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Mr Donald McDonald

with kind regards and
best wishes

from

A. Mackay

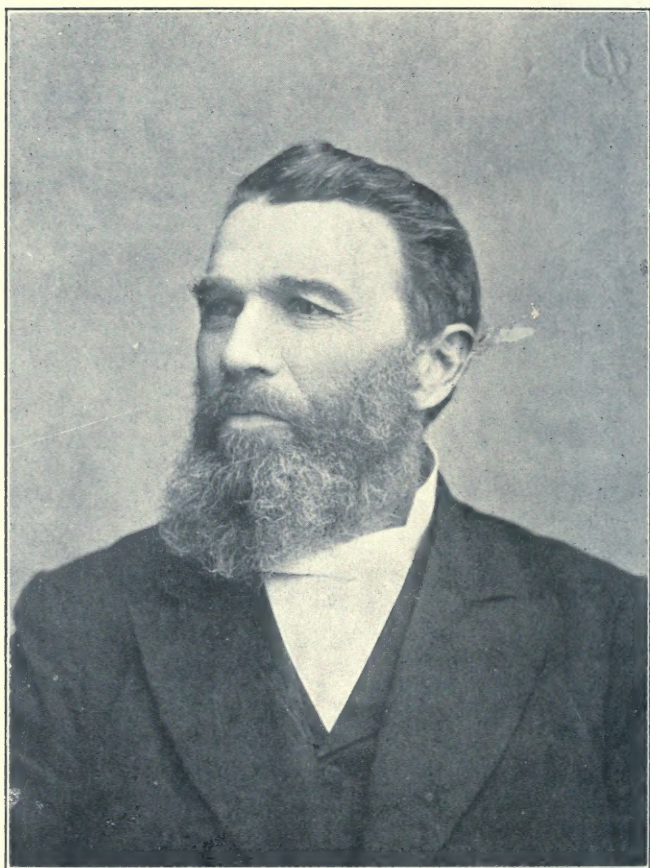
May 16th 1924

Josh. 1:8-9 Ps. 37:3-5 John 5:24



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Yours in the very best
of bonds L. Anderson

Reminiscences and Incidents

CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE AND
PASTORAL LABORS OF THE

Reverend John Anderson

EDITED BY HIS SON

REV. J. D. ANDERSON, B.A.

BEAUHARNOIS, QUE.



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PREFACE

FOR many years I have had an impression that it was my duty to put on record some of God's wonderful dealings in connection with my life, and some brief but remarkable sketches of incidents occurring during my pastoral ministrations.

This impression has been deepened through the urgent requests of brethren who have heard some of the sketches, and the fact that they are so indelibly engraven on my mind, and are in memory as clear and fresh as things that occurred yesterday.

This remarkable fact has often been a wonder to myself, as well as to others, and I think I am warranted in concluding that they were not designed to be hid, or "put under a bushel," of no practical benefit to others, and so to fall into oblivion at the end of my present existence.

Until my retirement from active pastoral work took place, I could not find time to carry out my increasing conviction regarding this important duty. Now that my public engagements are lessened, I have concluded, after very serious consideration and

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earnest prayer, to attempt it, and record a plain, simple narrative of facts connected with my life and pastoral work.

. There is no lack of books in our age, and my motive in beginning this volume is not to increase their number, or to make any financial gain, but that God may use it for the salvation of immortal souls and the edification and spiritual growth of His own true people.

To Him I dedicate it, and pray that He may accept it as the freewill offering of my heart.

JOHN ANDERSON.

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CHAPTER I.

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE day of my birth was the 12th of May, 1823. The event took place in a humble stone building at Lupendamph, Abernethy, Strathspey, Scotland, in which neighborhood there was a considerable stretch of moorland, or moss, as we generally called it, covered with short heather and dotted with small, scraggy pine trees of very little value. The heather when in bloom filled the air with a most delightful fragrance, while it furnished bees with excellent honey, and was relished also by cattle, producing butter of a very high grade.

The moss was of great value, as it supplied us with peat, the chief fuel then in use. It reached in some places to a depth of ten or twelve feet, so we had no fear of its being exhausted. Peat-making was of considerable interest and importance to every family in the neighborhood. At such times there would be a gathering of neighbors at the house

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where the work was to be done. The peat was cut into blocks by men with instruments made for the purpose, about five inches square and twelve inches long, out of a bank of moss higher than themselves, and as soft as butter. These were carried in wheelbarrows to an old bed from which peat had been taken in former years; there they were dumped, spread and left until they were dry on the outside, afterwards with horse and cart they were gathered into large stacks near the house, where they remained in good condition as hard as wood until they were used. They made a beautiful fire which produced great heat. In this connection I may mention that the moss in its original state was quite soft, and furnished the persons at work with excellent clods, which left their mark upon every object they struck, and were freely used at times when the workers found themselves in a humorous mood.

Underneath this deep moss large stumps and trees were met with now and again by the peat cutters, buried, no doubt, for ages, but perfectly sound. When these were dried and cut into small strips they would burn like candles. Indeed, in many houses they were the chief light used at night.

Near our home were the rivers Spey and Nethy. The latter was our fishing and bathing stream,

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where many of my youthful days were pleasantly spent. Farther off high mountains were ever in sight, covered with heather, with pine woods at their base. In the midst of those beautiful scenes of nature my first childish ideas were formed, and around them my thoughts still, with deep emotion, recur and entwine.

I am the youngest of a family of seven—three brothers and four sisters. My parents feared God and served Him daily. Their theology in our age would be called narrow, but it was deep and high in practice, hence they revered the house and the ordinances of God, and most regularly attended all the means of grace. With equal regularity did they maintain the worship of God both morning and evening in their family. Nothing of a secular nature was allowed to interfere with those domestic services. Worship consisted in singing a portion of a psalm or paraphrase, reading a chapter from the sacred volume, which father explained very frequently with great reverence and deep, earnest feeling, then on bended knees he led in prayer with a fluency and unction seldom met with at family worship; thus a considerable time was occupied twice a day in this important domestic privilege.

The Sabbath was kept with great strictness and

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particularly revered in the family. Nothing was allowed to be done but what was necessary. Fuel and water needed for the sacred day, though convenient to the house, had to be taken in on Saturday, and all secular talk or gossip was prohibited.

The first movement of the Holy Spirit on my soul of which I was conscious, occurred at family worship. I was then but a little child, perhaps between four and five years of age. After a chapter from Scripture, which set forth the day of judgment and the punishment of the wicked in eternity, and after speaking for a little of those solemn truths, my father engaged in prayer, while I on my knees beside my little stool was playing, when something whispered into my mind, "Oh, how dreadful it is to be wicked and sin against God! If you continue doing bad things you shall surely be cast into hell with the wicked." This made a deep impression on my mind. It alarmed me and I could not free myself from it, for I was conscious that I was not as good a boy as I should have been, although no worse than other children. Some time after worship, with this arrow in my heart, as I stood trembling in the doorway looking upward toward the sun, which was shining brightly at the time, an opposite thought was cast into my young and uncultivated mind: "There is no

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fear, for there is no God; and though there should be a God, He is not so cruel as to punish you, as daddy (as you call your father) says. Daddy is only trying to make us believe these things, so as to keep us from doing bad things." I knew not whence this thought came at the time, but I know now, for it carries on the face of it a clear evidence of its source. *It was a lie*, and came from "the father of lies," the great enemy of God and human souls. I was then entirely ignorant of his existence. But by this lie he relieved me of my fears, so my impressions soon left me. How watchful Satan is to resist the good seed from taking root in the heart even of little children.

For some years I continued to cherish this falsehood. It was pleasant to my unrenewed nature. The enemy continued to insinuate this lie into my mind for a long time: "There is no fear, for there is no God, and if there be a God He is not so cruel as not to forgive you when you would weep and cry and show outward signs of sorrow for your past conduct. He is compassionate and would not execute His threatenings against you." By reasoning of this nature my mind was kept calm regarding the future.

But, being daily called to family worship, my

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smothered convictions began again to assert their authority. My thoughts became very serious, and I was forced to the conclusion that there must be a God, otherwise father would not be speaking so much about Him, and so regularly praying to Him.

About this time my curiosity was excited by my father's prayers, and I asked my mother where he got his prayers. She told me that God gave them to him, that He put the words into his heart and taught him to pray. This confirmed my conviction that there was a God, that He was living and not far from us. I asked mother if God would give me prayers like those of my father. She told me He would if I asked Him to do so. From that time I began to ask Him to teach me to pray like my father. I always said the Lord's Prayer before going to bed. This had been taught me before I remember who did it and before I could read, so it became a habit with me as regular as bedtime itself. But now as the existence of the living God was a doctrine fixed in my mind, that He was also near us and giving us whatever we would ask Him, I added the following short sentence to the Lord's Prayer, "Lord, teach me to pray like father." By this I meant a prayer of my own composition.

Some time after this, just as I was retiring, father

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asked me if I was saying my prayer before going to bed. I said, "Yes, I was saying the Lord's Prayer." "Well," said he, "when you finish saying it say also, 'Lord, show me myself for Jesus' sake.'" This in a spirit of obedience I did regularly, together with the sentence I had previously added to it myself.

Soon after this my attention was drawn to a habit clearly seen in my father's life. I noticed that every evening after family worship, and before retiring to rest, he went out to the barn. This he did as regularly as evening came. I wondered what his object could be, and I determined to follow him and see what he was really doing. So on a certain evening, as I was quietly following him, I noticed that as he entered the barn he closed the door behind him and fastened it from the inside. This increased my curiosity very much, and I went quietly up to the door and heard his voice in earnest prayer. Although I could not properly hear what he was saying, yet I heard enough and saw enough to pierce my heart. Oh, how guilty I felt myself to be! Bitter anguish and pain seized my mind for living a prayerless life. It is true I was regular in saying my prayers, but I did not regard them as prayers, and they were not such prayers as my father offered,

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and I reasoned with myself thus: "My father is a good man. He knows well that there is a God who will punish the wicked after death, therefore he prays to Him every morning and evening at family worship, and again goes to meet Him in the barn, and prays to Him there the last thing he does at night. But I have no meetings like him with God. I never meet God and pray to Him as father does. I must just be a bad boy and will be cast into hell with devils when I die."

Under this deep impression I concluded that my safe course was to follow the example of my father, and go to the barn also every evening after worship and hold a meeting with God in prayer. But how could I go to the barn when it was occupied by father, with its door closed to keep others from entering? It would never do to interrupt father while he was meeting God there. But the good Spirit of God, who evidently was working on my young mind though I knew Him not, reminded me that the barn had a back door which was seldom opened. Could I not meet God at that back door while father was inside? I was captivated by the thought. But here another difficulty met me which seemed insurmountable; for at that time of the year the day was short, and it was about dark before fam-

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ily worship was over and I was afraid in the dark. This appeared to me more than I could do. But in my perplexity my true and blessed Guide suggested the consoling thought, which often encouraged and strengthened my heart in riper years, "Is not God to meet you at the back door of the barn, and if He is there will He not take care of you even in the dark? Your father will be inside the barn and God will meet you at the door outside; you will, therefore, be perfectly safe between them. Commit yourself to the Lord and go. No evil can befall you." Aided by these encouraging thoughts, I was enabled to carry out my cherished and sincere desire. I ventured out in the dark and found the way to the back door of the barn without any difficulty. At the back door of that little barn I regularly continued, from evening to evening, to hold meetings with my father's God, for a long period of time, I cannot say how long—for years. To me it was a sanctified spot. The peculiar state of mind often experienced by me at that barn door I cannot fully describe, nor can it ever be effaced from my memory. Indeed, in connection with those meetings my soul had with the living God there were mysteries I cannot even yet unravel; but one thing I know about them, they were meetings which my soul enjoyed

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and they influenced me for good. I was not only conscious of the Divine presence at the door, but it appeared to me that God was there in a bodily form, and so certain was I of this that on different occasions I stretched out my hand to feel Him in the dark, so as to remove any shadow of doubt of His being present. I knew not then the difference between a spirit and a material object. In stretching out my hand nothing was felt, though I believe had I touched an object it would not have made me afraid, for I was perfectly confident that God was there. Hence I talked with Him as a child would talk to an earthly father. My little wants and troubles, which were of a childish nature, I related to Him in a childlike spirit, and with childish words, being fully confident that God would grant me my requests if they were for my good.

In my riper experience and amid numerous studies I have had this peculiar experience of my childhood more or less in my mind. A desire for more light from God's unerring Word was ever present before me. Anything which I met in the Sacred Volume, or in the lives of any of God's true people similar to it, received my closest attention, nor can I say that I have, even yet, the light I would like on this mysterious subject. It has often

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been insinuated to my mind that my whole experience at the barn door was nothing more than human imagination, or perhaps diabolical impressions, designed to deceive; but this idea I dare not cherish, for those meetings were a powerful means of leading me in the right direction. Now God is the fountain of good, and in dispensing blessings to sinners He is not limited to one mode of dealing with them, He may not even deal with two persons alike, but acts according to His own sovereign and infinite wisdom, as He sees best for the persons with whom He deals. In my case I was but a child, and was not capable of receiving instruction through the ordinary means of grace, hence He condescended to treat me as a child, and according to a child's capacity. I have had similar experiences in later years, to which reference will be made in due time, and spiritual benefit resulted from them. In dealing with anxious persons during my pastoral work, I met some who also had very peculiar experiences of a similar kind, and was greatly aided in dealing with them on account of what I had passed through myself. So I have concluded, as already stated, that in infinite condescension God adapts Himself to the varied capacities and conditions of men.

Does not the Bible give countenance to this idea?

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Were not the people of God, in the Old Testament dispensation, frequently met by the Lord, in the form of a man, and at other times in the form of an Angel? Three men came to Abraham's tent and informed him of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and one of them was the Lord. Who can fully unravel Jacob's meeting with the Lord at the river Jabbok, or explain the mysterious Wrestler who held him fast until the breaking of the day? When Moses earnestly prayed for a manifestation of the Divine presence, he received the answer: "Behold, there is a place by me; and thou shalt stand upon a rock: And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and I will cover thee with my hand, while I pass by; and I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen." Previous to this request, Moses enjoyed a most intimate communion with God, and a clearer manifestation of His glory than any who went before; yet he longed for more, or additional, knowledge of Him, hence he said: "Show me thy glory." What particular manifestation of the Divine glory he desired more than he already had, it is difficult to see. He knew the people were not to have any similitude when the Lord spoke to them,

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lest it should lead them to corruption, or idolatry. Yet this prayer seems to indicate a longing for something additional to what he previously enjoyed. But whatever was the true import of his desire, I think a mixture of human infirmity had a place in it; hence God, while denying him what he asked, at the same time, in compassion for his weakness, granted what was better, or what would be to Moses a clearer evidence of His pardoning love to the rebellious Israelites, than any additional display of His glory would have been.

But what is noticeable at present regarding this Divine manifestation is, that it was attended by some external appearance. Hence we meet in its description the terms, "face," "hands," "back parts." These terms must be viewed as figurative, and the whole transaction as a symbolical scenery. For in this life we can only see the glory of God as it reflects from His works, or is revealed to us in His Word as it shines through the Lord Jesus, who is "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person." Here in this life, in compassion with our weakness, He spreads a cloud over the throne of His glory; but when our present infirmities are removed, and we become spiritual like Himself, capable of enduring the glory of His per-

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son, and we see Him face to face, then He will remove the cloud from His glorious throne, and a direct display of His glory will be revealed to our souls; for we shall see Him as He is.

Through these encouraging visits made to me in my childhood days, I was sustained in my efforts to serve God, and was impressed with a deep sense of God's nearness to me, and of His unchanging interest in my welfare. For every time I met in prayer the human yet Divine presence, I experienced an inward consciousness that I was a child of God, and that He was with me. A simple faith and unshaken confidence in God characterized that early period of my life. God and my soul were on the most friendly terms; often talking to one another, as one friend talks to another. My little troubles I would in solemn earnestness present unto Him in prayer, fully confident that He would relieve me if it would be for my good; and although my troubles were generally connected with this life, and of a childish nature, yet direct and sometimes immediate answers were given. An example or two may be of interest. I cannot give my exact age when these occurred. I think I was about seven or eight years old, as by that time certain duties were assigned to me.

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One day my work was to herd the sheep. My father sometimes had a large flock, which had to be watched. As I was on duty tending them, two wandered away. I soon missed them, and made a very careful and anxious search for them, but failed to find them. The sun was now lowering, and the night was drawing near, when I had to return with the sheep to the fold, but how could I report to those at home that two of the sheep were missing? Such a report, I knew, would not be pleasing to my father. I felt no blame for losing them, yet it troubled me very much. One thing I felt I could do. God was near me and I could tell Him my trouble. This I did. Down on bended knees I dropped, in the midst of the heather. There I presented my trouble before the Lord. I set before Him my diligence in watching the sheep and the annoyance it would give my father to be told that two of them were lost, and earnestly asked Him to direct me to the place where the lost sheep were. Before rising off my knees, an answer came in a whisper, distinctly heard by the inner man, "Just go straight on to the trees near the pine grove beyond you, and you will find them there." I ran with all my might to the place, perfectly sure that the lost sheep were there, and so they were, in the

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very spot to which I was directed, and my young heart experienced the joy alluded to by our Saviour in Luke 15, when the Good Shepherd found His sheep that was lost. I was truly very happy, not only for the lost sheep, but also for receiving an answer to my prayer, which I regarded as an evidence that God was pleased with me.

A similar occurrence took place some time after this. My sister, who was much older than I, and myself, were sent in search of some lost sheep, which, according to information received, had been seen on a certain mountain, some distance from our home. On reaching the mountain, we ascended together through very long heather, till we came almost to its summit, without seeing any trace of them. My sister proposed that we should separate; that she would go to the left, and I to the right, and continue our journey till we would meet; thus we were to go round the top of the mountain. The proposal I did not like, but made no objection. So we parted and proceeded on our solitary search, and continued our tramp for some hours. By and by I began to think that we must have passed one another! Indeed, I began to fear that we had not acted wisely in parting, and that I might not be able to find her, or find my way home without her.

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Besides, I was pretty well played out, and completely discouraged, as the heather was very high and difficult to walk through. I began to call aloud, and continued calling with all my might, without receiving any answer. My trouble can be better conceived than expressed. I knew not the promise "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." I had no idea that such a promise had an existence. But the Spirit of God, who had been my Instructor and Guide from my birth, though I knew Him not, told me to direct my cries to God, rather than to my sister. To my knees, on that mountain and in heather higher than myself, I went. There my cry ascended to God for my sister's return. I was not kept long in distress, for deliverance came; I was comforted, and was assured that my sister would soon appear. Standing up, I discovered her coming toward me as fast as the heather would allow. These instances of prayer answered are but two out of many of a similar nature with which I was favored in my early days. They are to me a clear proof that God hears and answers the lisplings of little children who fear and love Him. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

In those early days I had more freedom and con-

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fidence in approaching God than I have now. This I often deplore; nevertheless it is a painful fact in my experience. Human learning did not increase the simplicity of my faith and confidence in God. My knowledge, though it is far from being perfect, of my own heart, and of the devices of Satan, and of the many false theories of men regarding the religion of Jesus and the inspiration of the Scriptures which I had to examine during my college course, robbed me of that simple boldness and confidence in my approach to God which I then enjoyed. Nor was this freedom or intimacy with God of a presumptuous nature. I had a deep and reverential awe in my very heart toward God, and toward everything connected with His truth and worship. So sensible was I of His almighty power and spotless purity, and of my own weakness and sinfulness, that I shrank from making use of the common expression, "My Father." Indeed, this erroneous impression fastened itself in my mind to such an extent, that for a long time I felt it was rather daring on the part of any man to call God his Father. And even yet I have no sympathy with the very frequent use of expressions such as "Dear Lord," "Loving God," common on the lips of many during Divine worship. It is true God

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sets Himself before us in His Word as our Father, and it is one of our exalted privileges to call Him Father. Yea, the Spirit teaches us to call Him "Abba Father." But we have rebelled against Him, and are sinners both by nature and practice; and we cannot in our most solemn moods but partake to some extent of the spirit of the prodigal, when in the arms of his father he exclaimed: "I am no more worthy to be called thy son."

About this time, while at family worship, father alluded to some of David's distresses, as set forth in certain of his Psalms; how he "wept and even roared by reason of the disquietness of his heart." The words of our Saviour also found their way into my heart: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." And about the same time I went with the family to a meeting-house where worship was frequently conducted; a young minister, just out of college, took part in the services. In the address he manifested great earnestness, and in his concluding prayer, being quite near to him, I noticed big tears rolling down his cheeks; these things combined made a very deep but misleading impression on my mind, namely, that tears were an essential part of Divine worship, and that my prayers, no matter how often I would present them,

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could not be acceptable to God, if not mixed with my tears. I knew that my tears were not connected with my prayers. This troubled me very much. If I could only weep like David, or like the young minister, then I imagined I would be all right.

One afternoon, while attending the cattle, I spent most of the time in prayer, which was difficult to do, as they were very restless, and could not be let out of my sight but a few minutes at a time. However, the old saying is true: "Where there's a will, there's a way." In spite of the restlessness of the cattle, I could on that morning of trouble find spots here and there in which to pray. Just at the foot of a fir tree I could have been seen on my knees seven times, pouring out my heart in prayer in broken and childlike sentences, making my feelings and desires known to God. While thus engaged, one of my sisters came to me with what on ordinary occasions would have been glad tidings; that my father was to take me with him, the following day, to a fair to be held in a distant town. I was not elated by the news; for I felt I would rather remain attending to the cattle, and talking with God among the fir trees, than go to the fair. On other occasions nothing would have given me greater pleasure. I went, but my mind

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was very much occupied with my own state before God. On our journey, I wished to speak to my father about my spiritual state, and made an attempt more than once to do so; but being so shy I failed to draw his attention to my state. Oh, how I did wish that he would speak to me, and tell me what I could do, so as to make me a better boy! For I was far from thinking that I was good enough, or better than my companions.

This shows us how important it is for parents to converse with their children regarding their personal salvation. Even some godly parents come far short of this duty, while others never think of it, probably because they themselves are entire strangers to vital religion. Had my father spoken to me personally, when my very heart cried after God, it would have been a blessing to me all my life. I needed instruction badly, and would most gladly have received it. For I now find that my ignorance was Satan's open door to my heart. I was not only ignorant of the way of salvation through Christ, but also ignorant of the deceitfulness of my own heart, and of the devices of the great enemy of my soul. Most keenly did I feel my need of some one to explain to me, in words that my youthful mind

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could understand, those great truths so essential to human salvation.

