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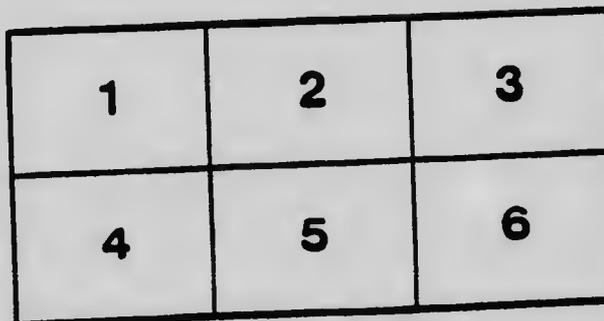
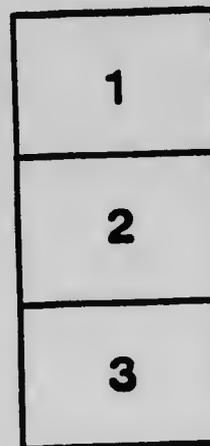
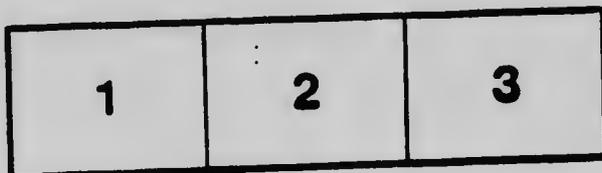
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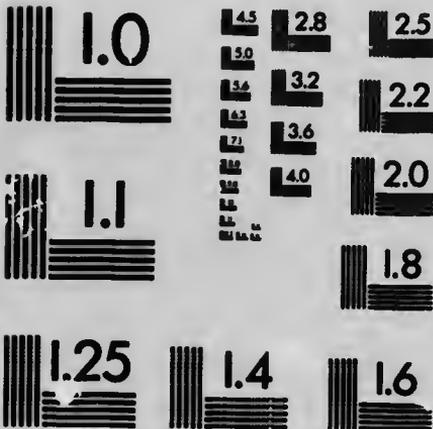
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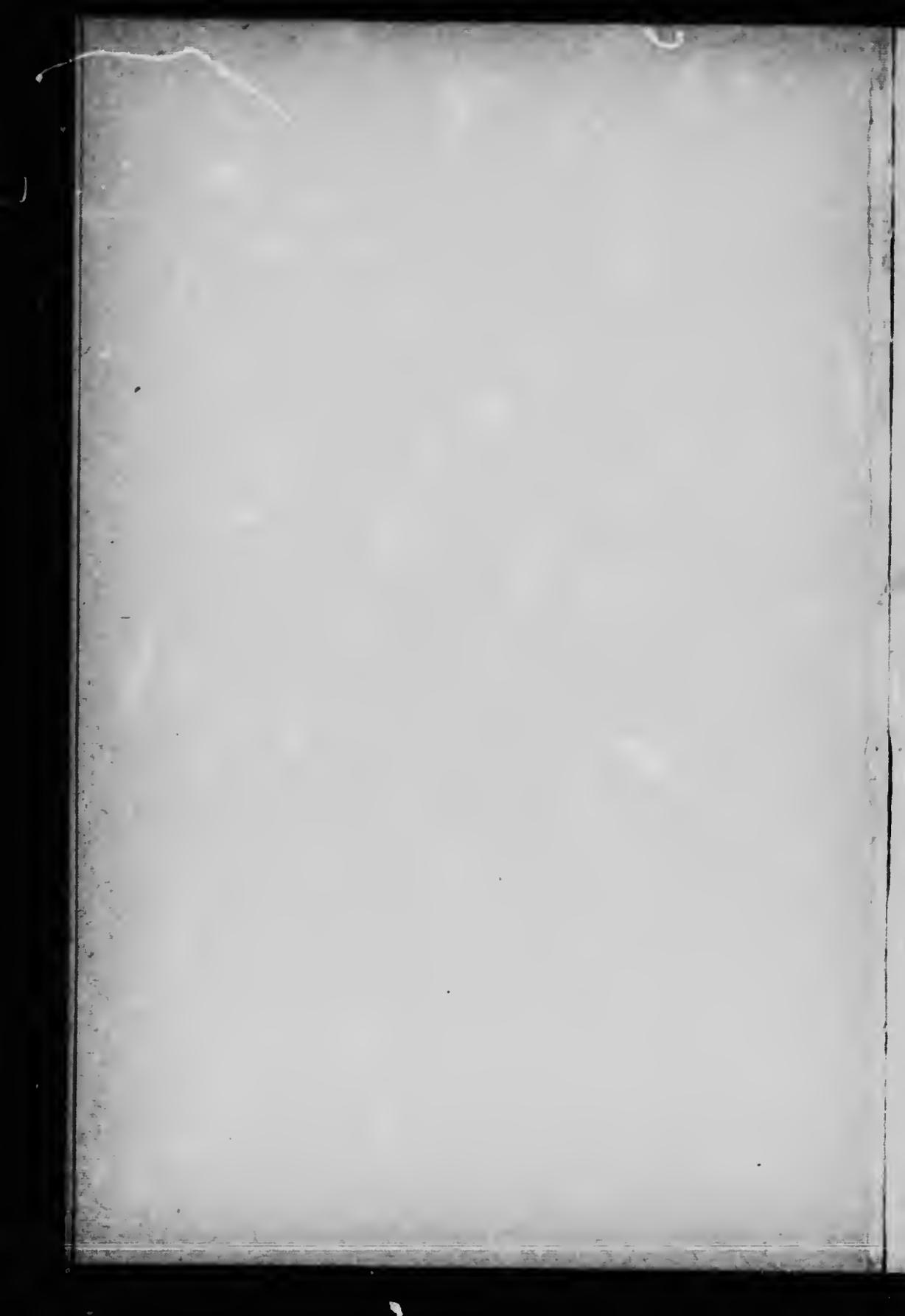


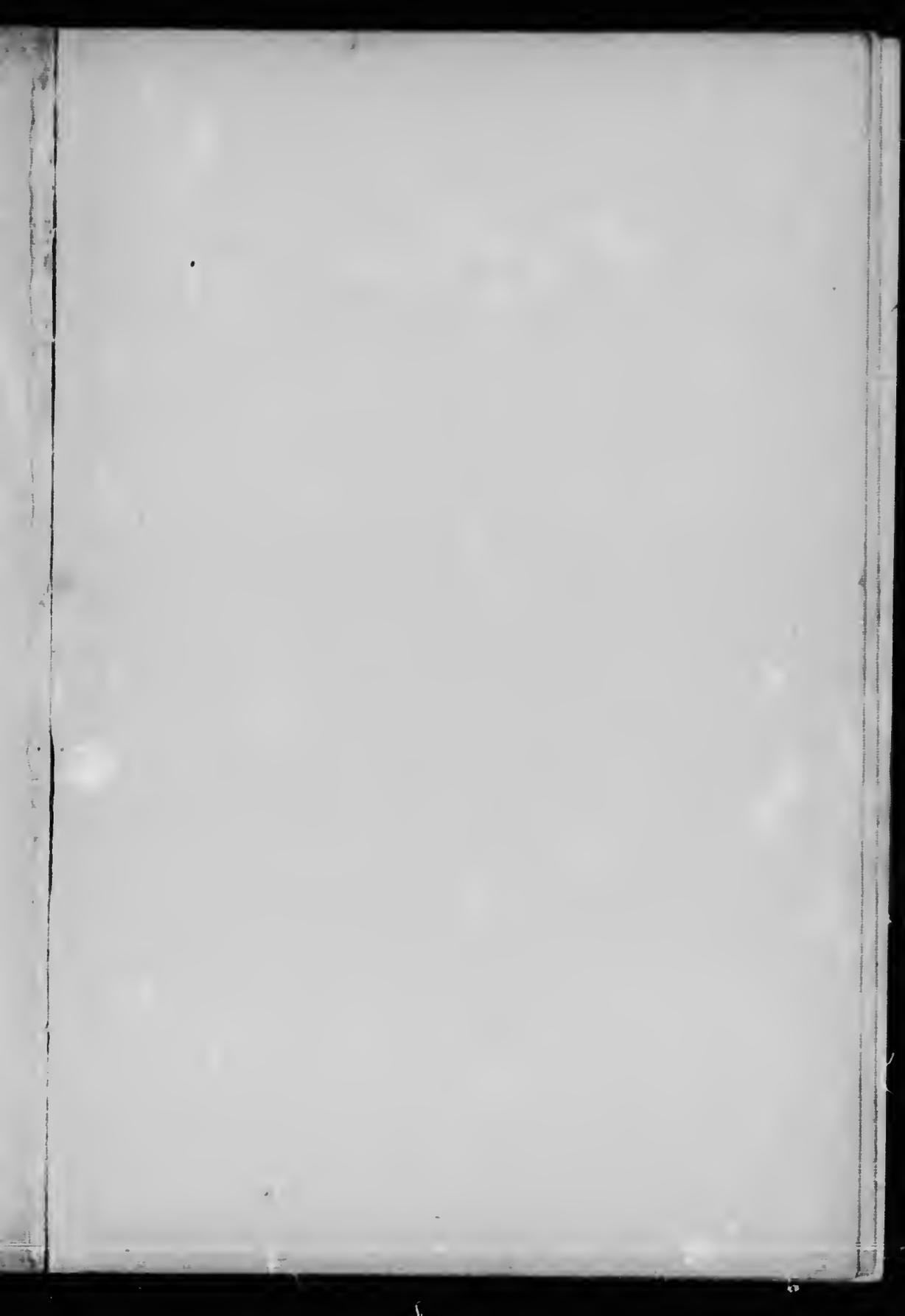
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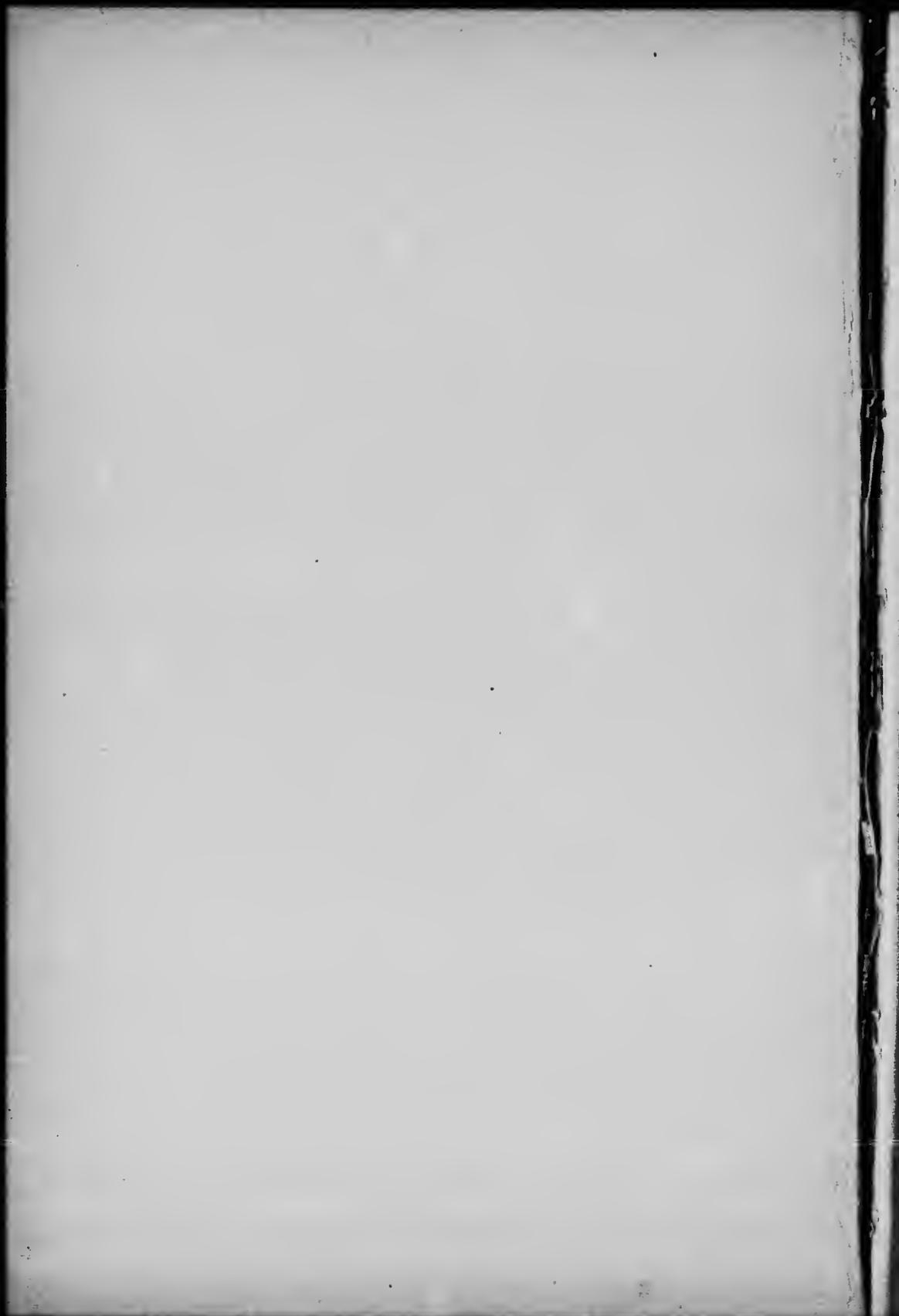
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THE NORTH LAND SCHOOL



THE
NORTH LAND
SCHOOL

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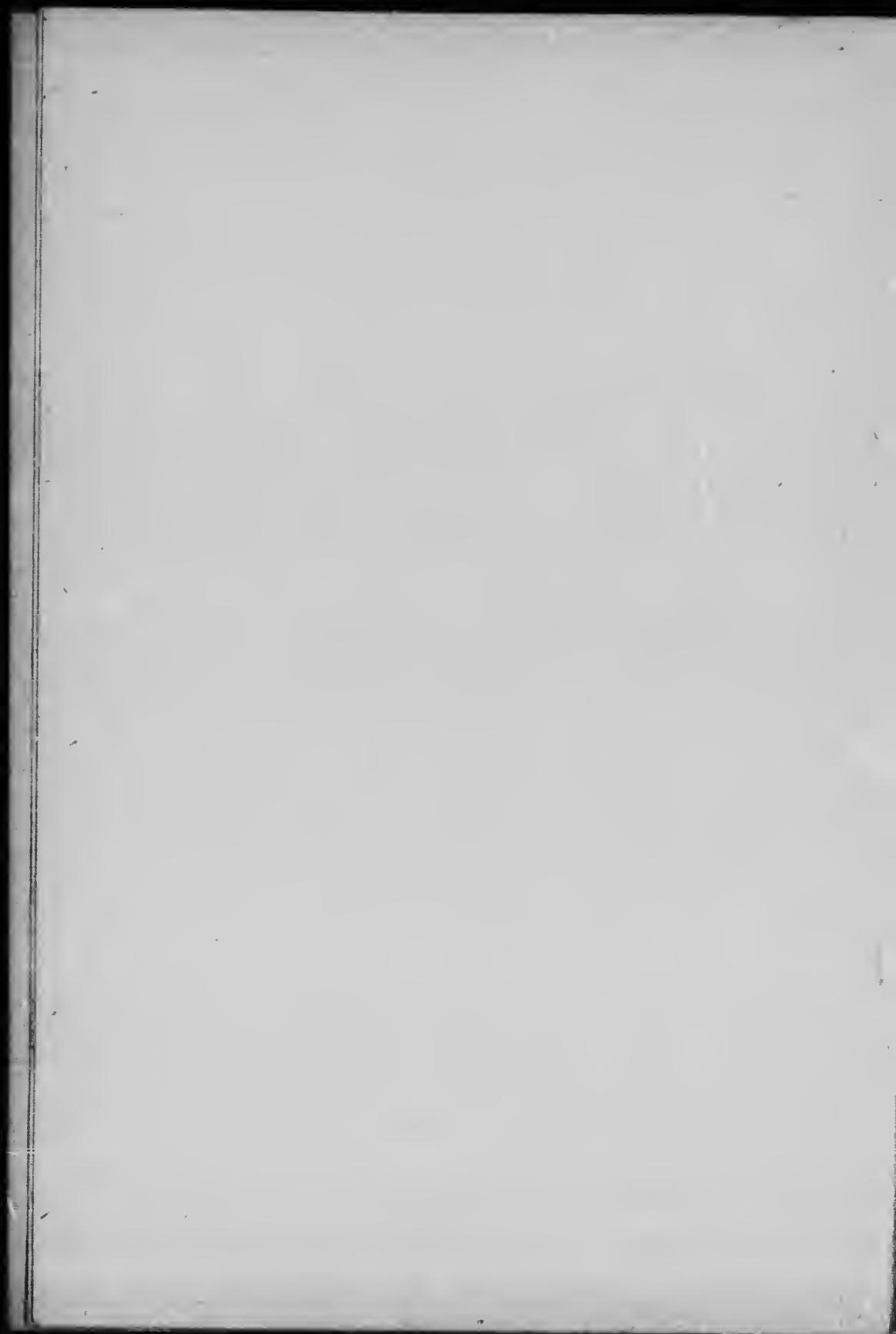
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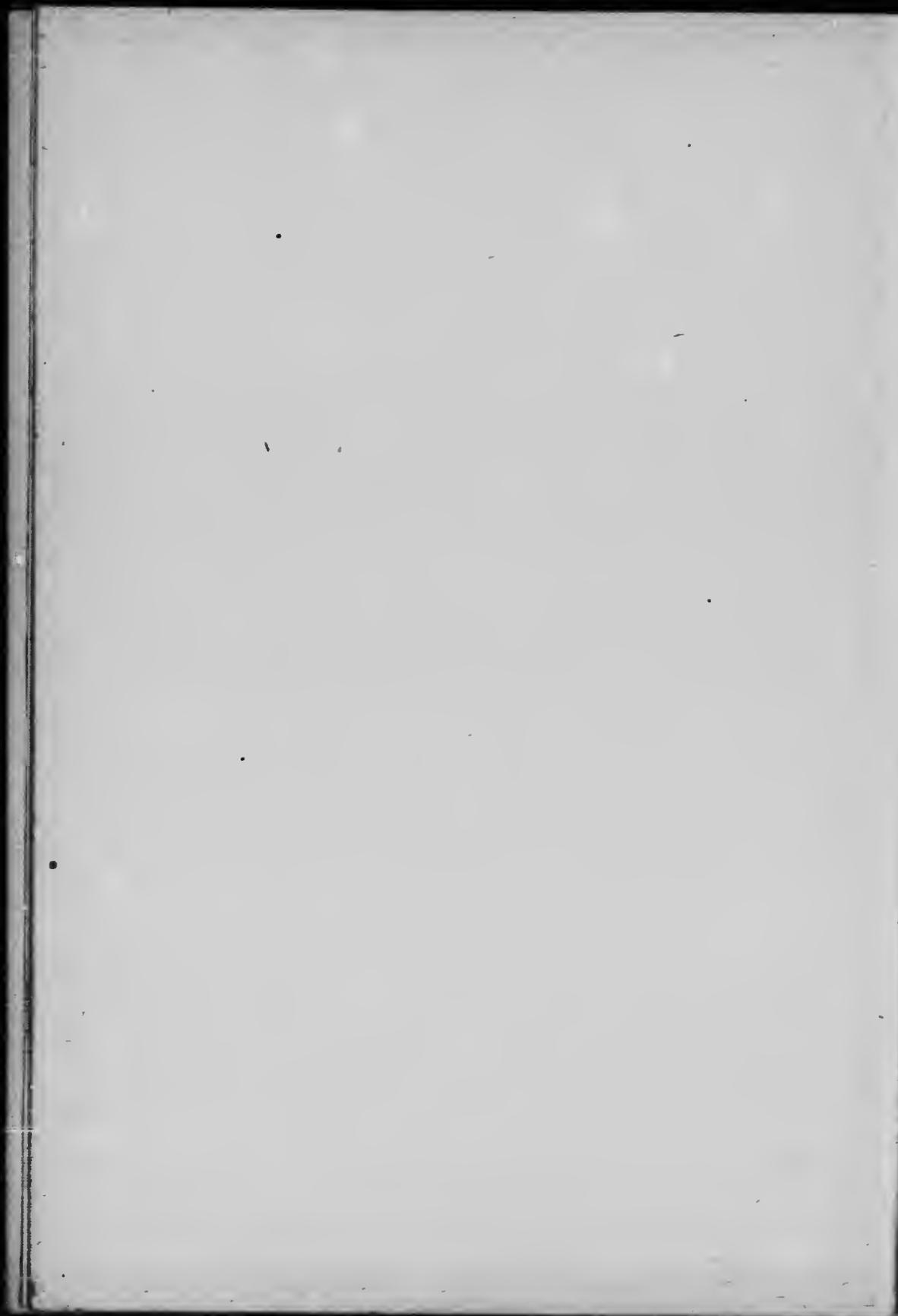
**TO THE ARMY OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND
CHRISTIAN WORKERS WHO, "WITHOUT MONEY
AND WITHOUT PRICE," ARE STRIVING TO
MAKE THIS WORLD BETTER**

