty. Never be untrue to yourselves, to your Queen, or to your God. If you have to fight, fight knowing that God's eye is upon you. Never strike an unnecessary blow, so that when all is over you will have the approving voice of your Master, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' We wish you God-speed, a happy voyage, a brilliant campaign, and a safe return."

It remains to be seen how many will be left in that far-off land and how many will be spared to tell of dangers past. Doubtless many are gone out not knowing why they go, not actuated by any thought of the Master, but you may depend upon it He will meet them there, and by His grace He will save them there. We are not privileged to look into each heart or to know who bends the knee or lifts the voice before going into battle, but what a glorious thought it is that to God all hearts are open, all desires known, and that from Him no secrets are hid. He is on both sides and can speak peace to the dying Boer as well as to the British soldier.

The day following our soldiers' departure from Canada, General Sir Redvers Buller arrived in Cape Town. I believe the difficulties of the work before them is beginning to impress our people at home now; they are beginning to realize the great task they have undertaken and that it is not a few uncultivated people, but some of the picked men of Europe, who are leaders of the Boer army.

The next morning we went for a drive. As we were leaving the town we stopped at a small house, at which Miss C. left a basket, which I had before seen packed full of provisions.

As the door opened I saw a woman's face which seemed familiar, and noticed that as soon as she caught sight of me she drew back. I puzzled for a long time over this, wondering who she was and where I had seen her; at last I asked her name and when told I remembered at once where I had known her. I went to see her and to-day am still in touch with her, that is to say, we correspond.

As a family their history is remarkable and I think interesting, so with her full permission I am going to give you a brief sketch of it, only of course suppressing the name.

We must go back to the time when we lived in Harriston. We were well acquainted with a church family who were very regular attendants and greatly respected. They were farmers and had three sons and four daughters. The two eldest sons were married and lived in town. The oldest I did not know except by hearsay. He had joined a little body of people who called themselves Brethren of the Kingdom, and were, I believe, always looking for the coming of Christ. At one time the date was fixed and they were all in white the night through, expecting P. m at any moment.

After this disappointment there seemed to be some break up of the meeting and a new leader came to town. He taught that any one who liked could have the gift of the Holy Spirit so completely that they would know at all times just what to do.

This same little body of brethren gathered around the new leader, and many others joined them, amongst whom was the second son of the farmer, whom we will call Mr. Berry. Both he and his wife were greatly troubled, but talking was of no use. As I said, I did not know the elder one, but the second one, Dick, I knew quite well. He had a lovely wife and two little

boys. They lived in their own house and they had a share in a good-paying business; she was a wise manager and they were as happy as could be. She had been brought up a Methodist, but went to church with him so as not to be separated.

Most evenings he was at home, and would play the violin while his two little boys danced around him. It was quite a treat to spend an evening there. He built up their blocks, trotted out the animals from Noah's Ark, and just acted like a boy himself until their bedtime; then sometimes he read aloud, sometimes she did, or when a friend would drop in they would play authors or dominoes, as the case might be.

But after this new leader came and he had been to a few of his meetings all this was changed. He put away his violin, burned the dominoes and authors' cards, took all the books upstairs out of the way except the New Testament, and that he kept constantly about him. The children were not allowed to play when he was in the house, and he never smiled; his hearty laugh was a thing of the past. I never thought it possible that any one could change so much in so short a time.

At first his wife resented it, then she tried to talk him out of it, but it was of no use. I heard that he had gone several times to this man's meeting, but did not think seriously of it until he acted strangely one evening at the cottage Bible reading, which was in my charge at that time.

I always kept a written prayer in the front of my Bible, and sometimes read it at the opening of the meeting, which I did on that particular evening. When we got up from our knees I noticed that he had not knelt down, but sat upright with his arms folded.

"Do you always read a prayer out of that book?" he said.

"No," I replied; "I sometimes pray extempore, but to-night I felt that the written prayer was just what I needed."

"Don't you know that all written prayers are useless," he said.

"Why, no; where can you find more delightful prayers than in your own beautiful Church service?"

"They are all trash and not a bit of good," he said.

I made no answer but turned up the lesson, when he turned to the people assembled and said: "Friends, the Holy Spirit sent me here to-night to lead this meeting, which I am bound to do." And he did. But from that hour to the present I could never tell you what he said, except that every Church was wrong, the Old Testament a fraud, and only those to whom the Holy Spirit spoke personally was right.

After the meeting was over he still lingered, and when I left the house he walked beside me to my own door. I asked him in, hardly expecting that he would go, but he did. My husband was out, and he began to talk, and I was powerless to stem the torrent. From being a man of comparatively few words he had become a preacher. I would not dare to try to tell you all he said. But one thing he made very plain, which was that the Holy Spirit had told him to go to that meeting and lead it, and that He would give him one soul out of it; that he was to forbid me keeping it, as I was only trying to fill the church, which was a place full of all sorts of wickedness and hypocrisy.

I was really beginning to get nervous when my husband came in, and I was afraid that he would begin all over again, instead of which he put his Testament into his pocket, buttoned up his coat, said a short "Good-night" and went.

Hypnotism was not so much talked of then as it

has been since, but I really think it must have been at work there, for words could never make the reader understand the change in the man.

He broke up our cottage-meeting, for go to it he would, and talk he would,

Things went on like this for a little over a year. His wife told me that money was short; he did not attend to his business, and at last they dissolved partnership. When things were settled, there was so little coming to them that she wondered where it had all gone to; but his partner told her that for the past year he had been constantly drawing money, and that was why he was determined to dissolve the partnership.

While things were in this unhappy state, the elder brother lost his share in a business that he had taken up. The proprietor told his father, Mr. Berry, that he talked the "Coming of Christ" and the "Gift of the Spirit" to every one who came in and all through the business hours, until it became a complete nuisance. He tried to break him off, for he was a good workman, but he got so angry every time he was spoken to that the only way was to break with him altogether.

In the end both families left town.

The elder man was never quite so bad (if I may use the term) as the younger. I believe when they got into a strange place they came to their senses a little bit. They joined the Brethren there, which was rather a nice body of people, who were willing to let the Church have some saved souls within its walls.

After three years the mother died, and two of the children. The father married again, and, I believe, did very well. But poor Dick — his wife told me that he had been almost crazy; they had moved from place to place, and she had to work with her own

hands to help keep things together. Only for their parents they could not have lived and brought up their children at all. "It is seventeen years since we left Harriston," she said, "and I have never known an hour's peace in all that time until the last month. Dick has been very ill with brain fever, and the doctor tells me that he is afraid his mind will be a blank, and that it will be all of three months before he will be strong enough to work, and it may be years before his memory comes back to him, if it ever comes."

"Does it ever strike you that there may be a blessing under this great trial?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied; "I would rather that I and the boys worked for him to the end of his life than that he should go back to his old craze. But come in and see him, won't you? He will not know you; but he does not mind strangers at all."

Oh, what a wreck he was, so wasted, his cheeks hollow and thin, but the eyes were to me such as when I first knew him, bright and laughing—they had entirely lost the wild look which had crept into them when he took up his religious mania.

He did not know me, the name stirred no memory; he just spoke of his illness and hoped soon to be up and able to work.

The clergyman in that town was a very sensible young man, and I advised her to tell him as much as she deemed necessary, so that he might know how to deal with the case, which he did wisely and well. He frequently called upon him and treated him in every way as he would a full member of the Church, talked to him and kept his mind to it as much as it was possible, without being a trouble to him. The boys were both working and she told me that the neighbors had been very kind to her—the family I

was staying with, in particular--sending her baskets of cooked food, to save her the trouble of cooking while he was so ill.