Here I must record a very impressive dream I had soon after. I do not attach much importance to ordinary dreams; for I believe the most of them, in the words of Solomon, come "through the multitude of business." But in the Old Testament times, God used dreams as a channel through which He revealed His will to men. And the prophet Joel, setting forth the fulfilment of Divine promises to His Church, declares, among other things, that "old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." The Spirit of God has as much access to the human mind when we are asleep as when we are awake, and can, and I believe does, impress our minds with thoughts and ideas as He sees proper for the accomplishment of His own wise purposes. It was so in my case, at any rate. As I knew not then His written Word, He sometimes encouraged me with dreams.

Well, in my dream, I died. And just when this solemn event occurred, a company of people, all beautifully dressed, and playing on different instruments of music, were marching along, and found me about the place where I was in the habit of praying. They invited me to accompany them to

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heaven. To this my heart responded with gladness; for to get to heaven was my most earnest desire. I left everything and joined the happy company. Just as we were passing our house, I saw my mother through an open window, spinning rolls of wool with her spinning-wheel. I went to her and asked her to come with us to heaven. But she gave me no answer; and the more I besought her to come away with us, the more she whirled around her wheel. With the greatest sorrow I decided to part from her. I did so, and joined the heavenly band. My sorrow in parting disappeared, and I began to sing with the rest. Here I awakened, and felt truly sorry that it was only a dream. Next morning I related this peculiar dream to my mother, and her looks showed clearly, even to my young mind, that she was concerned about it. A day or two after, as she and father were sitting in the house, not knowing that I was within hearing, she told him of the strange dream. They talked a good deal about it, but although I tried to get a right hold of what passed between them, I failed, but heard enough to cause me to think more highly of myself than I ought.

My idea of heaven was of a material nature. To me heaven was just a nice country, far away

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from this world, and was reached after travelling a long distance, and at a very slow pace. I viewed it as a place to which all good people went after death, to live forever with God and the angels; a place which had great cities, whose streets were made of pure gold, copiously supplied with waters clear as crystal, and containing trees, planted by God Himself, which produced most delicious fruits, of all variety, and in great abundance. Of the spiritual nature of the heavenly kingdom I had not the shadow of an idea, nor of the important truth that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

And have we no reason to fear that this is the idea entertained in our day by many, not only of young children, but also of aged persons? The spiritual nature of the kingdom of God is to them but a vague, meaningless expression. For, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." This same truth is set forth by the Apostle in another place, where he says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared

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for them that love him." This passage, though often erroneously quoted, and applied to the blessings in store for God's true people in heaven, yet clearly indicates the natural man's utter inability to discern spiritual truths. This seems to be what the Apostle is here teaching. It is true indescribable blessings are stored up in heaven for those who love God and serve Him on earth; but blessings are enjoyed by such people, here in this life, which cannot be enjoyed or perceived through natural senses, or even mere intellectual powers, by the unregenerate. A man who has only natural abilities, no matter how sagacious, how learned, how free from all sensual indulgences he may be, while in his natural state is incapable of beholding the spiritual nature of Christ's Kingdom. He must be born again, and come into possession of the Holy Spirit, who alone can make his inner man spiritual, so as to enable him to see what is spiritual. Here in this connection, we see the force of our Lord's declaration to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Without this great change man cannot see, or taste, or enjoy anything that is spiritual connected with the Kingdom of God, in the present life, or in the life beyond the

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grave. But when, by the grace of God, the heart is renewed, the person, it is true, is the same, but becomes, in the change, a new creature, possessing new perceptions, new affections, a new disposition, and is prepared to make a new use of all his faculties and powers, as he enters the spiritual Kingdom of God, to which he was before, while in his unregenerate state, an utter stranger. Without this change, he cannot receive in faith and love the spiritual mysteries of redemption, which are unfolded to the renewed soul by the cross of Christ. To the unregenerate these spiritual truths will, in one way or other, appear foolish or absurd. Proud and unregenerate reasoners often scoff at them, and turn them into ridicule. It is therefore no wonder that young children should form their ideas of heaven and heavenly things from objects belonging to the material world in which they move, as I did in my youthful days.

Another error in my early days might be mentioned. I was still clinging to the covenant of works. I knew nothing of Christ as the way of salvation. There was no lack of earnestness or of sincerity on my part; but I lacked knowledge of Christ, as the Substitute, or Surety for sinners. I had no idea of His atoning work, like the Jews of old,

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who, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." My impression was that if I could do something good, as it is called—pray more, weep more, be like David and other godly persons whom I knew about—then I would be all right, and God would be pleased with me. Many, I fear, in our day live in this fatal error. Oh, it is difficult to get the human heart broken from the covenant of works! Men are prepared to do anything sooner than accept Christ as their Substitute, or Surety, and salvation through Him without money or price. It is contrary to the natural heart to accept pardon and eternal life without offering to God something in exchange. So it was with me. I spent many years in this common error, which genders bondage in the soul. To me it is most amazing how, in the midst of so many Gospel means and godly examples, I managed to exclude Christ as the way of salvation from my mind. It is, however, a humbling fact; for I lived entirely ignorant of Him for, alas, many years.

Before I proceed to another period of my life, I would emphasize *the great importance of family worship*. Is it not a solemn and deplorable truth,

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that the families who neglect this important duty are setting aside Divinely appointed means which God owns in the salvation of souls? Yea, and perhaps the very best means within the reach of parents, for the training of their children in the fear of God. Family worship, even in the homes of Christian parents, is evidently on the decline. This decline is gradual. It is like a decay common to some fruit. It begins in the heart, and gradually works its way to the surface, till the whole fruit is rotten. So it is with many a family worship. A decay of vital godliness begins in the heart; holy aspirations for communion with God give place to a spirit of indifference, and this inner state of heart and mind works its way to the outward conduct, hence the domestic worship is curtailed; the singing of Divine praise is dropped, as there is no one in the family able, or perhaps willing, to lead; the prayer is shortened, or perhaps social engagements, and late hours, drive the evening prayer out of the family circle, while the pressure of early secular duties excludes the morning worship altogether; and thus the family is numbered with those that call not upon God. I could name a family, once high in Christian profession, where domestic worship was regularly maintained until the children

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had grown up, and were able to take their share in the work of the farm. Then the sons protested against the period occupied in family worship, on the ground that farm work was too pressing to allow religious services in the family on week days. The parents yielded to their sons' request, and instead of ruling their own house, according to command, virtually placed the reins of government in the hands of their children. That family has had no real prosperity since. Some of its members have now homes of their own, but are seldom seen in any place of worship. Let parents neglect, or exclude, domestic worship from their homes throughout the land, then we may expect a new illustration of the sad truth declared in the Scripture, of God's ancient people, that after the days of Joshua, and after the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, "there arose another generation after them which knew not the Lord, nor yet the work which he had wrought for Israel."

Regarding this very commonly neglected duty, the Word of God gives no uncertain sound; hence we read in Eph. 6:3, "And ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Jeremiah also in addressing God says: "Pour out thy fury

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upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not upon thy name.”

A parent connected with one of my charges unbosomed the sorrow of his heart to his pastor, regarding his neglect of this important duty; and as I believe him to be one of many who might easily be mentioned, who write bitter things against themselves for the same sad neglect, I record his statements in this connection. I was well acquainted with the individual, and of his sincerity I have no doubt. I knew him while he lived without God, in a state of most painful indifference to all spiritual things; I knew him while, through the operations of the Spirit of God, he was laboring under deep conviction of sin, having the arrow of Divine truth sticking fast in his conscience; and I knew him while, through faith in the crucified One, his joy was overflowing. His convictions were indeed deep and painful, and his joy when relieved was indescribable. On one of my pastoral visitations, and while sitting at his table surrounded by the warm-hearted members of his family, among whom I often had a place, his earnest statements, which still are fastened in my very heart, were as follows: “Well, Mr. Anderson, many a time you were the means of bringing encouragement and joy to my

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poor soul; but I am now in trouble, and have been so for some time. But," said he, with his eyes full of tears, "I fear you cannot relieve me this time." "It may be so, but is there not One near at hand who is a present help in every time of need?" was my response. "Oh, yes," said he, "there is no lack of *His* ability; but I cannot expect freedom from my present trouble on this side of the grave." "Is it really so?" said I; "let me hear what it is." "Well, I'll tell you," was the reply. "The Lord was very kind to me in my past life, though I knew Him not. He caused me to prosper, and surrounded me with many of the comforts of life. I have raised a pretty large family in this place, but only those you now see are with me; the rest are scattered far away, and some of them have gone to the spirit world. But what troubles me is this: Those that have left never saw me once on my knees in prayer. My influence over them was bad, and of a wordly nature. I knew no better; and while I have a humble hope that the sins of my bad influence and indifference to their training in the fear of God are pardoned through the blood of Jesus, yet I cannot but feel grieved and pained when I think of the carelessness regarding spiritual things which I manifested among my own children. Oh, if I could but

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gather them again around me, so that they might see, with their own eyes, the change that has taken place in my conduct, and be warned against living a prayerless life, as they saw me doing in the days of my ignorance! But this I cannot now expect." Here the grieved father broke down. Utterance failed him. Tears only spoke. Let all parents who read this sketch, and live in the neglect of this duty, be warned lest they may experience on a day yet to come a similar spirit of self-upbraiding, when, like the grieved parent here alluded to, they may find it too late to remedy the evil.

A second important truth indicated by these early impressions is: *the operation of God's Spirit in the hearts of young children.* Children are naturally guilty. The guilt of the first sin of our federal representative is imputed unto them. "In Adam all die." In the words of inspiration, "they are shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin." The human heart sustained an irreparable injury by the fall. Our natural proneness to sin is a disease which our constitution has no power to throw off, and which no human skill can remove. Parental or any human training is inadequate. Early teaching or culture is of vast importance, whether in the domestic circle or in the Sabbath School, but

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it does not remove the stony heart, or reach the inner man. All such human instructions are means of great importance, which the Spirit uses, but they cannot repair the breach made in man's nature by the fall. Indeed, the repairing of man's nature is not even attempted by God Himself; but He takes the stony heart away and gives a heart of flesh. In a word He creates the man anew in Christ Jesus. This inward revolution is wrought by the Spirit of God, who works in the child or infant as He does in the parent. The child is of the number of the lost, and shall be lost eternally, if the atoning work of Christ is not applied to the inner man, or the regenerating work of the Spirit is not accomplished in the soul. And, speaking humanly, the Spirit has easier access to the heart of the child than He has to the heart of the parent, or to that of an adult; but in both cases He uses means.

This important doctrine is fixed and established in my innermost soul; and Scripture clearly agrees with what I experienced in my days of childhood. The Spirit used family worship as a means to awaken my young mind to a true sense of my guiltiness before God. This He did a long time before I knew that there was a Holy Spirit. To the praise and honor of His sovereign grace I record it. He

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made me sensible of my danger, though blameless as far as the outward eye could discern, or innocent as some would say; yet conscious, in my own heart, of being in a guilty state before God. What but the Spirit of God could produce those deep impressions on my infant mind, filling my heart with fear and trembling, in prospect of meeting a holy and just God? The Spirit then began His good work in the heart, which He will, I hope, carry on till He completes it. He then began to take possession of the child's heart, so as to empty it of its native vices and finally restore it to its original owner as a trophy of sovereign and unspeakable love. I would truly despair of the salvation of a single soul, were it not for the omnipotence and sovereign love of God's Spirit, who begins His saving work in the human heart when and where He, in infinite wisdom, sees proper. Nothing,—nothing short of His power, can overcome the natural obstinacy and obduracy of man's heart against spiritual things.

A third great truth seen is, *a common device of Satan to retain and occupy the human soul.* Falsehood is a very common mode adopted by him to keep in peace the heart in which he reigns. He is mean enough, and base enough, to insinuate lies even into the minds of children, before they have

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any knowledge of his existence, or of his wicked devices. It was so in my case at any rate. For the very first anxiety that was awakened in my mind regarding my future state he calmed by a lie: "Don't be afraid, for there is no God." And he succeeded, for my fears left me. His lie found a place suitable to its nature in the heart which he occupied. How he knew that my mind was anxious at that moment, I cannot tell. But beyond doubt he applied his false remedy at the best time to secure his end, and dispel my anxiety. He sows his own seed in the child's heart. Hence we read, "They go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." It comes as natural for a child to do wrong as it does for a grain of wheat cast into the soil to produce, in its season, fruit of its own kind; or for a young serpent to give a deadly bite. And why is evil fruit so natural to a young child? Two reasons may account for it. Evil is *natural* to the child. It is a degenerate plant of a strange vine; or a stream that flows from an unclean fountain. Again the enemy, at the dawn of reason, *sows it with his own seeds*,—with the obnoxious seed of falsehood, error, and hatred against God and all spiritual truth; he fills the young heart with wicked thoughts and blasphemous imaginations, which are contrary to the pure and

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holy nature of God. The enemy finds the child's heart tender, and stamps it with his own impress, and then watches over it with great care, so as to resist the very first indication of the Spirit's saving work in the soul.

The children of even the purest saints are numbered among the lost, and in need of salvation. Although man came forth from the hand of the Great Creator pure and holy, having the Divine law written in his heart, yet alas, he fell from his blessed state; and his fall effaced this law from his heart; so that now there is hardly a trace of it left in his nature. Hence the necessity of regeneration. "Verily, verily," said the Saviour to Nicodemus, "I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nothing can enter in through the gates into the city above, which defiles or makes a lie.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST SCHOOLING.

IN my youthful days children were not sent to school as early as they are now, and in my opinion the old custom was the better. For then children were allowed to grow and mature, to some extent, both in mind and body, before they had to bear the burden of anxiety and long confinement of the schoolhouse. But now they are sent, almost from the cradle, to the school; as though their parents were more anxious to get them out of their way, than to have them learn lessons. Before they are initiated into real study, they undergo a *cramming system*, so severe that if they live to see their school days ended, they may find their nerves so shattered, their spirits so broken, and their whole systems so weakened that years may be needed in repairing the injury received, through a most injudicious system of learning over which they had no control.

Well, my schooling did not begin too early; nor was there any cramming connected with it. In the

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place of my birth, there were what we may call district schools, besides the regular parish school. The former were only open at certain times of the year, for the benefit of localities not convenient to the parish school. The teachers were engaged, from time to time, by the people of the neighborhood, and their salaries were paid by them. It was to the district school I was first sent, when I was about eight years of age.

The parish school differed from the district school in that it was permanent. Its teacher was settled as the parish teacher for an unlimited period, and was entirely independent of the people whose children he taught. I was but a term or two in the district school. The alphabet, of course, was my first lesson. To pronounce the letters, after the master, according to the old Scotch pronunciation, three times each day was all I had to do, except to sit perfectly quiet (which was not easily done) during those long intervals between my lesson. But, like my fellows, I managed to get over my A B C to the formation of words and short sentences. I was then sent to the parish school, where reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic were my daily lessons. This was as far as I was allowed to go; for I had to bear my own share

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of home duties just as soon as I was capable of doing so.

Scholars then at certain times of the year had to carry from their homes some fuel to warm the schoolhouse. The winter was not very cold, and stoves were unknown; but the house had to be warmed sometimes to make it comfortable for children. So each pupil had to carry every morning, as it was needed, a peat, or a piece of firewood, which on entering the schoolhouse he threw into a place set apart for the fuel. The pupil in going to school was easily known, as he would have his peat under his arm, the very best he could find in the peat-stack.

I had to leave school before mastering even those simple branches already mentioned. But very few of the young people in our day have any idea of the difficulties which children then, knowing only the Gaelic language, had to contend with. We could easily learn the letters of the alphabet, pronounce words correctly, and read and spell simple words, without knowing the meaning. Just like parrots, we could imitate the teacher's voice, and yet know not what he said or meant. Dictionaries or books to teach us the meanings of words or sentences I never knew in my first schooling, although it was

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the parish school. The teacher was independent of the people whose children were under his care, for he was not engaged by them, nor did his salary come directly from them; he was therefore not much concerned about the progress of his pupils. Indeed, he could not be blamed very much for his indifference; for what could he do with children who could not understand him? He was bound to rule and keep them in order; and this he did, not through their reason, or intelligence, but rather through their flesh and bones; just as he would deal with dumb creatures, that have no reason. And so the *tawse*, that grand weapon for ruling, was constantly in active service, and seldom allowed to slumber, save on those peculiar occasions when the master took "a wee drappy too much," and found his desk a pillow soft enough for a good long nap. This, of course, was not considered a very great sin in the teacher, any more than in the minister; not an unpardonable sin at any rate. The children enjoyed it greatly, and their hilarity knew no bounds except silence, lest the slumberer at the desk should be awakened, as the whole school sincerely wished him a long sleep.

There was a practice, very common in my youthful days, connected with schools, and highly appre-

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ciated both by masters and scholars, which is now justly prohibited; I refer to *cock-fighting*. It occurred every year, about Easter, and was held in the schoolhouse. Our classes were suspended for the day, benches and desks removed, and a place prepared for the fight. Tickets were duly provided, and numbered, one for every boy in the school. The girls took no part in the affair. The tickets being mixed were then put into a bag, made for the purpose. Afterward each boy handed out three pennies, and drew his ticket from the bag, which fixed his bird's turn in the fight. Should his rooster refuse to fight when its turn came, it was expected the bird would be killed and sent to the master, along with the money received for the tickets. The boy whose bird fought the greatest number of roosters was declared *King in the school*; and the second best was *Queen*. It was truly a cruel and barbarous custom.

Certain privileges accompanied those triumphs. The King was regarded as a ruler among the boys in their plays, and the Queen the same among the girls. Should any of the boys commit an offence during the year which deserved punishment, the King had the privilege, if he saw proper, to plead on their behalf for freedom from the punishment,

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or suggest to the master the nature or degree of the punishment; and the Queen had the same privilege among the girls.

This day of sport ended with another objectionable custom. A ball was held, and the King and Queen were expected to be present, and to furnish the party with a certain amount of liquor, or whiskey, then commonly used. And just here I must state that in connection with this ball, patronized by the mass of the people, I received a most important lesson, which under the Divine favor saved me from many a snare in future life. On one occasion my rooster came out victorious, and I was declared King of the school. My joy knew no bounds. I went home with my poor wounded and bruised bird under my arm, as happy as if I were made an heir of a large estate. Mother read the pleasant tidings in my countenance at the first sight. My joy became general, for the whole family looked pleased. The rooster was greatly praised, and for the time being, at any rate, well fed. Father was in the barn, so with a light step I hastened out with the tidings. I found him thrashing with a flail. "I am King," was my joyful announcement. He seemed pleased, and stopped the flail. But my heart was not perfectly at ease.

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It was fluttering; for I had to follow my happy announcement with a request, and I was not perfectly sure of success; so with a tremor I said, "Now, father, you must give me some money to get whiskey for the ball to-night; for you know the King has to supply the party with some whiskey." He looked at me (his look was rather discouraging) and calmly and solemnly said: "I cannot do that. It is wrong to give whiskey to the party at the ball; the ball itself is a bad thing, and I cannot give you money to get whiskey, nor can I allow you to go there. Were you to ask me for something that is right, I would give it, but I cannot do what is wrong." His reply reached my very heart. I cried aloud, and with bitter tears said, "Oh, father, if you just let me go for this time I shall never ask to go any more." "I cannot do it," he reiterated. "You are not to go to the ball, so say no more about it."

If human words ever penetrated a human heart, those words penetrated my innermost soul. They stirred up the stagnant pool of my corrupt nature to its very bottom; and the very worst thoughts and feelings conceivable regarding my father were aroused—thoughts and feelings unknown to me previously. The change in my

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mind was sudden and devilish; instead of believing my father to be the best man in the neighborhood, I now viewed him as the very worst, the most cruel and tyrannical that ever existed; and as I noticed some of my school companions passing our house to the ball, while I was a prisoner under a most cruel treatment, the inner flame of my nature blazed out with greater fury. My feelings became uncontrollable. I cried aloud. When supper-time drew near father put in an appearance. He looked at me and said, solemnly, "Go upstairs to your bed, and if I hear another murmur from you I shall go up with the switch." Of course, I went, and although unreconciled to the sore treatment I had to endure, the fear of the switch kept my mouth silent. I had no supper that night and but little sleep. The trial was indeed sore; but under God, who makes everything work together for good to those who love Him, it was a blessing to me. It saved me from the ballroom, and from all the snares connected with it. From that time to the present day I have never entered a ballroom, nor had I ever any inclination to do so. After I left my father's house I was frequently invited, and urged by my associates to go, but I could not consent; not simply because I regarded the ballroom as a very bad place,

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but chiefly because my father forbade me going to it. I knew it would be a great sin on my part to set aside his command for self-gratification, even though he should never hear of it.

When the truth as it is in Jesus came with power to my heart, then I discovered very clearly the wisdom of my father's stern discipline, and many times I thanked God for the firmness he manifested in resisting my earnest and tearful pleadings on this occasion; for had I once entered one of these chambers of vice, where would my course have ended? It does not require very great experience to discover the evil tendencies of the ballroom, and of all those places of sport and amusement where lower human nature is inflamed and excited to such an extent as to make it uncontrollable. But on this subject I need not enlarge at present, as it will meet us again.

The rebellion of my heart under my father's stern discipline calls for some explanation. Some may say, "How can you reconcile this with your early experience, when you had such simple confidence in God? Were you not under the operations of God's Spirit from your very infancy? What became of your early impressions and confidence in God recorded in the preceding chapter?"

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Could a wicked, unconverted person give a clearer proof of being under the power of sin and Satan than you manifested when your desires were not granted?" The difficulty here can easily be explained. My early impressions, my convictions of sin, my prayers, my vows and resolutions, my simple confidence in God and longings of soul to please Him and to be like His people in life and character, all clearly show that I was not far from the Kingdom of God. But my zeal was not according to knowledge; for I knew not Christ as the Saviour of lost sinners. My great wonder is not, that after experiencing those religious feelings, I gave evidences that I was in my natural state, but that I was ever brought out of that state after having grieved the Spirit of God as I did. I know that a living Christian may fall into sin, and may remain under its power for some time, but God will complete His own good work in him in due time. In my case it was not, as some would call it, "a falling from grace." For we cannot fall till we are raised with Christ through union to Him. We must be subjects of *saving grace* before we can fall from it.