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



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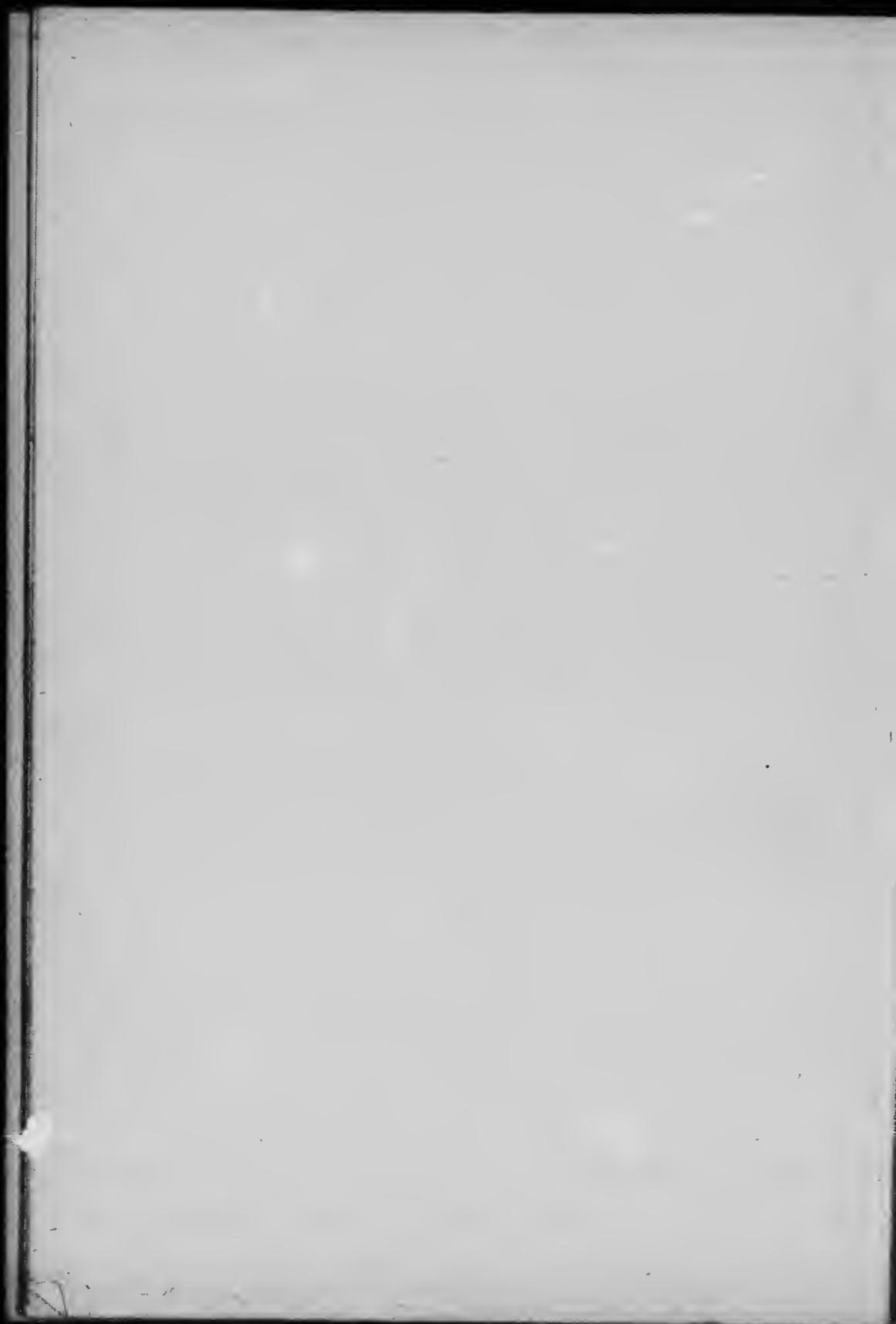
INTRODUCTION.

STANDING on a Canadian pier at the opening of one of our "great lakes," a large steamer, *The North Land*, passed, throwing huge waves on both sides of her. An old seaman volunteered the information that out on the lake, so far away that the boat could not be seen, the influence of her motion through the water could be felt.

Are not schools, churches, charitable and religious organizations but ships that help us over the sea of life? The influence of *The North Land* was bounded by the shores, but that of schools, churches, and of men has no bounds, but goes on forever. How necessary that the influence should be good and all-powerful, a condition that is within our reach!

The commotion in the water varied with the speed of the steamer, and, if the boat should drift with the current, there would be no influence on the water whatever.

The race is to be run.



THE NORTH LAND SCHOOL

I

THE DAY OF DEEDS

IN the North Land of fair Canada, beyond the Rocky Mountains, there was, and is, a school—a Sunday School that has a history which is worthy the reader's careful perusal. It was born, like other schools, very small; a log shanty is not pretentious, yet from this beginning we have a large building with mission schools in all directions. Its Home Department embraces the red man and the white, the rich and the poor, the bed-ridden, the healthy, and indifferent. Sunday Schools never die. New teachers may come and the old may go, but the school "goes on forever." In this particular institution, the teachers had been scholars, and their parents had likewise been scholars and teachers before them, but the school went on. They have a legend in this country, and it is generally believed, to this effect:—When teachers or officers go to the Higher School, the inhabitants of those celestial regions stand on the battlements, and with loud huzzas give a royal welcome, "Here they come from the North Land!" and there they watch and wait until the keeper at

▲

the gate lets all their scholars in. The secretary of this school can give the attendance for years back; the librarians stick to their work like the clerks in a bank. They have now the best machinery, including a first-class orchestra, printed orders of service, and everything moves smoothly.

At the time this story commences, all the teachers, about fifty in number, were converted. The Superintendent was a man of few words—perhaps for this reason he was popular; his eloquence consisted of “brilliant flashes of silence.” He was a man who said little, but he was aware of every turn in the school’s experience, he was watching for the best for it, be it teachers, music or novel-ties in teaching. The most friendly relations existed between Superintendent and teachers, and, remarkable to relate, in spite of the friction consequent on continual changes in the grading of such a large school, there was no unkind feeling shown among the teachers. It might be said, as of the early Church, “Behold, how these brethren love each other!”

A time came in the history of this school when dissatisfaction was general among the teachers at the seeming small progress that was made. They worked, studied and prayed so hard, and yet the results seemed so little; it looked as if they had gotten into a swamp out of which there was no escape. The Superintendent called them together one Sunday and said, “Teachers, we must get out

of this state; these little tots are falling continually, and our only hope is in a permanent way, a highway, where there is solid footing. To-morrow morning you will please come with your axes and chop down these trees, and we will build a walk that will not be slippery, and where no 'lion or ravenous beast shall come.'

The morning came—it was in the month of November—with a heavy hoar frost covering all the trees. On the mountain side, the tall elms and the taller oaks, stood, "like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic." The words of the teachers could now be heard in the frosty air; they were full of hope; they were going to chop down the forest, and they were all armed with *axe-handles*. Just then the sun shone out in all his beauty, covering the trees with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. "Surely these are the trees that grow by the banks of the river of life; what a dazzling vision! and these cruel teachers are determined to destroy it." They commenced to work, and all sorts of axe-handles were used, from the home-made hickory to the most expensive; but there was no impression made on the forest. One old Elm, a patriarch among the trees, had his little say; it was like this: "Comrades, we have seen many changes with the march of the centuries. We have watched the rise of the red man and his extinction by the white man's fire-water; and, not having any poet, they are dead and forgotten. We

have seen generations of white men in their mad rush in search of the yellow dust, and we have all said, 'What fools these mortals be.' But we never yet saw anything like these teachers trying by might and main and handles to chop us down." Then the old Elm laughed and shook himself, and the oaks followed suit; while down on the river bank the pines caught the infection, and all the trees of the forest laughed until their old ribs cracked. The hoar frost came down in clouds; the very air was thick with ice and snow; and in the midst of it all the Superintendent called a halt, and ordered all hands to their class-room.

Then followed the Superintendent's address:—"Teachers, we have had a good object lesson in handles, and they are not very effective tools in this forest. Now, what are handles? I am pleased you are so well equipped. Education is a necessity, as a teacher, so is your dramatic art; your imagination is also necessary, and you use it effectively in your illustrations. Your knowledge of the lesson, as experienced in your own life, is a great power; but all these—even the love you have for your pupils, and that, I am certain, is not small—is but a handle.

"I would be glad if all teachers had the equipment you have; but the bill is not filled, the forest would not come down. This want is felt in other quarters beside the North Land. In the east there are clergymen who profess to preach the

'unsearchable riches,' with the best education the schools can afford, and they give learned essays on the higher criticism, and hold Sunday evening concerts, while the people are in the swamp. What is the remedy? 'Not by might nor power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' Job said, 'Thou hast garnished the heavens with thy Spirit.' Elisha, 'Give me a double portion of thy Spirit.' Jesus Christ said, 'Tarry at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high.' Now, will you pay the price? All our work is a labor of love; the price for this necessity in your life and work is an absolute surrender of self. 'I beseech you,' says Paul, 'that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.'

"Present yourselves; give yourselves; and then like the potter with the clay, He will mould you to His own use, and make you a fit vessel for His royal presence. Teachers, we have been together through years of trial; you know your wants as much as I do, and it is, perhaps, now or never. This is a time of deeds; words are idle things. We hide our thoughts with words; but deeds tell for all time. What do we know of men or nations but their deeds? Deeds are the loudest things of which we know anything; they are louder than the thunder's roar, and they reverberate through the ages. The woman gives two mites, all she has, and it is known everywhere. Paul gives

himself, and his history reads like a dream that is all true, and to-day Paul is a greater power than when he tabernacled in the flesh. On that awful day of the Crucifixion Jesus Christ gave Himself; and that act is peopling Heaven; and His life is the greatest power the universe has ever known.

"The devout men say the death of Our Saviour has not only purchased pardon for a fallen race, but it gives men the power to die to all sin. They live most who are most useful; they live longest who live best. We want one hour of deeds to fit us for a life of usefulness and the life everlasting. 'He that loseth his life for My sake shall save it.' Now, teachers, a life hid with Christ in God is your privilege, and your duty. You want it? Will you pay the price NOW?"

Mr. Jinks, a very hopeful teacher, a man who was always going to do something, took the floor. He was like old To-morrow, his deeds were always in the future. "Mr. Superintendent, I am deeply in sympathy with what you have said; you are the right man in the right place; we need a man to lead us on to better things, I am with you through thick and thin, I will pay the price—in fact, I have been praying along that line for years. Just this morning at family worship my petition was, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

"*When* will you pay the price, Mr. Jinks?" said the Superintendent.

"Oh! pretty soon; my mind is about made up; in fact, my intention has been growing stronger on this question for years."

"Mr. Jinks, it will not do. It's now or never.

'I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

'There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon.
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
To the land of "Pretty Soon."

'The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon;
O let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

"It is now or never. Away off in fair Ontario there are people who have been praying for this

equipment since Confederation, but have never paid the price, and they are dissatisfied yet. Year after year the petition goes up, and along with that petition there is a stubborn will, and the good Lord who is waiting to be gracious cannot answer, because we will not let Him. On all sides men are resisting God. Teachers, let us quit our meanness, and let the potter have His way."

At this stage the youngest lady-teacher in the school got up, saying, "I will pay the price now." Then the devotional committee, consisting of three male and three female teachers, volunteered to surrender. One of the King's Daughters got up next, saying, "I wish I were one thousand times as valuable; yes, I will pay the price now."

Mr. Jinks once more got the floor. "Mr. Superintendent, I never felt so mean in all my life; to see these young ladies, who were girls but yesterday, taking this stand so fearlessly and so honestly, is an object lesson I cannot forget. I present myself now, a living sacrifice, and I hope the Lord will accept the offering and use me to His honor and glory."

The Superintendent passed over his penknife, a thing he had used in the same way before. "Brother, that is your knife now. As I give you that knife, you must give yourself to God. Carry the knife in your pocket; and every time you feel it or think of it, please remember you are not your own, you are bought with a price. Owner-

ship and control go together ; you own the knife and you control it. Brother, when God owns you completely, He will control you; and the way of life will have no fear in it, and the unclean thing will take its departure from your inner life forever. Thirteen teachers have paid the price, but thirteen strands are a small rope, and there are fifty teachers in this school."

II

SKELETON

WE have now to draw your attention to a character that is known all through that country. Look at him carefully, for he is every inch a man; tall, very thin, sun-tanned and wind-tanned, with small, twinkling eyes that are never at rest. He is a man with a history and the history of this man, James John, Esquire, is the history of the North Land Settlement, and the North Land City, and the North Land School. It was believed he had Indian blood in his veins; at any rate, he was the friend of the red man. His home was north from the city, on the prairie, over the river; it could be discerned from the top of the school, and it was often seen by the boys, who all had a welcome there. "Jim John" was the name by which he generally went, but the Indian boys called him "King John"—he kept them in boots, moccasins, and everything necessary to fit them for attendance at his greatest idol, the school. The white boys called him "Uncle John," for he was an uncle to all the poor children when in need of help.

In the spring, as regularly as the clover blossoms appeared, he would call on the Superintendent, Mr. Blank, either at his office or

home, with this little speech: "Mr. Superintendent, my wife and I are artists of no mean ability; we love to paint peaches on boys' cheeks. Now please send us a half dozen of the leanest, poorest, unhappiest boys in the school to spend the summer with us; you know my boys are all girls." The law for the government of the boys on the farm was short and to the point: "You must all be on hand for morning and evening prayers; you must eat three meals a day; the boy that goes to bed hungry must go back home." Before the boys came, there was always a cheque for the Superintendent to get anything necessary. There is a history about Jim John's cheques; the signature was unlike any signature presented at the North Land bank; there was plenty of ink used, but what the signature was, no person could tell that did not know it; but it would empty the bank, if necessary. The Superintendent had a whole bundle of these cheques not cashed; he never used them if he could avoid it, but every time they met, Jim John would hand another over, saying, "Just fill in the amount yourself, there is no telling what may spring up with some of these youngsters, and you know my boys are all girls."

