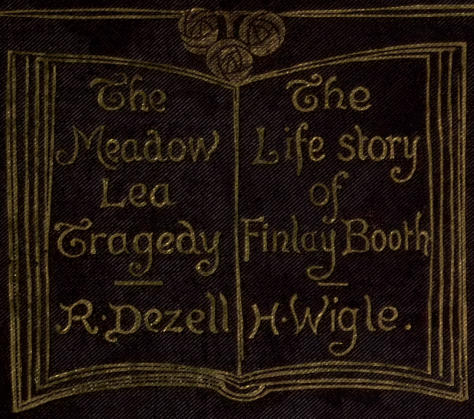
FIRE AND FROST



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MARTHA REID

Fire and Frost

The Meadow Lea Tragedy

BY

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FIRST INKLING OF THE STORY.

MUCH that belongs to the heroic and the thrilling has passed into history in a sense which may not be very creditable to history or complimentary to the historian. The sin of omission is often very evident in the realm of literature and can scarcely be justified by unfavorable considerations which may suggest themselves under the head of competition or constituency.

The sculptor, under a sense of service to man, works away with chisel in hand, upon the rough stone, or marble, or granite, until it glows with expression and life. It is his work, his duty, and his ambition to take things inanimate, whether stone, sand or marble, and make them live.

The artist, likewise, whose mind is in an unusual degree susceptible to impressions from natural objects, conceives the noble purpose of developing a picture that will correspond in the minuteness of every detail with the scenic

beauty of the landscape—or mountain side, it may be—that others through the medium of art may look upon natural beauty and wonders as seen by the artist.

The prophet, also, whose spiritual senses have been awakened by a vision of dry bones, refuses to entertain the doubtful question, "Can these bones live?" and, instead of asking, "Will it pay?" or "Will it prove practicable?" he feels inspired to clothe them with life and the habiliments of the living.

The historian or novelist has just as great a field for service, and should he pass over what should be passed down to posterity as a national heritage, his vision of duty and service must be regarded defective in a degree proportionate with the worthiness of the cause or the grandeur of the opportunity.

The Meadow Lea disaster is an event which might be regarded as one that had passed into history without having been accorded the treatment which this intense tale of suffering, sorrow, and heroism deserved at the hand of the historian.

The early settlers of Manitoba well remember the awful blizzard in March, 1882. With a fair amount of correctness some of them can tell you the main facts of the sad havoc which

the two opposites, fire and frost, in their turn, made upon that memorable night, when John Taylor and his family, of Meadow Lea, Man., were burned out of house and home, and, as a consequence of exposure to the fierce blizzard and bitter cold, the mother and three daughters were frozen to death.

The sad announcement went to the world in due time; many hearts doubtless were moved to tears upon reading the press dispatches which summarized in brief form that awful night on the prairie as one without a parallel in the history of the country, in view of the hardships, heroism, sorrow and sore bereavement attending it.

Further than this, the printing press has done little to keep the various features of the story intact. The story has been told and retold, and, as might be expected, much has been imported, or given a wrong setting, or left out altogether, so that in general it may be said to be no longer correctly told. A detailed and authentic account of the experiences of that night has never, up to the present, found its way into the publisher's hands.

Is it because the integral parts are too pathetic for pen, or too sacred for literature, that the pen of the writer has been unemployed

so long? We are told how that God concealed the grave of His servant Moses, undoubtedly to guard against the monuments of men and the adorations of the multitudes, and we feel inclined to ask, has He exercised His hand in the same way to seal with silence a sorrow that may well be considered too deep for words to express?

This question may be taken more seriously in view of the unfortunate ending to an attempt made some years ago by Mrs. Ivey (*née* Martha Reid), the only living survivor, to meet the demands for an authentic and full account of the sad affair.

It appears that some parties interested in a book which Mr. Ira D. Sankey was compiling at the time, possibly "The Story of the Hymns," had written to Mrs. Ivey for an account of her experience. In response to the request she wrote out the story in detail with her fingerless hands; but delayed sending the MS. away. A fire broke out in the combined store and dwelling in which Mr. and Mrs. Ivey lived, while Mrs. Ivey was away visiting friends, and her painstaking work, together with nearly everything they possessed, went up in smoke.

It will thus be observed that the attempt to

preserve and publish a full and authentic account of the tragic event was quite as ill-fated as the most of those about whom the author was writing.

It is a great pity that Mrs. Ivey's unfortunate literary work could not be replaced; but considering the difficulties under which she has to labor, it is too much to ask of her a second attempt along this line. It is more than probable, however, that her memory has retained all of interest in connection with the fire at Meadow Lea, and thus preserved to many readers, in spite of all subsequent fire, smoke or adverse winds, one of the most impressive, intensely spiritual and touching stories belonging to the realm of real life that has ever been told.

Mrs. Ivey, as has been stated, is the only living survivor of the disaster. John Taylor, the bereft husband and father, having died about two years after his sore trial and sad experience took place. As the heroine of Meadow Lea, Mrs. Ivey is better known by her maiden name, Martha Reid. She now lives at Glensmith, Manitoba, where she keeps a small country store. She is now about 45 years of age. Her hands are well-nigh fingerless, the unhappy result of her heroic struggle to save the

life of her friend, and the lasting evidence of the hardship through which she passed.

Happening into the store at Glensmith one evening about the middle of October, 1903, while visiting friends in the vicinity, the writer observed a lady behind the counter deftly tying up parcels with apparently no fingers to do it with. Sympathies were aroused or curiosity awakened (the one or the other), most likely the latter—and at first opportunity a few questions were advanced, calculated to draw out what bit of history might belong to those unfortunate fingers.

Little did the questioner think how deep those questions would probe the life of the one approached. A wistful look came over her countenance, and as if shrinking from a dreaded task, she asked, "Have you never heard of the Meadow Lea affair, of the fire?"

"No," I said, "I cannot remember having heard anything of it."

How mean it makes one feel when compelled to confess ignorance of what someone thinks everyone should have known all their days. In this case it seemed very much like saying, "Your adventure has evidently not been as worthy of universal recognition as you thought."

There was no way out of it, she had to give an inkling of the story—and a faint inkling it was. There was a fire and a terrible storm. Some lives were lost, and she was among the saved. It was dreadful. Too awful a subject, it could be seen, for the woman behind the counter to do justice to under the circumstances.

Upon making inquiries of friends afterwards, the subject grew in interest. Some things in accord with their value drop out of the mind none too quickly; others take a deeper hold and give the mind no rest until there is the resolve, as in this case, to get at the bottom of the subject, and satisfy the demand for investigation.

The way opened up—thanks to a kind Providence—for another occasion on which to converse with Mrs. Ivey. Having called to see her sister who lived in the neighborhood in regard to the matter, the writer was delighted to hear that Mrs. Ivey would shortly be present to spend the afternoon.

She came, and while she frankly said that she seldom cared to talk of the experience through which she had passed, and indeed could not speak of it for over a year after her escape, she nevertheless very freely told all that came to

mind, and while not a woman of literary pretensions, she gave the story in good form, and exercised a fine sense of discrimination touching the selection of parts which were essentially interesting.

In addition to Mrs. Ivey's account, many interesting particulars were obtained from Mrs. Wm. Taylor, of Portage la Prairie, whose husband, now deceased, was a brother of the unfortunate John Taylor. Also from Rev. A. B. Hames, now in the Toronto Conference, the author received many items of interest in addition to what had been previously acquired.

The work of reproducing the story in acceptable literary form has been accepted as a task assigned of God, and for His glory. No pains have been spared as regards the arrangement of the whole or the treatment of any part in particular. Yet there has been no attempt to enlarge upon fact to compete with fiction, or to swerve from truth for the sake of the sensational.

Strange things are recorded, it is true, but it is in fidelity to truth, and requires no apology. "Truth is stranger than fiction." To the Christian some things may indeed be hard to understand. To the infidel, however, they will be equally hard to explain.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." It does not always belong to us to know the why and wherefore of His dealings. "God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain."

It is not within the province of this little volume to interpret the mysteries of God's providential dealings. Its intention is simply to give an accurate and authentic account of things in the order in which they transpired, and it must be accepted on the merit of being a faithful attempt to give to others what has been gathered from reliable sources.

May God's blessing attend the reading of its contents. May many who have been spared the severe trials here recorded be led to thank God for temporal mercies, and may all, in reflecting upon the suddenness of the call as set forth in these pages, be led to realize the necessity of heeding the solemn warning—"Be ye also ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

FIRE AND FROST.

CHAPTER I.

OFF FOR THE WEST.

EARLY in the eighties—1881—a highly respectable and intelligent family came to Meadow Lea, Manitoba, and settled on a quarter section of land, with the intention of making a home for themselves in the great and growing West. They were from the East, as a Westerner would say. Prior to coming to Manitoba, they had lived at Stanley Mills, Ontario—a small village or farming community about four miles from Brampton.

John Taylor, the head of the family, was a native of Lincolnshire, England. He was a heavily built man, and, at the time he reached Manitoba, was about 60 years of age. His wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Raine, was also a native of England. She was born in Westmoreland, May 29th, 1824.

In 1834 she came to Canada with her parents.

Her father settled at Stanley Mills. There she met John Taylor, and there the young couple were happily married. After their marriage they settled on her father's farm, where they lived for about twenty-six years.

Three daughters were born and brought up on the old homestead at Stanley Mills. Annie, the eldest, was born September 3rd, 1855; Mary Jane was born Oct. 5th, 1857, and Elizabeth Fields was born Feb. 25th, 1861. At the time of leaving for Manitoba, they had attained to womanhood, and were held in high esteem by their many friends.

The home life of the Taylors was decidedly happy. It may be stated here that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sought to establish a Christian home. They were members of the Methodist Church, and for many years, Mr. Taylor occupied the position of Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School at Stanley Mills. He also occupied the position of class leader and local preacher. As far as can be learned, he was a very acceptable preacher of the Gospel, and a zealous and faithful worker in the evangelistic efforts of the church with which he had identified himself.

In financial affairs, whatever may account for it, Mr. Taylor was not successful, and find-

ing himself in an unprosperous condition, he decided to move to Manitoba with the hope of bettering the position of himself and family. Accordingly, they sold off the stock and implements, as so many Ontario people have done during the past twenty years or more, preparatory to moving. That the inducements of Western life should receive favorable consideration was quite natural from the fact that Mr. Taylor's younger brother, William, had gone out West a few years previously and settled upon the prairies.

The leave-taking of their old home, friends and associations was very trying, especially to the mother. To her the farm was a highly prized gift from her father which had become endeared by long possession, and many happy associations. So reluctant was she when it came to the last that it is said she held on to the outer side of the door fastening with both hands until other hands had to be employed to relax her hold. On the way out the Taylor family met and formed the acquaintance of a young lady from Toronto, Miss Martha Reid, into whose life was destined, with the pleasure of lasting friendship, the painful misfortune of being called upon to share the subsequent suffering of her new-found friends to a degree

that seems beyond the power of human endurance.

At that period in the history of railroads, the most convenient route to the West was by way of Chicago. Here they were storm-bound for three days. Chicago, twenty or twenty-five years ago, was no better in some respects than it is to-day. The robber and would-be desperado was quite in evidence where favorable opportunities presented themselves, as was shown by Mr. Taylor's little experience with that class in the Windy City. One of the girls, Lizzie, having felt somewhat faint, required some water. To meet the requirement, Mr. Taylor at once left the car to secure some from a reliable source of supply, and shortly after leaving the car on his errand was attacked by some desperate characters with dark lanterns. A policeman, however, happened to be near by, and hearing Mr. Taylor's cries for help came in the nick of time to avert what might have been a serious affair for Mr. Taylor. It is needless, in connection with this little incident, to quote my informant's words, "We all breathed freer after we left Chicago," as the timorous nature of the ordinary lady traveller is too well known to need further testimony.

In the same car with the Taylors and Miss

Reid there were a number of young people from Toronto and other points near the city, and bound as they were for a land of promise, they sought to spend the time as pleasantly as possible. The thought of leaving faithful friends, and severing old ties no doubt weighed considerably on some hearts, and lacking the spirit of adventure in as full a measure as others, they were none the worse for coming in touch with more buoyant natures, inclined to cheer their courage, as they did by heartily singing the good old hymns, mostly sacred, which have cheered many a one when the future seemed doubtful, and faith was faltering at the uncertainty of the issue.

Manitoba was reached on March 27th, 1881. The usual dispersion of the party took place upon their arrival at Winnipeg. Miss Reid found employment in a dressmaking establishment in the city.

The Taylors went to Meadow Lea, as stated at the outset. Mr. Taylor's younger brother, William, had settled there a few years before, and having secured more land than he could work to advantage, sold a quarter section to his brother John. Some time in April of the same spring in which they came out, the family moved to the farm at Meadow Lea. Later on,

Annie, the eldest daughter, went to Winnipeg to work at dressmaking. She worked in the same shop as Martha Reid and boarded with her people.

Up to this point, it could not be said that they had made a bad move. The inconveniences of a new country certainly had to be reckoned with, and what if they did not have things as comfortable as they did in their own country, the land was before them, and prospects were favorable for a future of prosperity and happiness.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST CHANCE.

WHATEVER feelings of homesickness there may have been experienced by the family about which we write in their new home, there was one thing which would give cause for thankfulness, and that was that they were very fortunate in having struck a good neighborhood. Interested as they had always been in religious services, we take it for granted one of their first considerations would be in regard to the religious complexion of their new surroundings. As a Methodist family, it must certainly have been a matter of peculiar satisfaction to them to find themselves in a community which was almost exclusively composed of Methodist families.

Meadow Lea in the earlier days of which we write was a Methodist centre. A Methodist church had been organized a short time before Mr. Taylor and family moved in. The parsonage had been built the fall before and the church was erected the following summer. A

short review of the introductory stages of Methodism in that place will be of interest to the reader as the development of the church life of the community was so largely contemporaneous with the settlement of the new family in the neighborhood.

Rev. J. M. Harrison was the first Methodist missionary on the ground. He remained a few months, but health failing him he withdrew, and was succeeded by the Rev. Chas. Mearing, who completed the Conference year. Afterwards the Rev. A. B. Hames, Ph.B., being invited, was appointed by the Conference to take charge of the work, and was the stationed minister at Meadow Lea when the Taylors arrived. Upon his arrival he found neither parsonage nor preaching-place. Up to this period the preaching had been done in houses. He at once called a meeting of the Trustee Board, who met in the house of Mr. D. H. Scott, and to which was submitted plans for future work. It was there and then decided to build a parsonage and church. The next day two of the trustees were dispatched to Winnipeg with teams to bring two loads of lumber with which to build a prairie shack. Before the week ended Mr. Hames, with the assistance of David Wright and Josiah Scott, had a shack twelve

by fourteen put up of rough boards, and into it moved the missionary with his wife and family. There they remained until some time in December, during which time the parsonage was erected. Services during the winter were mostly, if not altogether, held in the parsonage. With the opening of spring steps were taken for the erection of a church. Subscriptions having been solicited and funds provided, it was not long before a church was looming up on the prairies of Meadow Lea. It was certainly "rushed," to use a favorite Western expression. On July 1st, 1881, the church was opened and dedicated to the worship of God. The dedicatory services were presided over by Rev. George Young, D.D.

To the credit of the ladies, who had formed themselves into a Ladies' Aid for the purpose of raising money to furnish the parsonage, let it be said they were so successful in their undertaking that they decided to assume the responsibility of paying for the entire cost of erection, and in that they made a successful issue.

Having noticed briefly some things which might be considered favorable from the viewpoint of the new settler, we may now from the view-point of the community note that the

arrival of John Taylor and his family, which was some time early in spring when the new church was under way, was something which might be considered advantageous to the community and favorable to the future success of the church.

Mary, Annie and Lizzie having been members of the choir at Stanley Mills, were welcomed into the choir at Meadow Lea. Mary was accorded the position she had held in the old home church, that of organist. Mary had a good alto voice; Annie and Lizzie sang soprano. When all were together, they made a strong contribution to the service of song, which was then as considerable an item as now. Annie, of course, was not at home much of the time, but to her the church at Meadow Lea was the home church, the place where her people worshipped, and thus she was held to it with more tender ties than to any other, and as often as occasion would permit she availed herself of the opportunity of enjoying and taking part in the service.

In thus identifying themselves with the church of their choice and taking an active part in Christian work, our friends set an example which many newcomers into western parts today would do well to follow. Neglect along

this line has too often proved disastrous to the spiritual life of many members of the church.

Getting into the church and getting to work in the church was a step in the right direction, and it facilitated another step in the right direction—that of getting acquainted with their neighbors. Getting acquainted is one of the first considerations in any attempt to interest ourselves in the lives of others, and acting upon this conviction, we shall at this juncture, in the interests of the reader, attempt a brief character sketch, by way of an introduction, of each member of the family.

Mr. Taylor appears to have been a very corpulent man. Before coming West he had a paralytic stroke, and another a short time after he came. Having hurt his knee early in life he was subject to lameness arising out of the injuries sustained. We have already noted his zeal and faithfulness as a Christian worker while living at Stanley Mills. He still maintained his loyalty to the Church in his Western home, but not having a horse, and lacking the bodily activity of former years, he was of necessity debarred from taking as active a part as he was wont to do. His financial troubles seemed to have harassed his mind. His somewhat helpless physical condition, together with some

hard reverses, it is feared, had some of the less wholesome effects which trouble and affliction very often bring to those exercised thereby. We are not all constituted alike, and the effects of trouble vary as does the temperament of men. Some it refines, some it disheartens, and some it has a tendency to derange or demoralize. What beneficial or unhappy effects Mr. Taylor experienced is not within our province to estimate, but it is evident he yet maintained his hold upon God, and though much discouraged, and lacking the heartiness of former days, he was none the less devoted to his family and concerned about their best interests. In religious life he perhaps did not evince as great a degree of emotion as many in their religious experience. He was rugged in his entire make-up, but under his rugged nature there was a warm and generous heart, which felt for others, and was responsive to the call of God and duty.

Mrs. Taylor, like her husband, was very corpulent during the latter years of her life. "She was a 'home-bird,' you may say," said an intimate friend, when forming an estimate of her life and worth. Her supreme delight, as indicated by that term, was in her quiet faithful ministries to the loved ones at home.

"The hand that rocks the cradle," we are told, "is the hand that rules the world," and thus it would seem that the "home-bird" is in reality, and in the best sense of the term, a nation builder.