The wise man says in Prov. 20:11, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." This passage im-

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plies that children differ in their childhood, or at their birth, previous to any instruction given them either by precept or example, and that the difference is so marked that we can anticipate what their manhood will be. We can discern something in the budding of the young tree by which we may know the tree in its maturity, so by the early habits, tempers and doings of the child we can tell pretty correctly what he will be in his maturity. If he be deceitful, quarrelsome, obstinate, rebellious, selfish, we may justly have fears of his character in maturity; but if he be docile, truthful, loving, obedient, generous, then we feel confident that in his manhood he will be a blessing to his fellow-men. No doubt parental watchfulness and sound Scriptural training will do much to remove the natural evils growing up in the child, and establish in his character principles of truth and uprightness; yet previous to any teaching which human beings can impart, we find children differ from one another in their infancy, and the question meets us: "What makes the difference?" They all come from the same corrupt fountain, and, in the words of the inspired Apostle, they are all "children of wrath." Some of them, it is true, are at the very dawn of reason docile, loving, and apparently averse to evil,

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while others, even of the same family, are violent, jealous, given to lies and wickedness. To attribute this difference to their parents will not meet the difficulty; for sometimes the most kind and well-disposed parents have the worst children, while the most envious and malicious parents have the most loving and well-disposed offspring. To explain this difference in children we must look beyond the parents to the sovereign grace of God revealed by the Spirit's work in the soul. God said to Jeremiah, "Before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee." The angel told Zacharias that his son, John the Baptist, was to "be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb." And the Apostle Paul takes up this very difficult point and settles it, as we see in Romans, where he speaks of Jacob and Esau. "The elder," says he, "shall serve the younger, as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." In this passage two brothers, born of the same parents, are introduced, and before they were born and had done either good or evil, God loved one of them, which made him to differ from the other—loved him, not because of some good thing he found in him that was not in his brother, but loved him of His own sovereign good will. This certainly made him to differ from

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Esau his brother, and although that favored brother, during his youthful days, did many things which he should not have done, yet in his latter days he gave clear evidences of being a subject of grace. His name has a most prominent place in the Sacred Volume, and shall "be in everlasting remembrance" in the Church of the living God.

Another incident occurred during my first schooling, which I must briefly notice before passing on to another period, as I received a very important lesson in connection with it. One day coming home alone from school and being very hungry, I passed by an orchard, and seeing a large number of apples lying under a tree not far from me, without a moment's hesitation I jumped over the stone wall and filled my pockets with the fruit. On my way home I began to eat some of the stolen spoil, but found it not very palatable. The fruit was small, hard and green, and so sour that it needed more courage than ordinary to eat it, so I took the greater part home. But my father, seeing it in my possession, asked me where I got it. I told him. "Did you steal it?" said he. "Yes," was my reply. "Well," said he, "you must take it back; take it into the house and tell the family that you stole it when going home from school to-day." "Oh,"

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said I, "it is of no use, they are but nasty, sour things." "No matter," said he, "you had no right to take them, you knew it was wrong and you must take them back right off." His words were sharp and keenly felt. They reached my heart and I wept bitterly and proposed to put them where I got them. No, that would not do; but "Go with them and take them into the house and tell them that you stole them," was the stern injunction. This was humbling in the extreme, but there was no getting over it. I put the fruit all back into my pockets, and before getting anything to satisfy my hunger off I went with it. Approaching the house, the good lady met me just in the open door. Without saying a word, I passed by her to a large table, and to her astonishment I began to pour out the spoil upon it, and said: "These are some apples which I stole out of your orchard when I was going home from school to-day, and my father sent me back with them." I could not utter another word, but my tears flowed very copiously. She came to where I stood, laid her hand on my head, and began to stroke it, saying: "You are a good boy to bring them back," and pointing to the fruit lying on the table, said: "These are bad apples, come you with me and I shall give

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you better ones." I followed her through a back door into the orchard. She took me to a tree loaded with beautiful fruit and filled every pocket I had. Then, clapping me on the back, she said: "When you want more apples just come to me and I shall give you lots of them." This episode completely cured me of apple-stealing. I often passed that orchard, but never coveted any of its fruit, and never asked the good lady for more.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE CLOSE OF MY SCHOOL DAYS TILL I REACHED AMERICA.

I AM not perfectly sure what my age was when I left my first school. I think I would be about twelve years of age. I was sixteen years and one month when father, mother, two sisters and myself left for America. Two members of the family preceded us, and two others were left behind.

During these four years my chief duty in summer was to herd my father's cattle. Early in the morning, taking my dinner with me, and accompanied by a dog, I drove my herd of cattle to the common, where I watched them until about sunset, when, with the help of my dog, I drove them home to their enclosure for the night.

As all the cattle in the adjoining neighborhood had access to the common, the children attending them had the pleasure of meeting together. Their plays, amusements and frolics among the hills, heather and trees knew no bounds, except when quarrels arose, which, perhaps, had to be settled with the fists.

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But the more I tasted of the sweets of those amusements the less was I inclined to hold meetings, as I used to call them, with God, and gradually my visits to the throne of grace became less frequent, until I could spend days without any prayer. True, my regular *habits* of prayer I could not lay aside, but they became mere forms. When, however, anything annoyed me, or I got myself into trouble, then I would go to God for help, even in those days of indifference, for my past experience taught me that my help was in Him.

Fishing and hunting occupied a good deal of my thought and time during those years. These sports were my favorites. When I could get a fishing rod or a gun in my hand my cup of pleasure was full. But we were not allowed to pursue these sports without fear, for they were prohibited by the law of the land. License, no doubt, could be secured, but it was too expensive for people of limited means. The prohibition was regarded as oppressive and unjust, and consequently it was not considered a great sin to violate the law when a good opportunity presented itself. The people drew a wide distinction between the laws of God and the laws of men which were framed for selfish purposes. They would not kill a fish, stag or any

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creature of the field upon any consideration on the Sabbath day; but if a deer, or a hare, or a partridge, or any other kind of game came within their reach on a week-day they hesitated not to secure it, and regarded the opportunity as being given them by a kind Providence. So the prohibition diminished not their hunting propensities, but rather increased their sport, for they had to shun the gamekeeper. When in search of game, the person who could bag the game that was watched by the gamekeeper was considered most clever.

It was certainly very provoking and well fitted to arouse strong feelings of indignation to see the rich licensed men come around at certain periods with pointers and hounds to sweep away the creatures which were fed in their fields and meadows during the season, and almost as tame as their domestic animals. To frustrate the purpose of such men was not viewed as an evil by the people.

Fishing with rods in small streams was allowable, but fish were not very plentiful. Speckled trout, however, could be caught in great abundance in our mountain lakes, which were frequently visited by our sportsmen.

In this connection a common practice may be recorded, which shows the kind of training the young

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people received in those days. Communion services were held annually in every parish, beginning on Thursday and ending on Monday. These days of communion were regarded as holidays. Some kept them with great care and solemnity. Very little work was done, and the mass of the people went to church. But very little attention was given by the Church to the spiritual state of the young. True, domestic training was enjoyed, and some person might be found in the neighborhood to conduct what was called Sabbath School in the evening of that day. The services were somewhat similar to district prayer-meetings, going from house to house, and attended by young and old. Prayers were offered, portions of Scripture were read, psalms, paraphrases, questions in the Shorter Catechism and portions of Scripture were recited, and all the services were ended with singing. But young people were viewed as being incapable of becoming the recipients of saving grace or personal religion. Public profession on the part of young persons was unknown and discountenanced. So on communion occasions they could go to church if they had a desire to do so, or remain in idleness at home, or spend the time in amusement with one another. Some of the boys would go fishing. On dif-

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ferent occasions I went with them. We took our fishing tackle along with sufficient provision for two or three days. This consisted of some oatmeal and salt; it was plain and inexpensive, but we relished it. As matches were unknown, we carried in our pockets flint, steel and paper well soaked in saltpetre, which would catch the sparks.

An important event which occurred in our family during this period was the marriage of my two eldest sisters, which took place on the same day and at the same place and by the same minister. One of them left very soon after with her husband for America. This made that country the topic of thought and conversation in our family. America, and nothing but America, could interest us, while a letter now and again from Ann kept it fresh before our minds, until finally father, mother, two younger sisters and myself left for America, with the following certificate from the parish session:

“ We hereby certify that the bearer, James Anderson, a married man with a family, is a native of the parish, where he has resided from his infancy, with the exception of a few years that he served in the militia; that he has always conducted himself honestly and industriously, free from church censure and public scandal; that his wife is also of fair

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and unexceptionable character; that his family are grown up and some of them settled in different quarters of the world; and two of his daughters and a son accompany himself and his wife to North America; and that there is nothing known to us that might prevent his and his family's admission into any Christian society where they may happen to settle.

“Given at Abernethy, this tenth day of June, eighteenth hundred and thirty-nine years, by

“ (Signed) J. STEWART, *Minister.*

“ (Signed) WILLIAM FORSYTH, *Elder.*

“ (Signed) WILLIAM STEWART, *Elder.*

“ (Signed) WM. McDONALD, *Session Clerk.*”

We started on our journey from Greenock on a sailing vessel, and were about eleven weeks at sea. We were not always favored with smooth water. Our vessel, not being very large or heavy with cargo, had fearful tossings. The furious waves would pitch it to and fro to such an extent that one not accustomed to a stormy sea could not but feel concerned. At different times we were shut down, having but little light, and hearing now and again the water rolling over our heads, we could not but feel our own helplessness, and think that after all

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we were never going to see America. What made my case more deplorable was that for some years past I had been forgetting God, and actually living without any sense of His presence. I could well remember my early days when I could carry all my troubles to God in full confidence that He would relieve me. But that time was gone. Something, I know not what, stood between me and His presence, and I could not approach the throne of grace as once I did. But as my heart was restless and painfully missing something to relieve it from its fears, I discovered a spot on top of some large barrels, which were piled up in the hold of the vessel, where I could on bended knees be concealed from the rest of the passengers. I resolved to use it, awkward as it was, as a place to meet God. To this spot I was often driven by the boisterous waves and the ungovernable fears of my own heart, and also, I have no doubt, by the secret workings of the Spirit of God. There on the top of those barrels I formed new resolutions and made promises and vows on bended knees regarding my future life should I ever reach America. I knew that God could be found on the ocean as well as on land, and that He could still the waves if He saw fit.

But it was not always stormy. We were favored

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with some beautiful days, when our agitated hearts were calmed like the waves, and we could behold and admire the wonders of the ocean. So upon the whole I enjoyed the voyage well, grew strong and stout, and became a favorite with some of the sailors, who frequently allowed me to remain on deck during storms when the rest of the passengers were shut down.

On reaching the quarantine isle below Quebec our vessel was detained for two or three days, where we were all examined by a physician to find out the state of our health. One of my sisters being indisposed was not allowed to proceed till she was recovered. Father remained with her, so the rest of us had to continue our journey without them, and in due time we reached Bytown, where Ann and her husband resided.

CHAPTER IV.

A PERIOD EXTENDING FROM MY ARRIVAL IN AMERICA TO MY APPRENTICESHIP.

THROUGH reports and statements previously made in my hearing I got an impression that in America I could make riches with ease and in short time. Full of life and health, and animated by this erroneous idea, I commenced to work at once about McLauchlan's Mills, where there was plenty to do and good pay for it. But God in His wise providence had a very important lesson to teach me before any of my ideas could be carried out. I was only a day or two at work when I was laid up with a very severe and protracted fever, which kept me in bed for two or three months. All hope of my recovery vanished. Consciousness left me for some days. I knew nothing of a material nature. Indeed, those around me declared that I was dead. But I was not dead, but was most active during those days of unconsciousness, in a world of spirits, where discoveries were made to me which shall never be

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effaced from my mind, and which conveyed many blessings to my soul. I shall not attempt to explain what they were, whether they were dreams or visions or imaginations formed in my own mind. One thing I can truly say, that to me they had a deep meaning and a most powerful influence for good ever since. My impression was that I died, and that as my spirit left the body I passed into a long, smooth, straight path leading to the gate of heaven, the abode of the spirits of the just. I noticed others going in the same direction, not just on the path I was following, but very near it. They were before me. I could not keep up to them, as they were going with such speed. But suddenly one of them disappeared out of my sight, and shortly after another dropped away. I wondered where they had gone. But as I came up to the place where I last saw them I discovered deep pits into which they had fallen. Flames of fire and smoke were ascending out of these pits. I became alarmed and stood still. Looking around me I discovered similar pits on every side of me, and a very wide and dreadful one just before me crossing my path. Over it I could not go. Indeed, I was surrounded with pits issuing flames and smoke. so that I could not move one step out of the spot in which I was standing.

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The flames appeared as if they were approaching me. I was waiting every moment with feelings that cannot be described for the flames to reach me, or to drop into the fiery pit beside me. While standing in that awful, hopeless state I noticed on my path, but on the other side of the wide pit before me, an individual most beautiful in appearance and clothed with very comely raiment, standing and looking at me through the flame that was blazing between us. I then cried to him with all my might for help or deliverance. Without uttering a word he stretched out his arm through the flame and, taking hold of my hand, he pulled me through. He then left me and I proceeded on my journey till I reached the gate of the heavenly mansions. But the gate was shut. I began to knock, and the very person who delivered me from the fiery pit opened the gate. I asked to be admitted. He looked at me with complacency and said: "Not yet, your work is not yet finished. You have to go back to the world, and when your work is done you will be admitted to this blessed city." While he was speaking to me with the gate open, I saw multitudes which could not be numbered, all singing most beautiful songs which I could not understand. I then pleaded more earnestly with tears to be let in

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at once, and not to be sent back again to the world. But he said: "You must go back, but when your work is done you will return and be admitted." "But," said I, "how can I get over those fiery pits that are on the way?" "I shall help you," said he, "to get over them." With this I became conscious and opened my eyes and saw my mother standing weeping over what she regarded as my corpse. I told her not to weep, because I was to get better. I also related to her the wonderful things revealed to me, and that I was to remain in the world till my work was finished, and that then I would be admitted into heaven to be among the happy people I saw yonder.

After consciousness was restored my thirst was excessive. I pleaded with mother for a cold drink of water. But no, she said the doctor had forbidden it, and she could not go against orders. That night the person attending me fell asleep. This was my chance to get some water, and noticing at the door, about twelve or fifteen feet from my bed, a pailful of water, I determined to make an effort to get to it. I managed to roll out of bed, and on my hands and knees I reached the water and drank my fill. I then crawled back to bed, and feeling better

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of my draught made the discovery that the doctors are not always correct in their instructions.

But my thirst continued, and with more earnestness than ever I pleaded with mother. I assured her that I was going to get better, and that she was not to fear that a drink of cold water would injure me. I told her also how I stole a drink out of the pail when all were sleeping the previous night, and that I felt the benefit of it. I also told her of a certain cold spring in a little grove about a mile away, and that if she got me a drink from it she would see how quickly I would get better. At last she promised she would get it if I would tell no one of it. I took her at her word, and off she went at the break of day next morning before anyone was up. She brought the water and gave it to me, and I drank till I was satisfied. From what I heard her say afterwards about that water I am under an impression that her prayers and her faith accompanied that drink; if so, she was not disappointed, for I began to recover from that hour.

Being restored to health, and having as yet no fixed place for a home, I felt it my duty to make another effort to earn some money, for my protracted illness did not increase our funds, nor did it remove from my mind my ambition to accumulate

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some money; yet I trust it was the means of modifying my mind regarding all material things. My question was this: What could I do? My education was very defective, and consequently I could earn nothing in that line. Father's means were limited, and he would need all he had to secure a home for the family. Idleness I hated and felt it to be a sin. Being a complete stranger in a new country, with very limited knowledge and without experience, I was shut up to manual labor. But although my health was restored, yet my strength was nothing to boast of. The fever had reduced it very much, so any heavy work I could not do; I therefore engaged as an errand boy to a general merchant at New Edinburgh, who did a large and extensive business in dry goods and liquors. I remained only a few months with him, for I felt I was not in a good place. The element in which I had to move was far from being of a healthy kind. My associates were of the roughest sort, and a good deal of my work was connected with liquors, so I was every day exposed to numerous temptations. When I think of these things I feel that I cannot sufficiently praise God for having preserved me from the whirlpool of those evil practices and sins with which I was surrounded. Nothing saved me from it but an

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unseen Power. I am not surprised from what I experienced at that time to see young people left to themselves among strangers, without anyone to guide them, falling into snares and becoming reckless in their conduct and worthless in society.

My next move was to Bytown, where I engaged with a government officer, or a paymaster, as he was called. His office was about a mile from his house, to which he rode every morning on horseback. Part of my work was to attend to his horses—have one of them ready for him every morning, follow him on foot to the office, bring the horse back, and return with him at a fixed hour in the afternoon.

I also held the position of steward and had in charge the silverware, any loss of which had to be made good if the fault should in any way be traced to the servant.

On one occasion a large silver tablespoon was missing. Its price was twenty-five shillings, and I was told I had to pay for it. I did not object to this, though I was perfectly sure that I had placed it where it was kept after it was last used, yet disagreeable insinuations were thrown out as if I had stolen it. I had a consciousness of my own innocence, but could not be very sure that it might not have been stolen by one of the servant girls. For a

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week or ten days I was sorely perplexed about the spoon, for to have twenty-five shillings taken out of my wages through no fault of mine was something ; but to have an insinuation thrown out regarding my honesty was pretty hard to bear. But what could I do in the circumstance? Simply nothing, except bear patiently the trial, having the pleasant consciousness of being innocent in every respect, and in hopes that God would manifest my innocency some way or other in His own good time, as He did in the case of Joseph when falsely accused. And truly I was not disappointed! My innocency was most clearly shown, not as I expected, but in a very mysterious manner. On a certain night when I was sound asleep I saw the lost spoon sunk out of sight in a large jar of preserved fruit. The jar was standing in its place in a large pantry with the cover on, and the spoon buried in the fruit and liquid, but as visible to me as if it were in a sun-beam. Next morning I went to the good lady and asked her if she had a large stone jar with preserves in the pantry. She said she had. "Were you using it of late?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "some time ago." "Well, ma'am," said I, "if you will be kind enough to look in it you will find there the lost silver spoon." She went at once, uncovered the

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vessel, and to her amazement she saw the point of the handle, and cried out: "I declare it is here! How did you know? I now remember when I last took some fruit out of the jar I left the spoon in it, and it sank down out of sight before I put the cover on."

A similar discovery was made to me many years after this, and because it was of the same mysterious nature and unexplainable by any law known to me I record it now. It happened when I was at Lancaster, Ontario, and is as follows:

Tidings reached our family that a young child near Ottawa City was lost, and that the whole neighborhood were in search of it. I knew the parents of the child and their home. I was also well acquainted with the locality, as I had taught a school near by one summer. There was a small creek running through a little bush into the Rideau River not far from the house of the afflicted parents. On the night after the painful tidings reached us, and while I was sound asleep, I saw the child lying dead in the creek, part of its body on the dry ground, but its head in the water. I told my family in the morning what I had seen in my sleep, having no idea that anything more would be heard about it. But a few days after news reached us that the child was found

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in the very spot where I saw it, and in the very position already described.

Here, then, we have two very particular incidents of a similar nature, two singular discoveries made to my mind in a similar manner which I cannot even yet explain. They were not made through any process of reasoning on my part, or through a train of thought, such as we may have in dreams, or through vivid impressions from which inferences might be drawn; but the lost objects were suddenly discovered to my mind as by a flash of lightning on a dark night, revealing surrounding objects; nor can I trace these discoveries to the exercise of faith and prayer. There was a time in my life when very striking answers were given to my prayers, but at the times here specified, I am sorry to say, I was not in the enjoyment of that child-like confidence in God which I then experienced. My mind, it is true, was more or less exercised and perplexed in connection with the lost objects, but they were not made subjects of my prayers. I am inclined to think that there is a law in our nature, not yet fully understood, which, if we knew it, would clearly explain the whole mystery.

CHAPTER V.

FROM MY APPRENTICESHIP TO MY FIRST COMMUNION.

My services in the paymaster's house were ended on account of his having sold out and left the town. I then resolved to drop the course I had been pursuing in my attempts to earn money and become a mechanic and learn some trade. But the kind of trade I should pursue had to be chosen, and the very important question was: "What trade should I follow?" My first notion was to learn watchmaking, and my next was harnessmaking. I made inquiries at shops in the town connected with these trades, but there was no opening for me in either of them at that time. I then applied to Kennedy and Blyth, cabinet-makers, who were looking for an apprentice, and I agreed to engage with them. They bound me fast in an indenture for six years, and my father with me. He engaged to pay five hundred pounds if I failed to fulfil my part of the indenture. The first two years I received but a mere trifle more than my board, nor did I get anything to do in the shop but rough work.

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A good deal of my time was occupied in going on errands, staining and varnishing the furniture, sweeping the ware-room and such like. But in the course of time I was initiated into the trade, and soon became expert in the business, and before my term was ended I was able to do anything in the line of cabinet-making.

During my apprenticeship I made it my duty to go every Sabbath morning regularly to church, that is, the Presbyterian church, which I regarded as the church to which I belonged. Our minister had no evening services, but held an afternoon service, which only a very few attended; neither was there a Sabbath School, nor prayer-meeting, nor any religious service on any week-day, connected with the congregation. Spiritual death evidently reigned over us, and we appeared to be satisfied with ourselves in our dead state. The minister was regularly in the pulpit at the stated hours of worship, and read very nicely his moral essays; and that was all I knew of him. He never spoke to me, and I had no inclination to speak to him. I often tried hard to get hold of some of his ideas delivered in the pulpit, but failed completely. Whether the fault was in me or in the discourse I cannot say; nor did it

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then trouble me much. But I got no benefit from his preaching; I could not take anything he said with me, not even his texts.

But a change took place after the Disruption of the Church of Scotland, and many vacancies ensued which held out greater temporal inducements to ministers than Bytown; hence our minister took leave of us. There did not appear to be much sorrow connected with the parting.