One day he called to see Mr. Blank and he seemed excited. He said, "Brother, I have got an idea." "Well, let us have it," said Mr. Blank; "your ideas are worth attention."

"I have been thinking," said Jim John, "that we could have a livery stable under the school; I mean, in the basement. You see the rich man's boy rides a wheel, and the poor man's boy would enjoy one just as much as the other; now, what is the matter with having a dozen of the best and strongest wheels placed there in racks, for the use of the boys who are poor? No person would know who is the author of the idea, or who provides the funds. Now, if you think it wise, here is a cheque which you can fill out to the amount required."

The Superintendent was heartily in sympathy with the movement; but, in spite of his closed lips, the boys soon found out the author of the idea and the provider of the wheels, and there was no place for an objective point like Jim John's ranch. Once a year the old veteran would go to Ontario, the rich Province to the south, to take in the fall fairs, and he was generally gone two or three weeks. Before starting he made a rule of calling to give Mr. Blank a cheque. "You know, brother, there is no telling what is going to happen in two weeks." One time the Superintendent put up a trick on him, after considerable trouble, and this is the way it was done:

It was known that Uncle John was going to the south for his usual holiday on a Monday evening; and, as it was necessary for him to drive

to the city to catch the midnight train, he would leave the ranch about eleven o'clock. The Superintendent got twelve of the best boy-singers in the school to meet him in the basement night after night, and there they practised riding in a circle until proficient; and then he trained them to sing a hymn while riding. To every wheel was attached a red, white and blue lamp, with a cover to hide the light, which could be shown at will. Monday night came, as it always comes, and the Superintendent was at the ranch to bid Jim John farewell. The boys outside were perfectly still; the house was all alight, and the inmates were at family worship. Everybody could hear the old veteran, as he committed family, school, and himself, to the care of "Him who never slumbers nor sleeps"; it is said the old man could sometimes be heard at the next concession. Bye and bye, Nick, the servant-man, who was in the scheme, led the horse and family carriage away from the gate far enough to allow ample room for a roadway on either side; and then the lamps commenced to fly around them in a circle.

Jim John said, "It is Elijah's chariot come for you, brother."

"No, it's a mistake; it's for you," said the Superintendent.

Then from a dozen young voices was heard the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again";

around and around they went until the whole hymn was sung. During the song the old man was continually saying, "God bless the young rascals, God bless the young rascals." As the hymn was finished, the boys jumped from their wheels, and, forming in a circle, gave three cheers for Uncle John. The coyotes out on the prairie were as frightened as if all the hounds in the North Land were after them. The last words of the old man were to his wife—"Jane, whatever you do, keep plenty of pumpkin pies on hand while I am away, in case those young rascals come out."

But we must go back to the class-room, for Jim John has the floor. Whenever he spoke, you could hear a pin drop; he always had an experience. As soon as a Christian has no experience, it is safe to say he is not doing much at it. The first thing was to get his red bandana ready—"Mr. Superintendent, I often feel mean, but I can hardly remember when I felt so mean as to-day. I was a teacher in this school before some of these young ladies were born; I was Superintendent also before many of you took any interest in Sunday School work. Here I am, like an old wreck on the shores of Time; and every bone in my body seems to prompt me to be a man, but I can't. I am deeply touched with the noble step so many have taken, I feel it is real on their part, and I know it is the path of victory for every individual

and for the school. My make-up is different than yours, and my experience is full of failure. In fact, I have a skeleton in my cupboard—a skeleton as old as my memory of anything good, a skeleton that has given me the heart-ache many and many a time; no matter how I watch and pray, and what resolves I make, he will not stay down. Mr. Superintendent, I do not want to look like a hypocrite and so far I have not been one; but if I take the step the others have taken, I shall fall again, and will cause a scandal and a slur on the deepest experience of the heart. Let me tell you, if you please, how I get tripped up, and you will see, and the teachers will see, that my want of action on this occasion is not from cowardice, but is the wisest thing I can do. To start on—I have always had a hot temper, and, under some circumstances, it seems uncontrollable. We will go to work on the farm in the morning after family worship, and I will be at peace with everybody and everything. During the afternoon, perhaps, the mules may kick over the traces, and then I will flare up; Nick, my man, will come along, and I will say something cross to him. After a while, I get ashamed, and I go over and say, 'Nick, I am awfully sorry for what I said to you; will you please forgive me?' Nick smiles all over his great broad face and says 'All right, Boss, it isn't you; it's the old man.' Crestfallen, I go up into the hay mow; and then, with cries and tears, I tell

the good Lord what a fool I have been, and ask forgiveness; and come down with the peace of God, 'which passeth all understanding,' all comparison, and all illustration, as my portion. And then, strange to relate, something goes wrong; and, though I try so hard to contain myself, yet I speak out sharply to Nick, and of course, must apologize again. What a good man Nick is! he never flares up, he only says 'All right, Boss, it's the old man;' and it has been the 'old man' ever since he came to the farm. Nearly every week day, for years, I have had to go to the hay mow; up in that quiet place, alone with God, I have experienced many a Waterloo of victory; from that upper room, I have come down to walk with God, my soul continually on its knees; but the 'old man' is not dead, and without any premonition he reasserts himself, and the whole outlook is changed. The west was bathed in gold, the birds sang a hymn of praise, 'Peace on earth and goodwill to men;' I seemed to be in love with everybody and everything; then again the sky looks angry, it is 'blue Monday' or 'black Friday,' and the change is instantaneous. The skeleton in my cupboard is the 'old man,' and he won't die."

"Mr. Jim John," said the Superintendent, "your story is a thrilling one; and I myself sympathize with you deeply, for I have been there also. Your difficulty is too deep for human effort; it requires the hand and touch of Omnipotence.

You must watch and pray, for if an angel lived here it would be necessary ; but, watch and pray as we will, the traitor in the heart will assert himself. Absolute, unconditional surrender is the price that will drive this traitor out. Forts are safe from outside attack, but the foe inside the walls unlocks the gate, lets down the bars, and lo ! the enemy is in. When you pay the price, this will be your experience—you will have temptations in abundance, but they will all be on the outside ; you will know positively that your heart is pure, and the 'pure in heart see God.' Brother Jim John, please believe what I am saying, pay the price the same way you pay for everything else, one hundred per cent. consecration, and the skeleton that has saddened your life so many times will march off down the street, his old bones rattling in the wind, and he will bury himself in oblivion, never more, I hope, to be resurrected."

Brother Jim John got up to reply, and there was not a dry eye in the room. "Mr. Superintendent and comrades, as much as I know how, I offer myself to God. I'll do what He tells me to do, I'll go where He leads me, even if it is to ridicule or to death ; and I hope you will all help me, if human help can be of any use in such a critical case."

"Praise the Lord!" came from all over the room.

Mr. Burnip, a man who very rarely spoke in a meeting, got the floor, to the surprise of everybody.

" Mr. Superintendent, this is a queer world ; light, as it increases, reveals the difference between what is a real and what is a fictitious value. I am, it is currently reported, and perhaps truly reported, the wealthiest man (in the world's estimation), there is in the North country ; and yet perhaps there are none here so poor as to do me reverence. I own all the cattle on the prairie branded with my initials, though I do not know their number ; I have been blessed with wonderful success in my business, but have never had enough ; I have always wanted a little more. My wife says I am getting harder as I get older, and I think now I am an old man, for I have passed three score. I have no family ; and, as a school and church, you know little of me ; I have lived to make money and have been very successful. When I look over this audience, and see the step you are taking, I feel that I am the poorest person in the house ; you can pay the price but I cannot afford it. I am proud of my wealth, I love money because it is money. In my youth, I was taught, in school and in church, to make the most of both worlds. I experienced a change of heart in my teens, after some weeks was admitted to church membership, and for a while everything went well. For about a year I tried to be of some use, took considerable interest in other people, if they were nice ; but then I gradually lost interest in everything but buying and selling cattle. I have always kept up

my membership in the church (as a matter of policy—to provide for the other world), have given to its support what to some people would seem a large sum, but to me it was never felt, and I deserve no credit for being charitable. I have taught in the school lately because I have enjoyed teaching bright young ladies; their fresh faces and their cheerful, innocent voices have been more pleasant to me than poring over account books Sunday afternoons. They come out to my home some times, and they think I am conferring a favor, while the favor is all the other way, for they make my home so bright with their presence, and cheer my wife and me so I forget about cattle, the rise and fall in the price of beef, and other questions which fill my mind to the exclusion of everything better. Pride of wealth and position seem to have killed all the flowers of beauty and of value in my heart, and to-day I am the poorest person in this audience. I have often thought I would commence, some day, to live; other people have thought the same thing, for we all believe there is abundant life, deep, inexpressible, spiritual life to be enjoyed on the earth; but, Mr. Superintendent, I have gone too far. I don't think I can turn back; in place of making so much of this world, I should have been seeking first the 'Kingdom of God and His Righteousness' all the time. My membership in the church, I realize to-day, is a hindrance to its progress.

People can say—'There goes Mr. Burnip, a Christian, and he can drive the hardest bargain of any man in the city and he is a millionaire.' The money I pay you will not counteract my worldly life; I must resign my position in the school and in the church to be as honest as the rest of this audience."

Mr. Blank spoke as follows: "Brother, your confession is, I think, the best action of your life, but we all can say you are harder on yourself than if you were judging some other person. Your case is far from hopeless. Now, suppose the young man that was very rich, who went away sorrowful because of the asked-for sacrifice of his wealth, was in this room, what would you say to him?"

"This is what I would say," replied Mr. Burnip: "'Young man, you were foolish; when Jesus Christ commanded you to go and sell all you had and give to the poor, you should have done it. He was the Maker of this world; His favor was of more value than all the wealth of the Indies, and He was here on earth in your presence.'"

"Now," said the Superintendent, "please take that message home to yourself, for Jesus Christ is as much here as He was in Jerusalem, though not in physical form, and I assure you that when you pay the price you will substantiate that statement in your own case from the every-day experience of the nearness of God. All this wealth is not yours; you are but the steward to give an account of the

use you have made of that money. This may seem strong language from a man as poor as I am, but think it out for yourself. The young man in the Bible was sorrowful, for he was young; he might have lived fifty years to enjoy this wealth. On your own statement of your age, how long do you expect to carry the burden of looking after a million dollars? Brother, the happiness you have the power to bestow might be envied by the angels before the throne. I do hope, for your own sake, you will rise to the emergency, die to self and for the rest of your days live the life more abundant, the life that God gives, clear, happy, joyous life—intense life; for, after all, life is the most earnest thing of which we know anything. Lay yourself on the altar, and the fire of God's Spirit will burn out the pride, and the love of money, and everything mean and little, and you will be a new man, whose look and walk will make you a light that cannot be hidden. If you will be guided by my advice you will never, never regret it; life will be a song of victory in place of a dry lesson in arithmetic. *Now* is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time; *now* is the watchword of the wise; *now* is the banner of the prudent. Brother, now is the only time for you; that '*now*' is yours, and in your case it appears to be '*now*' or '*never*.' Will you pay the price—an actual, unconditional surrender of time, money, cattle, lands, and of yourself, once for all?"

"Mr. Superintendent, the young man went away sorrowful, for he had much wealth. The way you have put this question has made the matter plainer than ever before, and while you have been speaking, the Spirit has been showing me myself in such a sorry plight that I am glad to get rid of the ownership of a vampire that has sucked the spiritual life-blood from me for years. Henceforth I hope to be a steward, to use this wealth, which has never been mine, as God would have me use it. In the interest of the community at large, of my cowboys on the prairie, and of the church, I ask for a committee of two or three to help me dispose of this money to the best advantage." At this stage the audience sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Then Miss Martin, a wealthy, cultured lady, rose to her feet. She was as handsome as a Madonna, and as cold as an iceberg. "Mr. Superintendent, I have a skeleton also; but, unlike that of the others, it cannot be reached by any known remedy. I am pleased with the action our teachers have taken; it is just like them, and they will do everything their action indicates, but I am a superficial girl. I have gone to consecration services in church and in league until it is all formal with me, and I thought we were all alike; I see we are not. I am sorry I cannot be really in earnest about anything. Oh! if I could only be as real a woman as the sisters who have taken this

step! My parents have been at a great expense for my education, and when I graduated from college I was put to the study of music; you all know my ability as a singer. I do not know that I have been of any use to anybody, have taught in school as a disagreeable duty, for it is now fashionable to be a Sunday School teacher. I feel deeply humiliated at the useless life I have lived, and I can say with far more truth than Mr. Jim John could, that I am heartily ashamed of myself.

‘Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to be at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master’s use made meet!’

I use this language often, although I mean very little of it. If I did I do not think my name would be on the programme for two concerts next week before fashionable audiences in two fine churches. I ride horseback a great deal through the Stoney Indian reservation, and I have often thought what a pleasure could be given those poor people if I sang to them some of the songs of Zion. But the good I would do and could do I leave undone, and the evil I would not that I do. Now, next week I feel that I ought to sing for the thoughtless people before whom I expect to stand, something to take their minds from this world and its fleeting values; I have thought of ‘Depth of mercy, can there be mercy still reserved for me’;

also, 'Jesus, I my cross have taken,' but the cross is right here, and I am not equal to it. What ridicule would be mine were I to sing with pathos and feeling 'What a friend we have in Jesus'; I am afraid the audience with its silks, satins, flowers and jewelry would think I was crazy. I wish I were real. In what a superficial world some of us live! The solo in the church receives more attention than the message from Heaven. Mr. Blank, I cannot fill the bill; so, as I do not believe in shams, I must tender my resignation, for which I feel very sorry. Some of the best people I know in the world are on the staff of this school, and our relations have always been pleasant. There is one thing for which I will ever feel grateful, and that is the profit of their company, for I assure you if it had not been for their example I should have made shipwreck of what little faith I had years ago. There is one kindness I can never forget: when I made my first appearance as a singer the staff of the school stood by me and encouraged me by every means in their power. Since those days I have had many successes as the world considers them, plaudits loud and long from audiences all over the broad land, but they are of no value to me; they do not satisfy the soul. The Bread of Heaven is the food alone for which I hunger. I wish I were a real, earnest woman, like the sisters who have so nobly borne their part in this school, and have stepped so high in their

experience in this one eventful, never-to-be-forgotten hour. I heartily endorse your remarks, Mr. Blank, about deeds; the deeds of this day will be felt all through the length and breadth of the North Land. Now, teachers, farewell. I know you are going up because you have gone down; we stoop to conquer, and victory will be your portion continually. As for myself, time will tell. I shall always be glad of having known you; please remember me in prayer occasionally, and as much as I know how I shall imitate your every-day walk."

The Superintendent got up. "Miss Martin, there is not a teacher nor an officer in the room but will suffer the deepest grief if you leave us the way you intend. You have been honest and sincere in your statement of your difficulty, and in so doing you have come up to the standard as well as any of us. The lack of sincerity, which you so deeply deplore, can be overcome. Satan is an able enemy; and, in keeping you from taking this step, he has played his last and best card. Now, Miss Martin, I have known you from childhood, and am deeply interested in your experience, and I assure you there is really no difficulty beyond a remedy. Just as much as you know how, give yourself; and, if you cannot be real, just be as real as you can; your circumstances are difficult, but the good Lord knows all about your case, and the 'present help in the time of trouble' will be your help."

Miss Martin arose once more. "Mr. Blank, your character is such that anything you say carries great weight with me, and, in fact, with every member of the school. I obey, and present myself; and I hope the King I have so poorly served will give me the power to be as honest, as sincere, and as earnest as the sisters who have preceded me."

Mr. Johnstone, the best-natured man in the North Land, rose to speak. "Mr. Superintendent and teachers, I never in my life was at a service so deeply interesting, so thrilling, as the present one; and if I have to be as honest as my predecessors have been, I must tender my resignation. My feelings, I imagine, must be akin to those Adam experienced, when he was driven out of the garden of Eden. You talk about skeletons; but I have one that I have hidden for years. I am ashamed of it, and so, if you will allow me to retire from the teaching staff, it will save me much pain and a great fall in the estimation of every person present. Please let me go now, for I cannot pay the price, and there is no remedy for me known to science or religion. Will you try to feel kindly towards me? I know, if I had to unlock my skeleton, I should lose the respect of every teacher in the school."

Mr. Blank said: "Brother Johnstone, I know all about your skeleton, though I suppose none of the teachers have ever thought of it. The

difficulty in your case has been experienced in my own, and the best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it. This meeting is a gathering of Christian men and women; your secret will be safe here; and I assure you we are deeply anxious for you to stay with us; I am certain, also, that the skeleton, no matter how strong and old, can be sent away with the rest."

Mr. Johnstone said, "Friends and comrades in many a hard day's work, do not condemn me altogether, when I unveil this thing that has been hidden so long. My secret is an old skeleton, a strong skeleton, stronger than I am, for I have wrestled with him many a time, and he has always overcome me, and gained the victory. When I get out on the prairie, where there is no boy to learn from me, and no person to know me, I have a comfortable smoke, and it is a real comfort too. I do not smoke for asthma, bronchitis or indigestion; I smoke because I like it. Now, every teacher will say right away, that the wisest course out of the difficulty is to quit the habit at once, and with one stroke to rid myself of this nauseous idol. How easy it is to say that! Words are so easily spoken; but this is a meeting for deeds, and words will not suffice. In the art of quitting this habit, I am a star of the first magnitude; I am the champion quitter, having given it up more frequently than any other person in the broad land. I have quit for conscience'

sake frequently, and as many more times in consideration of other people's feelings; I have often quit on the New Year's morning. I have quit in the summer, in the winter, in the spring, and in the fall; but I have never lost the appetite for nicotine. I suppose you all despise me now; but what am I to do? I am helpless to help myself, and this seems to be a case in which prayer has no effect."