From a brief memoir written by her pastor, Rev. A. B. Hames, and published in *The Christian Guardian* shortly after her death, we make the following extract:

"In 1850, under the faithful and united ministrations of Rev. Wm. Young and the Rev. W. S. Blackstock, she was led to the Saviour, and united with the Methodist Church, and continued a faithful member until death. In 1854, she was united in marriage to her now sorrowing and bereft husband, and became an affectionate and devoted wife, a tender and loving mother, and greatly beloved by all. Timid, unassuming, self-depreciative, and conscious of her own unworthiness, she was nevertheless strong and determined, winning by loving consistency, and proving every day the reality of the religion she professed to enjoy."

Annie, the eldest of the three girls, was about twenty-five years of age when the family moved to Meadow Lea. She is described as being of medium height, with dark eyes and

hair. She had a strong, vigorous constitution as was attested by her full, round, rosy face. She was naturally modest and retiring. Her manner was somewhat reserved. Not the reserve, however, which attends upon pride, but rather which accompanies true nobility. A nice little bit of evidence of her noble disposition is furnished by her observing friend, Martha Reid, now Mrs. Ivey, of Glensmith, Manitoba.

Some person had done Annie an unkindness, and the unkind act was up for discussion with Annie's girl friends. The question of retaliation was pressed, and one of her young friends apparently imbued with the idea that honor must be vindicated in that way, asked if she allowed or thought of allowing the wrong to pass without giving the offender back her own. Annie, however, was too firm to be carried away with the thought of what others would do or would have her do, but with heroic independence of thought which reflects credit upon her training, she maintained her position by saying, "No; if another person does me a wrong that is no reason why I should do wrong." Comment on character is unnecessary, when Christian principles shine out in that

way. How much easier to correct all wrongs if the wrong was always kept on the one side.

Mary, the next to Annie in age, was not quite as tall as her two sisters, and while not exactly frail she was not as robust and vigorous as Annie and Lizzie. She had a fair complexion and blue eyes, and was of a confiding and affectionate nature. In the fullest and best sense of the term, Mary was a good girl. With her elder sister Annie, she sought the righteousness which is of faith in special meetings at Stanley Mills, Ontario, when quite young, and joined the Church. It is very evident that, whatever she possessed beside, or whatever she lacked, she had a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price.

Her pastor very faithfully bears testimony to her devout life in the following lines, penned after her death, and published in *The Christian Guardian,* along with a brief obituary notice of her mother and each member of the family so sadly taken away. " Her mild and genial nature was so hallowed by divine grace, that her personal religious influence was felt and acknowledged by all to be exceedingly precious. A tender and affectionate daughter, an amiable and true friend, a devout and earn-

est Christian, Mary gave a bright example of the power and peace of divine grace, the purity and sweetness of a religious life, and the strength and beauty of a lively faith in Christ. She was of an excellent mind and spirit, and her religious experience, like the river of life, was deep and clear."

A little over twenty-one years had passed over the head of Elizabeth Fields, the youngest of the family, when the storms of life played havoc with her hopes and her promising young life. Lizzie, as she was familiarly called by her friends, was considered as rather attractive in appearance. She is described as a pretty girl, with intellectual look, and dignified and stately bearing. Her eyes were brown, her hair light, and complexion fair. She was of medium height and had a strong and healthful appearance.

Once in a while we find that family pride, instead of being something in the aggregate, settles on one member particularly. It appears to have been so in this family, and Lizzie seems to have been the one to whom the others were specially endeared; whether it was because she was the youngest or particularly promising, we cannot say—doubtless it was both.

The reader will kindly forbear if there may be observed a disposition on the part of the writer, in the attempt at a brief character sketch, to give special attention to the spiritual side of the characters under consideration. From a purely literary point of view, spiritual histories or memories are not to be considered as a fulfilment of the promise to portray natural characteristics, and on that ground only do we anticipate any unfavorable criticism.

As a subject of interest there is nothing more momentous. And when it comes to dealing with the dead, how natural that the spiritual status should enter into our thoughts. How often upon the sudden taking away of a friend or acquaintance, we have felt the force of that thought or question in the mind, was he or she prepared for the end? We are delighted with the graceful manner; we may admire the social and physical attractiveness of the sweet life before us; but the most of us would feel a sense of regret and disappointment if there was nothing more satisfactory than that to dwell upon now that the flower has been cut down and the beautiful life ended.

Much, however, has been treasured of the life of Lizzie Taylor which affords strong assurance to those who mourn her sad removal

that they mourn not as those who are without hope. The spiritual side of her life is somewhat interesting. Her response to the call of God was long delayed, and had the summons come a few months earlier it would not have found her ready. It was a deep struggle through which she passed, but a decisive turning to the Lord, a clear conversion and a subsequent life of testimony, praise, and service, attest beyond a doubt that God had taken a victory to Himself in that dear girl's heart ere calling her from time into eternity.

The story of Lizzie Taylor's conversion brings us to an interesting bit of Methodist history in Manitoba, as it was in the historic camp-meeting in September, 1881, when she with many others were brought within the fold of Christ. Before, however, we enter upon a review of the gracious way in which that series of meetings touched one life in particular, we may briefly note that the meetings referred to had their origin at the May district meeting of the Winnipeg District, held in Winnipeg the same year that the church in Meadow Lea was built. The chairman of the district, Rev. Dr. Rice—a name prominent in Canadian Methodism—presided. In that meeting the usual question came up for discussion, "What

can we do to promote the work of God on the circuit?" Dr. Rice suggested a camp-meeting. Other ministerial brethren approved of the suggestion. Rev. A. B. Hames, pastor of Meadow Lea, took a favorable view and proposed the advisability of holding it at Meadow Lea. A suitable spot for holding it, together with the fact that there were many enthusiastic, devoted and hospitable Methodist families in that neighborhood, were considerations in favor of that place, and it was accordingly decided to hold it there the following September.

In due course of time preparations were made for holding the contemplated series of meetings. A large tent was secured and a carload of lumber was ordered from Rat Portage. Out of the rough boards thus secured board tents were erected all around the place of meeting. Some were made larger than others, in order that they might be used for prayer-meetings. At the time announced the meetings were opened, with the chairman of the district, Rev. Dr. Rice, in charge. Assisting ministers present besides the chairman and pastor were Revs. Dr. Geo. Young, W. J. Hewitt, J. M. Harrison, Thos. Lawson, Geo. K. Adams, T. W. Hall, T. B. Beynon, A. J. Barltrop, J. W. Bell, W. Halstead, W. Bridgman, T. B. Wil-

son, B. Franklin, W. T. Dyer, J. E. Starr, John Semmens, W. R. Morrison, A. Stewart and others.

The services were of an intensely evangelistic character, and general services were held three times a day, morning, afternoon and evening, with prayer-meetings between. The interest was fully up to the most sanguine expectations. The people came from all parts. Across the country they travelled like pilgrims to an ancient shrine, or worshippers to an ancient feast. Fifty miles or more some travelled that they might be present at this the first camp-meeting held in Manitoba. Some were there from Rapid City, Grand Valley (now Brandon), Winnipeg, Emerson, Portage la Prairie, Stonewall, High Bluff and intermediate points. Hundreds were in attendance, and the influence was felt throughout the whole country. Those attending carried the flame of fire kindled in their hearts to their homes, and consequently a stimulus was given to evangelistic effort in places far beyond the bounds of the circuits or districts in which the meetings were held.

The inner history of those services, of the vows made and blessings received, must ever remain a part of the lives of those whose

privilege it was to participate in them. Suffice it to say, a very gracious influence pervaded the meetings. Many hearts were moved to give themselves to God and to His service.

Lizzie Taylor was a faithful attendant at the meetings. In view of the many gracious revival seasons she had passed through unmoved, her pastor and Christian friends were very solicitous in regard to her salvation. Considering her early training and influences she was harder to reach than would naturally be supposed. She appeared to be unsusceptible to appeals and implorations. Indeed, it was felt by some that she had become Gospel hardened, and in some degree sceptical as regards the attainment of a religious experience; but her species of scepticism doubtless was little more than a question in her own mind as to the genuineness of what others professed.

At last the spell was broken, and the scales fell from off her eyes. She began to consider the matter seriously, and unfolding her convictions to an unconverted young lady friend attending the meetings, found her in much the same mind as herself. One afternoon while the meetings were in progress, the two girls went off by themselves, and had a long, long heart-to-heart talk about the subject. The outcome

of it was they both decided to start on the Christian life and to present themselves as seekers at the evening service, which they did without hesitation or reserve.

A part of the programme in connection with the camp-meeting, if we may be allowed to conclude a brief item of Methodist history, was to hold the fall district meetings immediately at the close of the special services, right on the ground, and thus save the trouble of calling the ministers of the separate districts together again. The great West at that time had only three districts—Winnipeg, Pembina Mountain, and Portage la Prairie, and had for their respective chairmen, the Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., Rev. Geo. Young, D.D., and Rev. J. W. Hewitt. After about ten days' duration, the general services were over, and the great meeting closed by holding the three district meetings at the same time in separate tents.

The meetings did not close, however, before Lizzie Taylor had borne faithful testimony to Christ's saving power. In referring to her conversion and subsequent Christian life, her pastor bears testimony to her faithfulness in these words: "We shall not soon forget the struggle through which she passed to obtain the liberty that belongs to the children of God

and the clear and noble testimony she gave from time to time in the class-meeting and elsewhere of the genuineness of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ."

In speaking of her last testimony in class, the Sunday before the fire, her pastor also tells us that while speaking her mind took in a survey of the future, and a far-away look attended the solemn study, which was quickly followed by the happy assurance that whatever the future might have in store, all was well.

Truly it was well with her soul, and it was well she did not put off the day of her return to God until it was too late. At the time of her conversion it seems she realized the danger of this as her mind was heavily weighed with the possibility of having reached a crisis in her life when it meant now or never. In speaking of it later on to her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Taylor, she expressed her gratitude over the decision she had made by the striking comment, " I am so glad I gave my heart to God when I did, for I felt that if I did not do it then I would never have another chance."

CHAPTER III.

PREMONITIONS OF EVIL.

THE prophet Amos asks, "Shall evil befall a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" This question does not necessarily imply that God authorizes evil or the work of the evil one in the sense of making Himself strictly chargeable for all that comes to pass. God allows or permits evil. Hence we are not to think when evil comes that God has failed to consider our desire or need, or that He has lost His hold upon the forces which operate against us.

Assuming that his position is unquestionable, the prophet advances a step further by stating: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secrets unto His servants the prophets."

This conclusion is fairly drawn from the premises taken; for if God exercises suzerainty over all things and all forces, whether human or Satanic, there can be no haphazard about history, and His secrets as revealed are as sure to come to pass as though there were no coun-

teracting agencies to contend against. Much that is mysterious lies in even the indefinite thought that the Lord is at the back of the evil. Evil comes, or what we call evil, and how are we to account for it?

We would feel that we were perhaps displacing God's sovereignty and implicating our own faith, were we to say that the Lord had nothing to do with it. The tracing of effect back to cause by attributing this and that to a mishap or accident does not help us out in the least. If God dealt with things in the aggregate only, we might exclude Him in the minor details; but we are taught, "A sparrow does not fall to the ground without your Father."

On the other hand, if we charge God directly for sending evil upon us, might not that be considered an attempt to blame or implicate infinite wisdom when we should assume the blame ourselves, and take the responsibility for our own stupidity.

The great difficulty is in viewing the mysteries of Providence from our standpoint. What we call evil, from heaven's standpoint, may be eternal good. It belongs to God to decide and to have His way. It belongs to us to trust where we cannot trace the infinite work-

ing of laws of ultimate good. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

As regards the revealing of His secrets to the minds of men, this is a very precious truth. At our best here, we live in a state of ignorance touching the future. What is unseen to us may be clearly seen by intelligences around us. The failure to apprehend on our part may be on account of our insusceptibility to spiritual impressions, our dulness of understanding or distance from God. The Lord revealed much to His prophets that He could not communicate to the ordinary mind from the simple reason that the ordinary mind was not capable of, or prepared for, receiving it. The ordinary mind may, however, if in a receptive spirit, receive intimations which may either be considered as coming direct from the Lord Himself, or, for aught we know, from intelligences around us, so enlightened that they may be said to have direct revelations of things to come. If so, when there is a proximity to impending disaster we might credit intelligences so enlightened with an intense eagerness to communicate or give at least some slight intimation of danger or death as the case might be. Where such has taken place, which unquestionably has

in many instances, we call it a premonition of evil.

The earnest thought of Lizzie Taylor's that she had her last opportunity of being saved in such a meeting of grace as the meetings mentioned, may or may not be considered as unusual. She may not even have considered it herself as a revelation from the Lord. There was no definite or indefinite conviction perhaps of impending disaster, but there was an intimation that a person will naturally lay hold upon as being very singular in the light of what afterwards came to pass.

It is also singular that Lizzie was not alone in having some indefinite hints of things to come. Annie, the eldest of the family, also let drop shortly before her death some words which gave evidence of an inward persuasion of something dreadful in the near future. She was working at the time on a dress—one for herself—and while sitting at the machine sewing she suddenly stopped and turning, with a sorrowful look, to her friend Martha Reid, said, "Martha, I do not think I shall ever get this dress done." Miss Reid says, "As we had nearly a week to do the sewing, I thought such a remark strange, and accompanied with such

a look and tone, stranger still. I tried to cheer her, but to no avail."

As we shall see later on, Annie's friend, Miss Reid, had also very uncomfortable presentiments of trouble a short time before the trouble came upon them; but as her experience is so much a part of, or so much interwoven with other features of the story, we shall leave it over for the present, and treat upon it as it comes in incidentally with other things.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCERT.

SUMMER had passed, winter had set in, and a year's experience in Manitoba and western life would apparently soon be the portion of the new settlers of Meadow Lea.

The church had been opened, the camp-meetings closed, and with the winter months came the entertainment idea. What's wrong with having an entertainment? Some people are asking that question, and others are answering it for them as unsatisfactorily as they know how. Too many kinds of entertainment doubtless get into the church, but the question is not what is wrong with entertainments in general, but rather what features are to be considered objectionable.

Some are disposed to trace a whole year's spiritual declension on the part of the church to the entertainment, but this may be as unwise as to visit responsibility upon it, for whatever evils may come in close proximity to it, simply because an historical connection can be established.

However, the good people of Meadow Lea thought well to have an entertainment in the interests of the Sunday School. Accordingly the Methodist church at that place set about having a concert in that place, and arrangements were made for holding it on Friday night, March 3rd, 1882. Naturally this was an event looked forward to with considerable interest, and John Taylor's family, being prominent members of the church, shared to a great degree in the general interest which an occasion like this awakens in a new country, where the entertainment feature is not as prominent as in more settled parts.

Mr. Wm. Taylor was in the city some time previous to the date announced, and asked Miss Reid and his niece Annie to go out to sing. This they decided to do. When the day came they took the train from Winnipeg and were accompanied by a gentleman, Mr. Albertson, a friend of Annie's, also a singer.

The cars were cold, but as the station they were bound for was only about twenty-eight miles from Winnipeg, they were not long on the way. In the cars on the way out, Miss Reid felt a strange sense of fear, and was filled with forebodings of evil. To quote her own

words, " I wished something would happen so I could get home."

Having arrived safely at their destination, and having been kindly cared for by their friends, they went to the concert. The concert passed off nicely, and the people enjoyed themselves as they usually do on such occasions.

Miss Reid, however, was exceptionally quiet and depressed. The presentiment of trouble weighed heavily upon her mind. A lonely, dismal feeling possessed her, and her distressed mental condition was so noticeable that her friend, Annie Taylor, came to where she was sitting alone, and asked, " What is the matter with you? You are not a bit like yourself tonight." To which she made the striking reply: " I don't know what's the matter, but I wish next Friday night had come, and we were all safe at home again."

The concert over, the people dispersed to their homes. Mr. Albertson went with Wm. Taylor's people and Miss Reid went with her friend Annie to her father's house.

Then, as now, the people in the rural sections of Manitoba did not do much walking. The old fashioned sleigh with long box, met all the requirements of the night, and sleigh loads

made up a strong contribution to the after part of the night's entertainment.

The night proved to be fine and clear—a bright moonlight night. A cheerful class of people apparently occupied the sleigh which carried the disquieted Miss Reid and her friends, and naturally enough the young folk sought to entertain themselves without any more reserve, perhaps, than is ordinary under such circumstances.

As that sleigh glides along, we hear the voice of mirth. Then there is a lull in the merry-making. There is at least one seriously disposed person in that happy company. There are others who have had Christian training, and they love to sing the songs of Zion. Hark! What do we hear? In that sleigh-load there are four precious souls destined in a day, you may say, to change their place of abode from a home on earth to, we trust, a home in heaven. Was it not remarkable that they should start to sing, "We're going home to-morrow."

> "We're going home, no more to roam,
> No more to sin and sorrow;
> No more to wear the brow of care—
> We're going home to-morrow."

Going home to-morrow! What if those

words should prove literally true? How solemn the situation, could they but suspect anything like a literal fulfilment of the words they sang. Sing softly, ye songsters of the night, for you know not what may take place on the morrow. May we not picture to ourselves that sleigh-load as it moves onward, with bells jingling, and with the cadences of that song vibrating upon the clear frosty air of that calm, beautiful, moonlit night. Do we see anything to suggest the serious or hear anything that heralds the approach of sudden calamity? "Watchman, what of the night?" we might ask, assured that the answer would betoken peace and security from all harm.

But how little we see and how lightly we hear! The empty song to our ears may be wafted on until the angel choir joins in the sweet refrain. And so, with our limitations of sight, we know not what a day may bring forth. The future is wisely hidden from our eyes. But in the world of the unseen there are witnesses differently constituted, and it may be with different impressions from ours—the night watchers that heard it all, that saw it all, that understood it all, carried the tidings home that redeemed ones on earth were homeward bound. We are sometimes surprised here by having

friends come home unexpectedly, but we are persuaded there are no such surprises in heaven. Surprises there are, but the surprised ones are the home-comers.

After all, was it not a beautiful act of unconscious service on the part of those destined for home to send the news a little while ahead? How nicely and faithfully that hymn expresses just what departing souls might wish to have forwarded! How well timed the words with the actual situation!

"We're going home, no more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear the brow of care—
We're going home to-morrow.

"For weary feet awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache the angels wake
The story sweet and olden.

"For those who sleep and those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

"Oh, joyful song! Oh ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see, and, oh, to be
With Him at home forever."

MR. JOHN TAYLOR

ANNIE TAYLOR

MRS. JOHN TAYLOR

CHAPTER V.

THE STORM.

New settlers in a new country are very likely to have with their new experience the old style of house and outbuildings. Wealthy as the West is fast becoming to-day, there was for many a prosperous Westerner a small beginning, a good deal of roughing, a long and hard pull before the goal of independence was reached. In the earlier days of which we write, there was nothing considered more substantial than logs for building houses, and a log house was quite as fashionable as the follower of fashion could wish it to be.