The congregation being vacant, candidates for the pulpit were heard, and one was soon chosen who professed to be in full sympathy with the Free Church in Scotland; but when put to the test the following year at the Synod he forsook the Free Church party, remaining with the Established Church of Scotland till his death. His preaching, however, differed very much from that of his predecessor. He spoke with great earnestness, which impressed me more than the matter of his discourses. Indeed, my mind became considerably exercised about this time with religious things. I began to fear that matters were not altogether right with me, and my soul became very restless, nor could I calm it down to its former state. New resolutions were formed, my Bible was read more regularly, and

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many good things, as people call them, connected with religion were done by me, but failed to impart peace to my soul. I frequently called, in my restlessness of mind, to see the minister, but he did not see the nature of my trouble. He would persuade me that I had no cause for fear, as I was always a good young man, and never guilty of any open, scandalous sin. At that time I saw nothing wrong in his attempts to relieve my anxiety, for I knew not then the way of salvation, and I am satisfied now that my minister knew not how to instruct me or point me to the true source of peace, but like the false prophets of old he was "healing the wounds slightly, saying Peace, peace, when there was no peace." In the sincerity of my heart I went to him again and again for instruction or aid in my difficulties, so as to secure relief in my mind, but he failed, completely failed, to direct me to the way that leads to real peace, only assuring me that there was no cause for fear. But I had a painful consciousness that there was cause for alarm. I apprehended great danger. The thought of death, or tidings of death, or a sight of the dead alarmed me. Why was I afraid of death when I was not sick? Why could I not sleep at night, or enjoy peace of

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mind in the daytime? Why was I troubled at the thought of God, or of the judgment day? Why was I like the troubled sea, never at rest? An answer to these questions would have given me some relief, though it would not have removed the cause of my fears. But who was to answer them if the minister could not do so? It would have been of some relief to me had anyone assured me that my fears and restlessness were only such as were common to men, and no evidence that I was losing my reason; for this was my own apprehension.

Under the circumstances, and according to my own way of thinking, one thing I could do, and that was to increase my diligence in religious matters—pray more frequently; read larger portions of the Bible, and read them on my knees; go to some religious meeting every Sabbath evening, and join the church and partake of the Lord's Supper. Surely the doing of these things would restore peace and quietness to my restless soul. But did they? No. I was faithful and diligent in carrying out my resolutions, but my restlessness still continued. My doings were but clear evidence that I was then groping in the dark, and seeking salvation by my

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own works, and attempting to calm my conscience and satisfy the demands of God's Law by my own doings.

My first participation in the Lord's Supper demands special notice, as it brought about a most important crisis in my life. My early training led me to view the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with very great reverence, as an ordinance which should not be approached by any but the true people of God; and although I had great fear that I was not a true believer, yet I had a strong desire to go to the table of the Lord, and live a better life. This desire was brought to a point on the Communion Sabbath previous to the one when I first partook of the elements. Seeing others sitting at the table, and I myself among the careless and ungodly, deeply impressed my heart. I regarded those at the table as a blessed people, being on the Lord's side, and myself as the vilest of the vile for not obeying the last command of the Lord Jesus. There, on that Sabbath morning, I solemnly vowed to God that if He would spare me to see another Communion Sabbath, I would if permitted take my place at His table. This vow, solemnly made, eased my mind for the time being.

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Some months after this, and in prospect of the next communion, an invitation was given from the pulpit by the minister to all who had a desire to come for the first time to the table of the Lord to meet him in the manse on a day appointed. Of course I went, and was not only encouraged but urged to come to the Lord's table. I made a number of visits, with others, to the manse to receive the instructions needful for the important duty.

I felt it my duty to write to my father and inform him of my purpose; and in reply received a very solemn and faithful letter, not discouraging me but solemnly cautioning me against an unworthy approach to the table, and assuring me that if I should partake unworthily of the elements it would be to my great injury and condemnation. His letter filled me with fears and dread, for I was not sure that I was a true-living Christian. My application, however, had been made, and I was under a most solemn vow to go forward to the table, if spared. So I found myself in most painful straits. To go to the table without an assurance that I was a living Christian would be dangerous, and might lead to my eternal condemnation; and to keep back would

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be a breach of my solemn vow, which I knew would be wrong.

Satan, the great enemy of my soul, was most active, though at that time I was ignorant of his devices. Through my ignorance of my own state before God, and of the way of salvation through Christ, he endeavored to prevent me from obeying the command of the Lord Jesus to His followers: "Do this in remembrance of me." On the week of the Communion he stirred up one of the journeymen in our shop to act unreasonably and offensively toward me, with the design, I believe, of preventing me from accomplishing my duty. Every man in the shop had a place marked out for his bench on the floor; and it was expected that each man would keep his own bench inside the mark. My bench, not being fastened, encroached a little on my neighbor's space, unknown to me; and without drawing my attention to it, or uttering a word, he gave my head a heavy blow, and placed himself in the attitude of fighting. I threw my arms down to my sides and refused to fight, but told him I would give him over to the magistrate for assault. I fully intended to carry out my threat, but after calmer thoughts did not lodge my complaint, and the affair

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dropped; but my fears in going forward to the table of the Lord increased very much. Could I dare approach the elements of the Supper, and at the same time be at variance with a man who was working at my side, for we were not on speaking terms? I concluded it would be wrong for me to do so, and Matt. 5: 23-24 seemed to direct me to this course. I went to see the minister, to receive his advice. I told him my trouble and what I purposed doing. He opposed my view, and would not allow me to think of staying away from the table, as the offence was not given by me; he advised me therefore to go forward to my duty, and not to allow the affair to trouble me any more.

The long-looked-for Communion Sabbath now dawned, when according to my vague idea and groundless expectations great discoveries of Divine things would be made to my soul; clear assurance of my union to the Lord Jesus, and my salvation through Him, would be imparted; and purer joys, and more enduring peace, than anything I had ever experienced, would fill my troubled heart. On the morning of that wonderful day I was dead to all material things, shut up in myself, and most sensitive to every change of feeling in my heart. Indeed, feel-

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ings appeared to be my very life, and my heart was so full of them that it could contain nothing else. That morning I was in church in good time, and it was then that my real conflict began. Everything was different from my expectation. Instead of great discoveries of Christ and of truth being made to my soul, I had extraordinary and indescribable discoveries of the powers of darkness; instead of clearer and stronger evidences of my personal salvation and interest in Christ, my fears and doubts increased beyond anything I ever experienced; and instead of purer joys and more enduring and solid peace of mind all my joys and comforts and pleasant feelings forsook me. My heart was clearly discovered to be the abode of devils and foul spirits, choked full of evil thoughts, evil imaginations, evil desires, blasphemous thoughts of God and of truth, and of everything that was godlike. The very utterances of the minister whose words I was trying to hear were turned to ridicule, and I found myself cursing in my heart, as I never did in words, everything of a godly nature. Truly the discovery made to me of those abominable and vile thoughts, too numerous and too

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vile to mention, gave me a sight of my own heart which I never before or after experienced.

The time arrived, however, when the communicants were to take their places at the table. In those days the table extended from one end of the church to the other, and not in the centre pews as with us. There were also a number of tables, served by different ministers. When a person went to the table he could not leave it till it was dismissed. As communicants were going to the table, the struggle in my mind was most fierce. There was someone whispering in my mind everything imaginable, to the following effect; "You cannot go forward, for you have this very morning as clear an evidence that you are not a true believer as you could possibly have. In your very heart you have been blaspheming and cursing God, turning the very truths preached in your hearing since you sat down in this pew into ridicule. You are also on unfriendly terms with a man working beside you in the same shop. Your father solemnly charged you that it will be to your eternal condemnation to partake unworthily of the sacred elements. Such a sin will never be forgiven." By whispers of this nature my instructor continued to urge me not to venture to the table. At the time I knew not who he was, but was inclined to regard

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him as the Spirit of God striving with me, and seeking to save me from the great sin of eating damnation to myself. But, oh, how greatly was I mistaken! It is not now difficult to know who my instructor was that morning. But the last table was now filling up, the last invitation was given, and I had to decide to go or not to go, so I rose from my seat saying, "Let me perish rather than violate my solemn vow made to God on the last Communion Sabbath." I moved on with the rest of the communicants, talking to God in my heart, and got a place near the centre of the table, but found no relief.

As soon as I partook of the elements, my instructor adopted another mode of reasoning with me: "Now," said he, "you have done it; you have accomplished your ruin; you have sinned a sin unto death; you have set aside the warnings of your own conscience, and those of your father, and have grieved the Spirit of God, who all this morning has been striving with you. That Divine Spirit will now leave you forever to the curse of God and to everlasting flames, for now there is no hope for you." Thus the lying enemy continued to insinuate into my confused mind the most discouraging thoughts until the services were concluded. The

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congregation being dismissed, the people went to their homes, but I skulked away to the woods, for I had a strong desire to get away from the presence of all human beings, and be alone where my feelings, which were almost uncontrollable and ready to explode, could have a free vent. The time I spent in that solitary bush can never be effaced from my mind. I tried again and again to pray, but could not. Words failed me, and the state of my heart I could not express. I could only sigh and weep. I was just like the Psalmist when he said, "For mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me. I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." Yes, I roared, and my cry, if not heard by human ears, must have been heard by the wild creatures of the woods, which fled from my presence. But the Lord, whose anger made me afraid, heard also the voice of my weeping, though I knew it not; hence He led me, very strikingly, to what brought some relief to my agitated soul.

As I was wandering about among the trees I came on part of a prayer book lying under a tree. I took it up, opened it, and my eyes at once rested on a written prayer which expressed the very state of my soul. In the words of that prayer I poured out

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my soul to God. I read the prayer aloud, but my heart, my very heart spoke as loud as my tongue. After prayer my agitated spirit was calmed a little, though my mind was far from being at rest. The darkness of the night was now approaching, and it would not do to remain in the woods during the night, lest my absence might alarm some and a party might be sent in search of me. I was, however, in a very unfit state of mind to go home, so I concluded to go to see the minister, who might aid me in my distress. When I reached his garden gate I had not the courage to enter, but passed and repassed it in the hope that the minister might notice and invite me in. But no, it was too dark to see anyone loitering at the gate. At length compelling myself to enter, I knocked very gently. The door was soon opened, and I was shown into a room, where the minister came to see me.

I could not intelligently describe my case to him, but managed at last to ask the question, "Can an unworthy communicant obtain pardon for the sin of eating and drinking unworthily at the Lord's table?" He seemed to be amazed, and I could easily see that he did not understand my case. So he went for the other minister who was aiding him

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on the occasion, and whose morning sermon I had been turning into ridicule. He was an old man and his hairs were white with age. He gave me a very sharp look, spoke a few words to me, and asked the pastor a question or two about me. Then he directed me to Isa. 50: 10, "Who among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light: let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." With this passage in my mind, which I could not obey, I went home. Not to eat or sleep, for these were forgotten and had no place in my thoughts. The night was spent in restlessness.

Next morning I was at my bench, vainly attempting to hide my distress from those around me in the shop. But God's time of deliverance was now near at hand. A portion of the passage to which I was directed by the minister the previous night was still lingering in my mind—"Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." This was something I could not do, and yet I was enjoined to do so by God's Word. But how? A paraphrase which I had once learned came now with Divine power to my memory, and drove home to my heart the passage alluded to:

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“Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as His years.”

A power beyond anything I ever knew reached every faculty of the inner man, and caused every fibre of my body to spring as if new life was imparted to my whole spirit, soul, and body. The change was so sudden and visible in my outward appearance that it must have been seen by all around me. I sang aloud for joy, and the plane which I held at the moment in my hand seemed to be moving with more ease and freedom than ever before.

In looking back to this my first communion, I cannot discover any exercise of faith on my part during the solemn services of that Sabbath morning. My character was rather that of a seeker than a believer. I went forward, not as I ought, declaring myself to be one of the followers of Christ, but as one seeking salvation, or seeking rest for a troubled soul. This distinction was then unknown to me, nor was it set before me in coming to the table. I have my fears also that in my first approach to the ordinance I used it, not as a means of grace, but attempted to put it in place of Christ, or to make a

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Christ of it. An anxious penitent in such a condition as to have no assurance of his being a true believer, yet deeply sensible of his need of pardon and sincerely seeking evidence of his union with Christ, may be advised to go forward to the table of the Lord and use it as a means through which he may attain the assurance for which his soul is longing. This seems to be the state of mind I was in at my first communion.

I can now clearly see the unseen but gracious and compassionate hand of God in leading me through a course which I knew not, and fulfilling to me the blessed promise, "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not: I will lead them in paths they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Many a time I thanked God in my very heart for His guidance on this occasion. He allowed me not to follow the direction of the lying instructor that was then determined to ruin my soul, but caused that communion, unworthy though I was, to be the means of unspeakable blessing unto me in after years. For through it I was brought to a decision to follow Christ henceforth, and regarded myself as under a sacred oath to be loyal to God and truth, and never

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to go back to sin and its pleasures. Through it I obtained some knowledge of the devices of the great enemy of human souls, and of his deceitful modes of attack, in assuming friendly aspects, and making the anxious and confused penitent believe his own abominable suggestions to be those of the Holy Spirit of God. I gained some important experience which has been a safeguard to me all my lifetime, and a great help in my attempts to direct inquirers in the way of salvation during my ministrations.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM MY ENROLMENT AS A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION TO THE DISRUPTION.

THE enrolment of my name among the members of the congregation introduced me to a class of persons different from those with whom I had been in the habit of associating; and very soon I formed new acquaintances. Two young men who seemed to be of a spirit similar to my own became my close companions. For prudential reasons I withhold their names; but as they must be frequently mentioned in this chapter they shall be known by the initials W. L. and D. H. We came to be very much attached to one another, and embraced every opportunity of meeting with each other. We would meet sometimes on the streets, at times in the fields, and at other times on the roads, after working hours. Our conversation was generally on religious things. One of us would sometimes have a book or a tract, and would read something which interested his own mind, for the benefit of the rest; and thus we endeavored to help one another in following our

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Christian course. There was no meeting for prayer connected with the congregation. Neither minister nor elder nor member seemed to think that anything of that nature was needed. "How could we have such?" was a question that we solemnly considered. We were but young in profession, and young in years; limited also in our knowledge of Scripture. Would it not then appear to be a piece of daring presumption on our part even to propose such a thing to the leaders of the congregation, who might be our fathers? Our difficulties appeared to be insurmountable. But we had the will, and were determined to find the way, to start a meeting for prayer. After a good deal of discussion we agreed to get the key of the church, and meet together there with closed doors. We succeeded in our plan. We would meet first outside the church at a time appointed with pieces of candles in our pockets, and of course, our Bibles; then we would enter the church, lock the door, light our candles, see that the blinds were down, and begin the service. We first sang, then read, and then on bended knees prayed. Each had to take his turn in leading, select something to sing, read a portion of Scripture, and then lead in prayer.

In the course of time we began to think that we

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were not doing right, and that it was selfish on our part to exclude all others, by our closed doors, from the meeting which we ourselves found so profitable. But how could we help it—give up our meeting? No, we must not think of such a thing. Should we take upon ourselves to conduct a meeting for prayer in the presence of young and old in a congregation where a prayer-meeting was never held and expose ourselves to the ridicule of the profane, and appear presumptuous to the cold moralist? W. L. was the oldest of the three, and had more intelligence and also a better command of language than either D. H. or myself, but he would not undertake the leadership of a meeting. After a good deal of consultation we concluded to visit our pastor and set our difficulties before him, and ask his help. We went to him and were well received, and he made us believe it would be his joy to be one of our number at our meetings. Next Sabbath he announced the meeting from the pulpit.

The evening appointed for the meeting arrived, and the three boys, as they were called, were in church a little before the time, to open the door and arrange things. Then the people began to assemble, and came in crowds, but the minister was not yet present. The hour arrived, but with it no

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minister. The eyes of the people gazed upon the boys. "What are we to do?" was the question whispered among them. "Let us wait a little yet; he will be here shortly." He did not come, yet we continued to hope. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Our hearts got sick. Yet it was of no use, we had to face our duty; and to face also a large assembly of people, many of whom came for curiosity's sake. "W. L., you must begin the service; you are the oldest." "Well, I shall, if you follow." "All right, go on." The meeting was then commenced. We sang, we read, we prayed, each boy in his turn, as when the doors were locked.

The meeting was continued from week to week till a division of the congregation took place in connection with the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. The minister whose assistance we expected visited our meeting only once during its existence in the church, which was at his door.

A very peculiar incident occurred at one of our closed-door meetings, the mysterious nature and cause of which, though I am unable to explain, I must record, for I was greatly encouraged and strengthened by the incident. One evening as I was leading the meeting I got into an indescribable state of mind while engaged in prayer. I have no better

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name for it than "trance." It may appear strange to some, and truly it is strange to myself. I lost all consciousness of everything of a material nature, and became absorbed in conversation with an unseen being, who directed me to Psalm 128, which is as follows: "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands: Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord. The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life. Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children and peace upon Israel." I am not sure whether this psalm was read or sung at our meeting or not. But it was written in my mind at any rate, and the latter part of it can never be effaced from it. The Unseen One who directed me to it assured me, made me feel and believe, that my own future life was there, in that Psalm. I must have been a good while in that mysterious state, for both my associates were present, and noticed something peculiar about me. They went home with me, one on each side. We walked together (of this

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I was conscious) in silence. When my home was reached I came to myself, and walked upstairs alone to my room with the words of the Psalm, especially the latter portion of it, as clearly before me as if my eyes were looking at them. From that night I never doubted that the promises of the hundred and twenty-eighth Psalm would be verified in my life. On different occasions since, so far as human eyes could see, my latter end was near, and those around me gave me over to death; nevertheless that Psalm came home with power to my mind, and assured me that its precious promises made to me were not up to that date fulfilled, and therefore I had still to live and see them verified in every part. What made the promises most striking is the fact that the idea of a home or marriage, or anything of that nature, had no place in my thoughts or inclinations.

Anyone acquainted with my history can easily see in my life the fulfilment of those promises. I record this to the praise of God, who in the midst of deserved wrath has been remembering mercy. I am not sure if the promises in that Psalm are fully exhausted even yet, for my past life has been revealing to me that they contain more than I first discovered when they were given.

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About this time my attention was drawn to the fact that prayer and fasting were practised among the early Christians, and by eminent men of God in our own day; and that in the Sermon on the Mount fasting is spoken of as a Christian duty, the same as prayer, and that similar directions are there given for both. Hence we read, "When thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are," etc., and again, "Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance," etc. I decided then to make use of both as a means whereby I might overcome my numerous temptations and besetments. It was not my purpose to refrain altogether from partaking of any food but to partake sparingly and give myself more fully to prayer for what I particularly felt myself to be in need of. This purpose I carried out in such a manner that no one in the house, so far as I know, suspected me of fasting. I continued the practice until I found it was doing me physical injury. As I generally suffered after my college studies whenever I fasted, and as I felt it to be wrong to do anything tending to injure my good constitution, I finally concluded that my fasting practice should be regulated by my own experience; if I found that I was aided by it in the performance of my religious duties, then I was to fol-

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low it; but, on the other hand, if I discovered that it tended to weaken and hinder me in such duties, I should refrain from it.

My first attempt I can never forget, for it was a time of most extraordinary conflict. It would seem that the powers of darkness were let loose to accomplish my present and eternal ruin by an unseen but powerfully felt influence, which no human tongue can describe or human power resist. This will appear as I relate the attack, which was as follows. What I purposed on the occasion was to partake of food sparingly on the day appointed, and give myself more fully to prayer; then spend the night alone in the workshop in prayer and study of Scripture. Nothing special occurred during the day. When night came I went to the workshop to carry out my purpose, and with a candle and my Bible ascended to the wareroom on the second story of the building, where a lot of furniture was kept. After lighting my candle and carefully hiding its light from the window by putting it inside a piece of furniture, I began the solemn services of the night. But to my amazement and terror I found myself, as it were, in the hands of the wicked one, and without any power to resist his dreadful proposals. In the plainest possible manner he set be-

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fore me his wicked plan of my present and eternal ruin, and dared me to resist it. He influenced my mind so mysteriously and so powerfully that I felt myself perfectly helpless to resist his cruel and hellish suggestion. I regarded myself as being in his hand, and felt a kind of impelling influence thrown around me which I cannot describe, driving me forward to my ruin, and which I knew to be wrong. His plan was clearly set before me. I was to extinguish my light, go downstairs, out through a window and not by the door, then proceed to a high projecting rock which hangs over the Ottawa River about forty or fifty feet above the surface of the water, and between two or three hundred yards from the shop; and from that projecting rock I was to leap into the river below. In obedience to his imperative command I extinguished my light, went downstairs and threw up the window, but forgot to let it down again as I had been instructed. The night was very dark. I was, however, made to run through the darkness toward the dreadful rock, feeling the enemy, as it were, behind me, and impelling me forward with irresistible force. I came to a small cedar-bush near the point. But just there, with the swiftness of a thunderbolt, the thought rushed through my distracted mind: "Now, before you

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do it, call to God for help!" I gave vent to a most dreadful and terrific cry to God for help, at the same time seizing the cedar-bush with a death-grip, as if to resist the force that seemed to be impelling me forward. In a moment of time another thought seized my mind, "Run back!" Back I went with all the swiftness in my power, with an impression that the enemy was still pursuing, to prevent my progress. I reached the window, and, finding it open, my trembling heart was afforded some relief. A large stick stood near it, which I grasped as if my life depended on it, and turning around to face the foe, I put myself into a fighting attitude. But the enemy was not to be seen with bodily eyes. So I hastened through the window, which I closed with trembling hands; then back to the wareroom, where the rest of the night I spent in fear, yet attempting to carry out my purpose of prayer. By the grace of God the enemy was foiled and my unprofitable life was spared; but I cannot say that my special object was attained, for my bondage still remained.