I hear from her constantly. She tells me that he has never by one word referred to his old craze, as she still calls it. She goes on to say, "His father and mother came to see him soon after you saw him, but he did not recognize them. I said, 'Dick, here's your father and mother come to see you.' He shook hands with them in the same way he would with a complete stranger, and when they spoke of anything at home he took no notice whatever. He is getting stronger and likes to walk out each day with me or with Frank, my eldest boy, but he takes very little notice of Jack, the younger one. I can only wait; I do not doubt but things will be right in God's own good way and time. It is so good to be able to write you, and such a relief to my mind. I was terribly lonely until you called on me that day, when my surroundings were so dark and dismal, but I think I begin to see the silver lining and I am looking forward to a brighter future."

This was such a singular case that I thought it would interest my readers as it had me. God's dealings are so remarkable that, as I said before, if we watch Providence we shall never want one to watch.

The week I spent amongst my friends passed very quickly and brought me to the evening on which I was to read a paper as to "The Transferring of the Kingdom." I will give this in another chapter. Tomorrow, all being well, I shall return to Woodstock for the winter months.



CHAPTER XVI.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. 18 : 14).

My paper to-night is on "The Transferring of the Kingdom." I want to show you that we are not left without some proof that the kingdom of the House of Judah was transferred to the House of Israel, both from God's word and history. As I said before, "History repeats itself."

To Abraham, God's friend, in a vision or dream, He said: "Know of a surety, that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs . . . four hundred years; . . . in the fourth generation they shall come hither again" (Gen. 15: 12-13). And it came to pass as he said it would.

To David, who was the man after God's own heart, He made a promise of an additional land for Israel,

where they should "dwell in peace," and no more be removed by invasion or the children of wickedness.

Why should this promise fail any more than the other?

When Joseph was a boy he "dreamed dreams," which made his brothers envious of him, and they hated him. But remember every dream was fulfilled in a far country, and he in his turn interpreted the King's dream and became a great man in the kingdom. Do we ever think of doubting the fact, that God of His own purpose brought this about, or that Joseph was sent into Egypt to prepare a place for his father and his brethren that the divine purpose may be carried out and the nation formed according to His promise to Abraham.

Daniel in Babylon dreamed dreams and also interpreted the king's dream, becoming a great man in the kingdom. Why should not his dreams come to pass in a far country—just as they were supposed to do—as well as Joseph's?

Ezekiel saw visions, spoke riddles and prophesied according to God's word to him. Why should they not be literally fulfilled as well as Joseph's?

Now, suppose we say, as it is generally conceded, that Christ does not reign personally upon the earth, but that He will some day. Is He not a king? Certainly, He is King of kings and Lord of lords. Will the fact that He *will* come bridge over the interval of time from Zedekiah, last of the kings of Judah, to the advent of the promised heir? No; the prediction still awaits fulfilment in the person of Jesus; hence there must be still a kingdom in the hands of a lawful descendant of the House of David held in reserve until He comes whose right it is.

When, and where shall it be looked for? How shall it be known? I think I have already made it

plain that I believe it to be the fifth kingdom, which was to break in pieces the other four. Seeing then that if this be so, and the kingdom is still among men, what of the sceptre of Judah? Notice: David was never to lack a successor to sit upon the throne of the *House of Israel*, designedly put in place of *Judah*, for that house ceased from being under the sceptre when it went into captivity, and from that time, even to this day, has remained without it; still, it was not to depart from Judah. Hence God's promise that he would make David a house, for David was of Judah. Now, where is the temporal history of the sceptre in the interval to be traced?

From David to Jehoiakim, son of Josiah, the descent is clearly given in the Books of Kings and Chronicles. Then there was a change because of Jehoiakim's wickedness; the succession was passed over to his brother, named by Nebuchadnezzar, Zedekiah.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord of Jehoiakim king of Judah; He shall have none to sit upon the throne of David" (Jer. 36:30).

"And king Zedekiah the son of Josiah reigned instead of Coniah [Jechonias] the son of Jehoiakim. (Jer. 37:1).

St. Matthew traces our Lord's genealogy through this rejected son, Jechonias, so our Lord was legal heir to the throne by male line.

The kingship was cut off from Jehoiakim's posterity for all time, though remaining vested till He pleases to assume the kingdom in person; yet, as we have shown, it must remain in the hands of a lawful descendant. Zedekiah received it, but he was the last king of Judah. From this point Judah ceases to be under its sceptre. From this point, therefore, some part of the House of Israel must of necessity come under it. Zedekiah's sons were slain before his

eyes, so his male posterity was cut off (Jer. 39:6), but he had daughters, and to one of these it would revert (Num. 27:8).

Seeing then that the sovereignty of Israel—that is the united houses of Israel and Judah—was established by the most solemn decrees of God, forever in the line of David; and that when Israel of the ten tribes was carried captive (B.C. 720) and Ephraim was broken that it was not a people the nationality was preserved by the union of Benjamin to Judah, according to God's purpose (1 Kings 12:21-24).

The tribe of Benjamin continued with Judah until Christ came, and of course were called Jews.

When the Jewish polity was overthrown in the reign of Zedekiah—his sons having been slain—the nationality was maintained, as far as I can see, by the transfer of the sceptre in the female line to a portion of the other house established in some other part of the world, called by the prophets, "The isles afar off," "The isles of the sea," etc.

How can we account for the transfer of the kingdom to Zedekiah's daughter?

We will go back to the peculiar mission that God gave to Jeremiah when he was appointed a prophet.

"See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms [plural], to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant" (Jer. 1:10).

Now, at the time we are writing of, this had only been accomplished in the first half of it. He had rooted out the kingdom of Judah, and pulled down the house, but he had yet to build—What? A House and plant a kingdom. Judah must give place to David, his House and kingdom.

Jeremiah with his scribe, Baruch, and Zedekiah's daughters, were carried down into Egypt by force

(Jer. 43 : 5-7). There at Tahpanhes it was revealed unto him that a few should escape, as Egypt was threatened with an invasion, and certainly we think he would take notice of the warning, and make good his escape with Zedekiah's daughter, the sole heir to the throne. He would not be likely to go back to Judea, but he would be likely to take such advantages as the Danite and Phœnician traders might offer to go beyond the sea. The time of this period was somewhere about B.C. 585, and it was also about this time or a little later, according to the Chronicles of Erin and other Irish histories, that there landed a prophet or revealer called Ollam Fodhla, together with his secretary, Simon Breech and an Eastern Princess, who ultimately became the queen-wife of Eochaid Heremon, King of Ulster. This Heremon was a prince of the Tuatha da Danan, or tribe of the Danites (who probably began to colonize in Ireland as early as the twelfth century before Christ), and by his union with the princess, Tea Tephi, who is reasonably identified as the daughter of Zedekiah, the sovereignty or sceptre of Judah literally passed over to rule the House of Israel. If this identification be good, the succession is traced through the subsequent rulers of Ireland down to A.D. 486; thence through kings of Argyleshire from King Feargus to King Alpin, A.D. 853; thence through kings of Scotland, from Keneth II. to the union with England under James, A.D. 1603, and thence to our gracious Queen Victoria.

The only link of which a doubt can be raised is that of the union between Eochaid and Zedekiah's daughter. We have no direct or positive proof of the identity of Queen Tephi with the Hebrew princess, though the evidence, as put forth by competent investigators, is very little short of direct proof.

No doubt in Joseph's days there were many who were ready to say he was not Joseph. "I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth" (Amos 9 : 9).

We will turn now to Ezekiel and see what he says about this kingdom. As I read it, I almost think I see between the lines, as it were, the Irish legend as given above.