How familiar the qualifying phrase, "When I lived in the old log house," as used by the old residenters in recounting some instance of the past. Some people, it is true, get "big feeling" when they get into a big house; but you do not generally find men and women of good sense looking with disdain upon the days spent in the old log house. More than once we have heard the testimony or confession, "The happiest days

of my life were in that old log shanty, or that old log house."

It was a log house covered with thatch that John Taylor's family lived in, and to this humble dwelling they took themselves and their friend, Miss Reid, on the night of the concert. It afforded shelter from the storm, protection from the rain, and like all other abodes of the living it then depended upon the hearts which beat within its enclosure to say whether that home was a hell or a heaven.

The outward structure stands between us and the outside world, and secures to us the privacy of home life, whether it is log, stone or more costly material. There are times as well when it stands between us and forces over which we have no control. There are climes and seasons calculated to bring the value of protection more forcibly to mind than others, and the household before us was plunged suddenly into such a season.

The night of the concert, as we have noticed, was a clear, frosty, moonlight night. The morning was mild with the clouds heavy and lowering. Indications were not wanting that a storm was brewing. About nine or ten o'clock large soft flakes of snow began to fall, and increased continuously in quantity until by

noon there was a heavy fall of snow, accompanied by a strong wind. The storm kept increasing in violence the whole afternoon. By night there broke upon the prairies one of the worst blizzards ever known in Manitoba. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, the cold was terrible, and the fall of snow enormous.

Previous storms that winter had banked the snow up around Mr. Taylor's stables until the drifts were about as high as the roof. Admittance to the doorway was maintained by keeping a narrow lane or passage shovelled out after each successive storm had filled it in. A few hours' drifting and they were again at the inconvenience of either shovelling it out or tearing up the grass or sods out of which the roof was made, in order to gain an entrance.

Inside the house there was the usual confidence and sense of security. The mere fact that Annie was home meant a pleasant time for all the family. The visitor, too, was quite at home with her friends, and her presence, no doubt, stimulated the flow of pleasantries in conversation, and helped to make all feel the quickening touch of that peculiar incentive to be at one's best, or at least a little better all round than usual, which unconsciously to ourselves comes with the exercise of the generosity

called for in entertaining one outside of the home circle. Time seems long under the conditions imposed by a severe storm; but the problem, how to pass the time, with work to be done, so much to talk about and think about, certainly did not call for any special exercise of thought.

The day passed and the night drew on. The little company were more together in the evening, and the ever timely topic, "old times," was not slow to introduce itself, and never, perhaps, did it prove a more interesting or enjoyable subject of conversation. The different members of the family had each some little reminiscence to recite of the days spent in the old Ontario home. It was given to them to live again for a little while in the past, and it was well the hours were employed so faithfully in recounting incidents and happenings, and recalling memories of friends and faces no more to be seen in this short life.

When justice had been done to old time scenes and services, as enacted and participated in at Stanley Mills, Harrison's and other places in the vicinity of the old home, the singing of some favorite Gospel hymns then formed a feature of the evening's entertainment.

The previous night, as we have noticed, they

had sweetly sung, "We're going home to-morrow." Again the sacred melody of that song is employed to waft the tidings of their readiness to respond to the summons home. The situation is now more advanced than on the previous night, and if sentiment in song is to keep pace with the swift steps of the messenger sent to take them home, we might ask, could anything be more exactly in line with their position than the words of the hymn referred to?

Perhaps not, unless it be the appealing words of that favorite hymn, "Nearer my home," and upon good authority we are told it was selected and sung. As we read the touching words of that hymn, and note how literally true the sentiment of the song was to the position of the singers, we will be ready to acknowledge that singing the sacred is a solemn thing.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

"Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day
Perhaps than now I think."

Under what conditions or circumstances, we ask, could those words be more touching than as sung in that home circle, in which the most of them were actually so much nearer than they thought? Quite unconscious of the fate awaiting them, they sang, "I'm nearer my home to-day than I have been before," while the moments which separated some of them and home were fast drawing them nearer and nearer. They are certainly homeward bound, and the thought of home and its nearness, so faithfully presented in that song, keeps gaining in the ascendancy until culminating in the sententious climax of the last stanza:

"Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps than now I think."

Had there been messengers at the door authorized to smite the house, and to execute

sentence against its inmates, they would, we think, have been compelled to turn aside to weep as the imploration of song from within poured forth voicing that tender appeal: "Be near me when my feet are slipping o'er the brink," etc.

How little we think sometimes of what we are singing. We do altogether too much vain repetition in song to-day. We know not what thoughts may have been stirred in the hearts of some of the singers as they sang those words, which under the circumstances were quite as pathetic as singular; but we may question if there was even the attempt to realize the possibility of being nearer than ordinary thinking takes into account.

In health or in sickness, in storm or when the south wind blows softly, let us seek to get nearer home in the spiritual sense every day of our lives, as we know not how soon we may be called upon to leave our earthly home.

"Let others seek a home below
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne."

CHAPTER VI.

THE THATCH ON FIRE.

About ten o'clock on Saturday night, the house was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Taylor had just retired, and the others were beginning to think it time to retire as well. Lizzie's attention was first attracted by the smell of smoke. Opening the door and going out she saw fire and smoke issuing from the roof of the house near the stove pipe, which had been unsafe for some time. She then ran in, excitedly saying, "The thatch is on fire!"

"The thatch on fire!" was the word of alarm which quickly passed from one to the other. Quick! Quick! The word of command. The alarm thus sounded at once turned the tranquillity of that home into a scene of excitement and activity.

Abandonment of discipline is true to the situation. The camp is utterly surprised, and in a moment thrown into confusion. The citadel of reason is disconcerted, and the adoption of extreme plans, however unskilful, may be

looked for before the fight now begun has terminated.

Certain conditions have met. The element of danger is very evident—a fire on the open prairie and a terrific storm at the same time! Martha Reid had been favored with intimations of the danger, notwithstanding her inability to locate it, or account for the intimations. Others through the sense of sight and reason had seen the possibility of danger. During a pastoral call the Rev. A. B. Hames, had noticed while the wind was blowing that sparks were escaping from the defective pipe, and suggested to his hospitable friends that it was not safe. In the excitement following the first sound of alarm, a wrong method of going about the work to be done was just as likely to be adopted as a right one.

Anyhow pails and water were thought of and, supplied with a few of the former, four active though inexperienced young women began the desperate struggle to save the house. Mr. Taylor's physical condition being such as to render him almost useless in such an emergency, the attempt to put out the fire was practically left to the women themselves.

Without losing any time they bravely went to work. Mary was soon on the roof of the

building, and while the others hastened to get water she applied it to the smoking thatch. Failing to reach the fire in that way they then attempted to smother it by placing wet blankets or quilts over it. Water was scarce, and the wind so terrific that it was with difficulty anything could be done.

Thatch, it will be observed, is a difficult roof to deal with in case of fire. The coating of clay on the top of the straw or prairie grass prevented the access of water to the fire, and thus it was practically useless work trying to apply water from without. The only successful way of reaching the fire in that case, according to those who have had experience, is to apply water from within.

As a consequence of disadvantages, and misdirected efforts, the fire rapidly gained headway, and, seeing it was useless to try to save the house any longer, the undaunted fire fighters at once bent their energies towards saving the contents of the house.

In this they were quite successful. Most of the loose furniture was removed, but their books and little knick-knacks and numerous household effects of more or less value were destroyed. Apparently, it would not be long until they would have to leave the house alto-

gether. The flames leaped higher and higher, and were driven from one apartment to another by the fierceness of the gale. How would it fare with them when left to the mercy of a relentless storm? What were they going to do to protect themselves from the cold, and relieve themselves from the desperate conditions imposed upon them? It was a serious question that confronted them, and they could not but realize the gravity of the situation.

Miss Reid thought of the stable, and on being told, after making inquiries of Mr. Taylor, that they could not get into it on account of the huge drifts of snow, that chance of safety apparently did not come in for any further consideration. It is unaccountable that with so many minds to draw from, they abandoned the thought of safety from such a source.

How easy it is under such exciting circumstances to make a wrong move. Some may act their best in an emergency, but more often we find examples of stupidity and folly. Moreover, it is one of the hard things to be reconciled to afterwards, as Miss Reid found, to know that we might have done so-and-so, but did not think of it at the time.

They doubtless all would have been saved had they sought shelter in the stable, for while

it was true that the doors were not accessible, they had that very day got around the difficulty by forcing an entrance higher up, doubtless by removing some of the material which served for a roof. Fate, however, seems to be as relentless where there are a thousand chances as where there are none at all, and as fate would have it, the plan of safety adopted after superficial consideration was that of sending word to William Taylor's house, which was about three-quarters of a mile away. A most dangerous move, as must have been apparent to any thoughtful mind on such a night, with no guiding lines from place to place as furnished by well defined roads, fences, etc., in more settled parts. Whether accustomed to prairie life or not, a trackless plain and a blinding storm are enough to suggest the thought of danger to any rational mind.

Danger there certainly was in such a venture, and in a measure it was recognized, but not as fully as the situation called for. The heroic spirit which dares to brave the storm when much is at stake, seemed to rest more particularly on Lizzie, the youngest of the family. She was a strong, vigorous young maiden, a little over twenty-one years of age, and she felt quite confident she could reach her uncle's

house. Mr. Taylor thought it was the best, if not the only thing that could be done, and the unwise course was accepted without protest from anyone.

It went against Martha Reid's sense of propriety and safety to see Lizzie go out on such a night all alone, and she with as much courage as her friend insisted on going with her. Lizzie Taylor, however, would not hear of this. She had at that time about a year's experience on the prairie, and having never lost her way during that time, she felt confident she could reach her uncle's home all right, and accordingly assured Miss Reid, and all concerned, that she was able for the task, saying: "If I have ever been to a place once I can always manage to get there again." Well intended were these words to offset all fears for her safety. Miss Reid, however, was not yet persuaded from her determination to go with her. "I shall go with you," she again insisted. Lizzie was still opposed, and so were the rest of the family. She would not be persuaded to stay, however, until Mary, approaching her, said in an affectionate, pleading voice: "You had better stay with us, Martha; we may need you here." It was Mary's pleading that won Martha over to their way of thinking. She

said to herself, "Well, it may be I shall be needed here, and if I can be of any use I had better stay."

Lizzie then quickly completed her preparations for the task she had set for herself, without fully realizing the strength of the forces she had measured herself against. Prompted by a strong sense of duty, and inspired by the thought of gaining shelter and safety for all, she was ready to face the wildest storm, and to endure the severest cold. In her haste to get off, she is none too careful about wrapping up. Her hands are protected with mittens, and her body with a fair amount of clothing, although not as much as the severity of the night would warrant.

"I will go to uncle's and bring the boys to save the rest of you," are her parting words, and out she goes on her noble mission, never to return.

CHAPTER VII.

SEEKING THE LOST.

THERE is unquestionably in Life's Calendar such a thing as the evil day in which one misfortune follows hard upon the heels of another, or to change the figure, in which one calamity opens the way for another, or for a whole chapter of calamities. Evil had certainly come very close when the house took fire. To be left homeless on such a night involved an experience not to be endured if there was any possible way of avoiding it. It remains to be seen how one desperate condition drove them to another. It was the apparent desperate state of affairs that led Lizzie Taylor to run risks which could scarcely have been realized, for while there was a chance of reaching the place she started for in safety, there were one thousand chances against it.

It cannot be exactly determined what time of the night she started off, but it could not have been very long after the house took fire—possibly a couple of hours—for they had not

quitted the burning building altogether when she went away.

The distance she had to go was not over three-quarters of a mile, and those watching and waiting for help to come were confident that once the word reached the uncle's house it would not be long ere the hoped-for deliverance would come.

And now begins that most trying of human experiences—waiting under conditions which call for urgent and immediate attention. Time did not seem so long when hopes were high that help would soon come, but by and by the moments get longer. They waited on, but no one came.

"Time they were here now," said one, while another would try to make allowances for possible delays.

They waited on, but neither the hours nor the urgency of their condition brought sight or sound of anyone. The suspense of unprofitable waiting grew momentarily more intense. Hope began to give way to fear.

"There is something wrong," was the conviction that seized first one and then another, and more than one anxious, tearful face gave evidence of deep concern for the dear girl who had gone out that awful night on the prairie

with nothing but her own uncertain perceptions of distance and direction to guide her way. Fears for Lizzie's safety were felt by all. Annie wrung her hands in anguish. Mary was inconsolable. Approaching Miss Reid she broke forth in sorrowful tones, "Oh, Martha, I am afraid Lizzie is lost, and if Lizzie dies," she continued, as her voice became intensely sad, "I do not want to live."

"I soon saw," says Miss Reid, "that I was indeed needed to comfort the poor, sorrowing ones. I felt that words of mine were vain, and so I tried to comfort them by quoting some assuring portions of God's Word, while I held poor, sobbing Mary in my arms."

To be lost on such a night was a terrible thought to be entertained. How could they cherish any hope of their loved one holding out against such fearful odds! The worst was feared, and the voice of the wild winds which swept around them would have to be very wrongly interpreted indeed, to give messages calculated to allay those fears. The blinding storm might be calculated upon, with every fresh burst of violence, to sweep away all vain hopes which temporarily took possession of their hearts with as swift succession as thought comes into the mind.

It was too plainly to be seen that Lizzie had lost her way, and would never come back. Clouds of snow intervened between them and the tragic scene in which the battle for dear life was being fought to a finish miles away on the open prairie, but nothing in the world could shut out the mental vision of that lone wanderer as she plodded here and there seeking the help that never came. The mental strain was simply unendurable.

Annie, the eldest of the three sisters, could not be content to wring her hands in despair, while her sister was evidently a victim of blinding snow and unusual cold. Her heart went out after her lost sister. What womanly heart could endure the thought of that fair, young maiden being left to perish alone on the plains, without being impelled to go out and if possible bring her back. It was too much altogether for a young lady of Annie's temperament.

"I am going to find Lizzie," she said, and with that she began to wrap herself up preparatory to a search of adjacent territory. If Lizzie had the heroism of a conqueror impelling her forward in the face of mighty cold, Annie may be said to have had the passionate impulse of the shepherd who left the ninety and nine to seek the one that had gone astray, and so with

the forlorn hope of finding the lost, she in turn starts off with the impetuous word on her lips, "I am going to find Lizzie."

An hour or more after Annie started out on her hopeless mission Miss Reid went away from the others for a while upon a more hopeful line of search perhaps than that which impelled her friend to leave. Things had reached a terrible crisis. The appalling outlook, the loss of Lizzie, and the possibility of them all perishing in the storm, so worked upon her mind that she felt herself driven to a higher source of help than the arm of flesh affords. With blanket wrapped around her head and hands she sought a secret place that she might be alone with God to pray for guidance, and to think of what could be done to avert the dreaded calamity.

A short distance from the house she came upon a firmly packed drift of snow, and there first in great anguish of soul, and then in triumphant song, she poured out her heart unto the Lord. From the outer world she was closed out, and with the God of the storm closed in by encircling gusts of flurried snow, but in that temple not made with hands she felt the Divine Presence very near. Her burdened heart found much assurance and spiritual

solace. Of her experience she writes: "I wanted to be alone to think, and to pray to the One who could calm the wildest storm, so I left the others and walked away a short distance from the fire. I thought of my awful peril, and of the brothers and sisters at home who loved me, but better than all, of the One who loved me most, and I prayed that if it was His will the storm might cease and I be restored to my loved ones.

"Just then for a moment the moon came out, and I thought, 'It may be God will answer my prayer and make the storm a calm.' But only for a moment did the moon shine, for the storm raged more fiercely than ever, and I could scarcely see my hand before me. I walked again across the drift, and as I did the peace of God came to my heart, and I sang, 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul' all through. The part, 'While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high,' seemed just to suit my case. After singing this, I was very happy—though the storm raged still fiercely, and the flames from the burning building swept past me like so many flaming serpents as they were tossed about in the wind."

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you," is the promise of God. How

important to be on pleading terms with God ere that day comes. It is well that the mind be stored with such helpful thoughts as expressed in Charles Wesley's hymn, and heart and voice be tuned to sing those prayerful words which have winged many a distressed one's longings to a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISION OF HOME.

MARTHA REID had been away from the burning building, or what remained of it, for about half an hour, when her attention was attracted by a form moving across the snow—going from her, as it were. Could it be Lizzie? Thinking it might, she called. They then approached each other, and the person Miss Reid sighted proved to be Mrs. Taylor, who was the first to speak, "Oh, is it you, Martha? I was uneasy about Lizzie, and about you, too." Martha replied, "You had better come with me, Mrs. Taylor, and we will go back to the fire." At this they both started back.

The snow for some distance away from the house had become soft by the heat from the burning building, and being quite deep it was very hard work for Mrs. Taylor to wade through it. She kept sinking every step or two. Martha helped her up as often as she got down, and though a strong young woman, it required all her strength.

To make matters worse, Mrs. Taylor was

not well protected, and Martha took the blanket she had wrapped around herself, and first tearing a strip off, enough to keep her own ears and face from freezing, she either put it around Mrs. Taylor or threw it away. In her desperate struggles to save her friend she never thought of her hands, which were altogether exposed after dispensing with the blanket. They struggled on, Mrs. Taylor getting more helpless, and Miss Reid more alarmed every step. But a short distance had been gone over when Mrs. Taylor began to lose consciousness and talk incoherently. Martha realized what that meant. It was a sign of freezing which was unmistakable. Indeed, the same feeling was fast beginning to creep over Martha herself. She felt terribly cold, and then a sleepy sensation came upon her.

Mrs. Taylor being very heavy, and so helpless in the snow, it was very exhausting on the young woman's strength trying to get her along. She stayed with her, however, until at last she found herself unable to help Mrs. Taylor to rise. The unfortunate old lady had been down for some time, and Martha tried her utmost to lift her up, but was unable to do so. Finding she could do nothing with her she started off for help. By going a little nearer

the fire, she thought to make the others hear by calling.

She stopped, she called, but no one heard, and no answer came. The roar of the storm deadened the sound. As is often the case, appeals for sympathy and help on behalf of others, when not responded to, bring back to the one that makes them a greater demand upon energies and reserve power to make up for the deficiency of those who fail to respond. Miss Reid had little time to think of what was best to do under the circumstances, and as might be expected was likely to be guided by impulses rather than any well thought out plan of action.

She must have help, but she hesitated about leaving her friend any longer than she could help. It would take time to wade through the snow to the house. For a moment she was undecided as to what was best to do, then turning around and seeing her helpless friend crouched in the snow, she said aloud, "Oh! I cannot leave her to die there alone!" She then hastened back as fast as her exhausted strength and condition would allow, and found Mrs. Taylor in a sort of stupor. "Oh, Mrs. Taylor," she said, "do try to help yourself, and I will help you all I can. Think of the girls and Mr. Taylor. What would they do without you?"