The Superintendent then said: "Brother Johnstone, the honest way in which you have stated your difficulty ought to be a lesson to us all; this is certainly an hour of deeds, of which none are braver than your act in telling your trouble. I understand the hankering and the hungering when every nerve in the body is begging to be fed, and I am certain there is a remedy. How often has your faith carried you over difficulties that were like mountains in the way: difficulties that we know would have staggered any other person in the school! The trouble in this instance is that you are too aware of your own weakness, and, in looking at your feeble will, you lose sight of the power of Omnipotence. Your past trials should have increased your faith, for along other lines there are none of us who have so often been victorious. In fact, we would all learn of you. The case stands this way; if a great difficulty was in the way, we would say, 'Brother Johnstone, this is too hard for us; will you please pray a

way out'; and many times your mighty faith has saved the scholar and helped the school. You are in just such a dilemma where you cannot help yourself. Now here are fifty praying Christian men and women, who will exercise more faith to-day than ever they did in all their experience. I am going to ask every person in this room to make your case the object of their most earnest petitions; and, if you do not resist the will of God, I feel certain before the week is over all the desire will be taken away. This is not a hard task, when you take into consideration the fact that Omnipotence has been used with power in similar cases. We are all children of God, and we are all interested in your welfare. We will just claim the promise, that what we are agreed on must be done. How simple it all is! Brother Johnstone pay the price, and I will guarantee the old idol, the skeleton of your life, will leave. Now for the result: your health will be better; the old, morbid feeling of years will be absent; your disposition, which is naturally hopeful, will be more so than ever it was; conscience, which has troubled you on this question, will give you a rest; and your now useful life will accomplish even more work, and achieve grander results."

Mr. Johnstone arose, and, with the deepest feeling, said, "Comrades, you see my trouble, and you know the remedy. As the Superintendent says, I cannot exercise any faith on this question; my

life at present is in your hands. How powerful prayer is! What a responsibility rests on human beings! 'Am I my brother's keeper?' has come down through the ages, and the answer is always 'yes.' How wide is human influence! How far-reaching! It has stirred even Heaven. The faith which I cannot exercise for myself, I have generally employed successfully for others. Now it is your turn. I will not throw any hindrances in the way, but will expect, with one stroke of His mighty power, in answer to the prayer of faith, that the old habit and appetite of a life-time will be taken away. I give myself, with this foolish habit, to God, and ask the Lord to take me as I am, and own, and control me from this day forward."

Ruby Bill, a cowboy, hurriedly jumped to his feet. "Mr. Superintendent, I ain't used to making speeches, they ain't in my line; but I feel more excited than if I was in a cattle stampede. Guess I will look foolish to you all; but something is forcing me to talk, before the best audience I ever saw. I can say that I never met such earnest people as you all seem to be. My life has been spent in the saddle, I don't know how to talk church talk; but we wild men of the plains are just the people to know men and women that are good gold, and I never saw so much real gold together at one time. I have taught a few lessons in your school, so, when in the forest, cutting, this

morning, I learned the lesson for next Sunday—it was plain enough even for a cowboy. My object in standing before you is for myself and comrades to enter a denial of that setting-out our boss has given himself. At our camp fires, we talk so kindly of Mr. Burnip; when any of the boys are hurt by the cattle or horses, it is to the master's house we are taken; and we all feel towards the missus as boys feel towards their mother. When one of our chums gets on a jambouree, and takes to mischief in the city, we ride up and surround him, and take his pistols and lasso away, and then, keeping close to him, we lead him out on to the prairie, and keep him there until he is sober. Now, Mr. Burnip has said things about himself which are not true. We would go through fire and water for him; we never knew a better boss; for, though he ain't the preaching sort, we know he is gold without any telling. He is a man every inch of him, and if the boys were here, and we knew enough, we would corral him so he could not say mean things about himself. I ain't a regular teacher, I ain't fit to teach at all; but the boss gives me the papers, and I generally read up the lesson; but I wish I could know a little more myself before trying to teach the young uns. Mr. Superintendent, you will think I am pretty cheeky to talk so much to-day, but you are all so kind and so honest I would like to tell you about myself, for I, too, am

in trouble. The school used to sing, 'There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea,' and so one midnight, a year ago, I was born again on the prairie, where I was all alone, lending an ear and an eye for the cattle, but thinking as hard as if the top of my head was coming off. If they had only sung 'like the wideness of the prairie' I could have understood it; but I never saw the sea; I knew it was wider than the plains; and so I thought perhaps there was mercy for the cowboy. I was certain there was mercy for other people; but I felt so wicked, so condemned. Oh! if there had only been somebody at that camp who could have told me what to do! But for miles and miles there was no one to whom I dare apply for direction. In my extremity, I remembered the prayer of the publican, and so, out loud, I repeated that simple petition, and I felt better; so, taking fresh courage, I once more asked for mercy, and like a flash in the darkness, I was a new man. On account of the cattle being restless, ten of us were stationed in a semi-circle, about one half a mile apart, all facing the river, which was to the south; and, as I felt the wonderful change, I had to sing, shout, or do something in that line, so I started singing the first verse of that hymn; but, as I knew no more of it, I repeated it over and over, until the eastern sky was tipped with gold. The west wind carried it to the next patrol, who caught the refrain, and

sang it also, and the same message which I had received from the school was carried by the wind and repeated by the cowboys until we all knew the one verse. At noon, the next day, at the general camp, the question of the hymn came up, and I was accused of being the originator of the singing. That was the time to be a hero; but, you know, I ain't built that way, so I just told the boys what had happened, and, being very tender-hearted, I had to cry during the recital. Of course they said I was 'a tenderfoot,' 'a morocco-bound, psalm-singing gentleman,' and 'certainly a parson,' 'but I would never be of any more use as a cowboy.' They have called me 'the weeping sky-pilot,' and 'the hero that can't keep his eyes from sweating,' but I think they would really sooner have me as I am if I was not such an arrant coward. I have never touched the cards since that day, nor drunk any liquor; I think I have some influence with my comrades, but I am so awfully frightened to speak out as I could and should. Is there such a thing as a church-arsenal, where cowards can lay in a supply of courage to fit them for saying what they feel, for there is nothing I know of that I would not do for those large-hearted, rough 'children of the prairie?'"

As Ruby Bill sat down, Mr. Burnip went over and shook him heartily by the hand, saying, "Brother, you have won all our hearts; your unexpected, unprepared speech is the best thing

we have heard in a long time. What a revelation to me about my own men! I thank you heartily for your defence of a poor master; and your kind words about my wife will, I know, gratify her more than anything she has heard for years. I am not in charge of this meeting; but Mr. Blank will tell you, and so will every teacher in the room, that the arsenal is here, and that there is an abundant supply of what you are in need."

Mr. Burnip sat down, and the Superintendent rose, and, walking down to Ruby Bill, who sat, blushing like a schoolgirl, took him by the hand, saying, "Brother, I am so pleased to hear your touching little speech; every teacher in the room is in sympathy with you; I think the angels, if they had the power, would encourage you in your search. It is not education, elocution, 'might nor power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' I just want you, like the others, to pay the price, an unconditional surrender, a giving of self, a giving of Ruby Bill, and the victory is yours; the fear of man will leave you; but the price must be paid *now*."

Ruby got up once more, "Mr. Superintendent, I have no home except the prairie and the school, no relations, and but few friends; I have no wealth; and it is perhaps easier for me than for anybody else to give myself; but I have been afraid that a cowboy is not a fit person to take such a step. If you say it is not cheek, but wis-

dom, I will gladly give myself, but with very little hope of being accepted.

"Brother," said Mr. Blank, "you have nothing to do with receiving, for, if you are given away you are not responsible any longer. Ownership and control go hand-in-hand. Don't think about yourself any longer; the owner will soon assert His rights, and fill you with His presence, then goodbye to the fear of man. I do not know any place where you can be of more service than on the plains, among your comrades, and with the Indians. There is no joy like the joy of service, and the highest service, one in which the angels would revel, is to serve men. Influence is all-powerful on the plain, or in the drawing-room, by the camp-fire, or on the rostrum, in the debates of the scholars, or in the simple talk of the Stonies. What is influence but a part of ourselves? And, when filled with the Deity, the influence is intensified, and is always invariably for good. It is not speech as much as life, abundant, joyous, earnest life. Among the early disciples, the example of one life made heroes of cowards; they caught the divine fire, the divine contagion; and those Galilean fishermen and tax-collectors kindled the fires of Pentecost all through Palestine, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece and Rome. That influence is still broadening to-day; and on the plains, in the cities, and by the way-side, the despised Nazarene is winning fresh followers. They are being won

from vice to virtue, from the drunkard's haunt to the home of peace and comfort; the hard-hearted, money-grinding capitalist is learning that there is something better than money, there is something of more value than self. 'None of self, but all of Thee' might be a motto for every teacher, a safe text for every day. Brother Ruby, do right, though the heavens fall; be afraid of nothing but sin; remember that 'around you are the everlasting arms,' and 'the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.' "

Over in the corner, perfectly still, but with tear-stained cheek, sat Mrs. Nixon, a lady living on the other side of the river. For years she had been in charge of the "Busy Bees," and she was, with the exception of Jim John, the oldest teacher on the staff; her name was as ointment poured forth. Widowed during her early wifhood, all her energies had been devoted to the good of others, and, like a certain woman of old, her alms and prayers had come up as a memorial before Heaven. Catching the seat before her so as to steady herself she rose to her feet, and briefly told the story of her connection with the school.

"How many times have we longed for a day like this! We have been hungering and thirsting for righteousness so long, but we did not pay the price. Meeting time after time during the past twenty-five years, we have resolved we would do this and that, but we have never done it. I my-

self realize that all is not right, for I, like the ancient Hebrews, through fear of death, have been in bondage all these years. I had thought my surrender was real until to-day. Though expecting the Lord's coming so long, and looking for Him yet, still I am afraid of the cold, dark grave; those creeping things that destroy the body are often in my mind. Sometimes the thought of dying grace gives me comfort, for I have seen many people, a few hours before death, take on so much hope and new spiritual life, that the grim reaper seemed a friend. Unhappily I cannot find any Scripture to satisfy me on that point, so I must confess that there is a skeleton in my cupboard also."

Mr. Blank said, "Dear sister, or mother it ought to be, I hope you will not think me presumptuous in attempting to direct one who is the Dorcas of our city, whose life has been a blessing to hundreds of people. Many a minister has said to me that he felt mean and sordid in your presence, and I feel unworthy now. But I think your difficulty can easily be surmounted; in fact, those people you speak of must have done just as we are doing to-day; they paid the price, but did it of necessity; and you, of your own free will, are going to make this thing real; and there is no doubt in my mind that all the fear and bondage will leave you. As a consecrated Christian, it requires far more courage to live than to die; this

is the experience of many. 'To live is Christ, to die is gain.' You have not lived for self; all your trouble seems to be in the will, and Satan has been the cause of it all. Now, like the brave woman you have always been, stand up, and by that act give yourself away; and all Satan's efforts will not rob you of the joy there is in the thought of dying."

Mrs. Nixon rose to her feet once more, amid absolute silence; and then, after collecting herself so as to have strength for her task, she recited in her rich, silvery voice :

"My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

'Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
None of self and all of Thee.

'I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by precious blood ;
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God."

The next speaker was Mr. Holt, a young missionary to the Indians, who was an occasional teacher in the school. "Mr. Superintendent, though I came into this class-room through curiosity, I shall never regret it; in fact, I doubt if I

shall ever forget it. The subject of surrender has been with me for a long time; but I never was able to make it real until lately, and the last three months of my life has been like fairyland. I am a graduate of Toronto University, and many a time, while camping with the Indians, have I wished to be back in the business world, or some other world, in preference to working so hard without any results. But lately my words seem to be charged with power I never knew before. I do hope every person present will pay the price, for there are avenues for service on every side, particularly among my red friends. Many a time I have wished Miss Martin would come and sing for the poor people, who, I can promise, will be a most appreciative audience. She could sing such songs as, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.' The red people are hungry for the Bread of Life; and oh! I wish so much some of these teachers would come out of an evening, and for an hour teach the lesson they studied the Sunday previous. There will be the best order, and the most careful attention, if you only speak to them as you would to children."

At this stage Miss Martin sprang to her feet, saying, "Mr. Superintendent, I have really paid the price; I will sing for the Indians, and I do hope it will be of service to them. Plaudits and remuneration are of no significance now. I wish to serve; and, 'Where He leads I'll follow.'"

Mr. Blank rose and said, "Teachers, our time is up; if there is one person in this room who will not pay the price, you will please retire; we wish to be alone with God with not a discordant heart in our midst. Mr. Holt, will you lead us in our petition?"

III

PRAYER MEETING

MR. HOLT'S prayer: "Our Father, Thou hast borne with our divided affections so long; our sinful, selfish lives have been in the road of our progress continually. This meeting has been an hour of deeds, and we ask Thy presence and help, that our part shall be done completely, that when we leave this room, we shall be aware of one fact, never to be forgotten, that we are not our own, we are bought with a price. We ask forgiveness for not seeing the light when it was shining so brightly; we have been looking for straws, and all the time there was a crown awaiting us. We are sorry to-day that the King's children have been feeding on husks, while the new wine, and the old corn was proffered. We really do not know how foolish we have been; we have been asking so little, when to ask much would have been the wisest and best course, and the one most pleasing to Thee. Our sins have risen as a thick cloud, darkening the heavens. Though we are all sorry for the past, yet, if we have the control of the future, it will be but the same thing over again. This is an hour of deeds, and, if there is one insubordinate thought in our hearts, please drive it out; oh! take us and own us for all time

and for all eternity. We plead His beautiful life and His awful death. We ask that the blood may speak so loudly that answers shall immediately come down from Thy throne. We know we are Thy children, and we have a right, from Thine own commands, to approach boldly. We are aware of our unworthiness, but it was for the unworthy that the sacrifice was made. We are now waiting, in the North Land School, to be accepted by Thee; we are waiting as they waited on another occasion, 'with one accord, in one place;' we desire to be accepted; 'our all is on the altar.' Now, Father, we are going to stay at Thy feet in silence for some time, with one supreme object—the knowledge of our acceptance, for we do give ourselves, and we ask, with all the faith Thou hast given us, that the sacrifice be accepted, and the witness of the Spirit be given us, so that every person shall know from this day forward that he or she is Thine forever. We are not asking from any selfish motive, but we wish to be fitted for better service. Life is so short, eternity is so long, and hell is awful. Oh! hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and in mercy and in one more manifestation of Thy wonderful love make us free, free from the old life of sinning and repenting, the old life of fear, the old life of failure. Our Father, not for our great asking, not for our deserving, but because of our extreme necessity and of our great, loving High Priest,

hear us, and help us. We are now waiting, expecting Thee. Let every heart be unlocked for Thy entrance; we think every heart is open; we know the world is driven out; and if Satan is still hindering anyone, please send aid, for Thy help gives immediate relief. Our Father, we are asking, and expecting, in the name of Him who gave Himself for us; and, though sorry our love is so weak, yet we do give ourselves. Accept us now, and give us the answer of peace. Amen."

A great calm came down; the air seemed charged with silent, earnest prayer, until by-and-by one teacher after another forgot time and place, and expressions of praise and of thanksgiving filled the room. The noon hour has passed and the shadows from the Rockies are beginning to lengthen; the meeting should be closed, but in such an atmosphere it looked sinful. Mr. Blank arose, and, going to the blackboard, wrote, "W. H. Blank paid the price, as in Romans 12 and 1, April 10th, 1892. The pastor wrote underneath, "James Williams paid the price, as in Romans 12 and 1, May 1st, 1888." The missionary, Mr. Holt, was the first teacher to go forward, and he signed his name, with the date, "April, 1896." John Jinks also wrote opposite his signature, "November 20th, 1896." The signing went on rapidly until fifty teachers had written their names and the date, "November 20th, 1896," when the old chief, Tom the Leopard,

wishing to show his decision also, made a cross on the blackboard, as it was the best he could do. Other names followed, until the last was written, when the Superintendent rose, saying, "How long do you want your names to stay here? Don't speak hastily. If your consecration is real, you will have lost all fear of what people will say, all fear of the future."

Miss Martin said, "I don't care how long mine stays here; I have given myself, I am not my own any more, 'My times are in His hands.' It makes little odds what people think of me; it may stay forever."

"Amen" came from many voices.

Here the old veteran, James John, spoke. "Comrades, we have enlisted for all time; this is the day of days with us, for it is the day of deeds. I do not regret my action; I know already that it is the supreme decision of my life. I move that our names be left on this board until some other means are found to perpetuate, for the future members of this school, the fact that the North Land teachers in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six did surrender themselves to God. Now, self must die, and self will die, and the new resurrection life, 'the life hid with Christ in God' will be our portion." This resolution was carried cheerfully, without one dissenting voice; and so the names were left undisturbed until engraven on the pastor's heart

and on the hearts of the people whom they had benefited.