God tells Ezekiel to put forth a riddle and speak a parable. You may read it in Ezekiel 17 : 3-8, the explanation is given. Nebuchadnezzar had "taken of the king's seed, and taken oath of him, also the mighty of the land, that the kingdom might be base, that it might not lift itself up." "As I live, saith the Lord God, surely in the place where the king dwelleth that made him king . . . he shall die" (verses 13-16). Then God goes on to say (still in the form of a parable) what He will do with regard to this kingdom. "Thus saith the Lord, I will also take of the highest branch off of the high cedar, and will set it. I will crop off from the top of his young twigs, a tender one (the daughter), and will plant it upon a high mountain and eminent. In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it, and it shall bring forth boughs and bear fruit and be a goodly cedar; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell. And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree (Judah), have exalted the low tree (Israel), have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish" (Ezek. 17 : 22-24).

Compare this with our Lord's parable of the mustard seed, "least of all seeds . . . becometh a tree . . . birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof" (Matt. 13 : 32).

One more thought comes to me which may be interesting. In the luggage of Ollam Fodhla, amongst other things, was a stone, reddish in color, about eighteen or twenty inches square. This stone is today in Westminster Abbey, under the seat of the coronation chair of the monarchs of England. It was brought there by King Edward in the year 1298, and has remained there ever since. It is by many believed that this is the identical stone called "Jacob's Pillow," and that Jeremiah and Simon Baruch, his scribe, were the two who took it to Ireland. That stone remained in Ireland for about 1,000 years.

When Feargus I. sailed to Iona, and proclaimed himself king, he sent to Ireland for that stone of destiny. When it arrived he was crowned upon it.

About 200 years after this, his grandson, Conal, gave the Island of Iona to St. Columba for the purpose of a mission, and it is reported of this saint, as he lay dying, he was carried into his chapel and laid with his head resting upon the stone he had cared for so long and held in such wonderful reverence. Some time after his death it was taken for safe keeping to Scone Abbey, and was held in reverence by the kings of Scotland until Edward the First carried it to England, where it has remained ever since.

What more shall I say? Will you be like the noble Bereans, "search the Scriptures," to see if these things be so.

Keep the House of Judah and the House of Israel separate, and remember that the Kingdom of God is a literal kingdom and that it is among you.

The Lord is at hand—shall we make the same mistake as that made at His first coming?

The Jews had the Scriptures, they had the temple worship, they had the sacrificial services, they called themselves the servants of God, they were expecting

the Messiah, yet when He came they did not know Him. While He was in their midst going about doing good they would have none of Him, and at last they put Him to death. They had the Scriptures, but they did not know them. They wanted a Messiah to come in *their* way, and when He came in *His own* way they would not receive Him. Let us not belike them, let us rather search out and try to understand things that for so long we have called mysteries.

From one man He formed a nation, which was to rule and govern the world, and in spite of themselves, through many years of trial, He is bringing them to what He wishes them to be.

Death was their portion, but a Redeemer was promised.

Oh, I think if they realized that they were redeemed Israel, hundreds of our men who now are so very indifferent would set themselves to work to spread the glorious truth. "Lost Israel" is found, and we are of Israel.

If we are believers in Christ, trusting Him for salvation, will it make us trust Him less to know that He has permitted us to be born of the literal seed of Abraham, his friend.

If you will look up the meaning of the words redeemed and saved, you will find that they are not just the same.

To redeem is to buy back or repurchase. Israel was a nation who had belonged to God.

Divorced from the Mosaic law and put away, He hid His face from them. As a nation and as God's people they were dead. Christ's work was to redeem them, and give them back to God, so that they might receive the covenant blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and that they might receive them through the Redeemer the King of Israel.

Then, by His death, He was also the Saviour of the world. All who will come to Him may be saved. Salvation is for all the world. Redemption came to Israel, making them ready for the work to which they were appointed, and it is yet to come to Judah, when they will look on Him whom they have pierced. Then Israel, Manasseh, and Judah, shall come together and choose themselves one head. "For great shall be the day of Jezreel (the seed of God)" (Hosea 1: 10, 11).

Please look at the three collects for Good Friday in the Church of England Book of Common Prayer. Were these arranged by accident?

In the first one we ask God to behold us as a family, His family, for which our Lord was contented to be given into the hands of wicked men.

In the second we pray for the Church; we acknowledge that it is by His spirit governed and sanctified; we offer our prayers for all estates of men in the church.

In the third, as a people established, we pray for mercy on all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics. We ask that they may be received among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd—Jesus Christ our Lord.

What was St. Paul to do? "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel" (Acts 9:15).

I have been asked to look up Gal. 3: 28-29, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. . . . male nor female. . . . ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

I see no difficulty in this passage, which certainly refers to the blessed position which every human being occupies in regard to eternal life. All who accept Christ God will accept, no matter what their nationality or circumstances may be.

The words certainly do not apply to this life, or they would be untrue.

There is a vast difference between the happy homes of the British and the Christian nations of the Continent so often scourged by war.

Is there no difference between the rich and poor in this life? Ask the poor man. Is there no difference in the position of the sexes in this world? Ask the struggling women of our large towns.

When you have converted an African, a North-West Indian, a Hindoo or a Chinese, they are one with you in Christ Jesus; but they are not Englishmen, and I ask you are you ready to admit them to your social life? No! and the word of God does not ask it. His people are separated, and a peculiar people called by Him to do His work, leading up to the time when there shall be no more war, but when all shall know the Lord.

In Lev. 24:22 we read: "Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country, for I am the Lord your God." This is one of the things that we are fighting for in South Africa at the present time—equal rights for all.

I folded my paper and I was very much touched when they began to sing,

"God be with you till we meet again."

Their parting from me was most kindly, and they thanked me again and again for my papers, and promised to search for themselves and try to leave the world a little better, at least, for having lived in it.



CHAPTER XVII.

A BEREAVED FAMILY.

“ . . . The righteous is taken away from the evil to come ”
(Isa. 57 : 1).

“ If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
Thy will be done.

MORE than a year has passed away since I read the paper contained in last chapter, on “ The Transfer of the Kingdom.”

What a year it has been! Much blood has been shed, many families have been bereaved ; our hearts have been saddened many times by coming in contact with those upon whom sorrow and grief has fallen.

It fell particularly heavy on the family of a young lady who was a pupil of mine, and whose mother (an invalid) had been extremely kind to me. She was a true Christian, and we had spoken together of things divine.

Breakfast was ready in their little breakfast-room as she entered it one morning and rang the bell.

"Where is Master Frank? Has he had his breakfast already? And Louise! Where is she?"

"They have not come down yet, ma'am. You are a little early, are you not?"

"Perhaps I am. I could not sleep any longer. I felt I should be better up. Oh, here is Louise!"

"Well, mother mine, do you feel better that you are up so early? Where is Frank? Not down yet?"

"Will you go and call him, Jane? Tell him that I am down and would like a drive this morning."

"We won't wait, Louise. What are you going to do to-day, as it is a holiday?"

Just then Jane came back, saying, "I can't make him hear; I have knocked three or four times and tried the door, but 'tis locked."

"Go, Louise! see what is the matter," said her mother, rising hastily.

"Sit still now, mother; I'll go and rout the idle fellow. Come with me, Jane, please."

She could not make him hear, however, but suddenly thought of the spare room, and going through it and on to the balcony it was not much trouble to get over to his and look through the window, but the blind was down. Then, finding the window unfastened, she threw it up and stepped into the room.

"Oh, Jane!" she cried, "he is not here; his bed has not been slept in; what shall I do? How shall I tell mamma? It will kill her."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm afraid it will; I wish the master was home. But look, Miss Louise, here's a note."