This roused her, and looking up for a moment, she asked, "Are we near the fire?" This was the last she said. Martha replied, "Yes, quite near." She then made another effort, but sank again in the snow, never to rise again.

Martha was obliged to leave her. In order to save her own life she had to return to the fire. This she did, part of the way on hands and knees, so overcome was she with fatigue and cold.

Mr. Taylor was bewildered and almost beside himself, and when Miss Reid told him she had left Mrs. Taylor, and was afraid she would die, he did not seem to realize the gravity of the situation, and simply said, "I cannot do anything." And, in view of his physical condition, it was just as well he did not make the effort.

The darkest hour for Miss Reid had not yet come, and though she came within an inch of her life in her heroic struggle to save the life of her friend, her danger had not yet passed. After her unsuccessful effort to save the life of another, there came the long, desperate struggle to save her own life, which, at times, was so hopeless, that in all human probability it might be considered a losing game.

By the time she got back to the fire, she was

already in the first stages of freezing. The excitement, exhaustion and cold attending her futile efforts on Mrs. Taylor's behalf left her in a most precarious condition and, we would naturally think, an easy prey or victim of frost.

Her sense of danger is not to be deceived, for she knows full well the ground of attack. The terrible inclination to sleep which first possesses the victim of frost is upon her, but she realizes that to yield would be fatal. Sleep she must have. It is nature's demand, and how can it be denied. There is solace in sleep. A few moments will satisfy the inclination. No, she must not yield, for it meant death.

The temptation to yield gets momentarily more intense. With every chilling sensation the powers of resistance get weaker and the inclination to sleep stronger and stronger.

Now she is on the very verge of yielding. Then she rouses herself with the determination to hold out a little longer. Again and again she finds herself on the verge of yielding, then, to use her own words, " A vision of home came to mind, and the thought, how terrible to my family if I should die here," proved an incentive to hold out a little longer. It was thus that she gained the victory over the deceiver.

It was a battle for life in which will power

was taxed to its utmost. That citadel held out, and life was preserved for the present at least. Her strong determination to keep awake was what saved her. All honor to the one who exercises the powers of resistance to the last ditch. A true victor is the man or woman who holds out when the temptation to yield is strong and stealthy.

After a good deal of fightings without and fears within she at length threw herself on the warm ashes at the side of the building which was first burned down. There for a time she had the solace of unconsciousness in obedience to nature's demands. But there were dangers there on that bed of ashes as thick as in the fiercest of the fight with the white-robed monarch of the prairies, whose movements were as alert as the wind, and whose terrific charge was fast taking one stronghold upon life after another in his relentless march upon the plains of Meadow Lea that night.

Coals of fire were all around Miss Reid's person, and pieces of burning timber at times fell in close proximity to where she was lying. In places her clothes were burned through to her body, and her hands, it is thought, were severely burned as well as frozen. The wonder is that she was not burned to death. " I cannot

understand it; it must have been an interposition of Divine Providence," is the only explanation the survivor attempts to give of her singular deliverance.

Regaining consciousness some time before daylight, she heard a faint moan, and called to know who was there. Mary answered her. Martha asked, "Are you cold, Mary?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "I am very cold." "Come to me, then," said her friend, "we can keep from freezing here, at least." She went, and together they sought to keep the spark of life from being prematurely put out.

What more pitiable sight than those two women as they lay together upon the ashes of a ruined home. The one almost despairing of life, the other so disconsolate that she did not want to live. Deprived of home, sister and mother, there seemed to be nothing for her but to wait for release by death.

If anything additional was needed to give a supreme touch to the pathetic scene it could be found in the peculiar attachment which the faithful family dog evinced for Miss Reid, by taking a position beside her head, and maintaining through the hours a sympathetic oversight over her prostrate form.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

MORNING came, but Martha Reid's prayer for deliverance remained unanswered. The storm still raged and the outlook was as hopeless as could possibly be. Annie Taylor, who, as we have noted, went out through the night to seek her sister Lizzie, returned with the return of morning light. She had wandered over the plains seeking her lost sister no one knows how long, and eventually took shelter in what was known as Chant's house—a vacated building which for some years had been used as a granary.

Failing to find any trace of the missing one she returned to see how it fared with the others. What a sad and sorrowful home coming that must have been. No good tidings to bring; heart-sickening sights to see, and heart-rending news to hear. Little is known of what physical pain she endured, but the anguish of mind was simply indescribable. Few are the words to record that passed between her and the other members of the depleted family circle.

Her first question was, "Has Lizzie come back yet?" It was her sister Mary answered, "No." Looking around and failing to see her mother or Martha, she asked, "Where are mother and Martha?" Mary answered, "Mother is over there," pointing in the direction where she was last seen, "and Martha is here beside me."

This was too much for that overwrought, sensitive heart to endure. The climax had come. After years of adversity the awful stroke was none the easier to bear. Annie Taylor had proved herself a mainstay to the family, and in the darkest days of their history she was as faithful as a daughter could be. Being the eldest of the family she was possessed of a good deal of care and thoughtfulness on behalf of the others. She had borne her share of sharp disappointments, occasioned by more than one heavy financial loss, and now to think that this calamity had come upon them. The loss of the house, the despoiling of their goods, and the many inconveniences occasioned by a fire weighed heavily upon her heart, even before the hand of death had been laid upon any of the family.

To her, as well as the others, the night had proven a season of intense sorrow, anxiety and

suffering. Coming home after finding no trace of Lizzie to find mother dead, and father and Mary and her dear friend Martha Reid in a perishing condition, we need not wonder that she completely broke down under the awful strain. There is a limit to human endurance, and Annie Taylor had certainly reached it that stormy Sunday morning, as she stood confronted with the calamities that had come through the night.

A good Christian she undoubtedly was, but she could not be reconciled to the severity of the stroke. She became frantic with grief and bitter in her reflections upon the ways of God to men. With passionate cries she walked back and forth around the smoking ruins, wringing her hands, and wildly praying, "Oh, God, what have we done? Why hast Thou allowed this to come upon us? What have we done, oh God? What have we done? What have we done?" she repeated over and over amid bursts of uncontrollable feeling and grief that knew no bounds.

Who could have the heart to chide that child of sorrow and of woe as she questioned the justice of the stroke? Who could endeavor to vindicate the ways of God to that soul upon the verge of despair and mental distraction?

She stands upon an incomplete circle of calamities. From an earthly standpoint there can be no silver lining to the cloud. We must wait till all is complete and the irreconcilable lines are viewed in the light of eternity. When all is apprehended, and understood, the rugged realities of earthly trials may be harmoniously wrought into the grand design which so often lies hidden from the eyes that are blinded with tears of sorrow.

We should all like to have seen her restored to reason and resignation, such as Job advanced unto when he said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But we would not for a moment think she was any the less a lover of the Lord than the disappointed and bereaved woman of Bethany, who, in a tone of reproval, said to her Lord, "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

But one ambition remained in the heart of Annie Taylor after she had given full vent to her feelings, and that was the fatal one of finding some trace of her lost sister Lizzie.

It is said that love is blind, and a phase of blindness was very evident here. Annie, we might say, was not only blind to danger as regards herself, but blind to all other resources

that might afford relief to the helpless ones around the smouldering ruins. Lizzie must be found, or that sisterly heart of hers would never afterwards forgive itself for unfaithfulness to the one she loved more dearly than life.

She certainly feels that she has not much to live for now, and rightly or wrongly she resolves to find her sister or die in the attempt. Again she starts off saying, " I'm going to find Lizzie." This time her words have the ring of determination. On through the storm she goes on her hopeless mission, never more to return. She wandered about half a mile away. A strong gust of wind caught her and threw her backwards, and there death recorded her devotion to the one who had gone before her, doubtless some hours, to that home they loved to sing about while here together on earth. In the same spirit of sacrifice and devotion, both perished in the storm. It may be said it was folly on Annie's part, but we are more inclined to say it was God's way of finding Lizzie. It was sad as sad could be, but we call to mind that they were homeward bound, and thus we believe the sorrow of separation, which endured for the night, was more than compensated for by the joy of meeting each other safe at home in the morning.

CHAPTER X.

A WRONG TURN.

How near Lizzie Taylor came to reaching the high mark of achievement she set for herself when she said, "I will go to Uncle's and bring the boys to save the rest of you," can be gathered from the fact that was afterwards revealed from her footprints in the snow that she was at one time within a few yards of her uncle's house. This remarkable testimony from the tracks she left behind her accords well with the confident assurance, "If I have ever been to a place once I can always manage to get there again." The irony of fate in almost bearing out this assurance, and then discounting it on the very eve of a demonstration of its accuracy, is one of the things we feel disposed to protest against.

Coming so near fulfilling the exceptional task to the very letter, can we not be generous enough to accord her the crown of success and credit her failure at the critical point in her errand to an unaccountable mishap, a mys-

terious providence, or better, a call from the homeland.

Among the sad things to reflect upon afterwards was the painful thought that there was at one time but a step between Lizzie Taylor and life—a step between her and the deliverance of her family. It is said she came so near at one time to the wire fence which enclosed her uncle's yard and house that had she reached out her hand to arm's length she would have touched it. One step more in the right direction would have told a different tale. Almost saved! Oh, how near to the attainment of her ambition! The next move may decide destiny one way or the other. What a crisis in the life of that young woman, as she stands on the threshold of a great victory. One step more in the right direction and a great achievement would have been won, a great triumph gained in honor of her name, and a great deliverance obtained for those she sought to save.

"Ponder the path of thy feet," is a most urgent exhortation when we consider that a wrong turn may turn the prospects for earth and heaven against you. Many have come to that critical period in their lives when a step this way or that decided the day either for or against them forever."

"They came to the gates of Canaan,
But they never entered in;
They came to the very threshold,
But they perished in their sin.

"And so we are ever coming
To the place where two ways part;
One leads to the land of promise,
And one to a hardened heart."

A wrong turn at the crucial point took Lizzie Taylor in the wrong direction, and she never afterwards came as near the object of her search. On she goes in the blinding storm. The trackless plain gives no clue to her whereabouts. She has lost her way, but is yet determined to succeed. It is a tiring tramp, tramp, tramp, through the deep snow. Now she is making some headway, but again and again she turns to evade the fierce wind. The battle gets harder and harder, but on goes that beautiful nymph of the snow, this way and that way, until many miles had been travelled in the vain search for help.

How much she needs a guiding hand till the storm of life is past, and who will say she was unattended, or that her feet were not guided as truly then as when the way was bright and clear? She is getting nearer home than ever she has been before, but her ambition is good

for earth as long as strength holds out. Everything is against her but she does not relax her efforts or renounce her determination to succeed. She heeds not the forces that are calling loudly for her to halt; she has too much at stake to surrender. She has done her part faithfully, but there is no satisfaction in that while her promise is unfulfilled.

Her unwavering ambition keeps her up and urges her on. There is no time to stop and take solace in the thought of having done her best as well as she knew how. The desperate fight goes on until that faltering heart begins to fail, and the throbs get faint and unsteady. Her steps get shorter and shorter. She steadies herself, and then takes another step, then another, until the last round of strength is gone, and she falls forward on the snow with both hands outstretched in front.

Four miles or more from the object of her search her lifeless frozen body was afterwards found; but her footprints, traced in the varied directions in which they led bore testimony to a very long journey. Counting her steps, it is estimated she tramped nine or ten miles through the deep snow, and was none too well clad on that terrible night.

It was certainly in a sense a long way home.

The hardships of the journey were ended at last. The final struggle was doubtless sharp and decisive.

She made a fatal mistake, but this must not be charged against her. Her safety was in staying with the others around the fire; but those who never venture, never win. Better that she had not ventured at all, shall we insist? Never, if expressed in the spirit which calls forth the stern reproof and the supreme estimate—"Let her alone, she hath done what she could."

She meant well, but she missed her way. When alive she was the pride of the home. To-day she lives in the memory of a larger circle as the heroine of the prairies. No costly statue in recognition of her faithful adherence to a noble purpose, or in memory of her love and lofty endeavor, may ever be raised to adorn her last resting place; but her heroism stands as a challenge to the chivalry of men, and her name stands worthy of a place among the women who have dared much and suffered much for others.

MARY TAYLOR

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

CHAPTER XI.

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

Some time after Annie Taylor went away for the last time to seek her lost sister, Martha and Mary began to consider the advisability of making for a place of safety. The ashes had become cold by this time, and Martha, feeling much stronger, said to Mary, "Had we not better try to get to Chant's house? We will find shelter there, at least."

This they agree upon as the only possible way of escape, and accordingly they started off together. They had no sooner started when it occurred to Mary that her father's critical condition required her attention, and with that she stopped, saying, "I must go back and try and help father to the house as well." Then giving Martha directions, she returned.

The empty house was about one quarter of a mile away. Even that distance was far too much for one in Martha Reid's condition to attempt. A temporary revival of her strength could not be depended upon to stay with her when every step exacted a heavy strain upon

her depleted store of energy. Besides, she was very much hampered by her clothing. The snow as it fell upon her through the night was melted by the heat from the ashes, and thus her clothes were wet through in parts, and upon exposure to the cold had frozen stiff. Under the circumstances her dress was a serious barrier to progress, and her shoes, which had been hurriedly put on the night before without being buttoned, soon became so full of snow that she considered it expedient to take them off and throw them away.

She was fleeing for life, however, and with a courage born of desperation she struggled on through the deep snow as best she could. The faithful dog, which had shown so much interest in her through the night, kept close to her side. Why the dog should show such peculiar attachment to a visitor in preference to the members of the family is unaccountable.

Miss Reid was much in need of an attendant, and any help her canine companion might give would certainly be acceptable. She was in danger of losing her way any time, and it soon became evident that the task she had undertaken was far too great for her. Every step counts in the flight for life, but it also counts against her in that it tells upon her fast ex-

hausting supply of strength. She struggles on, only to sink in the snow. Mustering all her courage and strength she would struggle to her feet again. A few more steps and she was down again. Another desperate effort, and she was up and on again, repeating the falls and struggles until she was completely exhausted. After constant struggling and continuous exposure to the cold her strength collapsed, and she fell forward on the snow, and found she could not command strength enough to rise. She tried, and tried again, but so overcome was she by exhaustion and the cold that it was impossible for her to regain her feet.

At this juncture the faithful dog entered upon the stage of action, and played a most sagacious part. Without call or coaxing he placed himself right in front of Miss Reid's prostrate form, thus affording her a means of supporting her weight, which she readily took advantage of by placing her arms on the dog's back; then, pressing heavily downward, she raised herself slowly until through the assistance afforded her she was on her feet again.

She staggered on a little farther but only to sink again in the snow. Unable to rise, she knows not what to do. Will deliverance come, or will she have to give up the fight?

By this time Mary had well-nigh overtaken her. She had tried to help her father, but he was unable to go very far, and finding she could not hope to bring him along, she stayed until with her assistance he crawled back on hands and knees to the fire. Then she returned to Martha just in time to prove that a friend in need is a friend indeed. She helped Martha up and encouraged her by saying they had not far to go.

Mary at once assumed the leadership, as her friend was much weaker than her, owing to the severe trial of the previous night. The occasion called for courage and action of the highest order, and Mary had apparently forsaken her indifference to the finality of the issue in the excitement of the race and the danger that confronted them. "It would never do," she said to Martha, "to give up now; we must get there if possible—it is our only hope of safety."

Stimulated by the thought of soon reaching a place of safety, Martha again enters with renewed determination upon the heavy task of wading through the snow, and with Mary's assistance the house was soon reached. Both were completely exhausted and overcome with the cold.

They found an open door, but unfortunately it was one that could not be closed against their swift pursuers, the wind and cold. The snow had drifted in through the doorway, and it was impossible to close the door on that account.

Safe shall we suppose they were in that miserable old log granary with door open and the fierce wind blowing through it. They could scarcely have been worse off where they were, and what they gained was at such heavy expense that the flight for life must be considered as very far from a move in the right direction. They looked around to see if there was anything in the form of a door which they could lay their hands upon with which to close the doorway, but they found nothing. There was an upstairs to the building, to which they would have to ascend by a ladder in order to get there. Miss Reid tried to climb it, but her hands were so badly frozen she had lost the power to grasp the rungs, and had to abandon the thought of climbing.

They were very weak as well as cold, and sought some place in which to lie down to rest. A heap or bin of wheat occupied the remote corners of the building, and there was no other shift than to settle themselves down on the cold

bin of wheat—an uncongenial couch indeed.

Those who have experienced the icy touch of wheat when exposed to a low temperature will almost shudder when they think of the chilling effect it must have had upon constitutions sorely in need of warmth and protection. It was a cold reception without a doubt. In such a building and on such a day it would be enough to chill the very life-blood of anyone coming in contact with it.

Martha became unconscious shortly after they settled themselves upon the icy bed, and remained in that state most of the time. Her hands were very painful, and every time she went to shift her position it necessitated her frozen hands being plunged into the cold grain, thus adding to her intense suffering.

Mary was evidently unconscious a great deal of the time after reaching the house. Apparently she was quite a willing captive to the snare which adverse winds and low temperature had combined to set for her life.

At times Martha would say to her, " Mary, you must keep up and not yield to the cold," but Mary had other thoughts and simply answered her friend's implorations by saying, " With mother and Lizzie gone I have no desire

to live." It was doubtless an honest wish, and from all appearances the chances were good for it to be speedily gratified.

Neither of them could long hope to hold out against the fearful odds against them in their weakened condition, and the prospects of their discovery were as remote as they possibly could be. They were completely out of touch with all lines of communication and if they are to be rescued at all it must be soon, and by the operation of agencies to mortal eyes unseen.

What an incomplete world this, viewing it from a purely materialistic point of view! Here in one house were dire distress and urgent need; in another, not far away, there was help if it could only be reached. No alarm could be sounded, no word forwarded. How is the breach to be overcome, or the lack of intercourse to be supplemented? "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." How encouraging that might be were it not that facilities for the transmission of news are completely cut off, and action must be suspended along all lines of possible rescue. What a lacking this link of communication! What a suspense it must occasion even in the spirit-world! Can it be that the eye that never

slumbers nor sleeps is looking on unmoved by the hopelessness of the situation? Or can we yet hope that God will make good the missing link of communication? Is it too much for faith to ask? Is it too hard for the Lord to do? Wait and see.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

SUNDAY morning at Mr. Wm. Taylor's house found them all enjoying good health. Things were going on pretty much as usual; the care of the stock and looking after the requirements of the house engaged the attention of the different members of the household. They were conscious of the fact that the storm was unusually severe; but they had all slept through the night quite unconscious of the disaster so near their door, and quite unconscious of the fact that a brave young maiden had battled against fearful odds to within a few yards of their home, freighted with a message, which, had it been delivered, would have sent a thrill through every heart.