Another attack, somewhat similar to that now described, was made upon me some time after this. There was a Gaelic-speaking man living on a farm about a mile and a half from Bytown. It was told me that he was in a dying condition, without anyone

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saying a word to him about the salvation of his soul. As I spoke at that time as much Gaelic as English, I thought I might be of some service to him, and that I would go and see him. I keenly felt my utter unfitness to talk to anyone on religious topics, and especially a dying man, but longed very much to meet someone that would speak to me about my soul; for I was in great anxiety of mind, and had not a clear knowledge of the way of salvation, although I had some knowledge of Bible truths. I learned from the Shorter Catechism that "all men fell with Adam in his first transgression"; that man needed to be effectually called by the Spirit of God; that by nature he was under the wrath and curse of God; and that before God he was justified, not by anything he himself could do, "but through the righteousness of Christ imputed to him, and received by faith alone." But though these great truths were made known to me, and I believed them, yet the way of salvation through the cross was far from being clear to me. Therefore I hesitated very much to go and speak to the dying man about things that I knew not. But I felt I could at least read to him from the Bible in his own language, and might also offer a word or two of prayer, and so I went to see him after my day's work. I

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found him very weak and in the last stages of consumption. At my first visit I only read and prayed, but he soon showed an inclination to ask questions, which encouraged me to ask a question or two of him regarding his future prospects; these he readily answered in words to the following effect: "Well," said he, "I think I have no cause to fear the future, for I never cheated anyone. I was never given to profane language, but was always honest and a good neighbor; and as God is merciful, I trust all will be well with me." I then asked him if he knew anything of a change of heart. From his answer I easily discovered that he knew nothing of that change in his own experience. I then inquired if he was in the habit of reading the Bible, or praying in secret, or in his family. He was not regular in any of these duties. I then asked if he was in the habit of going to church when in health, and trying to keep the Sabbath day holy. "It would be of no use," said he, "for me to go to church, as I could not understand what would be said." I then gathered up his answers, and endeavored to show him that they were not satisfactory, so far as I could see. All the good things he was doing were but a sandy foundation to rest his soul upon, and that living so long without a knowledge of Christ, and

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without praying or even reading the Bible, was a great sin in the sight of God, and needed to be removed by the blood of Christ before he could be prepared to meet God. I said but little on these solemn topics, for they were at that time too deep for me. But what I said was plain and simple and very pointed, and uttered under deep feeling; for I had need of pardon as well as the sick man. After prayer I left him, but returned in about a week, and found him in great trouble of mind. Both his appearance and utterances alarmed me. He would smite the walls of his chamber with his elbows, condemning himself in the strongest terms for his past life. "Oh," said he, fixing his despairing eyes on me, as if I were the cause of the trouble, "I could tear the very flesh off my bones for spending the days of my health so carelessly in sin! I now see, as you said when here last, that my honesty and good deeds are but a sandy foundation, and can never save my soul. Alas! Alas! I am lost! lost! lost! What can I do?" I was standing speechless and trembling at his bedside, feeling my own guiltiness before God, and wishing in my very heart that I had never entered the house, and fearing that I had done the sick man a great injury by what I had said. The only thing I could do was to read a por-

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tion of Scripture to him without uttering a word of my own to explain it. I commenced to read the one hundred and third Psalm. Before I was done reading I noticed that he became calmer. Before engaging in prayer I asked him if he had been helped. "Oh, yes," said he, "did you not hear Him speaking to me?" "Who spoke to you?" was my response. "My Saviour did. Did you not hear Him speaking to me? He spoke loud enough to be heard." "What did He say to you?" "He said," quoting the twelfth verse of the Psalm, "'As far as the east is from the west, so far has he removed my transgressions from me.'" "And do you believe that?" said I. "I do," said he; "all my sins are now separated from me. They can never meet me again. Oh, blessed Saviour, He has done it!" I made many visits to this man's house after the change took place, and from what I witnessed I have reason to believe that his repentance was real.

An instance which may show the reality of the change may be mentioned. One Sabbath as I was sitting with him in his chamber two of his thoughtless companions came in. He received them kindly and asked them to sit down. They began to speak of worldly affairs—of the promising appearance of the crops, and such like. He turned his head toward

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them, and looking very compassionately at them, said, "My friends, I am glad to see you, but if you have nothing better to talk about, be kind enough to leave the room, for I have had in the past too much of that kind of talk on the Lord's Day." And pointing his hand toward me, he said, "Allow this boy to read something out of his Bible." His companions arose and went out. They had no heart for religious worship conducted by a boy.

I now come to notice the attack of the enemy connected with these visits already alluded to. Upon one occasion, as I left the chamber of sickness about midnight, I found it to be extremely dark, and the following thoughts rushed through my mind with as much clearness and power as if a person accompanying me uttered them: "You have now been teaching that poor dying man very falsely. By your erroneous doctrines you have disturbed his peace and confidence in God. What right had you, who know not the truth yourself, to attempt to teach him? You have more need to be taught yourself. You are still in your natural state, and consequently under the wrath and curse of God. You are making people believe that you are a true Christian, when you have no evidence that you are. Your sins are very great, and can never be forgiven you, and God

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this very night is to teach you a lesson which you will never forget.”

My weapons of defence were but very feeble and few, for I knew not the Scriptures, and was unable to defend myself by any process of reasoning. Indeed, I felt that many of the enemy's insinuations were true. But I still hoped that if I injured the sick man by false teaching, God would pardon me, as I did it ignorantly, and, besides, I said but very little; I only read to him portions of Scripture. And if the reading of Scripture disturbed his peace and confidence in God, I was not to be blamed; and although his peace was disturbed, he was greatly comforted by hearing the one hundred and third Psalm read, without one word of explanation on my part. And further, as my motives, as far as I could see, were pure in visiting him, I had a faint hope that God would protect me on my way home.

With thoughts of this nature I was attempting to defend and encourage myself as I groped along. Gradually I gained sufficient courage to sing, now a few lines of a psalm, and again of a paraphrase.

“ God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

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“Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.”

As I was moving forward I noticed at my feet a good solid stick. I picked it up with a feeling that it might be of some service to me, for I expected that the enemy would do something to me before I reached home. My path led through a quarter of a mile of thick bush, the abode of wild beasts, and a hiding-place for the lowest characters of the human race. As I entered the bush, darkness like that of Egypt prevailed, and every stump or log which met me seemed to have life and be ready to spring upon me, which made me hold my club with a stronger grip. But I got through the bush and came to the limits of the town; here I had to pass through a lane which had a board fence on both sides about six feet high. On one side was a large lumber-yard, and as I came to a gate leading into it two large bulldogs sprang out, one after the other. The first nearly had hold of my throat, but in a moment my back was turned to the fence on the other side, and with all the might at my command my solid club came down on his big head. He squealed, and could do no more; then came the other, which was served

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in the same manner. I left them, with some fears that they would die, but saying in my heart, "Let him come with more bulldogs if he choose." I went on greatly relieved, feeling that God had once more secured to me victory over my great enemy.

It will be seen that I at this time was in bondage to fear. I was afraid of death, afraid of the Judgment Day, afraid of erroneous ideas of Divine truth, afraid that my reason was yielding, and that I would soon be a subject ripe for the lunatic asylum, afraid of the devices of Satan, afraid of God—in a word, I was afraid of everything. These fears gendered bondage in my soul. There was no lack of earnestness or of zeal or of activity in church work, or of sincerity on my part; but all these good qualities were put into lively exercise in working out a righteousness of my own. Just like the Jews of old, "being ignorant of God's righteousness," I "went about to establish a righteousness of my own." I knew, intellectually, that human acts, no matter how good or how numerous they might be, were but a sandy foundation to rest the soul upon for salvation, as I had told the sick man I was visiting; but at that time I myself had nothing else to rest upon.

But God was not always a wilderness to me, nor did He leave me long in such a desperate state of

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mind, nor allow me to be tempted more than I could bear, but frequently led me to places of rest and sweet enjoyment. One Sabbath morning I was up early before any other in the house, and went to the workshop with my Bible, so as to be free from all distraction. I entered the shop, locked the door, and began to read, on my knees, the twenty-fifth Psalm, endeavoring to make its great truths my own. The peace and joy which I experienced that morning were beyond description. Every sentence of the Psalm and every expression appeared most suitable to my state of mind, and came home to my heart with extraordinary comfort. Particularly did my thoughts rest on verse fifteen: "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord: for he shall pluck my feet out of the net." For the first time in my life I discovered where my strength lay. Not in my penitency, not in my repentance, not in my faith, not in anything I could do, but simply in the Lord, who alone was able to pluck my feet out of the net, and secure to me the liberty which my soul longed to possess. I left the shop that morning with Divine praise in my heart, thinking that it would be about breakfast time. But when I entered the house I found, to my amazement, that not only was breakfast over but that all the family were off to church.

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So completely were my thoughts absorbed by the precious truths of the Psalm that I lost all calculation of time and felt no need of food that morning.

About this time I came across an old book which described my state of mind most minutely. It showed my inner man as in a mirror. Oh, how it encouraged me, proving to me beyond a doubt that others had similar trials to my own, and that no temptation had taken me but such as is common to man.

I was now led to write to my father regarding my rebellion while a boy at his refusal to allow me to attend the ball in the school, the day I was made king. I had often tried to heal the wound that was made then, by making myself believe that balls were not very bad things and that my father was prejudiced against them. By the thoughtless and dead professor such sports may be regarded as healthy recreation, but it is not so with the anxious sinner; for he soon discovers them to be devices of Satan, leading away from God, drowning all serious thought and impression, and unfitting the mind for Divine worship.

In my letter to father I acknowledged the sinfulness of the conduct then manifested by me and the wisdom of his stern command, which had been of

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great benefit to me ever since I left home, in preventing me from going to such places of mirth. I set forth also the change which had taken place in my mind regarding the ballroom, which I now regarded as a snare of Satan by which he was opposing the work of grace in the heart, and hoped that father would attribute my rebellious conduct to my ignorance, and forget it; assuring him at the same time that my sinful conduct had often been acknowledged before God, to whom I looked for pardon.

I soon received a short reply, in which he did not so much as allude to what pained my mind, but in words to the following effect he said: "I am glad to learn from your letter that your mind is exercised on religious things, but sorry after reading all its contents that I did not meet, even once, the name of Christ or of Jesus; and I fear it is because you know Him not." This was a very different reply from what I expected. It reached my very heart. What! not met even once the name of Christ, "because you know Him not." This was a new discovery to my bewildered soul, a new light to my darkened mind. But it was true. In the twenty-fifth Psalm I was directed to God as the only One who could pluck my feet out of the net, but now I

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was directed specially to Christ as the only source of freedom from the bondage of sin. It was not enough to know who could pluck my feet out of the net; it was not enough to be freed even from the net; but I had to know Christ the Anointed One, and become one with Him. But who is to lead me to Him? I know Him not, nor do I know where or how to find Him. This became now the great absorbing question of my thoughts. It was a most humbling and deplorable truth, that with all my repentance, my prayers and fastings, and my painful conflicts with Satan, I was still ignorant of Christ as my surety; He had not the place in my heart which belonged to Him. Wonder of wonders, how can it be accounted for? How far a man may go in religious things without having a knowledge of Christ; how truly he may resemble a true Christian without being one. This was true of me at any rate. The Spirit of God, no doubt, was then working in me and preparing me during a long period of anxiety and conflict, though I knew it not, for future usefulness; so that I could comfort others in trouble by the comfort wherewith I myself had been comforted of God.

In my confused state of mind, is it any wonder

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that I was restless? The secret of this restlessness is evident. Christ, the resting-place of the soul, was not known; nor did I know anyone to care for me or direct me to the source of true rest. I tried the minister, but found him a blind guide. It would have been to me a great encouragement to have met anyone who could have pointed out the way of life. In the hope of having my difficulties removed I called on one of the elders of the congregation, whom I regarded as a wise and good man. I besought him with many tears to examine me and see if he could understand my case—tell me what was wrong with me and what I ought to do. He put me off by promising to call at the shop and have a talk with me. I expected him the next day, but weeks passed and still no visit from the elder. One evening, while standing at the shop door, I noticed my elder coming out of his house. Of course I concluded, as he must have seen me, that the promise would now be fulfilled. But no, the elder's mind must have been occupied with something of more importance to him than my state of mind, for he turned away in the opposite direction. I saw that he was to go from Upper to Lower Town, and across the Government Hill, and that by taking an-

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other road I could intercept him. This I succeeded in doing. I met him just on the top of the hill, no one being near us; a quiet spot where he had an excellent opportunity of talking to me. I told him I was glad to meet him; that I had been looking for a visit from him for some time; that my mind was still in great trouble, and that I knew not what was wrong with me. A large stone stood near us. "Let us sit on this stone," said he. I commenced to state my difficulties, but before uttering a complete sentence, he noticed some person a good distance from us, and said, "Oh, I see a person over yonder to whom I want to speak. Excuse me." He left me sitting on that cold stone (an emblem of his cold, stony heart), which I baptized with many tears before I left it. Perhaps he thought that I was insane, and perhaps I was; but I was in search of the path of wisdom, and if he knew that heavenly path he should have pointed it out to me.

"What am I to do now?" was my painful question. "I have tried the minister; I have tried the leading elder of the congregation; I have tried the reading of Scripture; I have tried prayer and fasting and church meetings; I have tried everything I can think of, yet I have no rest in my soul." How

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could I have rest when I knew not Christ, God's appointed resting-place for the immortal soul?

I heard of a certain man who lived about three miles from town, whom some people called a great hypocrite. I concluded to try him also. I was not acquainted with him. Indeed, to my knowledge I had never seen him, and all that recommended him to me was that some people called him a hypocrite. But how could I see him? If my shop-fellows knew that I went to see him about the state of my soul they would laugh at me and think that I was crazy. But crazy or not crazy, I felt I should visit the man. Nicodemus-like, I decided to go and see him in the night. So on a certain evening, as it was about time to retire for the night, instead of going to my room I slipped out of the door. The night was very dark, but I groped along till I reached the locality, where a person met me on the road. I asked him if he knew a man in the place called A. W. He said, "I do, and if you follow the road you are on you will come to a little shanty on your right-hand side; that is A. W.'s house. It is not far, though you cannot see it." I moved along and soon came to the shanty. A. W. himself came to the door. I went in, and we spent the most of the night together. He read a number of passages of Scripture to me

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and prayed. He then wrote out a long list of passages, which I was to take with me and pray over. He encouraged me very much, and assured me that my troubles were common among the people of God. We parted, and I reached home just when the day was breaking, and no one in the shop knew that I had been away that night.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE DISRUPTION TO MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

THE principles which agitated the Church of Scotland and caused its disruption reached Bytown, and were very warmly discussed. Our minister advocated the principles of the Free Church, and very soon the whole congregation was more or less in sympathy with her. So it was a great surprise when he returned from the Synod at Kingston, where the division of the Canadian Church took place, an Old Kirk man.

A week or two after his return a meeting of the congregation was called to hear his report of the proceedings of Synod. A large number of the congregation assembled, and after devotional exercises the minister began to give his report of the Synod's proceedings, and to explain the cause of the division which had there taken place, at the same time attempting to justify his own conduct in remaining with the Established Church of Scotland. But there were some in the congregation too well posted to be

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imposed upon by a one-sided report such as he was giving; hence some rather awkward questions were put to him connected with some of his statements, which he found not easy to answer. It was very evident that many in the congregation were not satisfied with the stand he had taken, hence a motion was made, seconded, and ably supported, that all who were in sympathy with the Free Church of Scotland, and approved of the principles which caused the disruption there, retire, and withdraw their connection from the congregation. As the minister seemed unwilling to put the motion to the meeting, some of the congregation got a little excited and began to gather their books. The minister sprang to his feet and proposed to sing the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm:

“ Behold how good a thing it is, and how becoming well,

Together such as brethren are in unity to dwell.”

But he could not get any to sing, as some felt that purity and sound principle, truth and righteousness came even before brotherly love. Hence one individual after another, one family after another, rose and moved toward the door, leaving the excited minister, and the church, at the disposal of those

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who adhered to the Old Kirk. The party who left were soon organized as a congregation in connection with the Free Church of Scotland.

The division reached the weekly prayer-meeting conducted by the three boys, who unfortunately were not of one mind regarding the dispute which was agitating the congregation. W. L. did not consider that the Canadian Church had anything to do with the quarrels of the Church of Scotland. D. H. had but little to say, and considered himself to be neutral. But I felt strongly that it was my duty to testify in favor of the principles of the Free Church. For some days W. L. and myself discussed both sides of the important question, but failed to agree. I felt that I could no longer remain in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, but was sorry to have to withdraw from the prayer-meeting and part with the minister, whom I still respected, and with whom I was on intimate terms. But my feelings were not to rule my reason, nor prevent me from carrying out my convictions. So at the close of the last prayer-meeting I attended in the church I stated with trembling words and broken sentences that I could not any longer remain in connection with the Church of Scotland, and that I felt it my duty to withdraw from the prayer-meet-

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ing. I stated that I was not to give up prayer, but purposed holding a meeting in the house of Mr. D. K., and that anyone who was of the same mind as myself might come there every week. I wished them all spiritual prosperity and hoped they would have the Divine Presence at all their meetings.

I felt pretty sure that two or three of us would meet at D. K.'s house, but to my surprise the meeting was as large as that in the church. Indeed, so far as I could discover all who were in the habit of attending the meeting in the church were present, except W. L. and the minister's family.

The new congregation which had been organized worshipped in the Methodist Church, Lower Town, and continued to do so until their own church was built. Fortunately for us a student from Queen's College was then teaching in a grammar school in the town. He was one of our number, and was persuaded to supply the congregation with Gospel services. The congregation was so thoroughly satisfied with him that they petitioned the Presbytery of Hamilton, which was then the nearest to us, to have him ordained and inducted as our pastor, though his college course was not then ended. Our petition was favorably received, and in due time he

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was set apart to the solemn duties of a minister of Christ and inducted into the charge of our congregation at Bytown.

The student referred to is still living and well known in the Church as a Doctor of Divinity. The name of Dr. Thomas Wardrope, of Guelph, is a household name in the Dominion of Canada; and to him Knox Church, Ottawa, owes lasting gratitude. He was their first minister, and he toiled in season and out of season in the day of their weakness among them. His field was rough, uncultivated and overgrown with all kinds of obnoxious weeds common to human nature; yet he never complained, but toiled on and persevered in the midst of innumerable difficulties and discouragements, fully confident that in due time he would reap if he fainted not. To him I attribute any success I may have had in my checkered life. He knew me in the days of my extreme ignorance, painful anxiety, restlessness of soul, and when I could hardly give my thoughts intelligent utterance. Although my too frequent visits to his study could not but be to him tiresome and even painful to endure, yet I never once heard a single word uttered but what tended to make me feel at home, and to encourage me to follow on to know the Lord. To the present day I am amazed

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at the patience and forbearance he then manifested towards a person so ignorant and unattractive as I then was. His discourses were plain, clear, pointed, full of Scripture and full of unction, and the mind which did not receive instruction under his ministrations must have been obtuse indeed. But as his name must be mentioned after this I will say no more.

The Free Church, as the congregation with which I identified myself was then called, being in the enjoyment of stated services, was favored now and again with visits from deputations sent out by the Free Church of Scotland to strengthen and encourage their brethren in Canada. These deputations were the means of doing much good among the scattered Presbyterians in this wide country. Their services were very impressive, thoroughly evangelical, delivered with great earnestness and altogether different from what we had been in the habit of hearing. I was completely captivated by these discourses. They described my state of mind most thoroughly, and directed me to the course I should pursue. What particularly attracted me was that they not only agreed in doctrine but also in their vivid description of my own personal state of mind. This was to me a very great mystery. I could

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understand how they would agreed in doctrine, but not how they could describe so minutely and so truly what was going on in my mind. They read, as it were, my personal experience.

After a considerable period of anxious thought I came to the conclusion that those ambassadors of Christ were not only from the same school, but were also taught by the same Teacher, the Spirit of God, who gave them their messages and enabled them to deliver the same with power and unction, and to describe faithfully and correctly the condition of the anxious soul.

Through their ministrations I was greatly delivered from my bondage of fear, and my peace and joy increased just in proportion as my faith rested upon the gracious truths revealed to my soul; and having tasted a little of the good things of the kingdom, I had a strong desire to do something for the benefit of the souls of others. But what could I do? My education was far behind, yet I felt something of the love of Christ constraining me that I should not henceforth live unto myself, but unto Him who died for me and rose again. Besides, in my Bible reading, I noticed that the man to whom but one talent was given was censured and severely punished for not putting his talent into use. This taught me

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that I was accountable even for my one talent, little as I felt it to be, and that by putting it to some use it would very likely increase. So I began to spend my evenings improving my mind by reading, and also writing letters to persons I knew regarding the salvation of their souls. I wrote many such letters, which were of great benefit to myself, and I trust also to the recipients. I was but a very poor penman. I could neither write nor spell, and found it very difficult to put my thoughts into intelligent sentences; yet I continued regularly to spend my free hours in study, when some progress was made.

Through my attempts to aid others my own mind became clearer and more established in the truths of the Gospel. I found also the congregational prayer-meeting and Bible class to be excellent means of encouraging and strengthening my weak graces. Through them I was drawn into the company of persons who seemed to be of the same mind as myself. My former companion, W. L., whom I left in the Old Kirk, withdrew from it and joined our church, and we soon became as intimate as we were before.

As we had no Sabbath evening service in our church then, we started a prayer-meeting in Lower Town in the house of a friend who was surrounded

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by Roman Catholics, and by many who went to no church. But our meetings were not in accordance with the mind of the great enemy of souls, hence he attempted to put an end to them. At our meetings we made no reference to creed or sect, but conducted a plain, simple worship. Bytown was then infested with a class of people who were called Shiners, or, as they were sometimes called, Ribbon-men, rough characters that feared neither God nor man. Through their misdoings the town was kept in a state of great excitement. Revengeful feelings also ran very high between themselves and the Orangemen. Should anyone be discovered wearing anything that was yellow or green, he was in danger of being beaten or badly injured, if not killed. This sad state of affairs continued for some years, until the Orangemen in the town and the country around mustered together, and, joined by a large number of Protestants living in the town, offered the Ribbon-men a pitched battle. They fought for a day or two till the Ribbon-men were subdued. A good deal of blood was shed, and some were killed in the affray.

It was during this period of excitement that W. L. and I were holding our Sabbath evening prayer-meeting. Returning home from our meeting on one

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occasion just about dusk, as we reached the bridge which crosses the canal between Upper and Lower Town, we saw a gang of roughs about the centre of the bridge carrying firearms. As we stepped forward they spread themselves out the full width of the bridge, and began to move slowly onward before us. "Now we are in for it," said W. L.; "we had better turn back." "Oh, perhaps not," was my reply, "let us go on without fear." We both saw that they could very easily throw us over the bridge into the canal, as such things were sometimes done. When the roughs reached the farther end of the bridge, and we were about the centre, suddenly they turned with a hurrah, at the same time firing their guns. "Didn't I tell you," said W. L., "we had better turn back and get off the bridge?" "Oh, no," I whispered, "let us go forward and meet them; God will protect us." In an instant we met face to face. There was a momentary pause, and a sharp, stern looking into our countenances. Then came the command, "Let them pass!" An opening was made in the ranks before us, and we continued our course, thankful to God for restraining those wicked men from doing us any violence.

Something similar occurred a few months afterwards, when the Irish fever was raging in Bytown.