Though the shadows had grown long, there was no eagerness to leave the building, and, as the Superintendent rose to dismiss the assembly from the most momentous meeting they had ever attended, there was a sound heard that had never before been heard by mortal man. It was startling, because it seemed unearthly; it was deep; and at times it increased to a roar, but ever and anon it faded until it resembled the sighing of the wind through the pines on the banks of the river. Then it sounded like a chorus of deep bass voices, coarse and strong, as if a multitude were talking loudly and all at the same time; and again it seemed like a nation weeping for a lost king. There was a hush in the class-room. Mr. Blank understood the noise first, and said, "Teachers, the old elms have ears, and those tall oaks have eyes, so they have both learned of the deeds of this eventful day. An old Oak has told the startling news, that the teachers of this school are armed with axes; and, though the trees have been sentinels to the march of the centuries, they know that their doom is sealed; this startling, weird sound is the wail of the forest. Now, teachers, I never in my life was so proud of you; and the day has gone all too quickly. You have each done something that will brighten every conscious hour of your existence, and your dreams will be sweet with the nearness of God. When the just

man sleeps, his soul is in Heaven; this will be your experience in the future; but I love you too much to let you leave without pointing out the two dangers that may enter your pathway. The one is that in your great enjoyment you are in danger of getting fanatical, the other is the tendency to conform to the world. 'Be ye not conformed,' said Paul, 'but be ye transformed,' or transfigured."

After a brief prayer, the meeting was closed, but the teachers had no wish to retire, though the darkness was close at hand. How much there was to talk about of which they had never dreamed before! What a Beulahland is the classroom! How tender their voices! How freely the tears come! There is not a haughty look on any face, all the pride has been exterminated. The "old man," the bane of many an anxious heart, has been crucified, and put off to stay off. Humility seems the most noticeable feature in the faces and voices of every person present; any task is suitable now. But we must leave them, to be the salt, the light, the hope of the North Land. The day of ups and downs has gone forever; sinning and repenting will not be their experience any more; but victory, continuous victory, will be their portion. The pastor has now what he has prayed for many a year, a people alive, a church and a school aggressive, whose influence will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the country.

IV

ONE SESSION WITH THE SCHOOL.

Sunday, Nov. 26th, 1896.

THE day was all beautiful; the sun shone bright and strong; the frost of the preceding night had made the air crisp and bracing, and the fresh breeze from the prairie seemed to carry with it an elixir of health and strength. There are days in the North when it is really a luxury to live. The teachers came to their work full of hope, without any self-sufficiency, but seeing Him that is invisible. There was a large attendance on this afternoon, over six hundred together. Some of the children had come out of curiosity, for it was generally known that a great revival had broken out among the teachers. Perhaps common talk was right, if to revive is to get new life; but there must be a startling and a radical change in these teachers, or street gossip would not have taken it up so. The difference can be seen and felt; their voices are so tender now, the haughty look is gone, and they are so quiet, so cheerful, for "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" is their portion. Oh teacher! this is your equipment; now deliver your message simply, lovingly, and leave the result to the Lord of the harvest.

The school, comprising about fifty classes, was in the form of a semicircle, every scholar being able to see the pulpit, which stood on a platform at the south end of the building. During the lesson each class could shut the doors or draw the curtains to separate them from their neighbors; but, during the opening and closing exercises each member could be seen by the Superintendent. Mr. Hutton's Bible class met in a wing built on the west side; but it too, by means of folding-doors, could be thrown in with the main school. On this particular day the school opens as usual. The scholars are particularly quiet, and the teachers are different, though it is difficult to describe wherein the difference lies. Their love for their scholars has suddenly taken on an intensity never known before. Though it had been their custom for years to pray for their pupils, now, with the sudden increase of faith, it seems right and proper to look for results; so, to-day, in every movement can be seen the energy and the longing to do anything and everything in their power to assist those over whom they have charge.

The adult class consisted of about sixty members, men and women of various circumstances. There were clerks, manufacturers, farmers ranchmen, and a few Indians; most of the ladies were wives of the officers and teachers in the school. Mr. Hutton was the teacher of this class; and though a keen business man, he found time during

the week to get up the lesson perfectly, so as to present it in a way that was interesting to the dullest mind. The meeting was held in the large room in which was the blackboard still bearing the sixty names written there on the Monday previous. The doors being closed, and the class alone, Mr. Hutton said, "Friends, my name is on this board, and I mean all it says. I do not think it wise to go over our usual course to-day; but I will just tell the story of Naaman, his disease, the remedy, and the action of the Jewish maiden." At the close of these remarks he added: "There are so many things in this world that I do not understand. I have taught this class for years, and I have done the very best I could, and all my efforts have been to convince of sin, hoping you would apply the remedy, but as far as I can see, my teaching has been all failure; why that is so is a mystery, unless I have failed in my duty; but from this day forward my effort shall not be so much to teach as to get you cured of sin. This leprosy affects us all; it can be seen in our faces, heard in our words, and stands out glaringly in our daily acts. It is an awful disease, it means sure death; and there is only one Physician can give relief. I ask you to accept this remedy now. It is 'look and live;' it is 'seek and find;' it is 'knock and the door shall be opened.' There is a human side to it; will you fill your part? I have done all I can as teacher, but I have not seen any results."

Mr. Wilson jumped up and said, "Mr. Hutter, your teaching has been a great help and a great trouble to me. The only service I regularly attend is this class. At the hotel where I live your words are the subjects of considerable criticism and debate, your arguments and illustrations are talked of in the bar-room where I spend so much of my time. I have gone from this class several times, feeling myself a worse leper than Naaman ever knew how to be, and just then I have longed for some Christian counsel. I have walked past your store, and wondered what my reception would be if I had gone in and asked you for help. In the bar the opinion is freely expressed that teaching and preaching are alike, but that we must not look for any practice. I have gone near your house several times, hoping to meet you; and, if I could have seen you while in that frame of mind, I would certainly have asked you to tell me some way of ridding myself of my awful burden. Unhappily, we never met on any of these occasions, and so I returned to the hotel, and drank whiskey, the only relief I could find. You all know that alcohol soon overcomes worry; but to-day I am perfectly sober; and I know once more that I am a leper. Though I have tried and tried again to reform, I am not able to apply the remedy, but the evil, that is part of my being, asserts itself, and I am aware to-day I am a lost man, without any hope of recovery. I expect when I

leave this room to find my old relief in whiskey. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not fit to be in your company; the lepers of old had to cry, 'Unclean,' but with far more truth I should cry the same, 'Unclean, unclean.'

Mr. Hutton walked down to where he sat; and, taking him by both hands, he said, "Brother, the disease can be cured now; don't you leave this room until it is; 'look and live,' 'ask and receive' now. Just as you are, standing before this audience, ask God to help you come to Him; ask Him now, and see how soon the answer of peace and forgiveness will come.'"

"But, Mr. Hutton, I am too bad; I am of no use in this world. I am a drone, a wreck, an old man waiting for perdition. There is not one act in all my life that is good; I am not fit to approach God; now can I do what you ask?"

"Brother," said Mr. Hutton, "He came for the sinner," and he grasped the penitent's hands harder than ever. Perhaps there is power in the human touch, where there is spirit-filled life, for just then the simple message was sent up, 'O Lord, help me to come to Thee,' and instantly the old, hard face with its many wrinkles was illumined with a new light never seen there before. Every person in the room saw that a miracle had taken place and it was an inspiration to both teacher and class. Mr. Hutton once more spoke, "Friends, on Monday, I was at the meeting of deeds, and I see the

effect of that service already. It is said that the grave buries all distinctions; and, in the spiritual world, death to self removes all social differences; henceforth I live to serve. I am sorry I have not been more of a friend to you, but in the future I mean to improve in that respect. My address is '365 River Avenue,' you can easily remember the number. Now, if ever I can be of service to any of you, please call and give me a chance to live up to my profession. This ought to be a day of salvation; we have all suffered from the leprosy of sin; but is there any other person anxious to be delivered from it?"

There was a short pause; then one after another of the members said they were tired of sinning and of trying unsuccessfully to be good, but to-day they were willing to do anything in order to receive new life. After seven of them had spoken, the chief, Tom the Leopard, rose to his feet.

"Friends," said Tom, "my mark is on the board; me do not speak like white man, me not know enough, but the black inside can be white. He took all black out of Tom. Just ask Him, white people, and quick, like lightning, the black all go; de fight, de steal, de firewater and all will be white like snow on Pike's Peak."

"Now, friends," said Mr. Hutton, "have you uttered that simple petition? If you have, will you stand up, then you have done your part. It is 'ask and receive.'"

To the teacher's great joy, seven of them arose to their feet, looking as if they had come into an inheritance, as indeed they had. How the angels rejoice over such scenes, for "there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth!"

"Now," said Mr. Hutton, "confession has to do with salvation; you have just come into a new life; don't be ashamed of it, but confess Christ whenever you have the opportunity. You are all children in God; grow by study of the Word; and by your life and testimony you will be a blessing wherever you go. In your pathway to the skies you may fall many times, but just get up and keep moving in the same direction, and, in spite of all opposing forces, you will reach the goal."

In one of the rooms, Mr. James John's Indian class met. It was composed of ten boys of whom some could read, and a few were taught their letters and small words along with the lesson. "Now boys," said he, "here is the story of the afternoon. A great chief, a warrior called Naaman, was sick and he knew it; his sickness was worse than small-pox, for it always kills. He knew, as well as everyone else, that no medicine man could help him; but a young maid in his house, told his wife that God's prophet lived in Israel, and that he might cure him. God alone can cure sin, the disease that affects the whole being, and is in everybody, white, red or black. The rich and the poor, the young and the old—all

are affected by this disease. Some years ago I saw some real cases among you 'Stonies'; there had been a spree—the chiefs and the boys were fighting, and the women in the tents were screeching at the top of their voices. What was the matter, boys? Some of you were there."

One young fellow called out, "Firewater!"

"But," said Jim John, "what had the firewater to do with the bleeding faces, the torn clothes, the overturned tents? It seemed to me that the Stonies, usually so quiet, had all gone crazy, for I had never before heard them use such language."

The son of Tom the Leopard said, "The bad all inside, the firewater bring it out."

"Then," said the teacher, "the 'bad' was the leprosy of sin. What makes Indians swear, steal, gamble and fight? Some time ago, Mr. Burnip saw on the market some hides on which was his brand, that had been bought from the Stonies."

One young Indian said, "Red man owned all the country, white man took it away; when red man hungry he must eat."

"Boys," said Jim John, "did you ever go hungry from my ranche?"

"No, no," came from every scholar in the class.

"Did your chiefs ever ask a steer from Mr. Burnip and be refused?"

"No," said the boys again.

"Then why do you steal?"

One young fellow jumped up. "Me don't steal

no more; the missionary say God see Indian steal, so me afraid to steal more. Me like missionary, he say God care for Indian boy; me like to be missionary; me no steal, no lie; me swear no more. Me feels so white and warm inside; me like to go to King John's, me always feel warm when me come back. Please, why all white men not like missionary and King John?"

"Well," said Jim John, "they have the leprosy of sin; but when the sickness is taken away, they will all be like Mr. Holt. Now, do you want to be like the missionary? If you do you must get rid of sin."

One of the boys jumped up saying, "My father be chief; he say whatever King John say me do. You say to leap off Pike's Peak, me do it; you say run through the prairie fire, me do it."

Jim John said, "I would not ask anything as hard as that, but I want you to ask God to help you come to Him."

"I can't do that," said one; "me too black inside; me afraid, me do any udder ting."

"No other thing will do," replied the teacher. "Now, take hold of each other's hands to form a circle; but do not say a word unless you mean it. If you do mean it, say after me, 'O Lord, Indian sick of sin, Indian don't want to sin any more; he can't help sinning, so please help Indian to come to Thee, who can make him well, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'"

Four of the young fellows earnestly recited the prayer, word for word; then, in their native tongue, they pled with others; and, when the petition was again offered, every voice was heard. What a remarkable change! How their words and signals to each other testified to their sincerity. If it had not been for the presence of Jim John, whom they loved to obey, the whole school would have been disturbed with their noise. The words he could make out most, were, "All clean inside, all clean inside." But just then the bell rang that closed the lesson, and the doors were opened, and all faced the Superintendent.

Class No. 12 was taught by Mr. Jinks. It was composed of young ladies of whom nearly all were from River Avenue, the wealthiest part of the city. They were a difficult class to teach, being very intelligent, but at an age when it requires considerable tact to keep their attention to a Sunday School lesson. Mr. Jinks was just the man for the position. He could say the nicest things, which meant nothing, and always had the most apt words right at the end of his tongue. He was never known to mention anything disagreeable; but was ever hopeful, as, behind the darkest cloud, he could always see the sunshine. He was a perfect treasure in visiting the sick, who would almost forget their illness while he was there. As a general rule, Mr. Jinks met his class as if he had just come out of a bandbox. There

were always the same creases in his clothes; and his necktie was immaculate, though he was far from being vain of outward adornment. It was as much a part of his creed to dress well as to be honest, for, to his mind, dressing well was shunning the appearance of evil. Mr. Jinks never lacked words. He was always nice; he did not know how to be otherwise; and of course was very popular wherever he went.

The class were deeply interested in the teacher, who spared no pains to give the historical side to the lesson, in which he could trace the cause to the effect so graphically. And, during the recital, he never said anything personal; if these young ladies could not see the weak spot, the dangerous place, or emulate the example of the best character in the lesson, it was none of his business; he must not be disagreeable. But a change has come over the teacher. Waterloo means victory to one side; and he has the victory; the old self-life of expediency has gone; it is principle now. Mr. Jinks is nervous to-day; the bald spot on his head is exposed to the gaze of the pupils for the first time, his necktie is not straight, and he actually stammers. When a nervous man stammers it is from lack of words; but when an orator has an impediment in his speech, it is because of too many words. Mr. Jinks kept playing with his watch chain; and everyone knew there was something wrong, as it was never this way before. "Ladies,

please read the lesson," he said, and, carefully, verse after verse, the story of Naaman was read. When a person tells us our house is on fire he does not waste words; in fact, it is hardly the words that affect us, it is earnestness, the meaning and the feeling in the voice. Mr. Jinks stammers again; and then, like a creek that has been dammed back and suddenly breaks through all impediments, he speaks out his thoughts, and, better still, his feelings. "Ladies, I never knew until Monday what it was to be cured of leprosy. Naaman took quite a journey to get relief; but I, for twenty years, have been trying to get rid of inbred sin. It is in you all, every one of you, and you must be cured or die. I ask your pardon most humbly for not putting this thing plainly before you in the past, but I did not see it myself. A little maid helped the great general to the Jordan; and though I have been your teacher for years, I have never led one of you to the healing crimson flood. Oh! how helpless I have been! so many precious opportunities wasted! But to-day, though I have not studied the lesson, I must teach for eternity."

How many things are infectious! The earnestness of the teacher stimulates and is caught by the scholar. Mr. Jinks was an orator of considerable ability and an influential, wealthy citizen of no mean city, but these are not thought of to-day. The shine has come into his face, the stammering

has gone, the words come with a rush unknown to himself, the tears are dropping from his eyes. The story of the wonderful love of God is told so graphically, the remedy of sin is spoken of with so much confidence, that everything is real and personal to each pupil. Now he reaches the climax in his remarks; then asks boldly, yet so tenderly, "Ladies, will you accept this remedy?"

There was a hush, then a few sobs were heard; finally, one lady, perhaps the oldest pupil in the class, spoke out: "Mr. Jinks, I need the remedy; I have been afraid for some time that I am lost, and I do not know what to do. Everything I can think of I have tried to get relief, but there is no rest for the wicked. In the superficial world in which I live there seems to be nothing real. To-day you have spoken as never before, and my life utterly condemns me."

On hearing this, the teacher said, "I am so glad, I hope there are more in the same condition. You know, He came for the lost. If there are any others in need, will you just stand up till we see who you are?"

Five more of these children of wealth arose to their feet.

"Now," said Mr. Jinks, "we are going to pray; and, if you do not resist God, there will be rejoicing in Heaven over this meeting."

Simply, tearfully, the teacher told the King of the hunger of these young hearts, their thoughtless

lives, and their anxiety for mercy and forgiveness. Naaman was cured by bathing in the Jordan; but these girls wished to bathe in another stream, opened for sin and uncleanness. "Our Father, please help; all our hope is in Thee."

At the conclusion of his petition, they all remained on their knees for some time. Then one young lady, with sobs that shook her body, returned thanks for a present, real salvation, and, forgetting self, she begged for help for her comrades. Sympathy and love are very powerful, for, as the one girl stops, another, seemingly in spite of herself, has to cry for mercy. This is a meeting too sacred for our gaze so we drop the curtain, but the angels carry the news to the Celestial City, and there is rejoicing over repenting sinners.

Class No. 13, composed of eighteen young women, was taught by Miss Keene. Of this number, some were employed in the city stores; others worked out at service, while a few came from homes of wealth; but all, by means of careful, loving effort, had professed salvation. How much unselfish labor the teacher gives! The policeman and the legislator receive pay; yet the greater work is done by the teacher, without money and without price. Take the influence of the Christian men and women out of the North Land city, and the police would be powerless to keep order. Though the legislator may draft laws, stringent as those of the Medes and Persians,

it requires a Christian sentiment to keep them. On this first Sunday of the new regime, Miss Keene's face shone with a little of the brilliancy that frightened the Israelites when Moses came down from the mount; and, though unconscious of it herself, all the girls saw that quiet, restful countenance lit up as never before. This brightness was a characteristic of every teacher in the school on this afternoon; and it is the privilege of the Christian everywhere. Stephen was in hard circumstances, with not a friend to help; but "He who never sleeps nor slumbers" filled him with His presence, causing his face to shine as if it had been the face of an angel.