What a fine stroke of luck, as we sometimes say, to have struck that house! Who could have wished for a stronger relief party than that home could have supplied at a moment's notice. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Albertson, Wesley,

Ralph and Learoyd Taylor were there—all of them capable of affording help had they only known help was needed.

Across the snow a little over half a mile away stood Chant's house, the scene of suffering and distress. There Martha Reid was striving to resist the terrible cold and inclination to sleep, and striving to keep herself and friend alive until the hoped-for help would come in answer to her earnest prayer.

At the home of Wm. Taylor there was warmth and comfort. There was little to be done except keep the house warm and keep within its enclosure, as the day was such that no one thought of staying out longer than absolutely necessary. The last thing you might think of would be that of intercourse between neighbors on a day like that. Strange, indeed, it would seem, for anyone to venture far from home in view of the severity of the weather and the danger of getting lost on the prairie. Some strange things happen, however, when there is no eye to pity and no arm to save.

About noon a young man might be seen coming out of Mr. Wm. Taylor's house and heading in the direction of the place where John Taylor's house had stood. It was Ralph Taylor. How can we account for such a

strange procedure. Had a stranger knocked at the door to inform them that the house was burned? No, but God had knocked at the door of that young man's heart, and he could not but obey the call.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." In His own way and His own time the call for help had come. About noon the second eldest son of Mr. Taylor, Ralph, felt strangely weighed down with the impression or conviction that something was wrong at his uncle's. With this indefinite presentiment on his mind there was an irresistible inclination impelling him, as it were, to go over to his uncle's place, and saying, "I must go over and see how uncle fared in the storm," he arose to get ready to go. His father did not like the thought of his starting out in the storm, and tried to dissuade him from his purpose until after dinner at least. And at the same time he called to Mrs. Taylor to hurry up the dinner as Ralph intended going over to Uncle John's. This was reasonable, but it would not do. The King's message required haste. The conviction that something was wrong now came upon the young man's mind with such overwhelming influence that he dared not to delay. "No," said Ralph, in response to

his father's appeal to wait, "I must go now," and with that he hastened to get ready to go. His mother says, "It just seemed that there was something pushing that boy out of the house." We read of supernatural hands being laid upon Lot to hasten him out of Sodom—was the hand of the Lord not as truly manifest, and was there not as urgent need when it was laid upon that young man to hasten him off upon his errand of mercy.

There was an old trail between the two houses, and Ralph managed to keep it until arriving at the scene of disaster. No questions had to be asked. How the folks fared in the storm at uncle's was too apparent for anyone. The scene of desolation told the story—part of it at least, and suggestions of the other part came with alarming rapidity to the astonished visitor. Upon seeing no one he did not know what to think. Could they all be burned up in the night, or where could they be? He thought of the stable, and with the hope of finding them safely housed there he went at once to see.

Failing to find anyone he returned and discovered his uncle, lying at the side of the ruins, covered with snow. He was in a semi-conscious condition, and consequently helpless. His whiskers were one mass of ice. He had

been gathering in snow with his hands and eating it. It was appalling to look upon the picture that he presented. A more woe-begone condition could scarcely be imagined.

Ralph tried to elicit information from him as to the others' whereabouts, but he seemed to have very vague ideas of what happened, and could give no intelligent statement of where the others had gone, or where it might be possible to find them. It was evident nothing could be done without help, so Ralph returned to give the alarm and to get horse and sleigh to go after his uncle.

The scene of desolation, the appalling outlook, and the fearful uncertainty with regard to the safety of the missing ones so wrought upon his mind on the way home, that he found the news very hard to break upon his arrival.

Standing in the doorway of his own home, Ralph Taylor found himself unable to speak. The usual question, "How are they all?" drew forth no response. His father, quick to see that something was wrong, asked in eager tones, "My son, what is the matter?" Still he stood speechless. The intense strain of thought and feeling occasioned by the alarming situation completely held in check all efforts at utterance.

Again the father, seeing something unusual was weighing upon his son's mind, eagerly asked, "Why, what is the matter?" After a hard struggle to steady his voice, he gained control of his powers of speech, and simply said: "The house is burned down, and I can find only uncle."

It is needless to dwell upon the effect which this very indefinite account of what had happened had upon the occupants of that home. Little had been told, much remained to be conjectured. It was evident the storm had claimed some victims—how anxiously they questioned with each other of the possibility of any of them being saved. It was a time of intense thought and feeling, but the situation called for something more practical than tears.

A relief party, consisting of Mr. Albertson, Ralph, Learoyd and Wesley Taylor, was speedily formed and fitted out. A faithful old mare was harnessed and hitched to a light sleigh. Then came a good supply of quilts and blankets—a very necessary provision for the journey.

One calamity suggests the possibility of another, and Mrs. Taylor's motherly heart felt the necessity of taking precautions, and she exacted a promise of the boys before leaving not

to separate one from the other, and in case they lost their way they were to use the wrappings in the sleigh to protect themselves, sufficient being sent along for the little company of rescuers, in addition to ample provision for those they hoped to rescue.

It was not a day to play any chance game upon the prairies. With no guiding lines there was no telling when a wrong course might be taken. However, they all got safely to the scene of desolation. Mr. Taylor was then put into the sleigh, and after being carefully wrapped up Mr. Albertson and Wesley started home with him.

Having first learned from the uncle that Mary and her friend, Martha Reid, had sought refuge in Chant's house, it was decided that Ralph and Learoyd go over to the house and stay with them until Mr. Albertson and Wesley brought the horse and sleigh back after them.

Accordingly the two boys struck for Chant's house. Entering they at once came upon the two young women lying near to each other upon the cold bed of wheat. Mary was quite unconscious. Martha, as one startled in sleep, turned and partly raised herself up at the approach of Ralph Taylor, whom she quickly recognized, and with a look of mingled agony

and gratitude from her snow-white face and appealing eyes, never to be forgotten by the young man, she greeted her rescuers with the dramatic but heart-felt exclamation of gratitude and praise, " Thank God, we're saved!"

The thrill of joy which passed through her frame was scarcely in keeping with the severer shades so prominent in every feature of the scene, and quickly passed, to be followed by touches of the tragic which were already too much in evidence in the drama of events.

In her weak condition, reaction was sure to follow exertion or extreme feeling, and as might be expected, the over-exertion of herself to express her joy and gratitude for the arrival of help proved too much for her, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness on the cold wheat, and remained that way, with occasional lucid moments, for a long time.

Turning their attention to Mary, the boys bent eagerly over their cousin's almost lifeless form and tried to get her to speak, but they failed to get any intelligent response. Then they took off their under coats and placed one on each of the young women, and waited eagerly for the return of the horse and sleigh.

We have noted the long and fruitless season of waiting around the burning building the

night before, and now, at the most critical stage, comes another spell of waiting. How severe this exercise of waiting is, especially when moments are fast measuring the outcome of an issue, which, in reality, amounts to just a matter of time in determining whether it is life or death.

The two young women, who lay in an unconscious state and badly frozen, had a long cold wait, and now in their turn the two Taylor boys were obliged to wait a little longer than they calculated upon. What can be keeping Mr. Albertson and Wesley? they asked themselves impatiently. Failing to arrive as soon as they expected, they became anxious and feared lest they had lost their way.

There was no time to waste in useless waiting, and becoming impatient, they started home to see what was keeping them so long. Going home they came very nearly taking a wrong course, and upon reaching the trail over which Mr. Albertson and Wesley were expected to pass on the way home, they were dismayed upon finding no track of horse or sleigh. Evidently Mr. Albertson and Wesley had lost themselves in the storm. Ralph's heart smote him upon remembering the promise to his mother not to separate from one another.

"How can I face mother without the boys?" he asked himself, as he thought of the terrible blow it would be to that already grief-stricken heart.

There was no necessity, however, for alarm, as Mr. Albertson and Wesley had arrived home all right. The trackless trail they left behind them was easily accounted for. The wind had sifted the fine snow into the tracks, and thereby completely obscured the marks of horse and sleigh. It was well that no new chapter of accidents had opened, and it was a great relief to Ralph Taylor upon entering the stable, which he did before venturing into the house, to find that the horse had returned. The reason for the delay was that the old mare was completely fagged out after coming so far through the deep snow, and before goinng back they were obliged to let her rest a while. There were some young horses in the stable, but it was impossible to get them to face the violent storm. In a short while they were on their way back to Chant's house, and the two women were brought out to the sleigh on their arrival and carefully wrapped for the journey home.

Half a mile is not a very long distance to go under ordinary conditions. A city ambulance would go that far in a very short time, but city

conditions are often very remote when most required. The spectacle presented on this occasion has many touches of the rural about it to remind us of the fact that the country is new, and the conditions unfavorable for the carrying out of a speedy relief. The snow is too deep for any faster gait than a walk. The wind hampers every movement, and the terrible cold, in so far as the mind measures distance, does not help to make the road any shorter.

The faithful old mare can be depended upon to go straight ahead in the face of the heaviest gale, but she must have her time as the road is heavy all the way, and in places deep drifts of snow have to be waded through. This is the kind of exercise which soon warms a horse, and wearies it as well. The effect as regards appearance can easily be imagined. The cold air and snow which is being continually pelted in against the mare's face meets the hot vapor from her nostrils, and soon her head is literally covered with icicles and snow, which, with the constant whirl of fine snow that envelopes her body, affords a spectacle which might lead one to think that the poor animal had been chosen as a medium upon which to visit the wrath of the elements, and in that way expiate in some

measure the wrongs connected with the hardships of the day.

On goes the sleigh, slowly but surely. Two precious lives are in that sleigh, or perhaps it is as well not to be too sure about that. Their attendants have the mien of mourners, and there is much suggestive of a funeral march. There is hope, however, and though it is not wise to reverse an old aphorism by saying where there is hope there is life, yet hope often has much to do with controlling the issue. In the hope of saving life, they took every precaution to protect them from the cold. But while the two women were accorded the attention due to the living, all was accepted with the silence of the dead.

Arriving at the house they are tenderly carried in. Quilts and blankets are quickly unwrapped to see if they are badly frozen, or if they are yet alive. The sorrowful snow-white faces of the unconscious women are brought into view. Martha Reid is laid out for dead. Mary Taylor shows signs of life. Apparently one shall be taken and the other left. No mistake about that; but what if God has appointed to death the one who longed for the release of death, and what if the one declared to be dead is destined to live?

While there is life there is hope. This was so much in Mary's favor. Loving hearts beat anxiously and at times hopefully around as they wrought with her, trying to revive the faint spark of life. "She is pretty far gone," was the opinion shared by all. The dear young cousins who stood around were quick to see encouraging signs, and it was not easy to answer the timid enquiries, because their hopes could hardly be confirmed by the more experienced.

When closely questioned Mrs. Taylor sadly shook her head. "Oh, don't give her up," cried one or two of the younger folk; "don't give her up so soon." The passionate appeal, however, could not invest any human being with power to hold the sinking girl much longer to the friends on this side of the river. Failing to accomplish anything, older heads bowed to the inevitable. Mrs. Taylor took the frost-riven form upon her lap, and bending eagerly over her young niece, begged of her to speak. "Oh, Mary, do try and speak to me," she repeated, as she gazed tenderly into the poor girl's dying face for some last word of recognition or request. But she had evidently said her last words, and her last intelligent words were doubtless the expressed wish to follow mother

and Lizzie—to go home with them rather than remain homeless upon the earth. Her desire was soon to be granted. It was too true she was homeward bound. Her friends were none too soon to see her take her departure. She knew not how many had gone before her, and was too weak to ask.

She seemed to be conscious that her hour had come, and looked up into her aunt's face with her large, soulful eyes as if to bestow a last long look of gratitude and affection upon her dear friend's face. "I shall never forget the long, wistful look she gave me," says Mrs. Taylor, as her mind goes back to that hour when, with both arms around her dear niece, she tried to hold her back to life and loving friends. Made eloquent with sorrow and suffering, those eyes spoke volumes more than words could begin to express.

Relaxing her gaze, she closed her eyes to earth's sad scenes, and with a deep sigh her gentle spirit took its homeward flight. It was only about ten or fifteen minutes after she had been brought into the house when she expired in her aunt's arms. "One shall be taken," and taken so soon it was hard to realize that she was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

"RESCUE THE PERISHING, LIFT UP THE FALLEN."

In the interval that elapsed between the arrival of Mr. Taylor and the two girls, there was ample time to minister to his necessities, and it was fully occupied in efforts to relieve his distressed condition as much as could be done by rubbing, thawing and changing clothes, applying restoratives, etc.

He had suffered much with the cold. The tips of his fingers were frozen off, and other parts of his body were badly frost-bitten. But while his condition was serious it had not reached a critical stage. In due course of time he was brought around all right.

As we have observed, Martha Reid's case at the time she was first brought in was regarded as hopeless. On the other hand, there was a possibility of saving Mary, and attention was directed more particularly to her until it was found to be of no use. When Mary died her body was temporarily laid upon a table in the same room where lay Martha Reid's uncon-

scious form. The house was small, with few rooms, and this accounts for the well-nigh fatal oversight of leaving her exposed to the view of the unconscious woman, whose life was really despaired of at the time.

Before and for some time after Mary's death, Martha showed few signs of life. Judging from appearances, the storms of life were past with her. At the time she was discovered in Chant's house she presented an appearance fully as pitiable as Mr. Taylor's. Her dishevelled hair was literally strung with icicles, formed by the snow melting and then freezing through the night. Her frozen hands, her frost-bound clothing, together with her white emaciated face, gave her the picture of death rather than life.

Thanks be to God, if she did not find herself in a well-equipped hospital with all modern methods of treatment, she found herself in the shelter of a warm house, and surrounded by kind friends anxious to do what they could to restore her to life and loving friends. If Mary's friends were none too soon to see her take her departure, they were none too soon to save the life of Martha, for a few moments more, unless God's hands had still further in-

terposed in her behalf, would certainly have turned the tables against her.

The first thing to be done was to relieve her of her uncomfortable clothing. In order to do this the frozen garments had to be cut in different parts. Mrs. Taylor, who was superintending the removal of the clothing, found upon reaching the body that every part was quite cold except one spot just below the breast where there was quite a warm feeling.

A physician's attendance was out of the question until the storm abated, and in the meantime every effort was put forth by rubbing, and other home methods to revive vitality and restore consciousness.

After an hour or more she began to show signs of life. For a moment she regained consciousness, and looking around she saw Mary's form lying near by. It was evident to her that it was all over with poor Mary, and the sight proved too much for her. She sank again into unconsciousness, and was in that state most of the time for several days.

The deep sorrow occasioned by Mary's death and the intense anxiety on account of Miss Reid's critical condition was enough to make that memorable Sunday a day of trouble and intense sorrow. Added to that

was the unhappy and unhopeful contemplation in regard to the missing ones. Dead or alive, they must be sought and found. The day was not considered a fit one to be out at all, but the men and boys went back to the place where the house was burned, and tying themselves together with long ropes, they searched for those who had undoubtedly fallen, either through the night or in the early morning. They found Mrs. Taylor's body wrapped in a winding sheet of snow, but were unable to get any trace of Annie or Lizzie. The severity of the weather made it impossible to keep up the search, and they returned.

The thought of Mrs. Taylor's body remaining in the snow for another day was too much for the sympathetic heart of Mrs. Wm. Taylor, and she sought her son Ralph, and implored, "Could you not bring your poor auntie's body home?" The experiences of that day had been enough to make Ralph feel that safety was of more importance than sentiment, and he wisely answered as he met his mother's appealing face: "Mother, don't ask us to go out again to-day. You don't know what it is on the prairie."

The next morning the storm had abated, and the neighbors were informed of the calamity.

The news soon spread, and the response was worthy of the men of Meadow Lea, and the work that had to be done. All day Monday the prairie was searched for the missing ones.

On Monday forenoon Mrs. Taylor's body was brought in. She was completely buried in the snow—the storm must be credited with respect for the dead in that it gave a decent burial to its victim, or shall we consider the last act worse than the first, in that it looks like an attempt to conceal crime and cover up cruelty.

To the faithful family dog which lay upon the snow above the body from Sunday until Monday morning, belongs the honor of the day. His vigilant watch under such adverse conditions demonstrated a devotion which can never be questioned or depreciated on any second consideration.

Some time Monday afternoon Annie Taylor's body was found. She was about half a mile from her own home, in a place known as Chant's Marsh. When found she was lying upon her back, with a quilt or blanket wrapped round her head and shoulders. Apparently she had been facing the wind and had been blown backward by a heavy gale. She was frozen stiff; life had evidently become extinct

many hours before she was discovered. Her body was also taken to Mr. Wm. Taylor's.

Up to Monday night there was no trace of Lizzie, and preparations were made for a larger force and a more extensive search the following day.

During the day Martha Reid showed no decided improvement. She still lingered between life and death, and was unconscious most of the time. Towards night Dr. Pulford, of Stonewall, a small village about twelve miles away, arrived and, after examining the patient, gave very little hope of her recovery. He did not think she could live until the next morning. Morning came and she was yet alive. The doctor stayed all day Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday. During this time the patient had shown some improvement.

On Tuesday the search for Lizzie was resumed. As the news spread the people flocked to the place, and kept increasing the number on the field, until by Tuesday over fifty men were out searching the prairie. They searched from early morning until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when she was found about four miles away from her uncle's house.

Leaving her uncle's she had taken a southwesterly course, and had gone as far as she

possibly could. The position in which she lay, with both hands outstretched in front, indicated that she had fallen through sheer exhaustion of strength, and being unable to rise, soon perished with the cold.

The snow was so deep it was impossible to get teams to where her body lay, and it was therefore necessary to carry her body all the way through the deep snow. Tenderly her stiffened form, cold as ice, was laid upon some men's overcoats, and across the deep snow of the prairie strong men carried her until they reached the house where lay cold in death the dear ones for whom she had sacrificed her life in vain.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HARDEST TASK.

OWING to the heavy fall of snow, the roads were blocked for nearly a week. As a consequence the burial service had to wait. On Saturday the coffins arrived, and the funeral ceremonies having been arranged for, the burying of the dead was proceeded with.

The pastor was so overcome by the calamity that he could not trust himself to carry through the solemn exercises which devolved upon him, and sent to Winnipeg for Rev. Dr. Rice. He came, and on Saturday conducted a short service at the house, after which the remains were conveyed to their last resting place, a cemetery about four miles away, Rev. A. B. Hames officiating at the grave.