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On the previous year the potato crop had failed in Ireland, and consequently there was a great scarcity of food, followed by this deadly disease. It was similar to cholera, and became epidemic in Bytown. When it broke out in Ireland a large number of people fled to other parts of the world. They came to Canada in thousands, and were dying on our shores in masses, and many other inhabitants of Bytown were carried away by the deadly malady. A little out of the town large sheds were built for the accommodation of the diseased persons. From those sheds thirty or forty coffins were daily, for a time, removed to the cemetery. Whole families were huddled in stalls, some of them dead and others dying, beside one another. I was one of a goodly number of the town's people who felt it their duty to visit these sheds and endeavor to aid the dying in their last moments. On one occasion the Rev. Mr. Drummond, one of the deputation sent from Scotland to visit the Canadian Church, accompanied me. We made no attempt to converse with any of the sick ones personally, but moved along the central passage a short distance, reading a verse or two from Scripture loud enough for those on each side of us to hear, then offering a short prayer for the afflicted and dying. Passing on a little further

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we did the same thing. We were carefully watched, although we knew it not, by persons who had no sympathy with our movements. As we left the shed to return home we were met by a big Irishman who told us in plain words that we had no right to go among the sick people and interfere with their religious feelings in their dying moments. As we moved slowly towards the bridge the Irishman became more and more violent in his language. When we reached the bridge he began to shout with all his might and jump up into the air like a madman. Mr. Drummond in a calm, meek spirit patted him on the shoulder, saying, "Be composed, be composed, we were doing them no harm, only trying to help them by reading short passages of Scripture and offering a few words of prayer on their behalf." But the big man seized Mr. Drummond's necktie, saying, "Very little would make me throw you over the bridge," and he endeavored to make as much noise as he could, with the object in view, evidently, of gathering a crowd so as to mob us. People began to run in our direction. In a whisper I said to Mr. Drummond, "Free yourself if you can, and let us get off the bridge before we are mobbed." He innocently looked at me, not realizing any danger, but soon discovering it, he gave a sudden spring and

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freed himself from the man's grasp. Our feet then were our best friends, and very soon carried us off the bridge. As the big Irishman saw that his object was frustrated he cried after us, "If you enter the sheds again you shall not come out alive!" "Tomorrow morning," said Mr. Drummond, "if the Lord will, we shall be there at nine o'clock."

Another delegate from the Free Church of Scotland who visited our Canadian Church in the days of her weakness was the Rev. W. C. Burns. He was greatly owned as an instrument of salvation to many souls. Wherever he went he left his mark for good. He visited Bytown some months before Mr. Drummond, and my acquaintance with him was largely blessed to my soul. I viewed him as a living illustration of the religion of Jesus, and through him impressions were made upon my mind which can never be effaced. It was my privilege to be in his company a good part of the time he spent at Bytown, so that I came to be more or less acquainted with his God-fearing, Christ-glorifying, self-denying and sin-hating habits. What I saw in him made a deeper impression on my mind than anything I ever heard in his preaching. Indeed, he seldom enjoyed, while with us, the liberty in the pulpit which he looked for. He would not preach without

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tokens of the Spirit's presence, and he often sent us home without any preaching. He would pray and read and sing, and attempt to address us from a portion of Scripture, but in his own estimation he often failed; the little he would say, however, came with power to his hearers. He could not see sin in young or old, in rich or poor, in learned or unlearned, without testifying against it, and this he did in meekness and love.

On one occasion as he was talking to two or three of us on a week-day near the church door after coming from a religious meeting, a rough character approached us and asked if any of us wished to hire a man. Mr. Burns made a step or two toward him, and said, "Yes, I know a Person who is seeking to hire a man, and He is a good and upright Master, and pays His servants faithfully and regularly. I am sure He would treat you well, and you would suit Him." "Where is he?" said the man. Mr. Burns lifted up his hand, and pointing his finger up toward heaven said, "He is up there. He is the Lord Jesus." The man turned away at once, but Mr. Burns went after him, and threw his arms around him and said, "Don't go away. Stop a little till I tell you what He is." The man shook him off; and when Mr. Burns returned to us large teardrops

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were rolling down his cheeks. "Did you notice," said he, "how he fled when the name of Jesus was mentioned?"

Another time, as we were walking along one of the streets of Bytown on a Sabbath morning to a meeting which he was to conduct in a private house, he saw two boys playing marbles on the other side of the street. "See those boys," said he, "playing marbles. We must not pass them. Let us go over and speak to them." We did so. Said Mr. Burns, "My dear boys, this is the Lord's day. It is not right to play marbles to-day. Take them up and go into the house and tell your parents that it is a sin to play on the Lord's day."

I was at this time very anxious about the salvation of my own soul. Indeed, I was never free from such anxiety during his stay at Bytown, for his consecrated life of godliness caused me to question very seriously the sincerity of my profession. On this account I never could say that I was happy in his presence. At the same time I felt I could forsake everything I had in the world and follow him; for his life I admired, and would, if I could, procure the same at any price. Once when we were alone, returning from a funeral, I felt I had a good opportunity to open my mind to him and show him

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my difficulties, in the hope that he might say something to aid me. I began to describe some of my peculiar feelings and fears. He listened for a little to what I was saying, and then turned around and with a compassionate look said, "Can you not speak about anything but your feelings?" He then crossed to the other side of the road, and we walked separated from one another for a long distance without uttering a single word. I felt keenly rebuked and could not at the time justify it. But when my mind became more enlightened in the way of salvation, I saw the wisdom and faithfulness of his conduct toward me. He evidently discovered that I was living too much on my feelings, and took his own way to correct me, and he succeeded to some extent in drawing me out of myself. Before we parted he came across to my side of the road, and opened up to me the way of salvation through Christ. Many a time I thanked God since for what he did. It was to me an important lesson, not easily forgotten. It is not in our feelings we are to live. They are too changeable to impart rest to a troubled soul. The Lord Jesus alone is the resting-place of the soul; in Him alone we have peace for time and for eternity.

All the terms of my indenture being fulfilled, I

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continued to work in the same shop, and was paid according to the work I performed. I was making money rapidly, and concluded that it was about time for me to prepare a home for myself; so I bought a building-lot in town, gave out a contract for the building of a dwelling-house, and at the same time I commenced to make my own furniture. These things clearly indicated the approach of a very important event in my life.

About two years previous to this I became acquainted with a large and very highly respected family at Hartwell Locks, two or three miles out of the town. Alexander Kennedy and his large family of ten young daughters and four sons were then well known in Bytown. To this family I was drawn, and the eldest daughter, being about my own age, had special influence over me. Her freedom from every semblance of ostentation, her quiet, affectionate disposition, and her humble religious character, captivated my heart. A solemn engagement was then, with the consent of her parents, formed, which lasted for two years. But through our frequent and regular correspondence and my numerous visits to her father's house, those two years seemed but a few days.

But just when we were about to be married, the

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house being completed, the last load of furniture deposited therein, the door of the house locked and the key in my pocket, God, in His infinite wisdom, had to teach me a most important lesson, which I greatly needed and for which I shall never be sufficiently able to praise Him. The benefits resulting from it in my future life were numerous and salutary. I had hardly left the locked door to return to my boarding-house than I had to sit down on a large stone by the wayside. It was with great difficulty I reached my lodgings. What was the matter? What had happened? I was in perfect health up to that moment, but there and then I was met by a most sudden and violent attack of the Irish fever. For six weeks I had to lie in my bed unable to help myself, there being very little hope of my recovery.

But under the good hand of God my health was restored. My hope and confidence in the precious promises given me long before, contained in the 128th Psalm, were revived and established. I was assured that all its promises were to be verified in my case, personally, and hence the end was not yet. As soon as I could be removed from my boarding-house, I was taken away to Hartwell, where I felt at home, and received the very best nursing and care.

On the 24th day of September, 1847, I was mar-

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ried to Margaret Kennedy, by our pastor, the Rev. Thomas Wardrope, and soon after we took up our abode in the home that had been prepared. It was not what some people would call a stylish home, but a nice, substantial, cosy frame building. To us it was no small pleasure to realize that our new home was our own, sweetened by the most tender affection and hallowed by daily worship; for an altar to the God of Abraham was at once erected, and on that altar the sacrifices of praise and prayer, accompanied by the reading of a portion of God's Word, were every morning and evening presented to the God of the families that call upon His name.

Our home became also a place of public worship; a weekly prayer-meeting, being highly valued by both of us, was started, and maintained during the period it was occupied by us. But this period was not of long duration. Sweet and hallowed as we found it to be, my call to the Gospel ministry obliged us to forsake it. This brings me to a most important epoch in my life, an account of which will form part of the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY TO MY GOING TO COLLEGE.

My call to the Gospel ministry came to me unsolicited. Although I had a very strong desire to be in some way or other more actively engaged in church work, and had a great yearning for the salvation of souls, I kept it hidden in my heart. To be a minister of the Gospel was to me a calling most solemn and responsible, and far beyond my reach, as my education was far behind and my means limited. So the very thought of becoming a minister I regarded as presumption. On this account I endeavored, though I completely failed, to exclude the thought from my mind, and engaged myself more actively in religious work in the sphere in which I was placed. The barriers appeared to me insurmountable, yet so unable was I to shake the thoughts out of my mind that I was led to bind myself by a very solemn promise or vow to God, that if ever I should be favored with offspring that would show their fitness for the Gospel ministry, I would not only give

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them over to the Lord for His work in His vineyard, but also use every lawful means within my power to prepare them for the public ministry of the Word. And in this connection I have to record that in looking back I cannot but magnify the faithfulness and goodness of God in granting me the desires which then agitated my restless mind. We have but two sons in the family, and they are both ministers of the Gospel. I never urged them to choose their solemn profession, nor even revealed to them the desires of my heart regarding this important matter, lest I might influence them to follow a calling for which they might have no inclination or heart. I had more to do with God in their calling than with them, believing that if they were called to the ministry God would use the means requisite to secure His own purposes. I left the matter entirely in His own hand. But being led of their own accord, so far as I was concerned, to follow Christ in this service, I felt I was solemnly bound to do what I could to prepare them for their profession.

The course through which God in His wisdom led me to the ministry was very striking and interesting, and my duty was made so clear to my own mind that to have rejected it would virtually have been

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an act of rebellion against God. The Rev. David Wardrope, at that time a student in Knox College, Toronto, spent the summer with his brother, our pastor, at Bytown. A friendship sprang up between us, and upon bidding him good-bye previous to his return to college in the autumn, I made the remark that I wished I were going too. "What did you say?" he asked. I repeated, "I wish I were going with you." That was all that passed between us. In a day or two he left for Toronto. I never expected these words to meet me again.

A few weeks after this our minister expressed a desire to see me. There was nothing strange in this, for I was on very intimate terms with him, being frequently in his house and an active worker in the church. I went to see him at once. Upon my arrival he led me into his study and said, "John, have you any desire to go to college and prepare for the ministry?" I felt I had to answer that question without any equivocation, so after a brief silence I said, "I cannot deny I have a desire to do so, yet I fear the desire is a temptation from Satan, and that it would be nothing short of presumption on my part to yield to it." "What leads you to such a conclusion?" said he. "Is it because you are married?" "Well, that is one reason," was my answer,

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“but besides that, you know my education is far behind; and all my means are laid out in property.”

“Oh,” said he, “to be married may be in your favor while going through college, and the other things you mention may be overcome. He then clinched the matter by putting the question, “Will you be willing to go if God in His providence removes all obstacles out of your way, and opens up your path?”

“Before I answer that question,” said I, “I must have some time to consider it, for it is too important and too solemn for a hasty answer.” “There is no need of undue haste,” was his response; “think it over and pray over it, and then let me know your answer.” I went home with an anxious mind to consult my young partner in life. I found in her no objection, but everything to encourage me to go forward if I felt it was my duty to do so. She could go to her father’s house, and all the family there would be glad to receive her. We made the matter a subject of earnest prayer, and finally there was but one answer I could give.

In about ten days I returned to Mr. Wardrope with my reply; “Regarding the question you put to me the other day, I can give but one answer, and hold fast fidelity to God, and my profession. If God in His providence removes all obstacles, I shall

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by His grace obey and follow the path of His choosing." "That will do," said he; "come with me." He took me to the store of Mr. James Brough, a great Free Church man. He was on the other side of the counter when we entered, and Mr. Wardrope, going straight to where he was, said, "Mr. Brough, I want you to go down to John's place and buy it, for he is willing to go." Mr. Brough looked at him with a complacent smile and said, "Well, I suppose I must obey my minister." "Yes, at this time," said Mr. Wardrope. With that Mr. Brough jumped over the counter and said to me, "Come along." Mr. Wardrope left us, and we proceeded to the house. Having examined it, he said to me, "What did the whole cost you?" I figured out the amount on a stump. "I will give you that for it," said he. "If so," was my reply, "it is yours." The amount was to be paid, at my own request, by instalments, extending well into my college course. During my first three years I was occupied in the summer teaching school. The following summers, till I was ordained, were spent in the mission field, and thus a little was added to my yearly income. So by the great carefulness and strict economy of my partner in life, who always joined me in the summer months and to

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whom I owe much of our financial success, we were able to pay our way through those years of college preparation. Beyond doubt it was a period of excellent training for our future life. My conduct in disposing of my property and giving myself up to study was not approved of by all, and strange to say those most opposed were from among my relatives. The objections raised were that I had not been a good scholar when young, and would never become one, and that I had a wife to support, who, if I proved a failure, would have neither minister nor property. Both these objections I answered satisfactorily to my own mind.

In looking back to those days of anxiety, I feel it both my duty and privilege to set up my Ebenezer and inscribe upon it, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." In the midst of deserving wrath, He has been remembering mercy; for I have lacked nothing needful up to this date. The warnings uttered of failure in my studies and poverty in my purse I have not yet realized. True, economy had to be constantly practised, and many difficulties had to be surmounted, but when the struggles came renewed grace and stronger confidence in the Divine promises came also, so my trials were only such as I was able, by His grace, to endure. Wealth,

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after forsaking my secular calling, I never coveted, but endeavored to cultivate a spirit of contentment in the varied circumstances through which I had to pass. Beyond doubt God had been dealing with me in the past; why then should I not place the fullest confidence in His faithfulness for the future? That wonderful promise, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life," cannot fail; not because of any worthiness in me, but for His own name's sake. Hence in a spirit, not, I trust of presumption but of deep humiliation and gratitude, I may say He has bound Himself to me in that blessed promise, which I feel is mine just as if I were the only person in the world to whom it could be applicable. In that day of His sovereign power when He made me willing to forsake all that I possessed—leave house, brethren, sisters, father, mother, wife, children and land, He placed the promise in my hand and in my heart, and, as it were, said to my soul, "This promise is yours; hold it fast, for in due time it will be fulfilled in you."

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Since that day a large portion of my life has passed, and what do I now find? Just what the promise contains. I received an hundredfold, houses, brethren, sisters, father, mother, wife, children; yes, and persecutions also. Let the sceptic or unbeliever examine my life in the past and present and compare the whole with this promise, and it will be found that the Lord is faithful and true in not allowing one word of it to fail.

CHAPTER IX.

COLLEGE DAYS.

IN the fall of 1848 I left for Knox College, Toronto. The Sabbath after my arrival I attended Knox Church, the only Presbyterian Church then in Toronto, the pastor of which was Dr. Burns. When I left for Toronto I was filled with very pleasant expectations. My religious privileges, as I imagined, would be more abundant and of a very superior nature; and through the good counsel and the deep spirituality of professors and students all my doubts and anxieties would disappear. In visiting Dr. Burns I expected great encouragement, but was sorely disappointed, for the Doctor seemed as if determined to extinguish every ray of courage lingering in my anxious mind. He led me into his study, and after handing him my certificate and making him acquainted with a little of my past life and my object in coming to Toronto, he began to question me regarding my statements. Indeed, he seemed to question my veracity. He did not say

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that I was an impostor, but his language indicated that he believed me to be one, and plainly stated he could not believe my story. I referred to the certificate, but he made light of it, saying it was only a certificate from a grammar school teacher. "And you are a married man," said he, "and parted from your wife. Do you think that is right?" "I am married," was my response, "but I learn from the Scripture that it is right to part with everything belonging to this life for the sake of Christ. Our separation is only during the months I am in college. We purpose living together during the summer." "Were you to hear me yesterday?" he then asked. "Yes," was my reply. "What was the text?" I gave him the text. "What were the heads of the discourse?" he quickly asked. "Well, Doctor," said I, "I cannot give an account of the sermon, for I have not yet fully recovered from the effects of my voyage." "Can you not remember anything I said in the discourse?" said he. "I am sorry to say I cannot," was my answer. "Do you read the Bible?" was his next question. "Yes, I am in the habit of reading the sacred book," was my reply. "Describe to me the Christian armor." I made an attempt to do so, but neither to his nor my own satisfaction. "Oh," said he, "you don't

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know it. Every ordinary Christian should be able to describe it. Have you been reading any books before you left home?" "My reading has not been very extensive." "Did you not read any book at all?" "Well, since I left home, and coming up on the boat, I tried to read a little of 'Watts on the Mind.'" "Capital!" said he. "That is an excellent book. Let me have the substance of it." "I am sorry that I cannot do so," was my answer, "for I did not read it through, nor did I get a right hold of what I was reading." "What is mind?" said he. "Has the pig a mind?" "I cannot tell what a mind is," I said; "I came to Toronto to be taught that. The pig, I suppose, has a mind, but it differs from the human mind." "You have been in the Academy," said he; "what have you been doing there?" "I entered the Academy this morning," was my response, "and began the Latin Grammar." "Decline *pena*," said he. I began, "*Pena, penae*." "You are wrong," said he. I began again, "Nom. *pena*, a pen, Gen. *penae*, of a pen." "Oh, you are wrong again," shouted he, "you cannot decline it." I was pretty confident that I was declining it correctly so far as he allowed me to go, but was silent under his rebuke. I discovered afterward, however, that the trouble was in him and not in me, for

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I was pronouncing the Genitive as I was taught, according to the English pronunciation, while he was following the old Scotch pronunciation. I parted from him that evening with a wounded heart, sorely perplexed and grieved at my first interview with a leading minister of our Church, and one whom I very highly revered.

Next day I was cited to appear before the Professors' Court, and to my grief Dr. Burns was there, to be one of my judges. My application to be received as a student for the Gospel ministry was taken up. A few questions were put to me regarding the object I had in view, and I was asked to recite "Effectual Calling." Having been taught the Shorter Catechism from my youth, I had no difficulty in answering the question. I was also asked to read a little out of a book, which was also satisfactory. But when my application was, as far as I could see, about to be granted, Dr. Burns gave a very unfavorable report of the interview he had had with me. I considered his report to be very unfair, and attempted to say a few words in self-defence, but the Doctor maintained his own ideas. He questioned the truthfulness of my story, and would make me out to be an impostor; nor could he agree to receive me as a student for the Gospel

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ministry. The other professors were opposed to the stand he took.

In the midst of the discussion I asked permission to make a statement or two. Leave being granted, I said: "If you can postpone your decision for a week or ten days, till I can get a letter from my minister, Mr. Wardrope, at Bytown, you will then see whether my words are true or false. I assure you that I am not an impostor, but a man of truth, who is fully decided to follow Christ in the Gospel ministry. I have lifted up my hand unto the Lord and I cannot go back. If I am not received into Knox College I must apply elsewhere. My mind is fully made up, and I must go on with my studies." My request was granted. I wrote at once to Mr. Wardrope, stating how matters stood. A reply very soon arrived, which I handed to the Professors' Court. In a day or two I was notified that I was received as a student of Knox College. In the same week I received a note from Dr. Burns inviting me to tea. I was at a loss to know whether I should accept this invitation or not, so I consulted one of the professors, who advised me strongly to go, telling me I would now find the Doctor's attitude toward me had changed. Accordingly I went, and, oh, what a warm reception I got! He at once apologized for

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his conduct, and assured me that I was just the right man for the college, that I stood well the trial under which he had placed me, and that I would find him henceforth a real friend. This proved to be true from that day to the end of his journey.

My first winter in Toronto was spent in an academy connected with Knox College. The students in my day were actively engaged in mission work throughout the city. They organized themselves as a Missionary Society, and it is pleasing to notice that the society still exists in connection with the college, and through its instrumentality much good is being done. At its beginning the city was divided into districts, and students were appointed to each district, where they distributed tracts, held prayer-meetings, and established Sabbath Schools where suitable places could be secured.

Some of the students took great interest in this work, which was of benefit to themselves and an excellent training for future work. I was very much interested in my district, and got there a good insight into human nature. I visited every family. Some of the people received me very kindly, but others not only refused my tracts, but threatened me with personal injury if I should return with what they called "bad books." One stout woman, who

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lived in an upper story, threatened to scald me if I did not speedily disappear. As the kettle was then boiling on the stove, and I had to descend a long, steep stairway, I felt myself to be at her mercy; so I meekly obeyed, with my eye looking upward as I descended, in case she should keep her word.

An old man questioned my authority to be going about preaching, as he called it, and asked me if I was called to follow Christ as a minister of the Gospel. I told him that I was not a minister, but only a student. "Oh," said he, "that is just the same. You purpose being a minister." "Oh, yes," was my reply, "if God sees fit to prepare me for His work, and call me to it, I hope I shall be willing to obey." "Well," said he, "we are told that wonderful signs will follow those who believe and follow Christ in the ministry; that in the name of Christ they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. Now there is a young woman in that room" (pointing to a chamber near us); "she has been there for years. If you heal her I shall believe that you are sent to preach the Gospel." "Very well," was my reply, "if she follow my prescription she shall cer-

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tainly be healed in due time. Let us go in to see her." "Oh, I understand," said he, "what you mean. She shall be healed at the resurrection." "Just so," was the response, "if she believe in the Lord Jesus she shall be made perfectly whole when He comes to wind up human affairs." But the old man did not invite me to the sick chamber. He had no confidence in me, because I did not perform miracles.