"A note! Yes, it's for mother; but what will it say? He's gone to the front, you may depend, and mother will die; I dare not give it to her."

"Oh, we must go down, there is the breakfast-room bell," said Jane. "I am afraid you will have to give it to her."

Thus in fear and trembling they went down.

"Have you finished breakfast, ma'ma," said Louise, as cheerfully as she could.

"Yes, dear. Why did you stay so long, then?"

As she caught sight of their pale faces, she took alarm. "What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Now, dearest, don't get excited; he has gone away; here is a note for you, but sit down and read it quietly; you know you are not strong yet, and, mother, remember you've got me."

"My dearest daughter! my pet! give me the note."

Both Jane and Louise watched her intently as she read. When she got to the end she was pale to the lips.

"I will lie down a little, dear," she said, "if you will arrange my pillows. Frank has gone to the front; he could not trust himself to say good-bye, but will see your father this morning."

They made her comfortable, and as Louise kissed her she closed her eyes; then, after drawing down the blinds, Louise sat down beside her.

As time passed, she wondered at her sleeping so long, yet she was glad that for a while at least she could forget her grief.

Poor girl! she never heard her mother's voice again; she had gone to her long home. Her heart was not strong enough to bear the strain.

In a town about twenty miles distant, and about the same hour, a young man entered an hotel. After making an inquiry at the office, he ran lightly upstairs and knocked at No. 69.

"Who's there?"

"It is I, father; may I come in?"

"Certainly, my boy, as he opened the door; but what is wrong. Your mother—"

"Is all right, father. She was a great deal better last night than she has been for a long time. We played whist until ten o'clock."

"Was Janet there, or who made the fourth?"

"Oh, Jimmy was there. He is to go out to see his old great-aunt this morning. She sent for him. That will be a good thing for him, perhaps, for she is quite wealthy."

"There now, I am dressed. We will go down to breakfast, then you can tell me what you want."

As soon as they were seated, Frank began: "Dear father, I must go to the front. I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty. I have been accepted and have promised. I should have been amongst the first to enlist but for mother's illness and her being so much against it."

"Has she given her consent now, then?"

"No; but the last time we had a talk about it she did not seem to feel so bad, and I said to her, 'Some time I shall fly away and you wont know where I have gone to.' 'Oh, I should guess,' she said, smiling. So that is really what I have done. I left the house last night by the balcony and stayed with Jim. We left on the early train this morning. Mother will have got my note by now telling her good-bye, and that I would see you and send love and kisses to-day."

"Are they expecting me to-day?"

"Either to-day or to-morrow you said in your last letter."

"Oh, yes, well, I could go to-day, but I will go with you to Halifax, or part of the way will be better, then I shall get back by to-morrow night. Did you write to Janet? Did she give her consent?"

"Yes, a little unwillingly; but it was, yes. She is reading my letter of farewell just now, I expect," said he, looking at his watch.

"Well, you will want some extras, won't you. We had better go out and get what you need, for your train goes at twelve."

This they proceeded to do, and when they had everything ready it was near train time.

When they got down to the station, however, the father said, "I think I will change my mind, Frank, and go home. There is a train due fifteen minutes after yours, and the dear ones at home will need a bit of comfort."

A few minutes later he said, "Here she comes, my boy. Good-bye, be faithful even unto death; yet I pray God to let you come safely back to us."

"Good-bye, father; comfort mother all you can and tell her to write soon to her soldier boy."

There was not time to go back to the hotel, so the fifteen minutes were spent in walking up and down the platform, and the telegram which was waiting for him he never got. Thus he went blindly home to the greatest trouble of his life.

He went into the smoking car for a few minutes, but felt too restless to sit still. Throwing away his cigar he walked into the forward car. As he took his seat a young girl on the opposite side looked up from a note she was reading, saying, "Why, Mr. W., where did you come from? I am just going to your house."

"Why, Janet, this is an unexpected pleasure, and yet if I had known you were on the way to my house I believe I should have gone on a piece with Frank. He left me fifteen minutes ago. Of course you knew he was going?"

"Yes, I have a note here which I only received at eight o'clock this morning. I got ready at once, for I knew that Louise and dear Mrs. W. would need cheering up a little, and I knew you were away."

"Well, I am glad you have come, and here we are. I will take a cab and we shall get the quicker there."

The station-master came up to them as they got off the train, saying, "I am deeply grieved for you, sir. There is a cab waiting—I thought perhaps you would need one."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to get home, though it will hardly be like home for a little while."

"No, sir, I am sure it won't; one so much loved will be surely missed."

"Oh, well, let us hope it will only be for a little while; please God, he'll soon be back again," and with that the cab drove off.

"By George! I don't believe he got the telegram; he thought I was speaking of his boy going off, and does not yet know of the greater trouble," said the station-master.

Meantime the fly drew up at the back of the house, as they could take a nearer cut that way. They entered by the side door, and wondered to find Jane in tears. "Oh, sir, sir, this is a trouble, sure!" Then Louise flew into his arms, crying, "O Papa, Papa, what shall we do?"

"Why, my dear, 'tis sad to part, but you must not take it to heart like this. Look at Janet, how brave she is, and how does mother take it?"

Louise drew back, looking at her father and Janet with wide open eyes as she said, "Oh, don't you know? Did you not get the telegram to say that mamma was dead?"

"Your mother dead! Oh, my God, this is too much!" and, strong man though he was, he fell fainting to the floor.

I gathered the above from Louise and Janet, who both came to see me after the funeral. They stayed more than an hour with me, and it seemed to comfort Louise to talk of her mother. She told me they had written to Frank, but did not tell him that his mother was dead; the father thought he would feel so badly that they would keep it from him, as long as possible.

I have not seen or heard anything of the family since I left the town, but a short time ago I saw an account in the paper of a Frank W—— dying of enteric fever; I think most likely it was the same boy, because the name was an uncommon one. To the public and through the newspapers he was only one of many who went out to South Africa and died there. Yet this whole story, with all its pathetic and touching sadness, may also be only one of many such.

Truly God is no respecter of persons. From the humblest homes, as well as the noblest, he has taken men, even to the grandson of our Queen. Indeed Britain has been learning many lessons which, we trust, will help her to follow on to know the Lord and to look unto the hills from whence cometh her help.

I would not like to endorse all that the newspapers say, by any means, but I do think it wise sometimes to read them and the Bible together—there are so many unconscious corroborations of Scripture in the daily press. One writer, on the occasion of the Queen's 81st birthday, speaks of "the countless millions of her people in every part of the dominions that are as wide as the earth." When he does this, he recalls the words spoken to the ancestors of the chosen people. "Be thou the mother of thousands of millions."

We all remember the Queen's Jubilee. There was

a sense of overwhelming splendour in that celebration, the extent of her dominions was such as had never been beheld in history.

Some critics thought that the glory of the British Empire was too great to last, and wondered whether her sons had retained at the core the energy and fighting power and courage of their fathers. While the Boers dwelt on the theory that British power had become the golden idol with the feet of clay, and that they were the appointed ones to break them in pieces, they therefore felt sure of victory; but they had no signs of Israel, they had no gates to defend them. It has been upon the fields of South Africa that these questions have been once for all thrashed out and settled. They know now that God is against them, or rather against their cause. They know now that the British, who won at Waterloo, and many battles in India, as well as those of Egypt and the Soudan, have been able by God's help to beat them. He is against them because they are cruel and treacherous, and will not give liberty to the colored races.

I have before me a diary of some of the events of the South African war for 1900, which, I think, may be interesting in time to come.

On January 2nd we have rather an amusing entry: "Natives evacuated Douglass; the Canadians acting as escort and carrying the babies." I have since spoken to one of those boys, and he told me it was great fun for the time being.