The following day, Sunday, March 12th, Rev. Dr. Rice took charge of the memorial service in the church now so sadly weakened by the loss sustained. It was a very impressive service. The Rev. Doctor very appropriately employed the occasion by giving a guarded disquisition on the mysteries of Divine Provi-

dence, with words of comfort for the bereaved friends and heart-stricken congregation.

It devolved upon Mrs. Hames, the wife of the pastor, to take the place of the departed organist, and lead the singing as well, upon that very sorrowful occasion.

It was deemed appropriate to sing a selection which the deceased young members were very fond of, entitled "Wandering Home, or the Heavenly Shore." Having heard Mrs. Hames sing it, they had borrowed the book containing words and music, learned the piece, and often sang it afterwards with great delight.

"I think it was the hardest task of my life," is the way Mrs. Hames puts it, as she reflects upon the trying situation in which she was placed when called upon to play the organ, and sing those truthful words made doubly touching by the combined associations of the past and the solemnities of the present.

"We are wandering home as time glideth by
And weaveth its garland of years,
To a beautiful home, and better by far
Than the one in this valley of tears.

"We are wandering home by the same old way
Our fathers before us have trod,—
The shadow of death and the city beyond,
The glorious city of God.

"We are wandering home o'er a stormy plain,
Replete with temptation and sin,
To a beautiful fold where wardens await
To welcome each wanderer in.

"We are wandering home, yes, wandering home,
But soon we shall wander no more;
And oh! may we meet each other at last,
At home on the heavenly shore."

How forcibly those words had been emphasized since that congregation had met together before in the service of the sanctuary. One home less in the neighborhood on account of the summons home to so many members. The number of years sojourned upon the earth, we find, is the general closing item in connection with the terminus of those old worthies mentioned in patriarchal records, and in accord with such unquestioned precedents, we briefly note that Mrs. Taylor was fifty-seven years and nine months of age; Annie twenty-six and six months; Mary, twenty-four and four months; Lizzie, twenty-one years and a few days; when tried by fire and tracked by frost they came to their tragic end.

CHAPTER XV.

MY POOR HANDS!

Miss Reid yet lay in a critical condition in the home which had been for some days in a very special sense the house of death. She rallied at times to again sink back into unconsciousness. It was four or five days after her rescue before much certainty could be entertained about her recovery.

She suffered much from her hands. Her body was burned here and there by lying in the ashes, and it is thought her hands were burned as well as frozen.

It is needless to say much sympathy was felt for Miss Reid in the struggle for life which was engaging the serious thought of those who waited at her bedside from day to day, ready to anticipate every wish and relieve in every possible way the severe pains she had to endure.

Kind friends were there to give what assistance was needed in waiting upon her through the anxious days and weary nights.

Mrs. Hames, the minister's wife, stayed a

week or more helping to nurse the patient back to health and strength.

Gradually she began to gain, and the fainting spells became less frequent. In three or four weeks' time she was able to move around, but the pain in her hands was as bad as ever. "Oh, my poor hands!" she was frequently heard to exclaim through the long siege of suffering, and this was the one piteous complaint, when it became evident the fingers would have to come off.

If it was hard to bear the stinging pain, it seemed harder to become reconciled to the loss of her fingers. However, she summoned up courage, and went to Winnipeg in the course of some weeks, and had the fingers amputated, most of them quite close to the hands.

This done and the hands healed up, the problem of making her way in life with fingerless hands remained to be solved.

To sew was out of the question. To beg was contrary to her independent spirit. What could she do with fingers cut so close that the power to grasp seemed to be entirely gone? Undaunted by the loss she began to manipulate the remaining stubs, and succeeded so well in training her hands, that it was really marvellous what she could do.

Finding she could manipulate the brush, she undertook to learn the art of painting, and succeeded in making and selling considerable of her own work to those disposed to patronize her. It is well she did not lose the ambition to succeed in the face of difficulties, in her unsuccessful attempt to save the life of her friend.

Much attention was directed towards Miss Reid at the time of her misfortune, as she had not only a close call, but had proved herself a woman of action, courage and Christian fortitude. The patience she displayed in affliction, and the undaunted way she applied herself to the problem of making her way in the world, won for her the admiration of all who knew her.

Twenty years and more have passed since then, and during that time the necessity of careful application to work has in no way relaxed, and the demands upon patience, faith and courage have been as stringent as the bravest could wish them to be.

For a time she was in a millinery store in some western town. Later on she rented some rooms in Toronto, Ont., and there endeavored to do a little painting and fancy work. In the year 1887 she was married to Mr. Ivey, and since then her time has been fully occupied in

domestic work, travelling or waiting behind the counter. At present she is conducting a small store near Glensmith, Manitoba. The latest heard from her was the sad news that she had fallen downstairs, and received internal injuries which, for a time, threatened her life.

The spirit of independence still lives. Thinking it would be due the readers of her eventful career to publish her photograph with hands clearly exposed to view, she answered the request for a picture, such as required, by the prompt denial: "I could not on any account have my hands taken as they are. A description of them will be all I can give to the world. My hands are not at all helpless, and to be taken as they are would make me appear (what I certainly am not) a helpless woman."

When we consider that many in her position would have thought themselves incapable of doing anything and dependent upon charity, we need not be surprised at our friend's sensitiveness lest she be wrongly understood as an object of charity. We can readily see a high sense of honor in the stand she takes, and out of respect for it we can surely afford to waive all claims upon satisfying curiosity, even though we may not be inclined to consider that

an appeal on any lines would be necessarily involved in granting the request.

However, the independent honesty which is above making an appeal to sympathy or something more practical upon apparent grounds of incapacity which may not be as real as represented, must emphasize very forcibly to our minds the fact that heroism in its last analysis is much more than an accident or an incident in our lives.

The best part, indeed, of true heroism is hidden within the histories of one's own life, and there it abides when the outward act may be forgotten, as it too often is by many.

The spirit of chivalry is easily aroused, but too often interests, commercial, political and social, conspire to crowd out the kindly consideration ever due those who have stood in the gap in times of danger, and gained the victor's crown. The unfaithfulness of memory is very marked in this respect.

Happy is he or she whose claims upon recognition are valid enough to be maintained without the constant blowing of horns. It is always well to remember that the true hero or heroine asks no more than the right to enjoy in the privacy of individual life the sweet consciousness of having fought a good fight, and

leaves the larger recognition to the psychological moment when the question comes up: "What honor and dignity hath been done for this worthy act of service?"

As a survivor of the Meadow Lea disaster, and the heroine of the occasion, there was a disposition on the part of many to favor her with a kind of honor, which her womanly modesty at once refused to take advantage of. Having gained considerable renown through her marvellous escape, enquiries were being made for her photograph, and though a monetary consideration was involved had she yielded to the temptation to satisfy the curiosity of the crowd, she positively refused to pose for notoriety in that way.

Apart, however, from the curiosity which for the moment is likely to be so over-worked as to become intrusive, and the modesty, on the other hand, which shrinks from exploiting oneself on the public, there is a law of human kindness which ordains it otherwise than that heroic service should go unrecognized and unrewarded.

That this law is too limited in its application is very apparent. It is a great pity that the chivalry of the age does not get the chance to give as full expression to generous impulses as

called for, simply because there is lacking the provision on the part of the State for putting it to practical account. Is it not high time that the State had a right to consider itself a humane society with provisions in its constitution for making awards for deeds of valor and heroism. Whether on the field or off the field, heroism contributes to the nation's honor, and should receive national recognition, especially in cases involving life-long incapacity for work.

This view of things, it is needless to say, is foreign to the brave woman who has suffered so severely, and whose life since the calamity has necessarily been somewhat clouded with adversity.

We are glad to say her view is the thankful one. Circumstances might have been worse. It was well she escaped with her life. For a long time she dared not speak of her experience, and to-day she cares not to recount the terrible ordeal through which she passed.

The disposition to forget that she has played an honorable part, and to retire from the stage of action without looking for applause, is the very best evidence of worthiness. This is certainly the right spirit, and it is the spirit that kings might well delight to honor. The flash of arms and the glittering steel appeal strongly to most of us, and rightly the brave warrior

has a claim upon our attention, but it is not right that he should monopolize the whole of our sentiment of chivalry.

All honor to all our heroes and heroines. Let not one go unhonored and unsung who has done valiant service for humanity, and given history the heritage of a noble self-sacrificing life.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Bereft of family, and deprived of home associations, Mr. Taylor spent the few remaining years of his life with little thought of making this world his portion. To wish long life to one in his position may not, perhaps, give evidence of the fullest consideration of what is best.

His must necessarily be a life of loneliness and longing for a re-union which only death could hope to bring about. Temporal comforts were assured in the home of his brother, where he passed the remainder of his days.

After the one sad event which clouded his horizon his life was an uneventful one. He was unable, through bodily infirmities, to participate in the activities of life to any very great extent. It may be said that his work was done, and he must now patiently wait the coming of his Lord. He had not long to wait. In the interval the Lord was good to him, and gave him glimpses of the home-land.

No friend on earth, as might be expected, could come closer to him than the faithful friend of his family, Martha Reid. She was, moreover, a welcome guest at the home where she had been nursed back to health and strength, and as often as the way opened up for her to visit her friends, she was glad to avail herself of the kind hospitality which was there accorded her.

The summer before Mr. Taylor's death, and about a year and a half after his loss, Miss Reid was spending a few days visiting her friends at Meadow Lea, and one day had been sitting in the same room with Mr. Taylor, talking over things in general. At a lull in the conversation, she rose to leave the room, when Mr. Taylor called her back and said, "I want you to sing for me." "Very well," said Miss Reid, "What shall I sing, Mr. Taylor?" "Sing," he said, with faltering voice, "Shall we know each other there?" With a slight tremor in her voce, that was more than artificial, Miss Reid sang the touching lines of that beautiful hymn:

"When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home,

To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirits know no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

"When the holy angels meet us
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
O'er us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

"Oh, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day;
Heart strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur'd in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
'We shall know each other there.'"

The singing touched a tender chord in Mr. Taylor's heart. He was completely broken down and wept like a child. Such emotion on his part was quite unusual, as he was a man of stern fibre, and not given to passionate feeling or religious sentimentality.

When he gained control of his voice, he said, with much feeling: "I had a dream a few nights ago, and I thought Mrs. Taylor came

and put her arms around me as she used to, and I have been wondering if we shall know each other there."

"I should like," he said, continuing, "if you could be here to sing that hymn when I am dying." Miss Reid expressed her willingness to do so if able to be present.

The following winter, Ralph Taylor was in Winnipeg, and Miss Reid went out with him to stay a week or so with her friends. On the way out he passed some remarks about his uncle not being quite as well as usual, but little attention was paid to it. Upon their arrival, Mr. Taylor seemed to be unusually pleased to meet his friend. The next day he became quite ill, and in three or four days from the time Miss Reid arrived he departed this life and was gathered to his people. Being unconscious for a long period before he died, no good purpose could be served by singing the hymn which he requested, but out of respect to the request and promise made it was sung at the burial service.

He was the last to get home, but home at last. What joy in heaven over the reunion. They came out of great tribulation, but life's sad story is ended—or, shall we say, abruptly

broken off—to be continued in the fuller volume in which all the parts will be given their true setting in the grand design which now cannot be discerned. And, when all the parts are complete, who knows but that the disasters and dislocated hopes now recorded will then be invested with the glory which belongs to a real romance of God.

THE LIFE STORY

OF

FINLAY BOOTH

BY

REV. HAMILTON WIGLE, B.A.,

All People's Mission, Winnipeg, Man.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is not a work of literary effort. We claim no merit for anything in the way of book-writing in this life sketch. This is neither a treatise, nor a discourse, nor a thesis; it is simply a story of actual experience with the sad features inseparable from suffering and loss.

Nearly all the data of the book have been received from the lips of the subject of the work himself, and we have grouped and arranged these as you find them within.

Our first acquaintance with the subject of this tale goes back to about four years ago, and when our eyes first beheld him a wave of sympathy swept in upon us which has taken a crystallized form in this work.

From a sympathetic motive the suggestion was made that the story of his life should be presented in book form. The thought lodged in his mind, and he finally came with the request to undertake the task. Consent was given with great reluctance, as pastoral duties demanded all time and energy at our disposal.

We sincerely hope that the reader may get some inspiration from these pages in looking at the indomitable perseverance and noble independence of this man, while under the most heartrending and discouraging circumstances. Many men not one-half as badly maimed would be in the poorhouse. If this man can surmount such obstacles, why should any one lack courage in the world's great battle?

How true are the words of Burns:

> "Though losses and crosses be
> Lessons right severe,
> There's wit there, you'll get there,
> You'll find no other where."

HAMILTON WIGLE.

WINNIPEG, May, 1900.

WHAT IS LEFT OF FINLAY BOOTH

FINLAY BOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

"We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He lives most who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

—*Bailey.*

FINLAY BOOTH, the subject of this sketch, was not always thus. The Great Father had been as generous to him as to any of His children, and had started him out in life with a perfect outfit of bodily members. This mutilated form is the product of one of the terrible tragedies in the early settlement of the Great West. Finlay's parents came from Leitrim, Ireland, in the year 1845, and settled on a farm near the town of Waterloo, Shefford County, Province of Quebec. From there, in the year

1849, they moved to Wallace, in the County of Perth, Province of Ontario, where they remained till the year 1861.

About that time a relative from Rhode Island came to visit the Booths, and persuaded them to leave Ontario and go over and take employment in the American cotton factories. The venture was made with the hope of securing better wages, and thus providing a surer means of supporting the large family.

Hills far away looked *green,* and things at home looked *blue,* but "fortune did not favor the brave" that time, for the Civil War had broken out, and all the large factories had shut down. Fortunately, they still held their land in Perth, Ontario, and, after an experiment of six years in the States, they returned to the old Canadian home.

Finlay was born on the 24th of June, 1853, On that birthday in June—nature's month of jubilee, when old Ontario is at her best, when earth and sky celebrate their wedding day—there was no prophetic hint that those round limbs and that plump face would be so wrenched and torn. Indeed, it seems incredible that there can be forces in the earth, such as at one moment can be engaged in carving and shaping such delicate features, and at

another could be engaged in tearing up that finely-constructed work in a most ruthless manner.

The home, like many others in those parts at that day, did not roll in wealth and luxury. They endured all the privations common to early settlers. In those pioneer days the red deer could be seen in dozens. The wolves made the night hideous by their hungry howlings, and had to be kept from the houses and barns by burning log heaps and smudges.

When going to and fro among the neighbors at night the traveller found it necessary to carry burning cedar splinters to keep the wolves away.

Finlay's father cut the first road into the township, and roofed his first log shanty with elm bark.

The nearest town was twelve miles distant, and when a new consignment of flour was needed, the mother would thresh out the sheaves of wheat over the head of a barrel, clean it by the aid of the wind, and carry it on her back to get it ground, and then convey the flour back again—a distance of twenty-four miles.

In that same part of the country the young housekeepers are said to carry nothing heavier

than a milk-pail in these days, and in order to remove the stiffness from their fingers caused by crocheting, they meander over the ivory keys of a piano two hours a day. What a change! What memorials we ought to raise to those uncrowned heroes and heroines of bygone days!

During the harvest time the father used to go down near Brantford and Galt, the better settled parts, and cut the crops with his cradle to earn a little extra cash to furnish the larder at home.

The forests were so dense and unbroken that the settlers would often lose their way, and when any homecomer was thus overdue they would begin to blow long tin horns, which they had for dinner-calling.

The Booth family consisted of the parents and seven children—four girls and three boys. The father's name was Thomas, and the mother's name was Mary Banon.

Jane, the eldest, was born in Ireland, and when the family moved to Rhode Island she, of course, went with the others, but remained there after the rest returned to Ontario. From there she moved west to St. Paul in the year 1887, and died in that city in the year 1897. The other six children were born in Canada.

Mary Ann, the second daughter, and the only surviving one, married W. C. Cowan, a farmer, near Carman, Manitoba. Mrs. Cowan is a woman of high repute, and has a family of which she has great reason to be proud.

Eliza, the third daughter, married William Waugh, and came west and settled at Boissevain, Manitoba, where she died in July, 1897.

Payton, the next child and eldest son, came west with the family to Manitoba, but soon after went south to St. Paul, where he died in March, 1890.

Finlay, the next in order, is the subject of our sketch, whose career we will give a little later.

Johnston, the third son, separated from the rest of the family at Black River Falls, Wisconsin, when they were on their way to the West. He remained there but a short time, and then returned to Bruce County, Ontario, and married. In 1881 he pulled up stakes again and, retracing his steps, came west and settled near Carman, Manitoba, where he is farming at the present time.

John, the youngest boy, came out when the family moved west, and at the time of Finlay's accident was in the employ of Dr. Schultz, of Winnipeg. At this time their sister Eliza was

also in the employ of Dr. Schultz. John then followed the family to the Boyne River, where they had settled, and remained at home till his mother died. He then found his way back to Winnipeg, and for many years was the head shipper in Westbrook's implement firm. He is now engaged with James Robertson, wholesale hardware merchant, Winnipeg.

Martha, the youngest of the family, married John Sargent, who was night-watchman at the river crossing. They also moved out to the Boyne settlement, where she died in October, 1894.

FINLAY AS HE IS SEEN TO-DAY

CHAPTER II.

TO THE WEST.

We have dealt little with our hero since we recorded his birth in Eastern Canada. He had grown to be quite a young man before he left Ontario, and had performed a noble part in hewing out the new home. Many forest giants had yielded to the strength of those hands which have long since crumbled to dust.

When the first military expedition was sent to the North-West, an old neighbor, W—— C——, who enlisted from the Military School and took part in the Rebellion of 1870, sent back such glowing accounts of the country that the Booths were induced to try the "West."

The farm and loose property were disposed of, and the start was made on June 5th, 1871. All land trips were then made across the States, and the only routes open were by all land, or steamer to Milwaukee, and the rest by land. A tenting wagon was improvised, and, crossing at Sarnia, they took the water route to Milwaukee, from whence they drove to Winnipeg. It took them fifty-two days to

cover the distance from Perth County to Fort Garry.

Settlements were very sparse in Minnesota at that date, and Grand Forks was a mere hamlet of less than a dozen houses. Winnipeg, he says, did not possess more than one thousand population, and the only hotel of importance was the Davis House. Finlay was eighteen years of age when he reached Winnipeg, and in the fall of the same year the family removed to the Boyne settlement and took up land four miles from where the town of Carman now stands.

The first part of our hero's life is folded up in the history previously given, in the account of his home and family.

Finlay was always a steady and dutiful boy. At the age of sixteen he joined the British-American Order of Good Templars and lived up to his pledges.