Another peculiar case was that of the wife of a laboring man, and the mother of two little children. I never met her husband, for he was always from home or at his work when I called. The young wife seemed to be very religious and knew a good deal of Scripture. She professed to be very much interested and profited by my visits, and I held some prayer-meetings in her house. For a time I regarded her as a very earnest and devoted Christian. She could speak about religion for whole days, and longed, as she said, for my visits. Indeed, she was too sweet in words, and apparently so earnest and devoted in her outward conduct in my presence that I began to suspect her sincerity. "Could she be under the influence of strong drink," was a question which seized my mind. I determined to discover whether or not my suspicion was correct. One

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morning upon entering her house I took a seat quite close to her, and discovered from her breath that my suspicion was well grounded. I at once said, "You have been drinking and deceiving me until now." After solemnly talking to her of the sin of drunkenness and of deception, she acknowledged her guilt, and expressed sorrow for her sinful habit and a desire to be freed from it, and solemnly promised that henceforth she would resist the temptation. This promise I found she did not keep, and finding her some time after in a condition such as I had never seen her in before, I urged upon her again the necessity of total abstinence. Our college session was then about to close. Next autumn when I returned I inquired for the family, and was told that they had left the city, but that the mother had joined the "Sons of Temperance," and become sober and respectable.

Very different from this case was that of another home which I met in my district; it was that of a widow who lived alone in a cosy little house. The order and cleanliness of everything within, and cheerfulness of her countenance, clearly indicated that she was a woman who lived near to God. Another student and myself held prayer-meetings there for two or three sessions. At the close of one of

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them, as a token of our appreciation of her kind attention to ourselves and meetings, we gave her a copy of McCheyne's works, which we knew she would value. When we returned next session we called to see her, and to make arrangements for the recommencement of our meetings. In relating to us the benefits she derived from the perusal of the book, she said, "I got to be very fond of it, so fond that I was getting more attached to it than I was to my Bible. Indeed, I have to acknowledge that it was oftener in my hands and in my thoughts than the Good Book was, and to wean myself from it I went to my trunk and laid it at the very bottom, beneath my clothes, so that I could not see it or get at it without some labor, till my Bible would gain the chief place in my heart again."

The peninsula opposite the city, now an island, was a very interesting mission field. It was a place to which pleasure-seekers resorted on the Sabbath. Crowds of the roughest characters, both men and women, regularly frequented the place. Two hotels were kept open there during the whole Sabbath day to accommodate and entertain them. To make the place more attractive and enticing, wild beasts were kept and all kinds of amusements were encouraged. So great was the crowd that gathered there every

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Sabbath from the city that a policeman or two had to be sent to keep the people within bounds. The late Dr. Laing, of Dundas, and myself, after some consideration and prayer, resolved to visit the peninsula and see if we could do anything for the salvation of the souls of those who lived there, and of those who gathered there for sinful pleasures. Taking a bundle of tracts with us, and securing a boat, we crossed the bay after the morning service on Sabbath. We then parted, one going west and the other east, continuing our course till we met. In my course I came across a company of fishermen, whose "boss" was standing on a big stone giving instructions to the men, who were dragging a large net out of the lake. He was a tall, stout man, of great muscular strength, covered with a big, dirty, ragged overcoat, with long, heavy boots almost up to his waist. I went to where he was. He looked down upon me from his elevation with disdain, knowing, I suppose, from the tracts I had in my hand that my mission was not favorable to his Sabbath work. "Do you know," said I, "what day this is?" "I do," said he, "as well as you." "Do you know," I then asked, "what God says regarding it?" "I know that, too," was his answer, and recited a part of the fourth commandment. "Then

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you knowingly disobey God's command," was the reply, "and cause these men" (pointing to those who were drawing the net) "to do the same?" "It is very well for you," said he, "with your black coat and shining shoes and plenty to eat and drink to speak to us poor fishermen in that way, but if you had nothing to eat but what you earned with your hands you would work as we do on the Sabbath day." "Do you mean to say that necessity compels you to work on the Sabbath?" was the reply. To this question he gave no answer, but came down from his big stone with his large fists clenched and placed himself in a fighting posture. "Oh, you may strike me, and injure me," but, pointing upward, "there is a Witness above us who will soon be your Judge." Here I began with great freedom and unusual boldness to describe the Great White Throne at which he would have to stand, and endeavored to set forth the danger to which he was exposing himself by disobeying the command of God, and causing others to do the same. As I advanced in this solemn strain I noticed his fists relaxing, which indicated that the truth was reaching his heart. By this time Mr. Laing arrived, and he very solemnly followed the same line of remarks. Finally our man thanked us

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for our lecture, and asked us if we would give him a suit of black clothes if he would promise to go to church. We promised we would, if he were in need, and directed him to a far better garment than we could give. He understood well what we meant and told us it was not ours to give. In parting, he hoped we would get across the water in safety, and not go to the bottom of the lake, which was getting rough.

Seeing with our own eyes the wretched condition of the people living on the peninsula, and discovering the numerous plans by the great enemy of God and man to allure so many human beings into his dens of vice and ruin, we resolved to continue our visits among the people there, and try to do something to frustrate his wicked designs. So we made a visit to the chief hotel and engaged the largest room in it, called the ballroom, for holding religious services every Sabbath afternoon during the whole winter. The hotel was owned by two brothers. They were Germans. They gladly complied with our proposal, believing, as they said, that our services might be a great benefit and increase their gains, which they did not regard as sinful. We at once made an appointment and announced that Divine service would be held in the hotel every Sabbath afternoon during the whole winter. We

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arrived the following Sabbath in good time and had an opportunity of visiting a number of the people before the meeting, distributing tracts and inviting all we met to the service. At the hour appointed for the service the house was crowded. Neither Mr. Laing nor myself was accustomed to address such a strange, promiscuous multitude, and more than ordinary grace was needed to deliver our message with any degree of satisfaction, in a place where there was so much noise, confusion and interruption. The room which we occupied was situated in the second story, at the head of a long stair. Every now and again someone would rush up the stairs, making as much noise as human feet could; throw open the door with tremendous violence, and with a disappointed and bewildered look mutter something, and then retrace his steps downstairs with increased noise. I presume they expected to find a gathering ready for a dance, but instead of the fiddle they saw the Bible. Among our hearers was an old lady living in the hotel, and a relative of the owners. Seeing the door so violently thrown open every now and then, and desiring to lessen the interruptions, she went with her chair, placed its back to the door and sat upon it. She failed in her good design to lessen the annoyance, but rather increased it, for

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such heavy blows would be given to the door by the intruder that the good lady, in spite of her attempts to fasten her feet to the floor, would be almost thrown to the centre of the room, and the door would open. Poor woman, she did what she could to help us, and I think, though living in such a den of vice, she gave evidence that she loved the truth.

In spite of the surrounding elements and interruptions we declared fearlessly the Gospel message. A number of the students took an active part in the services. At the close of the sermon a Sabbath School was conducted, and great interest was awakened among the people. I may safely say that the Spirit of God accompanied the preached word. A number of the people became concerned about their souls. Fishing and all secular engagements were laid aside, and the fishermen, with their "boss" at their head, attended the meetings. The doors of the hotel were finally closed on the sacred day, not a drop of intoxicating drink was sold in the house, and a small steamer connected with the hotel, which kept going the whole Sabbath between the city and the peninsula for the convenience of pleasure seekers, was stopped, and finally sold. Attractions and sinful indulgences being now discountenanced by the owners of the hotel, the

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crowd of course began gradually to disappear and gather at the other hotel. The owners of the house where we held our services declared that through our meetings they lost fifty dollars every Sabbath, but that they were great gainers for all that, and that they would not continue their sinful engagements upon any condition; hence, the following summer they sold out and went to the city, where they became prominent persons in the Church of God.

Among the anxious ones was the big "boss" who threatened to do us violence at our first visit. His mind was greatly agitated for a long time about his own state before God. At one of our meetings, as I was attempting to set forth the wrath of God against transgressors, and urging sinners to repent and to humble themselves before the mighty hand of God, he sat down on the floor in a corner of the room where he groaned and wept during the service. At the close he came to where I was standing, took me by the hand, and was about to say something in favor of the discourse, but he prefaced his statement with a most dreadful oath. Hardly before it was uttered, he drew away his hand and turned back from the gaze of others, with a deep sigh. I followed him and discovered big tears rolling down from his eyes. "I am ashamed of myself," he said.

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“Oh, it is your old habit that is still following you,” I told him; “continue to resist it, and by Divine grace you shall overcome.”

The first three summers of my college course I spent as a teacher in the common schools of the country. As the amount which I received from my property was not sufficient to meet all my expenses during my whole college course, and as I had no other fund to draw from, I was obliged to do something so as to add a little to my income. I was unwilling to go out as a catechist to the mission field till I entered theology, for I always entertained a very solemn and exalted view of the preaching of the Word, and felt it to be too great an undertaking for me.

The first school I taught was at the Rideau River, about two miles from Bytown, where only the most simple and elementary branches were taught. My second school was at Clarence, Ont. Here a few of the pupils were advanced, and needed special attention, which was of some benefit to myself. As there was no church near the locality, and as many of the people went to no place of worship on the Lord's Day, I felt it to be my duty to start a Sabbath School for the special benefit of the young people. A large number, both young and old, gath-

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ered together every Sabbath in the schoolhouse, which soon became too small to accommodate the ever-increasing congregation, and seats had to be arranged outside for their convenience. Finding so many people assembling Sabbath after Sabbath, I began to prepare more suitable addresses for such a gathering. This attracted a still larger number. All denominational lines were ignored. The people in the section considered themselves entitled to my services on Sabbath as well as on the week day, and even spoke of the teacher at last as being their minister. The Baptists in the locality took a great interest in the services, and persuaded me to cross the Ottawa River to Lochaber, where I also held some religious services.

My third and last school was at Point Fortune. Here I had a pretty good school, in which all the common branches were taught. Our nearest place of worship was at St. Andrew's, where there were a number of churches; but these were not easily reached, as we had to cross the Ottawa River, which at times was unsafe for small boats. I therefore started a Sabbath School, and sometimes held Divine worship in the schoolhouse. We had excellent meetings, and I trust the good seed of the Kingdom took root in the hearts of many.

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The Baptist minister at St. Andrew's asked me to preach for him one Sabbath when he was to be from home. One of his people had a large canoe, and, although he had but one arm, he knew well how to manage it; so the minister appointed him to take me across the river and back. We got across in the morning without any difficulty, but coming back after preaching there was a big swell on the river. Arriving at the canoe's little wharf, we found several persons anxious to get across with us. The steersman distinctly stated to the crowd that he could not take them all. Having directed my wife and myself to seats in the canoe, as well as an old lady who was among the number, he said that he could take a few more; then the rest began one after another to jump in till it was overloaded. Our helmsman declared there were too many in the canoe, and that we were really in danger. To put his craft about and land some of his passengers could not be safely accomplished, and the only thing that could be done was to proceed and take the risk. We were warned that if any of us moved from our places we would all go to the bottom. There was not a paddle to be used but his own. The old lady dropped on her knees, and began to address God in solemn prayer. Not another word was heard. Her

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earnest pleading with God for His sparing mercy still lingers in my ears. In her appeals she seemed to think that she was old and worthless, and would hardly be missed, but that there were young people in the canoe whose lives might be a blessing to the Church and the world, and also the young man who was beginning to preach the blessed Gospel, and who had done so that very morning. She earnestly entreated that they might be saved from a watery grave, and continued her pleadings till we reached the other side of the river.

CHAPTER X.

THREE SUMMERS IN THE MISSION FIELD

IN the spring of 1852, I consented to go out as a catechist to the mission field. In those days laborers were very scarce in connection with our church, and students were urged to take up mission work rather too soon, before they were fully qualified for such an important duty. My consent was given upon the understanding that I would not be asked to preach in the Gaelic language; I was regarded as a Gaelic-speaking student, although I had not kept up the language since leaving home, when but a boy.

The Distributing Committee, which met at Toronto at the close of the college, sent me to the Montreal Presbytery, which in turn appointed me to Glengarry, the very centre of Gaelic-speaking people within its bounds. My first field of labor was very extensive, including Martintown, Williamstown, Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills. The whole Sabbath was occupied at one station. I never attempted to supply two stations on the same day. The people in Glengarry would not at that

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time consent to anything of that nature, for their habit was to gather together from every part of the county to the station where the services were to be held. Ten, fifteen, twenty and even twenty-five miles was not regarded as a distance too great to go to church. The services were always lengthy, occupying from two hours and a half to three hours; and when there was preaching in both languages, five or six hours would be the length of the time engaged. Not a single word of complaint would be heard against the length of the sermon or that of the prayer. The person who felt the services long or tedious was regarded as being dead in sin. The attention of the audience would be fixed, and such solemnity would pervade the whole assembly, that both speaker and hearers felt the time very short.

The contrast between the people of those days in connection with their religious worship and those of our day is very striking. It is true our forefathers followed certain customs and modes of worship which did not help them to worship God in spirit, and to which Scripture gave no countenance, but we in our zeal for advancement discard not only what was imperfect in connection with their worship, but also what was to their praise, honoring to God, and helpful in spiritual worship. We not only

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depart from the beaten path of God's ransomed people in the ages that are past, a path which was owned by God and commended by His unerring Word, but we have also pursued a path marked out by worldly wisdom and worldly policies, which leads to practices directly opposed to the teaching of Divine truth. We try to keep pace with the world. We look around us and see progress in science and in art; we talk of our railroads, of our telegraphs and telephones and innumerable factories, and conclude that the Church should make progress also and keep up to the world, forgetting the very important truth that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and that "the world by wisdom knew not God." "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him."

What are some of the evidences of real progress on the part of the Church? Does progress consist in curtailing her religious services under the pressure of the multiplicity of secular engagements? Is it an evidence of real progress to limit the prayer to three or four minutes on the morning of the Lord's Day in the house of God, which prayer ought to be comprehensive, so as to meet the varied circumstances, trials, temptations and needs, not only of the people who regularly meet there for worship,

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but also the sad state of those who never darken the door of any place of worship from one year's end to the other? Or, is it an evidence of real progress to shorten the discourse to such an extent as to make it utterly impossible for any man to do justice to his subject and make it intelligible to his hearers? Or, is it an evidence of real progress to set aside those days for needful preparation, so highly appreciated by the people of God in the past, in regard to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in spite of the imperative command in the New Testament, "Let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup"? Or, is it an evidence of real progress to encourage to the Lord's table the unrenewed in heart and life, whose outward conduct is glaringly inconsistent with the solemn profession implied in that important act? Is it an evidence of real progress to grant the ordinance of baptism to persons who make no pretension of religion, but willingly absent themselves from the house of God, and live prayerless lives in their own homes, in the presence of those whom they solemnly engage to train up for God? Is it an evidence of real progress to place the reins of Church government in the hands of the young, setting aside those of matured experience, repudiating the plain

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teaching of both the Old and New Testament, that enjoins upon the young to "submit themselves to the elder," to honor their father and their mother, and to "rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God"? If these things are evidences of real progress, then we may congratulate ourselves that we are far in advance of our forefathers in our religious affairs. But if we hold up our evidences of progress before the mirror of Divine Truth, by which the true nature of what we call progress is made manifest, then we may painfully discover that what we regard as progression in the Church is in reality retrogression.

My first Sabbath in Glengarry was spent at Martintown. My coming had been well announced, and hence a large assembly of people were gathered together to hear the new minister, and expected to hear a sermon in English and another in the Gaelic language. I had no idea that Gaelic services would be expected, but I was not long left in ignorance, for when I concluded the English service and pronounced the benediction, the majority of the people kept their seats. Just as I was about to leave the pulpit, one of the elders stepped up to where I was, and said, "Are you not going to preach in Gaelic?" "No," was my reply, "I cannot preach in that lan-

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guage." "Oh," said he, "we got you as a Gaelic student, and we cannot do without Gaelic." "I am sorry," was my response; "I made it a condition in consenting to go to the mission field that Gaelic services would not be asked of me." "Well, well," said he, "what are we to do? The people are here from great distances, and expect a Gaelic sermon as well as English." "I am sorry I am unable to preach in Gaelic," was my answer, "but will preach another in English, if you wish." "Well, that is better than nothing," said he; so I preached another sermon in English and pronounced the benediction the second time, and the assembly dismissed.

Some days after beginning my labors at Martintown I received a letter from the Rev. Alex. Cameron, then stationed at Lochiel, whom I considered as my Bishop. His letter was short, but in plain words it informed me that I had to preach in the Gaelic language as well as in English; that he had gotten me from the Distributing Committee as a Gaelic student, and therefore I had to preach in that language. I sent him a reply stating the conditions under which I had consented to labor in the mission field, and that to preach in Gaelic was beyond my power; that if he insisted on my doing so I would

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leave the field altogether. He did not answer my letter, consequently I continued my labors from station to station, preaching only in the English language.

In the course of five or six weeks I received another letter from Mr. Cameron, asking me to announce at all my stations that communion services were to be held on a certain week, and urging myself and the people to attend. I gladly obeyed this injunction. A large crowd gathered, which reminded me of an Old Country fair. I had hardly arrived at church before I was accosted by a messenger from Mr. Cameron, who said, "Mr. Cameron wants to see you." "Where is he?" was my answer. Pointing to a stone house near us, he said, "He is over in that house, and is very sick." This caused my heart to begin to flutter, as I feared services would be required of me. On entering the house I found Mr. Cameron in bed, looking very ill. "I am glad to see you," said he, "I am very sick and cannot preach; you will have to preach for me, and you know the services are to be in Gaelic." "I cannot preach in Gaelic," was my reply; "I never delivered an address in that language." "Well, well," said he, "what can be done? I have no one else, and I cannot do it myself. People are here from

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long distances, and will be greatly disappointed; will you not try and say something to them?" "I can neither read nor speak Gaelic correctly, and it would be folly on my part to attempt it." "Well," said he, "you must go out and tell them that there will be no preaching to-day." "Is there not an elder in the congregation," said I, "who can make the announcement? Send for an elder and he will explain to them the reason why there is to be no preaching." Mr. Cameron appeared very much disappointed, but I could not help him. English services would be of no value, for in the large assembly gathered none cared for English. As both of us were in this painful suspense, a thought flashed through my mind to the effect that I knew two or three short Gaelic Psalms, which I had probably learned at my mother's knee; might I not employ them now? And I also knew a chapter in the Old Testament from which I might make a few remarks; but I was not sure if I could read it in Gaelic. These thoughts I communicated to Mr. Cameron. His countenance brightened, and lifting up his head he said, "Do you think you could?" "Well, I cannot say," was my response, "but I can try." "That will do," said he, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Though I feel very weak, yet I shall go with you

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to church. You will begin the service just as though you were master of the Gaelic language, and if I find you hesitating in pronouncing any word in your reading I shall help you to pronounce it." "Well, if you do so," was my answer, "I shall try to say something, though I should fail in my attempt."

Into the crowded church we both went. Though it was a week-day, many had to remain outside at the windows. The question with me was not, was the Psalm suitable for the occasion, but could I read it correctly? Then I came to the chapter; it was the second of the Song of Solomon. When I was about to stumble over two or perhaps three words, my helper sitting behind me quietly pronounced them, and I uttered them parrot-like; so proceeding as well as I could from one part of the service to the other I reached the close. After pronouncing the benediction, the elder that had asked me for Gaelic at Martintown service ran up to the pulpit stairs and took me by the hand, saying, "Yes, you will do, sir, you will do! You did well; keep at it and you will find it easy." This was the commencement of my Gaelic preaching. From that memorable day till now I never refused to preach the Gospel in my native tongue when called upon to do so.

Years after this occurrence, when waiting at Dal-

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housie Mills for applicants to the Lord's Supper, among the many who applied for admission was an old man of sixty or seventy years of age. I asked him if he had ever partaken of the Lord's Supper. "No, sir," was his reply. "Then you spent the most of your days without publicly professing the Lord Jesus?" "Yes, for I was not worthy." "Do you regard yourself as being worthy now?" "Well, I don't know; I trust, however, I am not now what I once was." "Indeed; do you think that you have undergone a change of heart?" "I am not sure, I hope I have." "Please let me know all about it." "Well, I cannot say much on that subject," was his reply. "I spent the most of my days in ignorance of my Saviour, but I was brought to see my lost state. Do you remember that great sermon you preached at Lochiel Communion before you were out of college? I think it was the first time you ever preached in Gaelic; well, that was the sermon that led me to see my lost condition." "I well remember that day," I said, "and am glad to hear that it was blessed to your soul." The good old man was admitted to the table, and lived for years after a consistent life, a monument of the power of the Gospel, and a fitting commentary on the important truth that the sermons to which we attach but little value

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may be the very sermons which God may own in the salvation of souls. For God chooseth "things that are despised, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh glory in his presence."

The following summer, that is, 1853, I labored at La Guerre, Lancaster, and Dalhousie Mills. The first part of the summer I spent at the former station and extended my labors to Dundee. The interest awakened at La Guerre that season extended far and wide, and some Roman Catholics scattered throughout the neighborhood, though carefully watched by a priest, found their way to some of our services, and became concerned about their salvation. A tall young Frenchman was present at one of our meetings at Port Lewis, and his mind became so engaged under the discourse that he seemed to have forgotten everything but his state before God. He lived at St. Anicet, and in going home after the meeting had to go a short distance on the road to Huntingdon; but instead of turning off the main road at a certain corner, he kept straight on till he reached Huntingdon, which made his road to his residence ten or twelve miles longer. Poor fellow, his mind was so completely absorbed with his own state before God that he forgot to turn off at the corner. It was the houses and streets of Hunting-

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don that led him to discover his mistake. After I was settled at Lancaster, some years later, I had the pleasure of baptizing him. He was a tanner by trade; but for following the Lord Jesus and forsaking the Church of his fathers his factory was burned to ashes.

Another interesting character was that of a man who called himself a Universalist. He attended the church most regularly, and was among the best contributors in the congregation. He was also a great temperance worker, and so far as the human eye could see without a blemish in his outward conduct. Indeed, if outward, good-living conduct could save a man, as some say, he would evidently have been saved. But one thing he lacked, or rather, he lacked the one thing needful; as our Saviour said to Martha, he lacked a new heart.

He believed there was no hell or future punishment, but that all our sufferings met us in the present life. This was his belief from boyhood. "I heard," said he, "some of the greatest men in Scotland when I was a boy, preaching your doctrines, but I could not believe them, nor can I believe them yet; a benevolent God would not punish creatures made by Himself, eternally." Of course it was needless to direct his attention to God's deal-

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ings with the lost angels, for he did not believe in their existence, or in the natural depravity of our nature, and our proneness to evil, as he discarded the whole Scriptural account of the fall of man, and that of angels. Human reason was his guide. I told him upon one occasion that his conduct did not appear to me to be consistent. "You go to church regularly, and liberally support a minister who preaches doctrines which you do not regard as true. You surprise me." "Oh," said he, "we could not do without preaching. Society could not exist without it; for it prevents sinners from going on in sinful courses; therefore, I support the preacher, for he does a great deal of good in the neighborhood."