January 10th.—"Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener arrived at Cape Town."

January 13th.—"British War Office accepted Lord Strathcona's offer to provide a mounted force for South Africa." (Which went out on March 17th.)

February 15th.—"Kimberly was relieved by Gen-

eral French." (Of course there were great rejoicings.)

February 21st.—We got our first sad account of Canadians, "twenty killed and sixty wounded."

February 27th.—"Cronje surrenders his entire force of four thousand men on the anniversary of Majuba Hill."

February 28th.—"Ladysmith was relieved by Lord Dundonald, after a siege of one hundred and eighteen days."

On this occasion the Lord Mayor of London, in his speech said, "I thank the Almighty for the glorious news we have waited so patiently for."

May 18th.—"Mafeking relieved."

July 14th.—"Some of our invalids arrive at Quebec."

August 10th.—"A plot on foot to shoot British officers and make a prisoner of Lord Roberts."

The guilty party is "tried, condemned and shot on August 24th."

August 27th.—"Great rejoicings over some of our returned soldiers."

September 1st.—"Lord Roberts proclaimed the Transvaal annexed by Great Britain."

November 30th.—"Lord Kitchener succeeds to the command of the British forces in South Africa. Review of the Canadians at Windsor Castle by the Queen."

December 5th.—"The Canadians, with Colonel Otter, visit Westminster and are addressed by Mr. Chamberlain."

December 11th.—"Lord Roberts left Cape Town for England."

December 25th.—Christmas day. We people of Woodstock welcomed home some of our soldier boys.

Some people seem to think that the war is practically over, but others, and I am one of them, think quite differently. The Boers are too stubborn a people

to give in while they have (as the saying is) a leg to stand on; but we shall see.

I notice that Canada will send one thousand recruits for Colonel Baden-Powell's Constabulary Force in South Africa, so they evidently do not expect things to run too smoothly.

I have just received a letter from Miss C., telling me that Clarence has returned, looking bronzed and healthy. He was only a short time off duty while he was away. One of his fingers was shot off; he says he left them that as a legacy.

Enclosed was a list of questions from her father which he wishes I would answer, either by paying them a visit or in writing, that his daughter may read aloud to him and the friends who are interested in the subject. I have written to congratulate Miss C. on the safe return of her lover, and promised to look over the questions and do what I can by way of answering them. I must, however, leave it for another chapter.



CHAPTER XVIII.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

“What I do thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter ” (John 13 : 7).

“O Lord, our Saviour King,
Help us the news to ring,
The lost are found.
Are we thy chosen race?
We'd bow before thy face,
And asking for thy grace,
Tell it around.”

I WILL now try to answer some of the questions sent to me by my friend, Mr. C.

The first is: “Are our great men called by God to their work in the world, as the Bible characters were to theirs?”

I answer emphatically, yes. Adam received an unconditional command which has never been withdrawn. It was given to him as the first of his race, and is still being fulfilled to the letter: “Multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it” (Gen. 1 : 28).

This command was repeated to Noah (Gen. 9 : 1).

Was he not called, think you, to prepare the ark and as a preacher of righteousness ?

Would he have been doing God's will or obeying His commands, if he had done the preaching and left the ark unbuilt ?

Abraham was called to receive a gift with great and precious promises ; he was to be the father of a great nation, and he was to be the father of the faithful. Through him was to come a multitudinous seed, which was to have dominion and rule the world in righteousness ; through him was to come the one seed, Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour.

His work was to believe, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness. A type of the Christian Church.

Jacob, through suffering, became great ; he had "power with God as a prince and prevailed." His name was changed to Israel, and he became the father of the patriarchs who formed the twelve tribes of Israel. As a bereaved father he mourned for his beloved son, who was restored to him in Egypt, where he went with a small band (seventy souls). They were brought back a mighty nation.

What was Joseph called upon to do ? To bear wrong patiently, to overcome temptation, to prepare a place and food for his father and his brethren, and to speak to the king in their favor, a very wonderful type of Christ. Again, Moses was prepared and fitted for the work, then called to it. He led that great nation out of Egypt through the wilderness to the borders of the Promised Land.

Joshua led them across the Jordan, and gave to them their inheritance. Judah was the next to lead them forward, and so through all the Bible history. One after another took up the work, and all through the ages it has continued to be so.

To Samson was appointed the task to destroy the enemies of God. He did his work, but he was his own enemy, and suffered much by his own wrong-doing. He fell into temptation instead of overcoming it. Are not some of our great men of to-day like that?

David was a mighty king, but he also studied the interests of religion. He loved God and loved the people of God.

Each prophet had his particular work to do, and spoke concerning the heathen nations as well as their own, and their words have been wonderfully fulfilled.

Christ was called, the apostles were called, St. Paul was called.

History tells of great things done by men of our own day, things which have brought about this vast Empire—Alfred the Great, Queen Elizabeth, Victoria the Good, all noble rulers. Then Wellington, Nelson, Roberts, Kitchener, and Rhodes. Most decidedly, men like these have been called and prepared for the work that they each had to do.

Study such characters and you will find that the more faithful they have been the more perfect their work.

I think I may say that never before, in the history of the world, have the people of any one empire made such rapid progress in the same length of time.

The earth is being replenished; its waste places are blossoming and giving forth fruit. It is being subdued. Man has searched out its riches, and found out secret things; even the sea has disclosed its hidden depths, the mighty beasts of the forest, and the cattle upon a thousand hills have been subdued by the power of man, and I maintain, that those who have been leaders in this work have been called of God, led by God, and taught of God. Some of them may

not know it; they may boast; and say—I did this, I found out that, and so forth; but unless God had given to them the strength and the power they could have done nothing.

Mr. Gladstone was a great statesman. It has been said that he made a mistake with regard to the Boers—and it does look like it; but suppose this war had come on at the time we think it should have done so, would Britain have been so well prepared for it, or would our Colonies have turned out as they have done? We cannot tell. Mr. Gladstone was not only a great statesman, he was a great Christian.

For many years an old man had swept a street crossing near the House of Parliament. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry he was found by a city missionary, ill in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," said the missionary. "Has any one called to see you?"

"Oh! yes," he replied. "Several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one; he called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called! What did he read?"

"He sat on the stool there, and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position—the great statesman sitting on a stool in an attic reading the Word of God to a street-sweeper.

The Earl of Shaftesbury was another great statesman who was also a great Christian. He did a great deal of good in his life of which the world knows very little. The Government was against many of his movements, and very slow in passing some of his bills through Parliament, but he was so persevering that he seldom dropped a bill until it did pass. He said on one occasion: "It is not enough to lift the public up; we should support them when they are up."

As a statesman he put down child labor, and got better dwelling-places for the poor.

In one narrow court, near Drury Lane, there dwelt in fourteen houses two hundred families—about one thousand persons. To make this known, he called a meeting in the middle of the court on November 4th, 1854. One who was present said it was filth and stench from garret to basement; several hundred loads of filth were carted away with a solid mass of living vermin three or four inches thick.

He had new buildings erected, and in 1855 called another meeting to witness the change.

In nine small rooms eighty-four persons were found. In a dark cellar, on payment of five cents a night, a lodger was provided with a sack for covering; boys and girls both sleeping there.

In another part nine hundred persons were found living in fourteen crazy houses, where a woman would sell her daughter for a dollar as readily as she would an old shawl.

It was from such degradation as this that Lord Shaftesbury bent all his energies to deliver them, and he did deliver a great many. New dwelling-houses and model lodging-houses have in many instances taken the places of those to which I called your attention.