Miss Keene commenced by saying, "We will not go through our regular course to-day: we all know the remarkable story of Naaman the leper, who was told of a remedy by a Jewish maiden. Suppose all the outward sores were healed, but the disease was left in the blood, would you think this a real cure?"

"No!" came from all the class.

"Well, we are going to look at leprosy as sin, and I wish you to notice of what I never was aware until Monday, that eventful day with the staff of the school, that sin and sins are two different things. How often in this room have we prayed for a pure heart, and I think we have been in earnest; yet we have never been certain of having received it. Now, girls, I wish to lead

you up into the delectable mountains of this experience. Since I have reached there myself, it seems so simple. We must be, not whitewashed but washed white. I have here eighteen bright new cents, the initials of every scholar's name being stamped on them; and they are for you, to be your own; there is to be a complete change of ownership. Here every young woman, with a wondering look on her face, received her piece of money. "Now," said the teacher, "can you girls not give yourselves to the Lord as absolutely as I have given you these coins? The Beulahland is before you; and we cannot be together much longer. You will all be going to homes of your own before long, and I shall be glad if I know that my pupils of many years have surrendered themselves, to be owned and controlled by the Deity."

Any reference to marriage in a class of girls will invariably produce a laugh. There was no exception to the rule in this case; but it was not loud, and was easily suppressed. "I have not faith enough, nor am I so sanguine as to expect that, on this occasion you will be able to perform this deed to-day, for it is an act of the deepest importance; it brings peace like a river, the conscious indwelling of the Comforter. The way to this experience will be fought hard by our common enemy, who, even now, has frightened you into thinking your task is impossible and the

results disastrous. He always is deceptive; he is the father of lies, and his business is to keep people from the rest 'that remaineth for the people of God' on the earth. For years I have been pleading for you at the throne of grace. You will never, while memory holds its seat, forget this lesson, for the Spirit, in answer to prayer, does strive with men, and I have no intention of ceasing to express to God the deep interest I take in your welfare. The years will roll round, they never stop, and I expect as they pass to have those coins returned in acknowledgment of your surrender and your entrance into rest. It is not necessary to wait at all; the price can be paid now; but Satan's an awful foe, he is working harder in our room to-day than ever before in our history. He knows that, when the surrender is made, you are lost to him forever. I know him well, as he lives on my street, and has caused me more trouble than all you girls have, and you must acknowledge that the best of you are a little lower than the angels."

When the teacher stopped speaking, the stillness in the room could be felt; then, from the last seat, a girl with golden hair jumped up, and started to the teacher's desk with the cent in her hand; then blushing, stopped, and went back to her place. The quiet continued. What thinking there was! What praying! And once again the golden-haired maiden walked to the front, and,

slapping the cent down, said, "Teacher, I do mean what this act indicates; I have caused you more trouble than all the other girls together; I am sorry now, and I ask pardon; but from this moment I want to be the Lord's entirely. Oh please, help me, teacher; you have been a saviour to us all in the past; please continue your loving care, for we do need it." There is a sense in which Pentecost is of our own making. Miss Keene had been living in an atmosphere of prayer since Monday, the day of deeds; her spirit-filled presence would be a power anywhere; and among these young women, unknown to herself, she was almost irresistible. As Miss Kelly sat down, some person started singing:

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;"

and it was sung by them all, but more intelligently by Miss Kelly and the teacher. When the hymn was finished, Miss Keene said, "I suppose we all dislike deception; we do not deceive each other, and we cannot deceive God. Did you think, while you were singing those beautiful lines, what it all meant? Oh, I do wish you could mean what you say. I know you hope to mean it, you are not trying to deceive God; but hoping and doing are so different. But, now, we will have a season of prayer. I wish you all to pray, for we are alone in this room, and there is nobody of whom we

need be afraid. Just tell the King freely what you are, what you want; and, if you can give yourself in prayer, do so."

Miss Kelly, though the youngest member, started, for courage had come already and her petition was one of thanksgiving for this wonderful salvation. "It is all true that Thou canst create a clean heart within us, O Father. Bless these girls; may they learn for themselves the rest and peace of surrender."

Another girl, with many sobs, said she wished all the bad thoughts could be taken out of her. A third prayed for the teacher, that she might be able to lead them to better things. But just then the bell sounded to indicate the opening of the doors; and, as they rose from their knees, three more of the girls walked up and laid their bright coins on the table.

"You must not give these to me," said the teacher, "unless you mean exactly what the action indicates."

"We do," said one of them; "come what will, I, for one, am entirely the Lord's, but I feel so unworthy I do not deserve any consideration at His hands."

Unwillingly the doors were opened, and the scholars faced the Superintendent. The Jewish maiden has become famous, and her example will be followed by many a young girl in the future history of the school. Naaman, being a leper,

would have died but for the action of a little girl. The world is full of lepers, who will surely perish if the young women and men of our leagues and schools do not arise to the call of duty. Of what value are pledges which are not fulfilled? Oh, Leaguer! do you ever think what your oath means? A King's Daughter should be willing for any task or any sacrifice; and how can you be if your own will is supreme? "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law." How can long-suffering and meekness reign in our lives if we love our own way? All of the fruits in this beautiful cluster are necessary if we are to live the "life more abundant." We would all like more faith and more love, and let us be just as anxious for the other graces; but to reach this point the Potter must have His way, and we will be His workmanship.

Class No. 50 is the latest addition to the school, and, being the hardest to teach, that duty falls to the lot of the best-natured man on the staff, Mr. Johnstone. This class is migratory; it was connected with the school last winter, but during the summer the teacher lost all track of his boys. They were boot-blacks by trade; and, during the warm weather, the front of a baggage-car would take them anywhere and everywhere to find business. But, with the approach of frost

and snow, there was one place dearer than all other places—that was Mr. Johnstone's brickyard; around the kiln the bricks were always warm. When they arrived there, it was, in reality, "home, sweet home" to them, and certainly it was the most comfortable place to which they had a right. For had not the proprietor said that, as long as they behaved, they were to be allowed to sleep there? This class, commonly known as "Johnstone's Pets," had heard of the revival among the teachers, and were on hand out of curiosity. The oldest of the boys was called "Blinky Bob," as he was afflicted with weak eyes; next to him came "Limpy Moses," who had one leg longer than the other; another was "Squint," his eyes were not straight; the fourth was "Whitey," whose hair was very light in color; the fifth was called "The Bishop," why, we do not know, only his decision was law among the party, and the sixth boy was known as "Slick"; he was a diminutive little fellow, and it was whispered around that he could pick a pocket as well as a professional.

The whole party were loyal to each other, and, when they went away, they all kept together. Mr. Johnstone has been thinking hard since last Monday; conscience, that awful voice, has been speaking louder than ever before. He felt that, in some way, he was responsible for these boys, who were waifs, without any homes, and who were put

in his charge. "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." Then the voice that will not hush said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." So before the week was out, Mr. Johnstone had found out every member of his class, and pressed him once more to come to school. On this particular Sunday he is very hopeful; for five days the nicotine has been withheld, leaving his mind clearer and his appetite better; and his love for his pupils has grown so rapidly, he feels they are in reality his own boys. Arrangements have been made for their care for the winter; homes have been found for them all; and he feels that there is nothing he will not do to prove to himself that he has paid the price, and henceforth is going to live for others. Mr. Johnstone, who is a large man with a large heart, has been disappointed with his class lately; but to-day he loves them so much they are sure to find it out, and that itself is half a victory. The boys who were there early had the door of their room closed; and "Blinky Bob" was standing on his head, while "The Bishop," with a Waterbury watch, was timing him. "Slick" was walking on his hands around the room, with "Whitey" following, holding his feet up for him.

In the midst of these interesting Sabbath exercises the teacher walked in, and, shaking hands with them all, said :—

“Now, boys, to-day is Sunday, it is wrong to act that way. It would be all right on any other day, and I would enjoy a little fun myself, but to-day is a holy day. Where have you been this fall? Tell me all about it.”

“Oh,” said The Bishop, who was the talker as well as the leader of the party, “we have been off through Ontario to the fall fairs, attending strictly to business. We have been doing well, and been to the show nearly every night. We have no more money than when we started, but we have had an elegant time, and have seen the world.”

“Then,” said the teacher, “what brought you back?”

“Well, the fairs are over, and the weather is getting cold, and we have never found any place like our home in the brickyard.”

“Now,” said Mr. Johnstone, “I want your careful attention while I tell you something you don’t know. Since last Monday I have thought of hardly anything else but you boys. Though I have not done my duty by you in the past, I ask your pardon for my neglect, and I will try and make amends in the future, if you will let me. You need not sleep any more at the brick-kilns, for I have homes for you all, and I want you to

turn out good, useful men. Two of you will live with me, and the rest are going to a real nice home not far away. To-morrow, a tailor will measure each of you for a new suit of clothes, for all winter you must go to school regularly; and my friend, Mr. Burnip, has promised that if I can give him a good report of you, he will allow the whole party next summer to spend two months on the prairie with the cattle. You shall all ride ponies and carry a lasso like a regular cowboy."

Slick speaks up, and wants to know what sort of clothes they will be, and if they will have brass buttons on.

"Yes," said the teacher, "they will have brass buttons, and will be of whatever sort you like best, as long as my wife thinks they are good enough and suitable. Now, I just want you to look to me as if I was really your father, for I mean to do the father's part with you."

There was a full pause; it had almost taken their breath away.

Then The Bishop, said. "Mr. Teacher, why are you so kind to us kids?" As they had never been treated so kindly before, he felt suspicious.

"Well, I have no boys now; mine have gone to another home; I have plenty of money, and, if you will only let me do my best, I hope to make your lives as bright and happy as those of any boys in the city. There will be no more cold or hunger or blacking boots, for I love you too well

to let you live such gipsy lives any longer. Now, are you going to be my boys, and be respectable, or boot-blacks, and be kicked from pillar to post?"

Then Mr. Johnstone told the story of the lesson about Naaman, the great soldier, being afflicted with leprosy, and he hung on the wall a picture of the chain-gang in the penitentiary, with their striped clothes and locked step, a set of hard-looking, drunken loafers, and of a gallows with a prisoner condemned to be hung. "The leprosy of sin leads to these results, and the end is everlasting death. Of course, you think you will not go that far, but these people thought the same, and no matter how far you go, there is punishment, if you do not get the remedy. Here is the cure—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Naaman could not be healed, until he went to God's prophet; and you cannot be rid of sin until you go to God. I myself never knew what it was to be entirely cured until last week. Now, boys, God loves you as you are, but there is so much sin in your hearts, you can't believe it. When the leprosy is out of your lives, it will be altogether different. Now, are you going to be my boys and go up, or boot-blacks and go down?"

Limpy made the first reply. "Guess The Bishop will thump me, but I'm wid de teacher."

Blinky spoke out. "I don't care for de thumpin'; I's wid de teacher too."

Slick said, "If teacher will take a tough like me, I'm on his side."

Then followed Whitey's assent, and Squint stepped over to Mr. Johnstone, saying, "So is I." And last, sententiously, like the judge on the bench, The Bishop said, "So I is."

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I want to take two of you to my house, and the rest to your new home."

"It won't do," said The Bishop; "we is on your side; but we must have one more night among de warm bricks, where we can talk things over, but we will be on hand to-morrow, any spot you say."

"Then be at my house for breakfast at eight o'clock."

"All right," said the boys; "we'll be there."

Just then the bell rang, and the doors were opened. But this lesson is not finished; are there any lessons finished? Let us follow the class to their home in the brickyard. It is midnight, clear and frosty. The teacher has a right to visit his own property at any time; but, on this occasion, he walks into the building, as if he was trespassing. Up and down, between the rows of bricks, he moves quietly, until, in the vicinity of the furnaces, he hears the voices of his pets. Limpy Moses is talking; The Bishop is on the highest tier of brick; but he is fast losing his authority. Progress towards the Light makes a

change in leadership. Limpy, insensibly, has come to the front. The teacher cannot very well help being an eavesdropper, and he hears Limpy saying, "Mr. Johnsing is a angel, his face shined, he said he was better of the eposy, and we all have the eposy, and I knows we has it. We all swears, and steals; and Mr. Johnsing is a angel, his face shined."

"I seed it too," said Blinky.

"So did I," said Whitey; "I was feared to look at him," said Slick; "his face shined so."

"I wish," said Limpy, "we was all a little like Mr. Johnsing; and if we are his boys, we must try and get like him."

"Maybe if he gets mad he won't have us kids," said The Bishop.

"If the eposy is gone, he won't get mad," said Limpy; "and he said it was gone, and his face shined. Mr. Johnsing is a angel; he won't get mad."

"I wish we was all rid of the eposy," said Slick, "and had blue coats with brass buttons, and rode ponies."

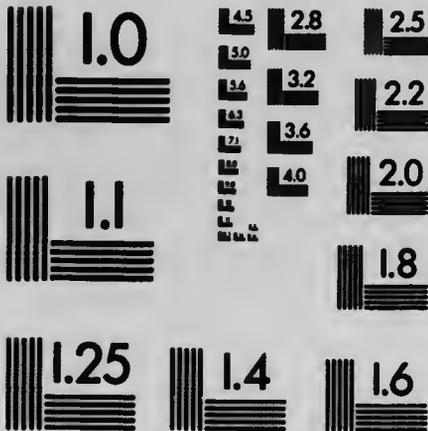
But just here The Bishop resigned his leadership. He said, "Limpy, I think somebody oughter pray, I's too wicked; so is all the rest but you, and you must pray for us. We don't none of us want to be tough no more; we is Mr. Johnstone's boys. I move that Limpy prays."

"So do I," say all the rest.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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"Well," said Limpy, "I thinks somebody oughter, but I's afraid I's too wicked."

"Go on," said the pets; and Limpy sent this simple petition to Him, who loves the boot-black as much as the king on his throne: "O God, we is toughs, we all knows it, and Limpy is the worst of them all; we is in de brickyard. We is sorry we all has de eposy; we wants to be like Mr. Johnsing, he's so good his face shined; we don't want to be toughs no more; we want to please Mr. Johnsing, and wear blue coats with brass buttons, and ride ponies. If you can't make us like de teacher, make us just a little like him; and take out all de eposy, for Mr. Johnsing's sake. Amen."

The teacher, with a lump in his throat and a rejoicing in his heart, went out onto the street, and, bare-headed, sang the doxology. When he arrived at home he told his wife all about it, and once more that brief hymn of praise was uttered from hearts too full to express gratitude in any other way. Mr. Johnstone is no pōorer for his action; the boys are incalculably wealthier—new homes, new clothes, education, and new hearts are of inestimable value. The country is not impoverished but enriched by such deeds, for the most expensive citizen is the criminal. A poor man's first duty is to his family; but he who has means owes his highest allegiance to the State. It is ignoble for a mortal being to heap money on money; we are made for better things. "He that

is greatest, let him be your servant." For even "the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." What means this strife between capital and labor? Men are brothers, yet they are at war. The King is coming with a great spiritual awakening, and the capitalist and the laborer will be tyrants no more. "Righteousness shall cover the earth as waters cover the sea," and there will be no more waifs, tramps and dangerous unemployed classes.

Reader, do your part, even if it be humble; die to self, and live the Christ-life. We learn so much by example; the boot-blacks will grow into good and useful men, and Mr. Johnstone's action will be imitated by others. Dear reader, work for the individual, the heathen of the past and of the present. Also, look on men in the mass. The people who do the world's work are considered as hands. Jesus Christ knows neither masses nor hands, but individuals. You are His followers—do likewise.

Class No. 27 was taught by the pastor's daughter, a girl who, strange to say, never found it difficult to be good. There are few people can say this; but Grace Williams, from her even temperament, inherited tendencies and environment, found the good way an easy way. Of her class of seven boys, six had been led through her instrumentality to acknowledge Christ as their Saviour, but the seventh was still stubborn and

self-willed. If it was easy for the teacher to be good, it was terribly hard for Jack ; in fact, it was impossible, so he never tried. He came to school because his parents compelled him, but for no good ; and so, instead of entering a race upward with his teacher, he was going the other way. From the infant class up to the present he never knew anything of the lesson, but was always a thorn in the side of his instructors. Unhappily, in nearly every class of boys since Sunday schools began there has been a Jack ; on his account teacher after teacher has given up in despair, and yet he is a benefactor. The very effort to make the lesson interesting to him has brought out the best in the teacher. Besides having the subject thoroughly understood, the question, the startling introduction, and the anecdote must be employed to catch his attention ; for, if this one scholar does not listen, the rest will be hindered in their study. Neither prayers nor tears, nor the most loving care have any effect on him.

Miss Williams walks into her class-room to-day with confidence in her face. She knows she has the witness of the Spirit, and, having entirely surrendered herself, the result is like life in fairyland. She shakes hands with all her scholars, though having the usual trouble to find Jack's hand, and perhaps the clasp is more hearty or more tender than usual, for his attention is in-

stantly arrested. The preliminary exercises being soon over, the curtains are closed so that teacher and pupils are alone. As usual, Miss Williams centres all her teaching on Jack, her large, lustrous eyes seem to look and look him through, and to-day he doesn't know what is the matter; he wishes he was somewhere else, for everything the teacher says seems for him. He doesn't care about Naaman; he is more anxious about the lump that has come into his throat, and which he felt once before when they took a white casket out of his home to be buried in the graveyard near the river. The lump and death must go together; perhaps the teacher is going to die; he believes that people get very good before they leave this world. But she is the picture of health. Her voice is so tender, she is so humble, and her words thrill him through and through, still the lump gets larger, and will not go down; and Jack, who has almost defied the best teachers in the school, actually cries. The French say that it is the impossible that happens, and Miss Williams, watching the boy, sees the result of the day of deeds already, and, throwing her arm around him, she tells him that the leprosy of sin can be got rid of so easily.