His parents taught him one of the first principles of life—industry—and he has faithfully practised it ever since. He was not long in Winnipeg till he secured work in the brickyard of Dr. Schultz. In a very short time, Finlay claims, he gained the acquaintance of the great majority of the people in the city.

In the fall of the year Finlay's parents

secured land for settlement, and prepared to leave the city for the new prairie home.

Among the necessary requirements of the early settler none perhaps superseded that historic animal which in plain English we call a cow. The Booths knew how indispensable this domestic servant was, and having procured one, she had to be transferred to the farm with the *rest* of the *family*. They all left the city on November 27th, 1871, and, while the others drove along in the wagon, Finlay led the cow.

The first evening they only got as far as Headingly, where they spent the night at the home of Richard Salter. The following night they camped out at Stinking River, and the next morning started for the Boyne settlement.

CHAPTER III.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap what we have sown."

—*Whittier.*

THAT memorable day, November 29th, broke in most beautifully upon the Western plains. We do love beautiful November mornings here, when the sun seems to shine through a silver sheen of crisp frosty air, when every vestige of vegetation is numb with cold and the whole domain is flooded with light; it seems just as if the earth had been suddenly tipped into the bosom of the sun. There is a fulness of light by day and night in these clear skies, the like of which we have not witnessed in any other part of Canada.

As the day advanced it became suddenly colder; in fact, a storm was rapidly brewing (of which we shall deal more fully later on) and the travellers found it necessary to push on with greater speed.

Finlay, feeling the sudden chill, ate a cold lunch hastily and started on without any rest, leaving the others quite a distance behind. When the party overtook Finlay he had reached what was called the " Potato Swamp," on the old Missouri Trail. His brother, Payton, offered to exchange places with him here, but the offer was declined on the ground that he was then too hot to get in the wagon and ride, and would be safer in walking on with his quadruped companion.

It should be noted here that Payton, who had a single rig when he offered his brother a ride, was a little in advance of the wagon, he having pushed on with the intention of going ahead to prepare the house for the whole party. After Payton drove off, the rear-guard of the party caught up to Finlay, and the father was astonished to see him still walking.

Here, on a quiet page in the centre of this book, we record the simple yet misguided act that resulted in the awful tragedy of this boy's life. The father saw the exhausted condition of his son, and, with none but the kindliest and tenderest motives, insisted that he should take a drink of the liquor they had brought with them. Finlay, as we have seen, was a Good Templar, and declined at once.

The father had never used it to excess, and he persuaded the lad that it could do him no harm, but was what he most needed at that moment. What a boon to mankind modern science has given when not only the fathers, but our children in the public schools, are taught that there is little or no nourishment in liquor, and when it seems to aid one part it robs another. Let us shorten the story here and simply say: Finlay took it.

That father lived to see the awful folly of his act, and with tears and heartaches he learned the dreadful lesson.

When will mankind learn the danger of trying to warm themselves at the mouth of a volcano, or of seeking to quench their thirst at the rushing Niagara?

The case before us is just another proof of the fact that stimulants do not take the place of either food or clothing. No man can lose much for body or soul who *takes* and *keeps* a pledge of teetotalism.

Who has the logic to vindicate the existence of such a human foe in our land to-day, when three-fourths of all the crime, suffering, and misery are traceable to its existence?

This earth does not merit such an insult as she has received in the thousands of drunk-

ard's graves that are digged into her bosom. I can easily imagine that the judgment will be half over when this great evil has been reckoned with.

Mr. Booth freely declares that were it not for that *one* glass he could have endured the storm and fatigue and escaped the awful mutilation he has suffered.

Our hero has expressed himself as being not only willing but *anxious* that his misfortune and ill-advised act should be made use of as a signal of warning against the use of liquor in any form. He thinks it is far safer to live without it than with it.

We do not offer any apology for taking advantage of this sad incident for ringing out the old, old warning: "Touch not, taste not, handle not" the accursed thing.

CHAPTER IV.

STORM.

THE farther we are removed from water the more difficult it is to predict the weather probabilities. Among the initial causes of atmospheric changes is the enormous evaporation from the sea, and, consequently, the more remote a district is from the sea the less distinct are the storm symptoms. Our most violent storms on the prairie are often the most sudden ones. This is not the case on the ocean or shoreland. The seaman will see the greedy gull skimming low and dipping at every wave to gather a double feed, anticipating the storm. The sharks increase in number and fierceness; the sea-fish spring out of the water at every speck floating on the waves. In the rigging the winds growl and whine as they rush up the masts and creep through the lazy, flapping canvas. The captain sees the floating pennant on the topmast, smells the electric air, and hears the slap of the sluggish wave against the side of the ship. The tars lounge lifelessly about the decks, while the wheelsman, with aching

arms, tugs at the helm. The mate looks at the glass and says: "Aha! Cap, she's a-brewin'." On the shorelands, too, Nature has run up her storm signals. The farmer sees the swallow skimming the ground to catch the hiding fly. The dove sits by the hour upon the brush heap repeating her mournful notes like a human tale of woe. The blackbird hops about the plough-boy's feet to pick the upturned grub. The sleepless owl screams all night, and the watch-dog growls and barks as if the land were full of tramps. The house-wife tires at her work, while the fretful infant in the crib refuses to be rocked to sleep. The cattle call to each other across the moor, and instinctively wander about for places of shelter. The leg-weary farmer leans against the fence corner cleaning his plough, and can hear his neighbor shouting at his stupid team; and, rubbing his hot brow with his sleeve, he mutters to himself, "This means a storm, I guess." Out upon the prairie the settler cannot conjure up so many portents of the weather. He hears no voice from the sea, nor can he feel any shore breezes. He has very little opportunity of consulting the birds; they leave us too soon to be of service long. The wild animals do not venture far upon the plains; the hollow atmosphere does

not seem to be in correspondence with any of Nature's prophets, and, when the last sheaves have been gathered and the flocks are in the corrals, the prairie seems to be the "no man's land."

The early frosts discolor every vestige of vegetation until the eye looks every way upon a vast domain of brown grass or yellow stubble fields. Then the clouds, as if grieved at the heartless desolation of the frost, cover the plain with a carpet of mealy snow. But Nature has things pretty much her own way, and does not think it necessary to make any definite announcement of her movements.

The unchained winds of the north have held sway so long over these uninhabited regions that they have not learned the courtesies of modern civilization, and give no notice or warning of their terrible bombardment. A blizzard is one of the most unexpected things in the West. It is one of the finest exhibitions of irony that the elements can produce. Up to a few hours before it bursts upon us, it often seems to be the thing that is the most remote. A blizzard does not need the cold, the black cloud, the thunder peal, the lightning flash. It is like a bomb-shell; it has all the elements of execution bound up

in itself. The day may break unusually warm and bright, and although winter has been with us a month or more, you would think Father Time had gone back to September for a day he had missed. But see! Look at that thick haze creeping stealthily over the sun, and that chill wave blowing up, that every settler learns to dread! The children run in the house, while the mother runs out, concerned perhaps about some missing one. She has been in the country long enough to guess the problem. About this time can be seen a long grey streak of cloud far away on the horizon, but moving forward, and rising every moment higher into the hazy heavens. The cattle are all sniffing the air and crowding and hooking each other about the stacks, as restless as if a prairie fire was sweeping down upon them. In haste the corral bars are put up, the stock put in the stable, and a supply of water and wood taken into the house. By this time there are fine specks of snow sifting through the air, and in about twenty minutes every track, road, and trail are so obliterated that the belated traveller realizes the first shock of horror in not being able to "keep the trail." When the clouds have deposited about an inch of snow the wind seems jealous, and begins to pick it

up from the earth and mix it with the clouds again. Every flake of snow is ground up like pulverized dust, and whirled through the air at a terrible speed; every foot of space seems to be the centre of a whirlwind; the elements are in an awful confusion. The trusty team will no longer obey the homeward instinct, but yield to the sterner law, and, turning from the whirling blast, will wander away with the storm. The farmer, bewildered by the circling currents of air, unconsciously becomes a part of the storm, and goes round and round, at the same time wandering away in the general direction of the gale.

When a blizzard is at its height, even in midday it is as dark as dusk, and so terrible is the howling, chilling blast, that it is a miracle for a man or beast to live long in it, or find a place of shelter, even at noonday. The eyes become filled with the gritty snow—fairly driven like sand into the very eyeballs—and half the time is spent gasping for breath; for though the air is plentiful, the very moment you open your mouth for it the wind snatches it all away, and takes out of the lungs every thimbleful it can find there. In this wild tornado every snow-speck seems to possess a fang to sting with, and the wrenchings of the tem-

pest overhead give out such weird screams that you fairly shudder as you imagine the air above you is filled with fiends.

No man standing on a burning deck where the licking flames climb the masts was ever in more imminent danger of death than the man upon the prairie when the volcanic eruptions of the atmosphere play havoc over the land.

There is more than one humble home on these wide prairies where the husband, or son, or father, did not reach home during the night, while the sad story is told, " They perished in the storm."

CHAPTER V.

FROZEN.

After our hero had taken that fatal draught he travelled on until he came to a small bunch of willows. In this country there is no forest of any importance except along the river banks; but in some districts there are spots of shrubbery at distances ranging from ten to twenty miles apart. These bluffs, as they are called, often consist of about half an acre, more or less, of scrubby growth, ranging from ten to twenty feet in height. In times of storm these furnish valuable protection to man or beast. In these very bushes is the place where the prairie chicken will hide from its pursuer, and take refuge in time of blizzards; and if the storm should continue for several days the birds can subsist well from the buds on the branches.

How our common foes make all earth's creatures one! Here poor Finlay led his cow, and man and beast and bird lay down together in a common shelter.

Not being accustomed to stimulants, he began to feel stupid, and with Nature's demand

for food and rest, there was not energy enough left to keep back the only alternative—sleep. Had he not been under the influence of the drug, he would have been conscious of the awful danger in going to sleep, and could have fought his foes—the cold and storm and hunger —with comparative success, and could have at least warded off some of the terrible disaster that befell him that night.

Poor Booth! Here began the revenge of the laws of life when they are disregarded. The cold crept in about him, but his senses were chloroformed. No voice was then able to awaken him. There was no hand to stay the cold, and that subtle monster moved slowly, but irresistibly, upon the victim and began his woeful work. He pushed back the warm blood from the finger tips; he drove the blood from the tired feet up into the body, and sealed up the gates from the arteries to the veins, so that no more—forever—the life blood should flow out through those members; and he determined the time when those deadened limbs should fall off like sapless branches from a tree.

Not contented with this, but like a panther that seeks the warm heart-blood of its prey, the King of Cold put his paw upon the face of its victim, and, in the vain attempt to drive out

the life, distorted the features, and left those ghastly marks—marks that he will carry to the grave.

When Finlay did not turn up at the camp at about the expected time, all hands became very uneasy. Notwithstanding the storm, they determined to form a rescue party and search for him. They had already anticipated his being lost or having perished. As they groped their way along, at almost every step they called his name. Finlay says he heard them and answered; but, unfortunately, sound cannot travel in such storms any farther than the vision, and they never heard him. It is also quite probable he was too weak to reply very vigorously. He even attempted to follow them, but found it impossible.

There is a sadness about every page of this story, for at nearly every turn we can see where so much suffering could have been saved if only something *else* had happened; if only those men had happened to have found him then they could have given relief so much sooner. How many heart-aches we have in life on account of the unfulfilled "might have beens"!

When Finlay was sufficiently awakened to take in the whole situation, the party, of course,

was out of reach, having followed the river close enough to escape the danger of losing their way also. Our hero began at once to investigate his condition, and found his fingers and toes were frozen as far as the second joints. Previous to his lying down he had removed his wet socks and gloves, thus leaving his limbs very much exposed in his cold boots and mitts.

About midnight the storm broke. Here is the irony of the heavens! A few hours before all the elements seemed at war with each other: the stars were angry at the clouds, and the clouds with the earth. After the mighty battle of these elements all quieted down as before and everything was much the same, except here and there a few men or beasts lay strewn as helpless victims of the carnage where the fury of the battle was the fiercest.

What apparent mockery! Those angry stars are now nodding affectionately to each other, shaking hands with the wind, and smiling upon the glistening earth; but there still lives a warden of the plains to witness the ruin of that stern November night. By the light of the open sky the rescue party found their way back, and Finlay could see the bush that skirted the Boyne. In his terrible condition he stum-

bled along to the river, touching it at the old Grant Bridge, near the present home of Absalom Clarke.

Tired, hungry, with both hands and feet frozen, and burning with thirst, he did his best to break the ice to get a drink, but failing this, he ate snow to satisfy both hunger and thirst. By this time the frost had gone to his wrists and ankles. Cold is so much like its foe, heat, when once it attacks the flesh, the tendency is to go deeper and deeper. In a most excruciating condition he trudged his weary way along toward the new home, a distance of at least eight miles from where he was frozen. When he reached the door he presented such a spectacle, with his swollen face, that his friends were shocked.

None had slept any the past night, and great concern was felt as they anxiously awaited his footstep. When the rescue party returned the situation was unbearable. His father had determined to go himself at daybreak to search for the boy, and was in the act of saddling the horse when Finlay presented himself at the cabin door. The mother, who always penetrates the furthest into the child's troubles, was the first to discover the seriousness of the case. The moment the frozen parts came in contact

with the heat the irritation that was set up was simply unbearable. His improvised nurses were not long in setting to work to alleviate the pain, and the first application was of snow and cold water.

Instinct and experience furnish us with the best of our knowledge, and the attendants knew that nature hated extremes, and so, in order to coax the frost out, they made a compromise with him instead of challenging him with his old foe—heat. The process was very slow, but sure, and all the time and attention so far had been devoted to his hands and face. As yet it had not occurred to them that his feet might be frozen. When the attendants attempted to remove the moccasins they were horrified to find that they were actually frozen to the feet, and the limbs themselves were frozen half way to the knees.

Imagine, if you can, the long, weary, and painful process of drawing the frost out of those limbs that had been frozen numb for many hours. We have carried our poor sufferer along so far in his troubles and misfortunes, but actually his sufferings have just begun.

CHAPTER VI.

AMPUTATION.

It is a difficult task by any human means to bring back life into dead matter.

Poor Finlay was very brave, and thought if it was only a matter of bearing pain he would compel his nerves to endure the torture while he would wait for his strong body to drive vitality into the frozen members.

Many weary days dragged along, while everyone looked anxiously and waited all but impatiently to see the limbs revive. There was no medical aid to be had nearer than Winnipeg, and it was finally agreed upon that Dr. Turner should be called out to examine the case. A very close inspection was made of the frozen parts, and the sound parts of the body were also examined with a view of finding if the patient would be able to stand the amputation. Everything was far worse than poor Finlay had imagined, for the long days of suffering had so weakened him that while it was certain he could not save his limbs, it was even doubtful if he could live with or without them.

The doctor told him his hands would have

FINLAY THREADING A NEEDLE

to come off. Who could imagine what a sore blow this was to him? He was young, ambitious, and full of splendid grit. It was a challenge to his spirit of independence, for it meant to him the most helpless slavery. A sharp battle set in. He had not allowed himself to entertain the thought for a moment up to this time, nor would he hear of such a proposition from anyone. How could he part with those members upon which his very life depended?

Who is there that could lose even a finger from the faithful and obedient hand without a serious sense of loss? Of all the obedient servants we possess, which never question the mandates of the mind, methinks these hands come first.

We would not expect the greatest devotee to offer a hand to his goddess. No man would sell it for a gold mine, a royal dowry, a plantation; then with what infinitely greater reluctance could a poor soul give up both hands for nothing but despair?

Scott says:

> "A child will weep a bramble's smart,
> A maid to see her sparrow part.
> . . . . .
> But woe awaits a nation when
> She sees the tears of bearded men."

We scarcely need to stop here long enough to apologize for this poor man's tears when he discovered that they thought of dehanding him. There seemed to be no relieving feature about the sad affair. It was humiliating, at least, to be so mutilated on a couch in a lonely hut away on the western prairie, where he could not claim the glory of war, or feel that for any special act of chivalry he had sacrificed limbs or life.

Finlay rebelled; he said, "No, you shall not touch them; I will die first."

At a glance he saw himself a weather-beaten stub, whose foliage and limbs had been torn away by a ruthless tempest. He saw himself a floating ship spoiled of all its canvas and masts, and could not brook the thought of pounding like a forlorn and helpless hulk on a barren shore. He said what all human beings would say: "No, no!—a thousand no's!"

Ah! but the logic of pain is convincing; it compels the reason to consider, and forces its arbitrary conclusions upon us. If there could be said that there was any climax to the pain, it must be admitted that it occurred in these succeeding days and hours.

There are a great many things that words cannot describe: joy and pain are two of them.

The poverty of language is very conspicuous here. The haggard face, the deep lines, the ghastly eye, the hollow cheeks, all tell more eloquently of racking pain than mere words can do. The most of these days his sufferings were so far beyond endurance that his ordinary moaning and groaning would burst into such screams that he could be heard at a great distance; these spasms would often be followed by long spells of unconsciousness. Think of the nervous shock he must have felt when, one morning, while removing the bandages, his nose and part of his mouth fell into his mother's hands, and he found his face in the awfully disfigured condition it is in at the present day! This dreadful loss was a hard blow to him, and he was so shaken up that for some time he began to think that "to die would be gain." The case was intensified when he began to apprehend the possibility of the other frozen parts going the same way.

Through this mortal agony the sufferer writhed under these throes of pain from November 29th, 1871, to January 27th, 1872, a period of sixty days. Many of his precious hopes had flown, and he was rapidly being convinced that he could not save his limbs. Three great witnesses agreed: pain, the physician, and

death itself; for long ere this mortification had set in, and the skin was black; indeed, the flesh was so dead and rotten that he had to be moved on a sheet to prevent it from falling off. No anesthetics or opiates were used during all these days, and it was a gallant fight between life and death. Finally Dr. Turner was again called out from Winnipeg, and after administering chloroform, amputated his two hands and the right foot. There were a few neighbors who witnessed the operation, all of whom had shown much kindness and displayed very great sympathy for the sufferer; they were Samuel Kennedy, John Nelson Kennedy, and a native of the country by the name of James Stevenson.

When these three limbs were amputated, the doctor said it was useless to proceed, for his vitality was so low "his life was not worth a penny." During the night the poor fellow revived, and the doctor took off the other foot, which left him the shapeless and limbless creature you see in the cut in the frontispiece.

CHAPTER VII.

CONVALESCENCE.