It was not easy work by any means. It was said: Leave them alone; they are there and they will stay there, and if you get them out they will return to their wallowing in the mire. But the result has been exactly the reverse. It is no longer as it was.

“ For us the streets, broad built and populous ;
 For them unhealthy corners, garrets dim,
 And cellars where the water rats may swim ;
 For us green paths, refreshed by frequent rain ;
 For them dark alleys where the dust lies grim.”

This great man's rent-roll was about sixteen thousand pounds a year, and he spent it chiefly in doing good. He entered into the work of a friend who was intent on reclaiming thieves. At one time he received a round robin (under cover) signed by forty of the principal thieves and burglars in London, asking him to meet in a certain place appointed, to give advice as to how they should obtain an honest living. He went and found nearly four hundred men, from members of the swell mob in black coats and white neck-cloths, to the most fierce-looking, half-dressed savages you could conceive of.

A large majority of that four hundred were reformed, and the good work in thieftom went on. At that time London, England, was a most dangerous city to live in. Now it is reported by the chief commissioner of police to be the safest in the world.

The Earl was so well known by all classes that when on one occasion his watch was stolen, valuing it very highly, he advertised it, and within twenty-four hours a bag was left at his house, in which was the thief, bound and gagged—a young lad with the watch round his neck. His fellow-thieves had surrendered him to be dealt with by his lordship himself, who succeeded in reforming the lad instead of sending him to prison.

Time would fail me to tell one-half of his good deeds that did not come under the head of statesmanship (even if I knew the half of them), but some of them I cannot pass by. He followed so very closely in the Master's footsteps, he literally went about doing good.

In the beginning of his life's work the Ragged School movement was set on foot, and soon became the Ragged School Union, which now is of gigantic proportion, and, like the octopus, its tentacles spread

out in all directions, embracing the whole of Christendom. Yet its beginning was very small, and few, if any, will hesitate to say that the beginner was called of God to the work. What a simple little thing it was which led up to it. A young man, very anxious to do something for the Master, stood one day watching some of the London street arabs playing cherry stones and listening to their jokes, one on the other. All at once a thought struck him, and singling out one of them from the others, he asked him to get the evening paper and bring it to his rooms, saying, "I shall be at the door looking for you." When he brought the paper the young man asked him how long it would take him to sell what papers he had?

"Oh," he says, "about half an hour."

"Well, when you have sold them will you come and have tea with me?"

"Go 'long; what yer mean?"

"I mean just what I say; I am so lonely that I do think it would do me good if you would come in and teach me how to play cherry-stones."

The boy looked him straight in the face for a minute; then he said:

"Ain't yer got no father nor mother?"

"No; nor a brother or sister either."

"Well, I'll come; I'll get rid o' these in a jiffy, an' I'll be back."

Our young friend asked his landlady to set tea for two in the little sitting-room, and when the boy came he took him into his bedroom, put water into the basin, and gave him a clean towel, doing it all as a matter of course, and not in the least appearing to notice the surprise on his face. But when he came to the looking-glass and the comb and brush he burst into a hearty laugh, and taking a little bit of comb out of his pocket he said: "Now, I 'low this is good enough

for me, Mr. — what's your name?" with an inquiring look.

"Oh, my name is Fred; what is yours?"

"Well, I believe my right name is Jimmy; but I, in gener'l, gets Jim; so Jim let it be."

"All right then, Jim, we'll go in to tea."

After tea Fred did what he could to amuse him and give him a good time, and while he was reading to him a rather comic story Jim said: "My cracky, I wish I could read like that! Wouldn't I have the chaps alauhging!" Thus the way was open. Our Fred began with one, but very soon he had more than he could manage alone. The Earl got to know of it (or I should say Lord Ashley, for that was his title then), and he never let go until his death. I will try to tell you what the work of these two boys has developed into.

In 1891, the outcome of this Ragged School Union stood thus: Its Sunday Schools had an average attendance of 40,000 children; its day and night schools about 5,000; Industrial Classes, chiefly for girls, over 2,000; Youths' Institutes, about 1,300; Bands of Hope, about 5,000; Shoeblacks, nearly 400. This Union gives a day in the country each year to 6,000 children. Two country homes give a two weeks' rest each year to about 500. They have 32 Lending Libraries, with over 3,000 volumes. There are Infants' Nurseries, Dorcas and Mother's Meetings, Soup Kitchens, Boot and Shoe Clubs and Penny Banks, etc., and over all these things Lord Shaftesbury had a care from the beginning till the day of his death.

The boys of a ragged school once made a rug and gave it to him for a horse-cloth. On taking it he said; "No, my lads, it shall cover me at night as long as I live." He said to a friend in speaking of it, "I

feel so comfortable when it covers me, and so near to my poor boys."

One evening in 1886 his Lordship gave a supper to three hundred boys (typical street Arabs). The sight was so appalling, yet withal so pathetic, that some of the gentlemen who had been asked to assist were melted to tears. After the meal, his lordship delivered to them a loving, fatherly address, and at its conclusion put this question: "Will any of you boys go on board a ship, supposing I can get one, to be trained as sailors to go to sea?" Immediately every lad present held up his hand accepting the offer.

A man-of-war was obtained, fitted up as a training-ship, and formed not only a home but a school for the lads, and very soon there was an astounding change, both in their moral and physical characters. The number of those training-ships have increased, and we have a better class of sailors now than we had fifty years ago, and we can never estimate the good results of that one night's work.

Have you heard of the good work done amongst the costermongers, in which he took so prominent a part?

The work was begun in 1861 by tract distribution, then a systematic visiting. Rooms were provided free of charge for them to hold their business meetings, a Penny Bank was opened, the Emily Fund established in memory of his wife, whose name was Emily. Its loans were to help the very poor to begin business on the streets.

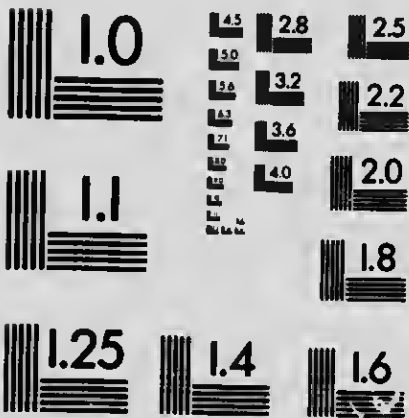
Here is a coster's description of a coster: "'E is a cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin'."

The outside world has no idea of his lordship's popularity among these people. They held him in great reverence, and treated him as a king amongst them.



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He was delighted to become an honorary member of the Worshipful Company of Costermongers, and considered it one of the red letter days of his life when he was admitted and presented with a handsome trained donkey, which was named "Coster" in memory of the event.

His lordship was very proud of this donkey, and often had it on view in Grosvenor Square, and later it drew his lordship about in a bath chair.

There is an old donkey forty years old, maintained at the common expense of the costers in Golden Lane.

"What does he do?" they were asked.

"Why," said they, "he walks about and plays with the children."

The costermongers at one time were the most lawless, a nuisance to society and a danger to the police.

What is their character now? Honest, orderly, well conducted.

So much for the regenerating power of the Gospel administered by loving hands. These people were taught to take care of the poor dumb animals who served them, and in practising this had become kind to each other.

One beautiful little incident comes before me, showing his loving nature. He must have known every child in the village school by name.

One day, while standing in front of the old village church (where his remains now rest), the school was dismissed, the kindly face smiling down on the children as they passed. Two little girls in scarlet cloaks and hoods came along, the elder one tripping past with a smile and curtsy, while the younger one ran up to him, and lifting her sweet baby face, the picture of innocence, said, "Oh, Laud Shaftie." He bowed forward with the words, "You darling," and kissed

her, just as the sun's rays fell upon the aged man and sweet village child.