"John, my boy, I have been praying for you for a year; will you not settle this question of salvation now? You are the only boy in the class out of the Ark of Safety."

Jack breaks all up; he has never seen it this way before, and is greatly surprised that a young lady has been praying for a tough like him. So Jack has to surrender. Every boy in the class is glad of it, they show it in their looks, and some of them speak their gratification in their own abrupt yet kind way. No matter how awkward and full of fun boys are, they like good people, and they rejoice for Jack's sake that the impossible has happened. A short time was being spent in testimony when the bell rang; the curtains were folded back, and the class faced the Superintendent.

Miss Martin taught a class of boys at the age when they know more than their parents, teacher and Superintendent put together. The information, self-confidence and assurance of a boy fourteen or fifteen years old, is something wonderful. It is a pleasant fact that as the years roll on, his knowledge of himself gets considerably larger, and he finds that it is possible that other men, whom he considered before as being away behind the times, are a real necessity in the world, while he, in his inexperience, is the back number. Miss Martin, with her beauty and intelligence, can be very interesting; but she has never yet seen one of these young men born again. Today there is to be a change, and, instead of teaching as usual, she tells simply the story of Naaman's leprosy.

"Now, boys, I owe you an apology, for I have been trying to teach you for year, and do not know of any good that I have ever done you. But this afternoon I feel that I love you too well, and understand my responsibility too much, to mince matters. The leprosy of sin affects you all; can you deny it? I myself have been rid of it only a week, and I do not want you to suffer from the disease in this world and from the awful consequences in the next. You know your lives better than I do. Are they not full of wrong deeds, and do you not want to get rid of this load and of this sin-principle, 'for the soul that sinneth it shall die'? Last night I never slept, but walked the floor most of the night in prayer for you. 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man.' As I have never done any personal work like this before, I do not know how to talk to you about this question, but if any or all of you really want salvation, we will kneel down right here, and decide the matter for all time."

One young man, the quietest in the class, spoke out.

"Miss Martin, I profess to be a Christian; but, for fear of the rest, I have not been as decided as I should be; will you please help me to get some of your spirit, so that I will have the courage of my convictions in the future?"

Another young man said, "If I could be a

Christian like Miss Martin, I would be so glad, but so many fellows run for a while, and then fall away, that they are a stumbling-block in the way of others."

One after another said they would be glad to be able to stand, but they were all afraid of failure.

"Well," said the teacher, "I can only say that I would be pleased to be of any help to you; but do you not think that you are judging something of which you are ignorant? When you get the new heart, the old inclinations will be taken away; and I would advise you to go forward, for I think that your argument is suggested by the evil one. Now, if you mean what you say, will you please rise to your feet?" Out of ten young men six took the floor; then Miss Martin put self aside, and tearfully pleaded with the others until every member of the class was asking for prayer. And what a petition! Between tears and sobs she begged interceded for these young men with all the earnestness of her new spirit-filled life.

The pastor, who was in the school, watching intently every phase of the wonderful work going on, peeped into this room; then went over to the Superintendent, saying, "There is joy in Heaven now over Miss Martin's class." And the boys, who were eager to talk of their new life, spent the rest of the time in congratulating each other, until the bell was heard, and all faced the Superintendent.

After the study of the lesson, the Secretary

read the report; then Miss Martin went to the platform, and sang as never before, her glorious voice so deep, so full, and yet so tender, being heard through the great building, "The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin." Neither piano nor orchestra assisted; not another sound could be heard; and even the breathing seemed to be repressed to drink in the beautiful words expressed by the wonderful voice. When she had finished the hymn, there was hardly a dry eye in the room; and then, as if inspired from on high, she commenced singing "The Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus;" and in the chorus, the piano, orchestra, and five hundred voices joined,

"Sweetest note of seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

Then the pastor rose to give a five-minute address. "Scholars, Naaman was a very sick man, and he was aware of his own condition; if this had not been the case, he would have died. Sin is the worst disease of which we know anything. In this school, to-day, the Great Physician has made many cures; but of this number every one knew of his own malady; yet there may be some in this room who do not understand the perils of their state. To these, let me say that sin brings

punishment; it brings death, eternal death. Your teachers are aware of your disease, they are anxious about you; and in some cases, you have been the subjects of earnest prayer for years. Do you not want this leprosy taken away forever? I would like every scholar who has been cured to-day to stand up."

Twenty-seven members of this school, some of them old in years, rose to their feet.

"Now let us all rise and sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'" As they sat down the pastor continued his remarks: "There are a score of people here, who will perhaps never have an opportunity like this again; God is wonderfully present in our midst; there will never be a time when you can be cured of your sin easier than now. If you want to be clean, washed white, all condemnation taken away stand up." Twelve scholars rose to their feet, three from the Bible class, and nine from the intermediate. "Now," said the pastor, "the teachers will please look after these members and we will be dismissed with the benediction."

The school dispersed very slowly. The children wished to stay, and talk with each other, and with their teacher. They had never seen things in such a light before. Naaman had become a real person; and how many sin-cured Naamans walked the streets to their homes with glad hearts!

When the scholars were gone, the teachers got

together, and Mr. Blank, after apologizing for having to make another address, said "Comrades, I congratulate you on your work. To most of you the day has been a surprise, you have wondered at yourselves; and this is only the beginning. Your faith will grow until all doubt and unbelief, even in the darkest hour, will vanish; and, if we will it, God will so endue us with His Spirit, that faith will be as natural as breathing. For some months, at least, these children will need your attention as much as an infant needs its mother's care. Could you not look after them through the week, take them to your homes, find means to meet them on the street, and, of course, keep on praying? I know you will be faithful to your trust. You might also visit every home represented in your class and have conversation with the parents, not about the weather, or the crops, but about salvation. I do not ask you to make any particular effort, for, you know, strength is perfected in weakness, but, from the fulness of a spirit-filled heart, tell them of the wonderful love of God. Your visit will help the scholar in the home, and you will have a royal welcome in every house you enter, where you might also endeavor to interest the older members in the pleasures and profits of the Home Department of the Sunday School. The salvation that has commenced will be carried all through the city, if we do our duty. All fear must depart. Keep consecrated; perhaps in every

week of your life there will be something which must be surrendered, but the path will grow brighter continually. The joy of service is the greatest happiness known. Live to serve. God is God because His is the greatest service."

The shadows from the mountain had grown very long; and, as the darkness was near, the teachers, though all glad, rejoicing at victory, reluctantly left for their homes.

The good work goes right into the church; and in the services men and women, who have resisted the gospel all their lives, fall as the slain of the Lord. The spirit of prayer that pervades the meetings makes preaching a delight, it being now safe for the pastor to insist on holiness of life. Before the day of deeds was a year old, tea-meetings were given up, grab-bag entertainments forbidden, concerts to pay debts condemned, and the proposal was brought up to do away with the renting of pews in God's house. What the church needs is, not money or education, but holy character. How poor the early church was! Only, rich in faith and in love. We stoop to conquer, for, from the deepest humility comes the greatest strength. The resurrection life is now the happy experience of most of the leading members of the church and of the staff of the school. It is safe now to leave them, knowing that their history is continued along the lines so beautifully described by Isaiah. The highway is built, showing pro-

gress along all lines—without swamp or bog; “and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there! but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”

V

WEDDING BELLS

THE year has rolled around, and the seasons have been abounding with results. How full of events our time can be if we will it! The steward of the church, the man who carries all the financial responsibility, is losing the wrinkles on his face, for the so-called revival in the school has swept with resistless force into the church, and the people have been very much benefited. Of course, as is always the case, when great spiritual movements occur, some persons were hurt; the entertainment committee found that their vocation was gone, and had not risen to the new responsibility which comes of larger light. The language of their hearts, if expressed, would be, that the church had become too religious altogether. Meanwhile the Connexional funds were in good condition; the pastor received his salary in advance; and the school had adopted and made wards of the Stony Indians of whom there were more than one thousand, and to whom the pittance from the Government was not enough to keep body and soul together.

These people needed a leader, and they found what they wanted in Mr. Holt, a man of varied

talent. Besides being a good preacher, he had quite a knowledge of instrumental music and was trying to organize a band among the Indian boys. The Stonies were not migratory, like some tribes, but had lived for years in their present home, on a hillside, sheltered from the north wind by a deep forest of tamarack. The place could be easily drained, and the leader set to work to get the Indians interested in the idea. He received the first help from the young members of his band; but, as soon as the older men were made aware of the results they might expect, they lent a hand; and, though the system was crude, it was effective. Then he promised that, when the camp was cleared up and the debris, lying around, burned, he would give his attention to the building of a church. In the meantime, his study of medicine, with the large practice he had among the Indians, who never had to pay anything for treatment, had made him very popular. Mr. Holt's creed was "Prevention is better than cure," and he tried his best to keep the people well. Fire-water and feasting were the things he most feared; and, as it had been "feast and famine" all their lives, it was difficult to teach these lessons.

On one occasion, after one of the chiefs who had been sick for some time was again able to come into the council meeting, he got up, and made a speech—"Stonies, the missionary is the best friend we ever had. He has cured me when

our medicine-men could not help, and he will do the same, without pay, for every one that is sick. Now, whatever he wants done you must do, and I myself will help."

Mr. Holt nearly took their breath away as he said, "Friends, I want one thousand acres of this prairie land broken and ready for cultivation in a month, and we will put a fence around it before the wheat is up. You have never in any year of your life had enough to eat all the time; but next season you are going to make your own bread. I want volunteers right away. We must have twenty ploughs and five drags going for thirty days."

Willing workers were soon on hand, and then commenced the hunt on the prairies for the ponies, and the repairing of harness. Mr. Holt was in the midst of it all, giving inspiration and courage, when necessary, and taking the lead in the ploughing, until, long before Christmas, the wheat was planted, the fence was up, and, all along the line of the last furrow, two hundred apple, pear and peach trees were placed, which are a monument to-day of his leadership. Then Mr. Holt wanted a building erected for public worship among the Indians, large enough to seat the whole tribe; and, as he, like other missionaries, had no money, he went to prayer about it. Five days afterwards he met Mr. Burnip, who had been looking for him.

"Say, Brother Holt, I have an interest in an old mill, about ten miles up the river, and, with it, there are some thousands of feet of tamarack for which there is no sale. What is the matter with building that church of tamarack?"

"It is the very thing," said Mr. Holt. "You give us the lumber and I will find a way to get the building up."

"Along with the tamarack I will supply all the nails and the oil for the paint. The best color you can get is the red rock, which the Indians can work up for you."

"Mr. Burnip, I can't thank you as I should, but just wait until the building is finished, and I think you will be the most pleased man in the city."

When a good person works and prays, and is not praying for himself, there has to be a result, for which he should look. Mr. Holt was not an architect, but he told his trouble to some of the people, and Mr. Jones, a young draughtsman in a builder's office, volunteered to draft his first building. It was to be a plain oblong house, built by men who had perhaps never driven a nail. Mr. Jones went to the mill, and, just where they were, marked the large timbers to be cut; fifty young Indians soon had it ready, and, with the planed boards, it was put upon rafts, and floated down to the reservation.

The new year has come and a flag floats from

the top of the bell tower, for the church is built, and fifty young men are painting away as fast as they can. The building, outside and in, seats, platform and pulpit are all painted dark red. The only difficulty is the heating, and once more Mr. Holt goes to the Great Provider, with the result that two large box stoves about ten feet long are received from some person in the city.

Miss Martin has been out often, watching the work, and giving counsel and help, when needed. Mr. Holt looks for her every day, for they are getting to be inseparable. Besides being so handy, and her purse so large, her interest in the Stonies is as great as that of the missionary himself. But we must hasten, for there is to be a public opening. The lady teachers of the school had taken on themselves the task of decorating the building; and having, by stratagem, obtained the photographs of the many Indian benefactors, they, at their own expense, had them enlarged to life size. Around the walls were great bunches of yellow maple leaves; the platform was decorated with large bouquets of many colored roses, while, behind the pulpit and choir gallery, were the words in white—"Let everything, that hath breath, praise the Lord." On the walls were the pictures of Mr. Blank, Mr. Williams, Jim John, Mr. Holt, Mr. Burnip, Mr. Jinks, Ruby Bill, and, last of all, in her regal beauty, Miss Martin, who was known to the Indians as the "White Princess."

The day came, bringing a crowd from the city. In the council-room, next door, a number of huge kettles were filled with coffee, for no person was to go home for the evening meal, as ample provision was made for everybody. At two o'clock the meeting opened. The Bishop who had come a long distance to the North for his health, was invited by the pastor to take part in the service. Few of the audience had ever seen a real, live Bishop, and this man was an American; and in all his experience he had never been in such a meeting. The dedication service was short and simple, and then the meeting was thrown open for impromptu speeches. The first call was for Mr. Burnip. He took the platform, and in two minutes said enough to make everybody feel that there was one real, modest Christian man, who had no thought of self. One of his statements was, "This is to me the happiest hour of my life. The old mill and lumber yard have been an eyesore for years, but they have been of use after all. If it is not selfish, I would like to be responsible for the running expenses of this church as long as I live."

The next speaker was Mr. . . . He said, "Stonies, cowboys and friends, there has never been a hitch in the building of this church; the King has moved on the hearts of all the people. Mr. Burnip gave us the material; Mr. Jones drew the plans; the Indians did the work; and I hope

it will stand a long time to be a blessing to all who come under its roof. As I look over your faces, I see so much sympathy for us, I must tell what else we need. Next season we expect twenty thousand bushels of wheat, and we must have our own mill to grind it. We require also, in which to bake the bread, a large, brick oven, which we could make, if we only had the bricks. I need an office or surgery, where I can keep a collection of drugs, in readiness for the fever season, which commences here in the spring. I don't know how much these things will cost, but you are going to pay for them."

Up jumped Ruby Bill, saying, "The cowboys will give two hundred dollars." Mr. Blank said, "The school will do the same." The pastor said, the church would contribute five hundred dollars, and the Bishop said, "Put me down for one hundred."

"Now," said Mr. Holt, "there is one thousand already."

Mr. Johnstone got up, and said, "You can send your Indian teams to my brickyard and draw brick until I tell them to stop."

Having thanked the people, Mr. Holt then asked the old chief, Tom the Leopard, to say something. The old man apologized for his poor English, then spoke like this: "When we look but can't see de stars at night, we don't know what the day will be like. When we signed the black-

board, we never saw dis church; but dis church was there, and de mill was there, and de wheat was there. When Tom put his mark on de board, all de night went out, and de daylight come in also to the teachers; and Tom tink now nearly all de white people are trying to be like de missionary, Jim John, and de White Princess. Me and my tribe tanks you all for being kind to red man, and red man never forget. If white man ever cold, or hungry, we warm and feed him; red man never forget."

At the close of Tom's little speech, calls were made for Jim John and Miss Martin; but the afternoon had fled, and the whole company repaired to the council room. Here the guests were waited upon by bright Canadian and dark-skinned Indian girls, for a royal feast had been provided by the ladies of the North Land church.

At half-past seven o'clock the building was lit up for an evangelistic service. The Bishop took a back seat, to see for himself the effect of consecration in the efforts of those who might take part in the service. Mr. Williams had said to him in conversation, "There are a score of teachers in our school, who could conduct this meeting acceptably; I have in my church two hundred and fifty members, who will do whatever they are bidden; my church-life is a little heaven all the time, for my members are conscientious about the smallest things." So the Bishop sat away off in a corner

of the large building. The service opened with the pastor in the chair, and the Indian band, in charge of Mr. Holt, led the singing. The first hymn was, " \ shelter in the time of storm." Tom the Leopard then offered prayer: "Our Father, we tank Thee for Thy care. Thou art always caring for us, for Thou dost care for de flowers on de prairie. We tank Thee for de missionary, for Jim John, de Princess, Mr. Burnip, Mr. Williams, and de Bishop. We tank Thee for light; de light dat has come since we put our mark on de blackboard. May de light come to all de white people and de red people. We tank Thee for dis church, de wheat, de mill; we tank Thee that Indian will be hungry no more. We ask Thee to forgive red man for stealing Mr. Burnip's cattle; Indian never steal no more. We ask Thee to help white man talk at dis meeting, and may we hear right. Take out de black in red man and white man; give good words to speakers, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

As Tom concluded, the organist of the largest church in the city, a master in his profession, commenced playing a voluntary on the little organ on the platform. The Indians were amazed at the beautiful strains which were drawn from the instrument. What a difference between the touch of the student and that of the artist! Then Miss Martin, dressed in plain black, with a white rose at her throat, stepped to the front, and, without any accompaniment, sang:

"Precious promise, God hath given,
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to Heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Mr. Jinks, who was the first speaker, was at his best. During the last year he had been speaking in different pulpits all through the country; and, though he had only a few subjects, yet those he thoroughly understood. On this evening his topic was "The goodness of God;" and what a theme for an orator! His address lasted thirty minutes, and was thrilling in its effect, even though the speaker was a business man. The good Bishop forgot where he was, in his enjoyment, and listened intently. Miss Martin then sang, "Jerusalem the Golden."