"Hope reigns eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."
—*Pope.*

FINLAY'S pain was now practically over. When the dead parts were removed the system had a rest from the hopeless conflict, and the waste of strength was stopped. By the fifteenth of March he was able to sit up; but eating and drinking were tasks more impossible to him than to an infant in the crib. Here, as in all human history, his ministering angel was—mother. She had been to the rescue at every turn, so far, and now it seemed that her son was to be thrown back upon her care, as helpless as when he was first placed upon her knee.

It required no effort to revive the mother's love and care. Unlike the aged tree that hardens and dries up, the aged mother keeps her tender affections alive long after her hair has changed its color and her step has shortened. No wonder Coleridge said: "There is none

in all this hollow world, no fount of deep, strong, dauntless love, save that within a mother's heart."

Every true and loyal boy willingly "falls in" when that old chorus is raised on the battlefield:

> "Then break the news to mother,
> And tell her that I love her;
> Just say there is no other
> Near half so dear to me."

With as much tenderness and patience as when he was a babe his mother dressed, fed and bathed him day after day. While this tedious process was going on, Finlay was considering more seriously than ever the dismal outlook for such a helpless cripple, and began to wonder what suicide would be like. It is always one thing to think of suicide and quite another thing to commit it. There was too much real manly courage about Finlay to give up in such hopeless despair, so he began to consider the alternative—helping himself. He decided that these stubs must do something for the rest of the body, and immediately set them to work to convey a cup of tea to his mouth. This was the first attempt at independence, and if several successive failures had daunted him,

he would have been found to-day sitting at the knees of some nurse, being fed with a spoon. The first few trials at self-help would have amused an onlooker. His stubs had not been skilled in the principles of mechanics, and he never was an expert at fine balancing, and for a while he succeeded in depositing the tea everywhere but in his mouth. Reward followed perseverance, and it was not long before he could serve himself to tea and successfully feed himself.

Finlay was now moving about on his knees with surprising alacrity. It was about this time when an incident occurred which, in itself, was not very significant, but which served to open up to his mind greater possibilities. A flock of prairie chickens had lighted on a tree near by the old log stable. For the information of those outside our own province we might say that it is only during the time of the first frosts and snow that these birds light on any high object except the grain shocks, their habits being rather to drop into the long grass or scrub to evade their pursuer. Two objects are thus gained by the instinct of these birds: first, they are hidden by the cover; and second, they are so near the color of their cover that they can scarcely be distinguished from the grass. These

stables of earlier days must have a special mention here, for even in Manitoba very few of them are remaining to-day. At each end of these buildings the logs were allowed to protrude beyond the walls. The reason for this Grecian style of architecture we are not able to give here.

Finlay overheard one of his sisters say she would like to have one of those chickens for dinner, and he at once began to measure his possibilities of manipulating the old gun so as to procure game for dinner. There was no other man about, but, knowing that the gun was always kept loaded, he thought he could manage to hold it *dead* on the bird if one of the girls would pull the trigger. He chose one of those protruding logs for a rest, and the whole scheme was carried out with remarkable success, for the chicken, most likely from the shock of the explosion, expired soon after at the foot of the tree.

This feat was as great a surprise to Finlay himself as to anyone else, but it so encouraged the young Nimrod that he at once invented a contrivance by which he was able to pull the trigger himself, and soon became one of the best shots in the settlement. In fact, it was not long till the attention of the Government

was drawn to the fact that the prairie chickens throughout the province were being rapidly extinguished.

As yet our hero had no other means of locomotion than merely shuffling about on his knees. Finlay's misfortune had become pretty widely known now, and some of his old acquaintances in Winnipeg presented his case to some of the prosperous citizens, and the consequence was that Rev. Dr. Young, Methodist missionary; J. H. Ashdown, wholesale and retail hardware dealer, and Mr. McDougall, of the Queen's Hotel, opened a subscription list, and secured sufficient funds to purchase a pair of artificial limbs for him.

"I imagined," says Finlay, "that those artificial limbs ought to know as much about walking as my own limbs that I lost." Of course, he thought they should have been tested as to their *running* power in the same way that a "traction engine" is tested before it is sent out from the shops. His idea, also, in adjusting them was, that the tighter they were buckled to his stumps the more likely the new legs would be impressed with the fact that they were to be a part of the limb, and do exactly what the old ones did. He also imagined that when he sent his orders down to "go," the new

limbs would "repeat" the message, and it would be a *start.* It did not work; the orders were returned from the ends of the stubs, and the feet at first would not move. It was all his mistake, as he afterwards discovered; he had not taken into consideration the question of *time,* for when he was about to stoop down to give them a little *slack,* they started off. After going up and down—mostly down—for a few minutes, they then tried the forward and backward motion, mostly the latter, until Finlay came to the conclusion that he had, by mistake, ordered a back-action pair, or else they had been made for a stage actor who always *backed* off the platform.

He says that when the backward and forward motion began, it was as if he had suddenly stepped on a belt running in the opposite direction, or like jumping off a moving train, when the novice is immediately transformed into a sort of snow-plough or turnpike shovel. He says stilt-walking and roller-skating were merely recreation exercises alongside of this new walking business. He went up and down, forward and backward and round, altogether at precisely the same moment of time. Like a bucking broncho that seems determined to com-

mit suicide rather than submit to the slavery of civilization, so those limbs were determined to either run away altogether, or break Finlay's neck, rather than to submit to be slaves to human invention and act as underpinning for humanity. Finally the unruly members were subdued, and they and their new master spent very many happy days together. For a long time, however, the new limbs were not permitted to stay in the same room as their master, and were compelled to spend the night outside. It is not exactly known why this was; one theory is that it was considered that it would improve their disposition to keep them cool at night; the other is, that it was a case of sweet revenge to play a joke on the mosquitoes.

Art cannot compete with nature in durability; the source of strength and life was wanting, and the limbs soon wore out. After six years' service they were utterly useless. Not being able to procure a new pair, our hero had to resort to the old mode of travel—walking on his knees.

Finlay thought he could earn some money and purchase a new pair. He began by assisting at the chores about home. In the fall of

1879 he made a brilliant record for himself by hiring to a farmer, Angus McLellan, for $1.00 per day to pitch sheaves. He smiles all over his face yet when he relates the story, and tells that when Mr. McLellan paid him off he said: "Well, Booth, you have earned your money."

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERPRISE.

"Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remanis."

—*Aaron Hill.*

For five long years Booth moved about on his knees. In the spring of 1880 the Herd Law was introduced, compelling farmers to herd their cattle, so as to protect the unfenced crops while they were standing. This was found to be considerably cheaper and more satisfactory to the farmers than to be required to fence their enormous fields of grain; that is, it was cheaper to fence the cattle in than to fence the crops in. This was a grand opportunity for our hero. It was found to be the least expensive way to dispose of the cattle question by all the neighbors putting their stock into one bunch and hiring a man to herd them. Finlay applied for the position and got it. He at once secured his outfit—a pony at $40 and a borrowed saddle—and had a band of eighty cattle to begin with.

This was a good financial enterprise, and he was able to pay for his pony the day the note fell due.

The most of his first herd were procured from his neighbors, Messrs. Ardington and Ostrander. He had a tent, where he took his dinner. A little stool had to be carried along so he could mount his pony. This stool, however, was only needed for a brief season, as he became so expert in his work that he fed, bridled, saddled, and mounted his pony alone, and could spring from his knees anywhere off the ground and mount his steed.

Three years' herding so remunerated him that he was able to go to Ontario, where he purchased the second pair of limbs from a gentleman in Drayton for the sum of eighty dollars. These were very inferior articles and only served him a short time.

A most astounding fact in the life of the subject of this sketch belongs to the history just here. It shows the depravity of human beings and the most flagrant specimen of inhumanity to man. All names of these shameless rogues will be suppressed, but Finlay claims to have been beaten out of fifty-five dollars of his honest and hard-earned wages. It must be said for the benefit of the public that the names of

the neighbors already mentioned are of the dearest of Finlay's friends, who always gave him a helping hand.

After this second pair of limbs gave out poor Booth went on his knees again. His ambition ran a little too high, and he worked so hard that great sores were made on his knees, which necessitated his quitting work altogether or securing another pair in some way.

In 1884 he sold his pony and saddle to Mac DeMill, of Carman, for forty dollars, and again went to Ontario. This time his express purpose was to endeavor to interest an old friend of his to purchase a pair of limbs for him or loan him the money. For some reason or other his plan failed to carry, and he was reduced to sore distress—being away from home, unable to do anything for himself, and not possessing money to return. The thought of begging had often presented itself to his mind, but it was promptly dismissed. Also it had often been suggested to him that he could make a good living by selling himself to a showman or hiring to a menagerie troupe. Finlay was manly and independent—he would not beg. He was noble and honorable—he would not sell himself to be looked at; and we are penning these lines now by lamplight for

the sole purpose, and with the hope that by the use of them he may be able to live and die something better than a slave or a beggar. One other way was open to our hero, and he took it. It was by sheer determination to be independent, mixed with a little necessity, and well stirred by a bit of desperation, that he started out in this new undertaking.

He went to Port Huron, where a supply of pocket combs, court-plasters, jack-knives, etc., etc., was purchased for a small sum, and then he "took the road."

Finlay had as yet not been "tossed" about much in the world; at any rate he had not seen all phases of humanity as he was about to see them in these few succeeding months. It was now he began to see and know human nature. In his peregrinations he began to meet good and bad, high and low, tender and coarse, generous and selfish. From Port Huron he touched every town as far as Flint, then back by East Saginaw and Bay City to Detroit, thus traversing most of the southern part of the State of Michigan.

At the end of two weeks he had made sixty dollars. He was often offered liquor, but in every case refused it, and he attributes his success largely to the fact that he refused to drink

and thus squander his hard-earned money in dissipation or needless indulgences.

At one place the hotel-keeper was so moved by the helpless condition of his guest, that he called on the crowd about him thus: "All you fellows what have your hands and feet shell out here, and help this poor duffer." The response was to the extent of $14.50.

At another town, a man who had taken into his stomach more than beefsteak and apple pie, looked at Finlay for a few moments, and with a few preliminary oaths that did not reflect the least on our hero's character, said: "Well, pard, you look pretty badly broken up; you are the worst broken-up man I ever saw. Here, boys, 'chip in.'" This they all did in a very generous manner.

This trip enabled him to go back to Toronto and buy a pair of limbs from his own purse.

This life is full of climaxes, like a mountain range is full of hill-tops. One of these occurred on September 20th, 1885, while Booth was in Ontario. It was the death of his mother. This sad event brought the wanderer back to Manitoba. He now felt like a "wandering Jew." The old home was never again as it "once used to be"; mother was gone. With her in that home he had always felt that if too sorely

chased by the world, he always had a refuge. Although his few living but scattered brothers and sisters were always good to him, none could make up for the loss of his mother. A small plot of sodded earth marks the place (with a modest slab) in which her remains lie, not far from where the Boyne River carries its water along beside the overhanging oaks; and that is all the tangible remains we have of those we held so dear! Of those dear "loved and lost" ones, Mrs. Louisa Moulton says:

"The birds come back to their last year's nest,
And the wild rose nods in the lane;
And the gold in the East and the red in the West,
The sun bestirs him again.

"Ah! the birds come back to their last year's nest,
And the wild rose laughs in the lane,
But I turn to the East and I turn to the West—
She never comes back again."

And thus we travel on, never to meet again till we overtake them at the other shore—the meeting place of the clans.

Mr. McKee, another old neighbor, employed Finlay for a whole year just to look after his stock, and then fitted him out with a pony and saddle, and he started herding again. He stayed with his chosen profession for eight con-

secutive years. Nothing of any great importance happened during these monotonous days, and that is really the worst feature about it, for of all the professions for human exiles commend us to herding cattle on the western prairie or searching for the North Pole in a balloon. We admire nature, and love animals, and appreciate the stars and sky and air, but too much liberty and life is as bad as banishment. A man can get drunk on too much of anything. All the poetry of these things dies out when day after day, month after month, and year after year, a man sees little else than a collie dog, an ugly pony, and watches cattle fill themselves with grass, and listens to the everlasting whine of the land breezes across the boundless prairie.

Finlay did not languish altogether, which is a proof of his ability to dodge death; but during these years he did a little speculation on the side. At the end of this eight-year term he possessed quite a herd of cattle. A fourth pair of legs was required now, and he offered his herd of cattle as security for the money to make the purchase; but was not successful. His friends then appealed to the Council on his behalf, and they loaned him $40 to go to Chicago. Again a temptation came to enter

the museum there at a wage of $40 per month. This was not accepted, however, and he went to peddling again. He made his way to St. Paul, where he met Mr. Ericson, who wanted to fit him out with a pair of limbs. He resolved to return at once to Carman and sell his stock and make the purchase. He wrote to his friends as to the plan of action, and the Council took the matter up again, and ordered Mr. Frank Stewart, the clerk, to forward $130 to Mr. Ericson for a new set of limbs. Finlay offered the money back to the Council, but they refused to accept it. We wish our readers to know that whatever help Booth ever received was only to provide him with limbs, and that in only two cases out of four purchases he made.

For the last three years Finlay has been living with his niece, Mrs. Beaudry, and looking after their stock. At the present time, while these pages are being prepared, he is engaged selling silverware for the Silver Plate Company, of Windsor, Ontario.

CHAPTER IX.

REMARKABLE FEATS.

"Necessity is the mother of invention."
—*Farquhar.*

"Necessity is stronger far than art."
—*Æschylus.*

It is more than likely that our readers will do everything but question our veracity when we tell them what this handless man can do without any fixtures whatever, but simply with his bare stubs. The writer has seen him take his knife out of his pocket and open all the blades; again put a five-cent piece into his pocket and take it out. At another time stood beside him at the C. P. R. wicket in Winnipeg and saw him take his purse out of his pocket, open it, and take out his fare, $2.15, and hand it to the ticket agent.

By persons who have known him for years, and whose word is not to be questioned, we are informed that on several occasions he has acted as purser at tea-meetings, making all necessary changes with surprising rapidity.

In his present business, selling silverware, he handles his own horse, harnessing, hitching and driving, and has even learned the art of using the whip—of which, however, it is said the pony does not seem to have very much dread.

For many months at a stretch he has lived alone, cutting his shavings, kindling his fires, cooking his eggs, making his porridge, cutting his beefsteak, washing his dishes; indeed, his own neighbors say he did everything in the housekeeping line to perfection, unless it was making his bed, which he usually left to the end of the month, or, if times were hard, till the end of the season!

Joseph Johnston is the only man we know of who can do justice to the work Finlay has done at threshing machines, where he has stood at the end of the carriers putting away the straw, and above the din of the thresher has often been heard calling out: "More straw up here, please."

Our hero hangs on to an old habit, which is no credit to him or anyone else, but he claims to get a good deal of satisfaction out of it—smoking. It will be a revelation to "Old Myrtle Navy" users to know that he can cut his tobacco, fill his pipe, and take a match and light it.

Now, our wives and sisters and mothers must be prepared for a surprise when we tell them that Finlay can actually thread a needle, and has frequently sewed on his own buttons—effectually proving that as helpmates and housekeepers women are no longer a necessity, even to a man without hands or feet.

RELIGION AND HOPE.

Finlay is a member of the Anglican Church, and a consistent Christian. He has faith in God through Jesus Christ for remission of sins and eternal life. He has a sure hope that some day he will have a perfect body with a perfect soul, and a place before the throne of God with the holy angels forever.

Who knows what unspeakable repose of soul this blessed hope must give to a man who has been so maimed for life and deprived of so many pleasures and comforts of this world? Surely we need another life to supplement this one!

"Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains."

—*Wesley.*

"Lost Track of a Day"

A Stricture on Seventh-Day Teaching and Sabbath Desecration

BY R. DEZELL

COMPRISING LECTURE ON THE PROPER DAY AND DISSERTATIONS UPON OTHER PHASES OF THE SABBATH QUESTION

COMMENTS

REV. J. G. SHEARER, B.A., Field Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, says:

"I have read with much interest 'Lost Track of a Day,' by Mr. R. Dezell. It is an argument against the position taken by our Seventh Day Adventist friends for the observance of Saturday instead of our Lord's Day as the Christian Sabbath. Their position is considered in the light of Scripture, history and science, the closing chapter dealing with practical questions on the observance of the Sabbath. On the whole, Mr. Dezell's position is sound. He writes with more than ordinary ability, and his style is popular and taking. I should be glad to see his book very widely read. It can do only good; it will do much good."

REV. WM. CAVEN, D.D., Principal of Knox College and President of the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance for a number of years, says:

"Mr. Dezell writes with much ability, and shows throughout strong power of reflection. He is original

and vigorous, and I cannot doubt that the circulation of his book will do good. He has evidently devoted a great deal of attention to the Sabbath question, and has presented several aspects of it in new and fresh lights."

Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D., President of Victoria University, writes:

"I have read Mr. Dezell's work through with care. He deals with the subject of the Sabbath in almost every variety of aspect, in vigorous style and cogent logic. As against the Seventh Day theory, his arguments are most conclusive. His distinction between the civil and religious obligation of the Sabbath is, I think, well made, and answers many objections. His view of Sabbath obligation is at once spiritual, and placed at the highest standard. Here and there one might be disposed to criticize or modify the position taken or the form of argument employed, especially in the exegesis of Scripture proof; but these things will scarcely detract from the popular value of a strong and racy little book."

Professor J. F. McLaughlin, Victoria University, says:

"The spirit of the writer is good; he shows himself possessed of wide information and a fund of humor, as well as of sound common sense. In some respects I think the book to be a very effective reply to the vagaries of the Seventh Day Adventists."

Rev. J. Somerville, D.D., says:

"In 'Lost Track of a Day' we have a discussion of the Sabbath question which is very much needed. It gives in brief compass, and in a racy, readable form, the arguments for the Christian Sabbath, and will well repay a careful reading. This little book should have a wide circulation, for it will be the means of disseminating intelligent reasoning on a subject upon which views are not often clearly defined. The erroneous notions of the Seventh Day Adventists are being industriously spread in the community, and this discussion

is admirably adapted to counteract their erroneous teaching."

Rev. A. Langford, D.D., says:

"There is a freshness and originality about Mr. Dezell's book that will commend it to readers. It is just what is needed at the present hour. Even Canadians are becoming somewhat loose in their views concerning the Lord's Day. I sincerely hope that this excellent book may find its way into the homes of the people."

Commended by the Alliance.

At the meeting of the Executive Board of the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance, Dec. 30th, 1902, Rev. T. Albert Moore, Secretary, introduced the book and brought up the subject of its distribution. Of its reception he writes the author: "Many kind words were spoken of your book, and both its argument and presentation were warmly commended. It was also hoped that you might succeed in placing in the hands of our Ontario people your whole edition at an early date, because of the good that must follow its circulation."

108 pp. Paper cover, 15c. net, postpaid. Order of the Author, Allenford, Ont.