At one time it was illegal for more than twenty people to meet together for the study of God's Word unless they got license from the Bishop.

Lord Shaftesbury was instrumental in getting that law done away with, and he was the first to encourage lay speaking and out-door preaching. He was President of the Young Men's Christian Association from its beginning to his death. There is hardly anything one can think of as a good work but his name will be in someway connected with it.

Now he has fallen asleep in Jesus.

The work is not finished. Who will take it up and throw heart and soul into it as he did ?

As I said before, all through history we do not read of any man having finished a work. One lays it down, another takes it up, and so it will be until the earth is subdued, sin is put away and death conquered. We must not forget that our noble missionaries are helping on this great work, and you will notice that it takes its place side by side with the work of the Empire—it follows the British flag. The conquering power goes first, followed by the persuasive influence of civilization. This makes a way for the ever-glorious Gospel, softening and melting to tenderness.

I think I have answered the question, "Are our great men called of God ?"

As my time and space is limited, I will select just two questions from the list Mr. C. has sent me. They are difficult questions, and I shall not attempt to give positive answers to them. I will say what I think will, to a certain extent, be explanatory and leave my reader to accept that which may appeal to him. I shall, however, reserve these answers for another chapter.



CHAPTER XIX.

A NATION MOURNS THE LOSS OF ONE BELOVED.

“The Master is come, and calleth for thee” (John 11 : 28).

“The oars have dropped from the tired hands,
The Master is drawing near;
‘It is I,’ He said ; ‘Come home, my child ;
It is I, be of good cheer.’ ”

“Could we hear her speak from that far-off land,
Where her guerdon is now ‘Well done !’
We feel she would say to her people’s heart,
My friends, love well my son.”

THE nation has been stricken with a keen sorrow. All have felt it, from the throne to the humblest cottage. We all do mourn our great and gracious Queen. But would we wish to keep her ? Was not for her the change for good ? She was tired, for she worked hard for her people. She was patiently waiting and ready when the call came.

I am wondering if she has been taken from the evil

to come, as I am reminded of King Josiah. When God was about to punish his people for sin, He took Josiah home first.

Yes, it is true—Victoria the Queen is dead, and Edward her son reigns in her stead.

Never before in history have we seen or heard of such a funeral. People from all parts of the world did homage to her worth—even the nations who hate Britain as a nation sent messages of sorrow and condolence.

Her son purposes to walk in her footsteps, and I pray God he may, for if God be with him as He was with his mother who can tell what this new century may bring forth? Prophecy is being fulfilled so rapidly that soon I trust the whole world will be reached for God, and His people be scattered over it in such a way as to make the process of leavening it easy.

Another great event has taken place in the history of our Empire which we may not pass by, namely, the Confederation of Australia.

On May 10th, 1901, the Duke of Cornwall opened the first session of the first parliament of that new nation. The words as publicly announced are: Australia, our daughter, now ranks as a new nation, and joined to Canada on the west, and India and New Zealand in Australasia, fulfils Genesis 35:11 and 48:19. (R.V.)

We are a nation and a company of nations. Thus, imperially, we are in a position to hold the world for God. Martin Tupper has written nicely on this subject, as follows:

“All to be one; what a blest Federation!
Britain, Imperial Queen of the world;
Sealed as one heart, one life, and one nation,
Under one cross, one standard unfurled:

Owning one law of religion and reason,
 Speaking one language and rich in its wealth ;
 Proud of the past and the bright present season,
 And the grand future of health and wealth ;
 So may the whole world's glorious communion,
 Nature and science and commerce rejoice,
 Growing together in one happy union,
 Filling the welkin with gratitude's voice.
 Canada, Africa, Zealand, Australia,
 India, continents, Isles of the Sea,
 Adding your jewels to Britain's regalia,
 One with old England, the home of the free.

We are told that 12,000 people in the Victorian capital witnessed the splendid ceremony of this opening of a first parliament.

The heir apparent concluded his address by reading the following message from the king :

" My thoughts are with you. I wish the Commonwealth of Australia every happiness and prosperity."

This message comes from an invisible sovereign. Then in a calm voice which can be heard from the speaker in their midst comes the words, " I now, in his Majesty's name and on his behalf, declare this parliament open."

Thus was the calling into being of a new nation, joined to the memory and tradition of a common past, which promises to the future Imperial growth.

When the first inter-ocean railway was completed in the United States, nothing made a more vivid impression upon the imagination of the world than the ingenious arrangement by which the last rivet, made of gold, was driven home by a silver hammer, so connected with an electric apparatus that the final taps echoed in every telegraph office of the Republic.

Australia improved on that device. A transmitter was fixed upon a table in front of the Duke of Cornwall, and the opening of the Federal Parliament was no

sooner declared than the pressure of a magic button caused the Union Jack to fly to the mast-head in every town and village and station to which the telegraph can reach throughout the whole continent.

Just here, dear reader, I laid down my pen, and leaning back in my chair I have been thinking, thinking of the flight of time; and as we look far into the past it seems to me that it moved slower than it does now. It seems hard to realize, when we think of New Zealand, Australia and our Canada, also the United States, that three hundred years ago they were the hunting-fields of Indians and the homes of the beasts of the forest, where now we have cities, towns and villages peopled by many nationalities, though chiefly by the Anglo-Saxon.

Twenty years ago Uganda was a very unsafe place for a white man; it was there that Bishop Hannington and thirty of his native followers lost their lives. But now things are quite different; the little native king is only five years old and the British flag flies over his palace—he is being brought up as a Christian. They have a church, a bishop, nice residences, schools, hospitals and mission houses. The natives are peaceful, living in their own huts and building their own churches. Think of the change in twenty years and what may be in twenty years more if we were only more earnest in our prayers and in our mission work.

I will now give you the substance of the answer I sent to Mr. C.

His question was, "Do you not think it was less difficult to believe in God in the old times, when He spoke personally to His people, than it is now?"

I might simply answer, Yes! and there would be many people ready to object.

I might simply answer, No! and there would still be people who would object.

Why is this? It is because so many people have got very exaggerated ideas as to what belief in God really means.

Let us go back to the Garden of Eden, where God walked and conversed with our first parents. Did they believe in God? I think I hear you say, "What a question! Of course they did; why, God spoke to them personally." But did they? I think not!

They believed in a God, for, as you say, He conversed with them; but did they believe what He said? Did they believe *in* Him?

I will suppose you to know Mr. A., who lives in your town—you have spoken to him many times. One day he said to you, "I heard you were going to give up your position—is that so?"

"Yes, that is my intention; I shall get more wages where I am going."

"Well," said Mr. A., "I would advise you not to make the change; that man is going to fail, then you will be out of work. I'd stay where you are if I were you."

Now, if you had believed Mr. A., or believed in his good-will towards you, you would have acted on his advice; but you did not. Instead, you went to another friend, who, as it happened, wanted to get the position you then held. You told him what Mr. A. had said, and he flatly contradicted it, said it was not so, and that you would be all right in making the change. His advice being according to your desires, you followed it, to your own undoing. You believed him because he advised you to follow your own inclinations.

This was very much the case with our first parents. God advised them to a certain course and told them what would happen if they deviated therefrom.

Satan came along and appealed to their desires—

contradicted God, and told them a lie. They believed him, and, acting upon that belief, they slew themselves, so death of the body passed upon all men. They believed in a God, but did not believe what He said; did not believe *in* Him or in *His* power to carry out *His* word. If they had they certainly would have obeyed Him. It has been this way all down the ages: God has always had some who believed in Him.

Noah's belief led him to be obedient to His word. Abraham believed, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Joshua believed, and compassed the city of Jericho according to His word.