The next speaker was Ruby Bill, and what a change a year had made in him! He stepped to the platform as if he was born to the duty. No fear now; all his thoughts are centred in his theme, "The mercy of God." "Stonies, white people and cowboys, Mr. Jinks has spoken of the goodness of God, which is infinite; but it is equalled only by His mercy, free, boundless mercy. We are all under the deepest obligations for this gift, for we all deserve the most severe penalty; but mercy, which is an attribute of the Deity, has been manifested, and some of us have even refused it."

After speaking for some time on this subject, he said, "I am not able to do justice to this ques-

tion; it is too deep for human power; but just picture in your mind the mountain-brow along the snow-line. Now fancy all the inhabitants of the city, the Indians, and a regiment of British soldiers, surrounding a cross on the awful day of the Crucifixion. Suddenly it is dark; the mountain shakes, the graveyards give up their dead, the sun in shame hides himself; and what is it all but mercy, and that for us? Will you accept this pardon, which is purchased at such a price? If you will, say so."

There was a pause, and then from the corner where the cowboys sat came several "I wills" from the visitors; then the Indians in their deep, guttural voices said, "I will." Twenty-five responses had been given when Ruby Bill once more spoke. "Friends, the price was paid to take the sin principle out of the human heart; as Tom said, the black can come out of each of us. If you want it all out, say so by standing up." About twelve more, among whom was the Bishop, rose to their feet.

Here Mr. Williams once more took charge. "Now, friends, we want you people who have responded to the call to come to the front, for there are about forty people here who are eager to help you. Remember, it is not repression, but extinction of the sin-principle that is needed."

As the audience retired the front seats were filled by about thirty-five people who were deeply

anxious about their condition, and an equal number of Sunday School teachers. On a corner seat was the Bishop, for, though a good man, he had never seen things in this light before; certainly he was sometimes impatient, for which he repented "in sackcloth and ashes." As the enquiry meeting proceeded, the light broke on his mind, and he said to Mr. Holt, "I would like to be on your staff for a while: I feel to-night that I have never given myself as I should. There is no deception among these people; everything is real, and a bishop of the Methodist church should go as far as anybody."

After an hour of real loving counsel, and the most tender words, the gathering broke up, after having imparted joy to nearly every person present. The Bishop, with his heart full, walked home, arm-in-arm, with the pastor. He had come to the North Land for health, and had received it and Pentecost, too.

But this chapter is about "wedding bells," so we must hasten. The Princess, as usual, waited for Mr. Holt; their horses had become acquainted, and seemed to like each other's company. Mr. Holt commenced the conversation by saying he wished that Miss Martin lived twice as far away, so their ride could be longer. It seemed strange he should say "Miss Martin," for lately it had been "Alice;" but Mr. Holt is not himself on this occasion. The night was beautiful; the stars

never seemed so bright. There is beauty in vastness, and they were alone on the prairie. A long pause ensues; then the missionary heaves a great sigh; and his companion wants to know what is the matter with a hero that can control a nation of red men, empty the pockets of white people, build a large church without money, cure the ailments of a thousand Indians, run a brass band, build a mill, and grow wheat.

"Miss Martin, the difficulty is too deep for me."

"Well, then, let someone else solve the trouble; I am deeply interested in all your schemes, and am only too willing to help. Just trust a woman's wit for your case."

"Miss Martin, if you were a poor girl in place of a princess, in wealth and appearance, I would have no difficulty, but would just do as mother wrote, which was to proffer heart and hand and fortune, and bring the bride to pay her a visit on Lake Huron's shore."

Miss Martin said, "You had better do it," at the same time wishing she were out of sight.

"But," said Mr. Holt, "I have no fortune. The missionary society keeps us poor, so we will not get proud. My salary is five hundred dollars a year, and even that is never paid up. I expect in a year to go to the coast, and to go alone will be a dreadful trial; but I dare not ask you to go with me; I think it would be selfish, for, as far as I

know, my life in future will be among the Indians near the ocean."

Miss Martin, in the moonlight, suddenly awoke to the fact that the hero of her life was the most unselfish man she had ever met. Her old humor came back; her eyes fairly glistened, as she asked him if she was to take that as an offer of marriage, for it was unlike any she had ever had before.

"Miss Martin, if it was right and not selfish, there would be no impediment could hinder me, or no sacrifice I would not suffer to make you my wife. You are a princess, indeed, worthy the best man in the world, while I am a poor missionary. I dare not ask you to do what may not be wise for yourself. Let us pray about it for a few days; do not think of me, but of yourself: your position in society, your wealth, and your future so full of promise."

By this time they had crossed the bridge and were at the house. The hostler, who had heard the clatter of the pony's feet, was out to take him in charge, for he had little else to do except to look after "White Stockings." He had taught Miss Martin to ride him, and he idolized the pony nearly as much as she. Mr. Holt said nothing at parting, merely raising his hat as if to some crowned head, and then rode off once more to the prairie. As Miss Martin caressed the pony, the hostler felt a chill go through his heart at the tenderness in the tones of his young mistress. How

thrilling, tale-telling is the human voice! As Patsy used the brush on the horse, he talked to himself in this wise: "I guess my occupation's gone; I'll never see her like again, but I don't know a man anywhere worthy of her but the missionary."

The days roll round—they never stop, and two afternoons later Mr. Holt was riding towards the city on his broncho when his thoughts were interrupted by the neighing of "White Stockings" alongside, and the horses slowed down to a walk naturally. Miss Martin was as radiant as ever, a bantering smile on her face; but the missionary looked as if he had tried to bring a reform bill into Parliament, and had been defeated.

"What is the matter with the man who holds the destiny of a nation in his hands?" asked Miss Martin.

"I have never slept since we parted," he said. "I have had wideawake visions of a little home, a home of poverty, within hearing of the breakers of the Pacific, and in that little home a vacant chair for a princess that never came; and conscience has said that it served me right, some people want the whole earth."

"Well," replied Miss Martin, "I have had visions also, asleep and awake, and in every one of them I saw myself the helpmate of one man, and he a missionary, and the poverty that you dread so much never entered into my dreams. I have wealth in my own right; I am ready to be the

missionary's wife, but I think I am worth the asking."

"Alice," said Mr. Holt, "if Jacob had been here in my position, seven years of service would have been nothing; and, in fact, a life-time of waiting and working to me is nothing, if only I can be near you during that time."

"Now, then, am I to consider myself engaged?" asked Miss Martin.

"No, not yet," was the answer; "I must see your parents; their loss will be great and irreparable."

Then Mr. Holt gave himself to the enjoyment of the hour until the shadows came down from the Rockies, and still the two were talking. The missionary's face is now as bright as that of his companion; and, as they cross the bridge, there is not a happier couple in the city. Of course he accepts the invitation to tea, at which, as he asks blessing on the food, and gives thanks for all the good things in this life, the new happiness that shows itself in his face indicates to the old folks the state of affairs; and there is no opposition. How can there be when they were intended for each other? In order to keep Alice at home, Mr. Martin offers to start the missionary in business; but she is as enthusiastic over the work of the future as Mr. Holt is, so this plan would not do. Let us give them our best wishes, for they will be a success wherever they go.

One year from the date of the opening of the new church, the Indians, the cowboys, and the teachers of the North Land School, assembled in the red building, which was crowded to the doors. Truly they live most who are most useful; the young couple had been a help to everyone present, and they were to leave for the far west that night. The Indians had made a canoe, for a present, that was a gem, and on which an artist had painted in golden letters, "The Princess;" the cowboys gave them a pair of bronchos; Jim John, a handful of cheques all signed, and the teachers of the school presented them with suits of sealskin. As Mr. Williams concluded the marriage ceremony, old Tom the Leopard stepped forward, and, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, placed his hands on their heads, and, on behalf of the thousand red people, asked the blessing of the Great Spirit on their new life. Afterwards he said that even the wedding was on the blackboard. But now the carriage was at the door, and there was no fun, only a fervent "God bless them" from hundreds of tongues. It is certain He will bless them, for hath not the Lord "set apart the godly man and the godly woman for Himself?"

How wonderful is the effect of faith on human lives! This young couple leave their home, civilization, hundreds of friends, and a large sphere of usefulness, for what under other circumstances would be considered an utopian scheme. They

were to go among strangers, but "He who never slumbers nor sleeps" was guarding them, and a hearty welcome was waiting them; so with strong, loving hearts, they set about making the best of their new condition. In the path of duty we never get away from God. On the prairie, by the sea, on the mountain, in the bowels of the earth, on the wide-spreading ocean, it is always the same—the path of duty means continual surrender, and "the pure in heart see God." What does it matter where we go, if we are in His presence, for "there is the fulness of joy." The young couple are as safe in the new country as in the old, for even the hairs of their heads are numbered. They will carry light and blessing wherever they go, for light cannot fail to shine.

To the average Christian, the most trying experience is the freezing, starving, farness, when God seems to have left us to ourselves; and this invariably arises from inbred sin, which, when removed, allows the Sun of Righteousness to be seen as near as ever. From the island of Patmos, deserted by all human friends, a prisoner gives us the most wonderful account of the New Jerusalem; messages of love and warning have come to him for all the Eastern churches, and a loving invitation to all the children of men, "Whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely." In the Lammertine cells was imprisoned an old man awaiting the crown of life, yet from him we have

the beautiful Pauline epistles. The Christian is never alone. Though Bedford jail secluded John Bunyan, the Comforter was there, and "The Pilgrim's Progress" comes forth to be a blessing to thousands upon thousands. We envy the king on his throne, while, if the truth was told, his is a hard lot. The missionary in the far-off land is pitied because he never hears the beautiful English, his native tongue: he sees not the faces that are so dear to him; but he is not alone, for he can, like Enoch of old, "walk with God." In such company we can never be lonesome, nor unhappy, for the "joy of the Lord is our strength;" rejoicing continually in His presence, the well of water becomes more abundant, for "from his heart shall flow rivers of living water"—love to God and love to man.

Mr. Holt and his wife will enjoy life in the path of duty far more than the lover of ease with his millions. Now let us leave them;—they are not seeking happiness, but are looking to do their duty, which, in all ages, is the path of the just, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

VI

THE VISION OF ISAIAH

DEAR reader, it was in the year of King Uzziah's death that Isaiah had his wonderful vision. Down in the fogs there are no such privileges; we live too low for them, yet they are for us, if we could only reach higher. If the atmosphere is clear, how far the eye can distinguish objects from Pike's Peak! And this is due to the great altitude, for we are far above the clouds and the mists surrounding the earth. There are great spiritual truths so infinitely above Nature that she furnishes no symbols that would assist us in understanding them. It, therefore, pleased God to flash upon the souls of great men, celestial visions whose significance the Divine Spirit afterwards interpreted.

In a dream Isaiah stood in the temple, near the altar, when the veil that hid the Holy of Holies was withdrawn, and he beheld One whose face no man might look upon and live. The vision was appropriate to the time. The wicked king, having just died of leprosy, had been buried, not in the tombs of the royal families, but in a field close by; and, perhaps, Isaiah had stood by the solitary grave, which proclaimed the vanity of human

pomp and presumption. Now he beheld the Great King, the universal sovereign before whom all the princes of the earth are but as grasshoppers. "I saw also the Lord, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple." Above him, on expanded pinions, floated the seraphims, from whose lips burst forth the ascription, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory." At their cry, the foundations of the temple rocked, the house was filled with the smoke of the Shekinah; and, in his awe, the prophet cried, "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Then one of the seraphims, having in his hand a live coal, which he had taken from the altar, flew to him, and laid it upon his mouth, saying, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Such was Isaiah's vision; nor was it wholly singular, for, although it may not be accompanied by such glorious accessories, the vision of God is essential to every soul.

We are imprisoned in the realm of the senses. If you look about you, and consider what are the thoughts of men, their plans, their purposes, you will begin to realize what a small sphere is open to humanity. There goes the average man between his place of abode and the scene of his daily occupation! The calm blue sky is over him, but clouds of passion hide it from his spirit. There

are so many prizes of wealth and fame he longs to win, and so intent is he in the grim game against ruthless odds, that he will not look up and see the crown of life. Beyond are the infinite universe, the legions of angels, the glorified dead, and high above all the King eternal, immortal, invisible, yet, to the average man, who is a slave, these things are as if they were not. Never shall he live, never can he live, until his soul be uplifted to the plane where the celestial vision is possible. As he is, he could not understand such a revelation; and yet the Bible abounds in the records of these manifestations of the Divine. If it is objected that these narratives are myths, then human destiny has turned upon myth, and legend grown mightier than reality.

In what we call profane history, also, the vision of God has been proved to be the animating power. What sustained Socrates when he drank the hemlock, or illumined Plato amid the heathen darkness with the light of immortality? What but the splendid vision gave courage to Luther in his awful peril, to Frederick the Great in the seven years' war, to Gustavus Adolphus, as, with his heroic band of Swedes, he swept down from the north to determine the fate of Europe; to Cromwell, at the head of his Ironsides, as he exclaimed, "Arise, O God, and let Thine enemies be scattered;" to William of Orange, as, wasted by disease, he boldly rode, mid shot and shell,

on the field of Namur? John Wesley, in his wonderful work, must have seen this vision, and the effect of the live coal has been beheld in thousands of his followers, who, in poverty and in wealth, by sea and by land, have zealously testified to the witness of the Spirit. In our own day men and women have been transformed into heroes and heroines, thereby giving to us a Dwight L. Moody, a John G. Paton and a Father Damien. Frances G. Willard seems like a star that for a while shone, to enlighten the way to the Holy of Holies, and thousands of her sex are following in her pathway with radiant and beneficent footsteps.

O wonderful vision! Thy revelations are possible to all, but generally more manifest to the lowly—a vision, not of power, not of love, but of the infinite holiness that cannot look upon sin but with abhorrence. It is the evidence of the sweetness and purity of the Father's house, arising mid the deep despondency and degradation born of the knowledge of sin in the heart.

In the case of Gideon, Peter, Paul, and of every hero of faith, its effects are self-abasement and the consciousness of guilt and helplessness. Men even as Isaiah are prostrated, yet they are not left so. The first vision is succeeded by another—the appearance of no strange, unintelligible seraph, but of One fashioned like ourselves, who, with pierced hands, takes a coal from the altar of His

own passion and lays it, not upon our lips, but upon our hearts, wherein the old begins to be consumed, and we rise into the dignity of new creatures in Him. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," ring in the Christ-life that is to be. Men could be serene all the time; adversity would bring a blessing in deeper humility, a plainer view of our own unworthiness. Before seeking for a remedy we must know our disease; then help is at hand, a real, radical, ever-present help. Down through all the ages, though blinded by ignorance and superstition, men have been hungry for something better, and, in our own day, the devout members are coming to the front, and the deepening of Christian life is the great theme from hundreds of pulpits. Instead of, "If a man die, shall he live again?" it is, "Can a man die to self, and live the resurrection life here on the earth, in full view of the world's criticisms?" The remedy only needs trying to be proved; God is in touch with us on every side, but, though living, we are dead to the magic call, and the "Lazarus, come forth," is not heard.

Dear reader, shall we commence to live? "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." All men do not love darkness, but our arch-enemy disputes every inch of the road to the light, wherein we have an advantage, for the way is straight, and no person can

be lost in it. The experience of the teachers of the North Land School can be duplicated in every church on the wide earth. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Let us get nearer to Him by our surrender, and all the opposition in our nature will in time be removed. Has there ever in this world's history been anybody with whom the King could do His best? Unbelief has been a weakness with the human family ever since Adam doubted God; but when the surrender is made, the increase in faith—a fruit of the Spirit—is surprising, yet quite natural. Let us allow the light to come in and growth commence, for we are mere babes, when we might, like Caleb of old, be strong and able. Christians will not believe it, yet it is true that "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

One morning in the North Land there was a peculiar experience. A heavy, gray, wet fog, which was something almost unknown in that beautiful country, covered the prairie, the river, the city and the mountain. Voices did not sound natural, and how much uncertainty there was about everything! What queer shapes objects had taken! The sumach bushes looked like some wild denizen of the forest, or some reptile from the river, that had a number of long arms, every one of which was extended to grasp the spectator.

The elms seemed like mighty giants who were on hand for the general destruction of the people, so fearful they looked, and so quiet—like the calm before the storm. About noon the north wind, carrying with it the scent of the wild flowers, lifted the fog from the river, and there was a change. Light always makes change, as was seen in Peter, Saul of Tarsus, Luther, Wesley, and millions more of the race, and is now working in human character, in the reader, as well as in the author. As the fog lifted off the city and the light grew brighter, those uncouth sumach bushes, that had stood like spectres, became things of beauty, with their frost-touched, crimson-red leaves glistening in the sun; above them, the pines gradually came into view in everlasting green. The prairie to the north is clear now and, as the fog lifts still higher, the belt of beeches can be seen, with their leaves painted in nature's own way. Behind them emerges a long gray line of rock as far as the eye can see to the east and to the west. How strong this mountain is, and how high! Yet it is not without its pathway. Then a large belt of maple trees comes into view, with their leaves as yellow as gold, glistening in the sun; above them, the elms, then the fir trees; and towering above them all, the snow-line of royal beauty, shining in eternal white.

And lo! it is a perfect day. What a wonderful transformation! How easy the transition!

Yet this is our privilege, for the pathway extends higher and grows brighter all the way. "It shall be called the way of holiness; no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast;" and it is too high for any "unclean thing to pass over it." The journey commenced where it did, with Isaiah—down in the valley of self-loathing. Dear reader, if you have paid the price, this is your privilege. Expecting that your path, whether it be short or long, will be brightened by His presence,

I bid you farewell,

THE AUTHOR.