Now, what about the people as a nation? They believed in a God, they knew there was a God, but they did not always believe *in* Him, or they would have obeyed His voice. They were constantly falling into idolatry—seeing the gods of the heathen made of wood and stone, they would have gods that they could see also. From time to time God appeared to them in some special manner, when they would repent; but when left to themselves they soon lapsed into idolatry again. You know what happened when God's patience was tired out.

After the return of the Jews from Babylon they did not again fall into the sins of idolatry; but they broke up into little sects, they taught the people the traditions of men, and put upon them burdens hard to bear. They believed in a God (and so they do now), but they did not believe *in* Him. So it came to pass that when Christ came they did not know Him.

Now, are you inclined to say, as I have heard from some: If I had seen God's works in Egypt, at the Red Sea, on Mount Sinia, or at the striking of the rock, I should have believed in Him and been obedient. Then I would say to you: Look at my next picture and ask yourself the question, Am I more or less guilty than my

brethren of the Old Testament? 'Tis nineteen hundred years since the Saviour came into our midst. He went about doing good, and we have a written record of His doings; He spoke parables of wonderful meaning for our study; He left beautiful words, simple and easy to understand, that we may read and live by them; He died a cruel death in our stead; He prayed for His murderers with His dying breath. He was buried.

He rose again and ever lives to make intercession for us. His last command was that we preach His Gospel. He left us to return to His Father, but He will come again, and of all this we have a written record added to the record of the doings of our ancestors, which we may *read* and *read*, if we will; but more than all this, we have the Holy Spirit sent by this dear Saviour to dwell with us, and in us, to guide us into all truth; we have only to ask and have, to seek and find.

Dear Mr. C., I must give you back your question in another form.

Which ought to be the least difficult? That which was mainly types and shadows, or that which is the fulfilment of those things? The believing in God, while under the ban of condemnation, or in a loving Father whose wrath has been appeased? Believing in God when led by human leaders, or when we may be led by the Spirit?

Now, what shall our answer be?

It is the same to-day as of old. We are told by the Word, to "love God with all our heart, with all our mind, and with all our strength, and our neighbor as ourselves."

But Satan puts before us gold, honor, power, pomp, and riches.

We believe in a God, but we see these things and

desire to have them. I do not say that in all cases we consciously choose between God and these things. No! we want both. Here, then, is our danger. The heart can only hold so much. What if these things fill it to overflowing? with all reverence I say, where does God come in?

If we believed in Him we should trust Him, and believe that by seeking—first, the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other things would be added unto us; we should be obedient to His Word. Most of our young men would be highly offended if they were asked, "Do you believe in God?"

But do they?

My young friend, do you believe in God when you spend Sunday morning in bed, on the door step, or it may be in reading a novel or a newspaper?

I have been told, "Oh, I make no profession; I am not converted." Believe me, this will not help you. You are living in a Christian country, within reach of church, and within sound of a church bell. A Bible can be bought for a mere trifle. If you neglect so great a salvation, what will you do when you have to give an account of your time.

Supposing you may be saved, that you just get into heaven, as it were, what will you feel like?—no word of praise for work well done, no reward, no stars in your crown. Boys and men, you will do well to begin to think of these things; the hurt cannot possibly fall *only* on yourselves. It must hurt others, too: your little children or your little brothers are watching you, and soon they will be trying to follow your example. Stop and think right here. Turn now to the God who made you, to the Son of God who redeemed you. Ask guidance from the Spirit of God who is willing and waiting to sanctify you and make you all he would have you to be. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, O House of Israel?"

I am taking it now for granted that you believe in a God. I believe there are a great many of our idle Christians who would forfeit their lives rather than say openly, there is no God. Yet, as I say, they are idle, they are not searching the Scriptures, they are making no preparation for the return of their Lord, they are not using the talents given into their keeping.

What then must the answer be to the question: "Was it not less difficult to serve God in the old time when He spoke personally to them than now?" and I think I must say, No! Moreover, I should say, the unbelievers of this present time are more guilty than those of old, and our condemnation will be more severe. Jesus says in John 15: 22 and 24—"If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloke for their sin. . . . If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." Again His words seem to ring in my ears like a wailing cry: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

The next question is also very difficult to answer; "Are we better or worse, as a people, for the denominations around us?" I do not know. That they ought *not* to be, I do know. That there *are* a great many of different kinds, I do know; but as to whether we, as a people, are better or worse for them, I do *not* know. I have heard of a large carpet factory somewhere in England in which our very best carpets are made. While a carpet is in the loom, the workman is behind it, he can only see the wrong side while he is working; but, knowing the pattern so well, he goes on without fear of a mistake.

I am told that an inexperienced workman may meddle with a carpet in the loom, and to all appearance he is working in the threads and colors all right; but when it is turned over 'tis plain to see that

something is wrong, the beauty of the work is marred. On the contrary, if the work is right it is quite impossible to form an idea of its beauty from that side.

Is this the way with God's work, I wonder? Perhaps we can only see the wrong side now; but, like the carpet, it will burst upon our view in all its magnificence when it is turned to face us.

Remembering that we are the threads being woven into this great carpet, which the great Head-keeper is weaving, another thought comes to me from the carpet factory:

There are in use there testers of strength and testers of coloring; also a waste-box on hand. No thread is used in the best carpets that will not stand these tests, and each day the waste-box gets more or less full.

I do not want you to understand that the contents of this waste-box are entirely thrown away, for they are not. They are used in making rugs and mats of an inferior quality, and sold at a cheaper rate, of course.

Now, dear reader, where do we stand?

Is faith in Christ, God's gift, our strength?

That will stand well any test.

Is love to God and our neighbor our coloring?

That will also bear the test.

Does the kingdom of God and His righteousness take the first place in our daily work?

Then we need hardly fear the waste-box.

Let us then *make* no divisions.

Let us *avoid* divisions; but let us be careful how we *condemn* those who do not think just as we do. God, who knows each motive of our heart, will judge or condemn aright, which we could by no means do.

What we know not now we shall know hereafter.

I will now draw to a close. As I look through page after page, I feel how little I have done to make the world better than I found it. As I read them, how little there seems to be in the words I have written to commend themselves to those who read; and only that I know how much is there from God's own word, which will not return unto Him void, and that in humble faith I have asked so earnestly that He would guide my pen and my thoughts, I should be afraid to send them forth into the great world; but I do send them in His name to do with them as He will; to *prevent* or go before with His grace, that they may not hurt or hinder, to follow after with His blessing that they may be a help to some.

I wish that I could add one more chapter in which I could say the war is over, and to publish an account of the joy that will undoubtedly be manifested at such an event.

But it is not to be. God's time has not yet come. To many its long continuance is a great trial. Some think that our national sins are causing the Lord's face to be turned against us. We know not the plans of God, or why He permits this long continuance, except it be that He is showing a marvellous patience towards our enemies.

One thing we do know, the Boers have no sense of honor; they will keep no oath of loyalty one moment beyond their own convenience, but will take the first chance to make an attack in spite of it.

It is hard to make peace with an enemy of that kind, or with those who hate us as the Boers do. Yet South Africa is Christ's, and must be added to His kingdom. A patched-up peace would be vain.

We must be patient, then, until God is pleased to put down our enemies; but let us pray that it may be soon, according to His gracious will, and let us

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pray that we, His people, may come nearer and nearer day by day to the truth as it is in Jesus, looking for His coming again, and so making preparation to receive Him.

"O give thanks unto the Lord : for he is good : because his mercy endureth forever.

"Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth forever.

"Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth forever" (Ps. 118 : 1-4).

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven."

THE END.