On a certain Sabbath morning, while I was discussing some doctrines which were not in accordance with the views he held, I noticed that my friend was deeply impressed. I resolved to visit him the following day and strike the iron while it was hot. Upon arriving I found him at work in the field. His niece, who was keeping house for him, urged me to remain all night. To this I consented. In due time he came in to supper, and received me with great warmth of heart, but had little to say at the supper table, which was not in accordance with his

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usual custom. It was evident that something was troubling him, and he was determined not to converse on any religious topic at the time. The moment tea was over, he asked his housekeeper to bring "The Book" to Mr. Anderson. This was done. Immediately after worship my good friend said, "I am sure you are tired, Mr. Anderson, after the labors of yesterday; I will show you to your room." I followed him, and just as soon as I put my foot inside the door he took me by the hand, and said "Good night," and left me. I felt painfully disappointed and annoyed in finding myself mastered, and my special errand, as far as I could see, frustrated. But looking around me in the room I discovered a library in a corner, containing a large number of books. I began to examine them, and never in my life have I seen such a mass of abominable volumes in one book-case. It was a nest of unclean birds enough to corrupt the whole neighborhood. Not a volume of sound literature could I find among them all. I found one book in which our standards were overhauled and an attempt made to turn their doctrines into ridicule. Instead of retiring to rest, I began to study the book so as to expose its errors next morning. I examined the first chapter or two, and then retired to rest a little

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before daylight, resolving to be up early, before my friend would be off to his work.

I was up early, but my friend had gained a second march; he was off to the field. He had instructed his housekeeper to allow me to sleep as long as I wished, then give me my breakfast and excuse him to me, as he was very busy at that time. After breakfast I asked his housekeeper to send for her uncle and inform him that I wished to see him for a special purpose. A messenger was sent, and in a short time he put in an appearance. As he entered the door I met him with the book in my hand which I had been studying during the night. Holding it up before him, I said, "Is this your book?" He looked at it and said, "Yes, it is my book." "Do you believe its teachings?" "Yes." "Then take your Bible, which I know you believe to be the Word of God, and sit down at this table before us, and defend the teachings of this book; for I wish to expose its errors by the Word of God." He did so, and I compared the statements made in it with those of the Bible.

My friend was silenced but not convinced. He declared with emphasis that he could not, and would not, believe my teaching; that he held his views from his youth, and that he could not let them go.

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We parted on friendly terms, but often met, and often talked together on the same subject, but could not agree. Many years after this occurred I was an eye-witness of his latter days, and to complete my sketch of him I shall record it just here as I saw it.

While a minister at Lancaster I frequently visited La Guerre; and until he was removed by death I felt interested in him. Lake St. Francis intervened between our homes, which in winter time might be crossed on the ice. Some months before his death, and while in the enjoyment of excellent health, the words of Daniel 12: 2 came with great power to his heart: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt." These solemn words were fastened like scorpions in his very heart. He tried his best to shake them off, but failed. He visited some of his associates and friends in the neighborhood, to explain to them his view of Daniel's statement, in the hope that an argument with some one would relieve his pain. But his neighbors clearly discovered that the man was in great trouble, that the sword of God's Spirit was piercing asunder his soul and spirit, and declined to argue with him, or utter a word connected with

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the subject. His convictions became deeper and deeper, and more and more painful. His strong and healthy body began to yield to his mental depression. His appetite left him. He could neither eat nor drink, and soon took to his bed, in the very room where his pernicious books were kept. The doctor was then called in, but informed the anxious ones that he could not help him, that the sick one had more need of the counsels of a minister than he had of a doctor.

Tidings of his sad state reached me, and the ice on the lake being good I at once crossed to see him. On my arrival his housekeeper received me gladly, and told me that he was in great anxiety of mind, and also very weak in body. His appearance was terrible, and his despairing looks shall never be effaced from my mind. Before I had time to enter his room he began to address me in the following words: "You have come, sir, you have come. Why did you not come sooner? I am lost; I am lost! I have often told you there was no devil, but this room is full of devils. I have often told you there was no hell, but I am now in hell. I am now in the torments of everlasting flames. I am now in hell." Turning his head around to his sister, who was sitting at the side of his bed, he

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said to her, "Go out, go out at once to the cold spring, and get me some water to quench the burning that is in me." Then looking at me he said, "Pray for me, sir. God may hear your prayer; He will not hear me, for I am lost; I am lost." I stood speechless before him for some time, which seemed to him to be very long, for he stared at me and said; "Are you not going to pray for me? God may hear you and deliver me from these torments." I finally answered him, saying: "I will pray for you, but I wish to speak to you first. Just listen to me for a little." I then read to him a few passages of Scripture, and endeavored to open unto him the way of salvation through faith in Jesus. He listened with intense interest. Prayer was then offered, at the end of which he was greatly composed. He asked me some questions in reference to what I had been saying. "What then am I to believe?" "You are to believe that Christ came to save sinners, such as you are; and that He is now able and willing to save you from all your sins." "Have I to believe," said he again, "that God made man to damn him?" "No," was my answer; "that is what your pernicious books taught you. But the Bible tells us God created man in His own image, for His own glory; that He left him to the freedom of his own

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will; that he sinned against God, and to a great extent effaced the Divine image from his soul, and through his sins made himself and all his posterity objects of God's displeasure. You are also to believe that God in His infinite love and mercy toward sinful men sent His own Son as their substitute, to make an atonement for their sins; that He made Himself a sacrifice well pleasing to God, for all who will accept Him as their Saviour; and that if you accept Him as your Surety and your Saviour, He will deliver you from all your sins, and from all their evil effects." "Well," said he, "I can believe all that you have now said, but I cannot believe that man was made to be actually damned."

I parted with him, intending to be back in a day or two; but the ice on the lake broke up, which prevented me from seeing him again. Tidings of his death reached me a week or ten days later. I regretted not being able to see him before his death, as I had intended if possible to obtain his permission to destroy his corrupt library. But his housekeeper informed me that it was all burned after his death. She also said that she had a hope that he was led to rest his soul on the Rock; and that he enjoyed great peace of mind after my visit to him. His latter days and his awful utterances connected with

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his lost state made a deep and salutary impression on the minds of many of his friends and associates.

The latter part of my second summer was spent at Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills. I preached at each station, in both languages, on alternate Sabbaths. Although our church was at the Second Concession of Lancaster, I went pretty regularly to the village and held meetings on Sabbath evenings in private houses or in workshops, or in other places which could accommodate the people. These meetings were not favorably regarded by many of the Old Kirk people, hence we could not procure the schoolhouse. At Dalhousie, also, after the regular services on Sabbath mornings, I held meetings in parts of the surrounding districts, where we always had large gatherings.

My third and last summer in the mission field was spent at Lochiel. My college course being ended, I was sent to the Montreal Presbytery, and that Court took me on trial for license; and at the same time sent me to labor at Lochiel till examination would be over. This took place at Van-kleek Hill, where the Presbytery held a special meeting, and where I was licensed to preach the everlasting Gospel.

When I began my labors at Lochiel I discovered

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that my last session in college had borne heavily on my sound constitution. While in college I hardly knew what weakness was. I was but once absent through indisposition from my classes during my whole course of study. But beginning my labors at Lochiel, I felt as if I had been shorn of my strength. My whole system was run down, and I could hardly attend my duties. Besides, a most painful irritation was produced in my chest by every sermon I preached. My throat also gave me great trouble. As I had then but little knowledge in the art of speaking, a short address would cause it to inflame. By these thorns in the flesh, as they may be called, I was made to suffer about ten years. During that long period I may safely say that I never preached a sermon that was not followed by pain. I consulted physicians and tried every means to effect a cure, but all in vain. The doctors were baffled, and seemed not to understand the real cause of my chest trouble. My lungs were declared to be perfectly sound. One remedy was proposed for my throat trouble, and that was to give up speaking. But how could this be done, and follow my solemn calling? Indeed, I often had painful apprehensions that I would have to resign my charge and follow some other profession. But relief came at last

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in God's good time which appeared to me then as miraculous, the details of which will be referred to in the connection in which they occurred.

While at Lochiel I upon one occasion went to Indian Lands, a distance of about twenty-two miles, on horseback, to assist at precommunion services. Returning on Saturday, as I was passing a small house within three miles of home, a woman ran out in a great state of excitement, and in the name of God asked me to come in, as her husband was just dying of cholera, and she was alone, and very much afraid. I knew I was very unfit to come into contact with that deadly malady, which was just then very prevalent. I felt unwell before I left Indian Lands, and had partaken very sparingly of food. I was also fatigued after my long ride, yet I could not turn a deaf ear to her entreaty, so followed her in. She led me to a small chamber, where I found her husband in his death agony. The room was not ventilated; I was in the midst of a very poisonous atmosphere. I read a short portion of Scripture, and made a few observations, and then led in prayer, remaining in the room about twenty minutes. After prayer the afflicted woman said: "I am greatly relieved. Thank you, thank you, I can now stand it; I am no longer afraid. You had better

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leave lest you take the sickness." I was not far from her house when her husband breathed his last.

When I reached home I found my family waiting for me. The table was spread, and I sat down with the rest, though without any inclination for food. As the first morsel touched my lips I was struck as by a deadly weapon, and had to leave the table in haste. Mrs. Anderson followed and asked me if I had been in Mr. Mc.'s house, and when I answered yes, she said that accounted for my sudden illness. A remedy for cholera being in the house, it was administered at once, with good results. I was so completely relieved before morning that I decided to occupy the pulpit as usual. It was a foolish resolution, produced by too much zeal. I was earnestly advised not to preach that Sabbath, and my own judgment supported that advice. But I would not yield, as the people had assembled from great distances, and would be disappointed; besides, the church was at my door. So I went and began the service as usual, but was not far advanced before I began to waver, and would have fallen, had not friends come to my assistance, and helped me down from the pulpit, and back to the house, a wiser and a weaker man.

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While we were at Lochiel, a special meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal was called to meet at Van-kleek Hill, and I was cited to be present for examination for license. The meeting was held about the end of August, 1854, when I successfully passed the required examination. Being now licensed, the special field of my labors had to be chosen, which was no easy matter, for laborers were very scarce. There was no difficulty in getting a call, but the question to be decided was, which call to accept, and how to know the mind of God on this important question. This difficulty I anticipated before leaving college; indeed, it was frequently discussed among the students; and as my views differed from those of others, and were well known by most of the students, and as I carried them out in practice during my whole life, to the present moment, it may be proper to state them just here. The question is the following: How may a student just licensed know the mind of the Lord regarding the special field in which he is to labor? In my judgment he should first consider and decide in his own mind after earnest prayer for guidance whether he should choose any special field for labor apart from the world at large, which is declared in Scripture to be the field. Second, consider with great care and

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earnest prayer the first regular call given him, and either accept or reject it without waiting or looking for another call which may be coming to him. Third, he should not accept a call that is not unanimous without special reasons, or one that is not unanimous in preference to a unanimous call. Fourth, consider whether he has the strength and ability to accomplish the work which he is expected to do, or live on the salary offered him.

My license placed me in a position to accept a regular Gospel call. So unsolicited communications reached me from four different congregations asking my leave to proceed with the moderation of a call. I had but one reply to all: "If you consider me a suitable person for taking charge of the souls of your congregation and doing the work required of me there, then do your duty in accordance with the laws of our Church to secure a pastor, and when your call comes to hand I hope I shall be able to answer according to the Divine mind. But if the congregation be not perfectly unanimous you need proceed no further, for I shall not accept a call which is not unanimous." These rules were a great help to me in dealing with calls. I never preached for a call, but was satisfied that my Good Master

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would lead me to the very place where He would have me labor.

When the students were distributed in the spring, at the close of the college session, I was always claimed by the Montreal Presbytery, and my services were confined within its bounds. During my last session in college I was invited by a member of the Presbytery of London to give two Sabbaths during the Christmas holidays at Thamesford. The Rev. Mr. Bethune, our minister there, having been removed by death, the congregation had no supply. So instead of spending my holidays at the college in Toronto I complied with the invitation. I enjoyed great freedom in preaching there, and it would seem that the people were highly pleased with the services, for they continued to correspond with me till the day of my license, and fully decided to send me a call as soon as I was in a position to accept it. Indeed, their call was the first moderated to me, was perfectly unanimous, and had it not been for the action of the clerk of the Montreal Presbytery, who was a college friend of mine and well acquainted with my views on the subject of calls, and who was anxious to keep me within the bounds of his own Presbytery, I certainly would have accepted it. Having received the call from Thamesford he put it

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in a pigeon-hole, where he kept it for some weeks, till the quarterly meeting of his own Presbytery took place, without letting me know that he had such an important document in his possession, and till another call was moderated at Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills. The clerk took very good care that the latter call was put into my hand first. I was scrupulously careful not to do anything in connection with calls till they reached me, therefore I made no inquiry about the one from Thamesford. But its delay I could not account for, and I cannot say but I felt disappointed, for to all appearance it was far ahead of any other call offered me then. The congregation was well organized, large and influential, and had only one place of worship. The roads were also excellent, and everything about the church very convenient.

Time moved on and a regular meeting of the Montreal Presbytery was held at Cornwall. A call from Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills, being previously moderated, was sustained. It was perfectly unanimous, but had very few signatures, nevertheless the names of all the people who adhered to the principles of the Free Church of Scotland in those districts were attached to it. The names of thirteen members at Lancaster and seven at Dalhousie Mills

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and some adherents made up the call. But the people were in earnest and warm-hearted. The two churches were sixteen miles apart and the roads between them at certain times of the year were almost impassable. One of the churches was a rough, unpainted frame building; the other was a log structure.

The call from those congregations being placed in my hand by the clerk of the Presbytery, I was asked if I could express my mind regarding it. I promised to do so at the next sederunt. When we met in the evening I stated that I could not but accept the call, although the difficulties connected with the charge were very numerous and very grave; yet someone would have to face them or our cause would evidently suffer. The moment I uttered the above statement, the clerk, as if he had forgotten his duty, said: "Oh, Mr. Anderson, I have another call for you from Thamesford, in the London Presbytery; perhaps I should have given it to you before now. Here it is," and he placed it in my hand with a smile.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings. I held my peace. But my judgment condemned the conduct of the clerk. It was very wrong. I knew he did not do it from any ill-will toward me. But,

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looking higher than man, how very strange and mysterious the procedure was. Here we have an act which cannot be justified by man or approved of by God yet included within the range of God's permissive decree and so overruled by Him in His infinite wisdom that His purpose was secured: for I am perfectly satisfied that Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills was the very field assigned to me for the first part of my ministrations. I was led to that field in answer to prayer by an unseen and unerring hand for the glory of God and the salvation of many souls; for beyond doubt God endorsed and sealed the settlement which was then effected.

The important day of my ordination and induction arrived. The event took place on the eleventh of October, 1854. Services were held in both churches. The Rev. Thomas Wardrope, of Bytown, kindly consented to be present and took a large part in the services. On the following Sabbath I took as my text, 2 Cor. 7:3: "Ye are in our hearts to die and live with you," preaching in English at the second concession of Lancaster. The next Sabbath I preached at Dalhousie Mills, taking as my text Isa. 57:19: "Peace, peace to him that is far off and to him that is near, saith the Lord."

As already mentioned the two churches were so

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far apart that I never attempted to preach in both the same day; yet I had invariably to prepare new sermons for every Sabbath in the two languages, for a large number of each congregation attended all the services held in either church. Going long distances to church in those days was very common and thought but little of. I could not even use my English sermon for the Gaelic service, as many of the people understood both languages, and being so greedy for preaching remained to hear the second sermon.

My morning sermon was written with a good deal of care, then committed and thoroughly mastered. I tried to have it completed on Friday night and delivered it to the waves of the lake, which was at our door, on Saturday. There is a large stone at a point in front of the manse glebe, at the edge of Lake St. Francis, so secluded from all disturbance, so well shaped and suitable for my Saturday recitations that I often felt as if it were placed there for my special benefit by the hand of Providence. To me it is beyond doubt a Stone of Remembrance, for to this day it speaks to my heart every time I visit it.

The sermons thus written and thoroughly prepared and preached were generally retained in my

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mind for many years, so that I had but little trouble in preaching them again in the course of four or five years. I seldom preached any of them in the same place in a shorter period than four years. This practice I continued for about ten years. It was to me an unalterable rule, which nothing but stern necessity could set aside, to write out in full one sermon each week thoroughly prepared according to the grace given me. I never attempted to write out two in the same week, nor did I ever feel that the prepared discourse was perfect. The opposite was the case, and when preached again I attempted to make some improvements. But after they were first prepared, defective as many of them were, I had to preach them as messages received for my people.

But I had three discourses to deliver every Sabbath; an English and a Gaelic discourse in the morning, one after another, without coming out of the pulpit, and another in English or Gaelic in the evening. How did I accomplish this—preach three sermons every Sabbath and yet prepare but one every week? Did I appear before the people unprepared? No, I never yet attempted to preach without having something to preach, although I often found that the discourses to which I attached but little value were the very ones which God owned for the salva-

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tion of souls, while those which I thought something of were, as far as known to me, unfruitful. Regarding these two sermons my first effort was to select suitable texts. I then read everything within my reach connected with them, turning them over and over in my mind, until the truths they contained filled my thoughts, and my heart was more or less impressed with their importance. I then went to the pulpit and sought and looked for special grace to deliver them as in the sight of God.

After ten years I dropped the committing of my sermons, but not the writing of them, and instead of committing them I endeavored to master all the heads and ideas which they contained, nor did I regard myself as being prepared to preach them until my whole subject, from the beginning to the end, was fully fixed in my mind, and so clearly before me that I could deliver the last head first, and the first last, if I saw proper to do so.

A large portion of my time at Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills was spent in visiting my flock. The people were very scattered and there were long distances between them, and although I had a good horse for driving around, yet I felt that I could hardly afford the time I had to spend on the road doing nothing. As the two congregations were so

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far apart, and to avoid some driving, my habit was to visit the congregation at Dalhousie on the Monday and Tuesday following the Sabbath I preached there. I endeavored to visit every family in both congregations once a year, and oftener where there was old age or sickness. It took me the whole year to accomplish this. Perhaps my visits were too lengthy for some and too religious, for they were not mere social and aimless calls to please natural minds or to converse about the affairs of the country; but they were regular religious services held in each house, at which all the children and servants were expected to be present. The children were carefully examined in the Shorter Catechism and as to their knowledge of Scripture in the presence of their parents. Nor were the parents neglected in the interesting exercises, but were questioned regarding their domestic worship, which was solemnly enjoined, and very generally maintained both morning and evening. There were very few families in either congregation where worship was not conducted when I left them.

Some years after my settlement I began to think that I should be more particular or personal in my visitations, and attempt to converse with each individual member of every household. I anticipated

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difficulties in carrying out this resolution, but found they were not so great as I looked for, and although it took me a long time in accomplishing my object, yet it was done, and the result was most cheering and encouraging.

During the first six years of my ministrations I was very much encouraged in my work. Our cause at Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills, in its infancy, had to contend with many difficulties. The Free Church party were few in number. There were others, however, who came to hear the Word preached, although many of them were far from being friendly, and some even did what they could to weaken and injure our cause. We were despised because of our fewness, and were regarded as intruders; pushing ourselves on a people who did not want us, and who attached no value to the principles we advocated. Moreover, our doctrines were new to them. Regeneration, justification by faith without the works of the law and Christian assurance were to them new. In a word, we were held forth as disturbers of the peace of the community, and as seeking to shake the people's confidence in the Church of their forefathers by introducing new doctrines which were contrary to what they were taught.

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Another difficulty had to be met at Lancaster by the Free Church people. The Kirk people anticipated a division in their congregation connected with the principles that caused the disruption in the Church of Scotland, and before any deputation from the Free Church appeared in Glengarry a legal document was carefully drawn out by the leaders of the congregation binding the subscribers to support the Established Church during their lifetime. The mass of the people very thoughtlessly and unhesitatingly signed the document, binding themselves, and in some cases their heirs, to support the Church of their forefathers to the end of their natural life, for at the time there was no other church known to them; besides they were perfectly satisfied with the Church in which they had been brought up and cared for none else. So all the subscribers to the legal document were bound to pay regularly to the treasurer of the Kirk the sum opposite their name. Some supposed that these subscriptions could not be collected from those who left the Church and received no benefit from it, but such a supposition was not correct. It was tried at the civil court. One of our people who, with his family, had not entered the church for years, refused to pay his subscription.

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He was sued and judgment was secured against him, his cattle being seized and sold for payment.

But it was pleasing to notice that this unfair and provoking demand tended to the purity of our church. Unless one was in earnest and sincere he would not be apt to leave the Church of his forefathers when he knew well that he had to support that institution after leaving it. So the legal document proved of spiritual benefit to the Free Church at Lancaster, serving as a sieve and preventing the corruption of the communion roll.

In spite of these opposing elements our congregations grew and increased in number. During the first six years a large number in both congregations were received on profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus into full communion. And what was very remarkable, most of them were men. Women seemed to be indifferent for the first two or three years after my settlement. Our weekly meetings were attended far better by the male than by the female sex. We were favored also in another very remarkable manner, for not a single death occurred in the congregation of Lancaster for the space of seven years.

Though the good work was advancing and the congregations both at Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills

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increasing in number, we were not without our troubles. It was said at the disruption of the Church of Scotland the best and most religious people came out and joined the Free Church. Perhaps this assertion was to some extent true, but on the other hand discontented persons, fault-finders and many troublesome characters found their way into our midst. The Free Church was to them a convenient place of escape from their grievances in the Kîrk. As the Free Church in Canada was in its infancy, some of these persons secured to themselves very important positions in our sessions and deacons' courts—positions they should never have held—to the injury of our infant cause. At my settlement about half the male members of the congregation were office-bearers, some of them most unsuitable. They lacked not only the spiritual qualifications essential to the proper performance of their duties, but even that ordinary intelligence and sound judgment which would command the respect of their fellow-men.

At Lancaster there were only four elders, an unfortunate number, as they often disagreed, and the casting vote of the moderator had to be used too frequently. In time, however, the Session decided to augment their number and asked the congregation to elect three suitable men to the eldership. On the

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Sabbath appointed two men received almost all the votes of the congregation, while a third came very close. But two of the elders were sorely disappointed, as the man on whom their eyes were set received only two or three votes. He was a clever man and well versed in the law of the land, but when asked by the Session if I considered him suitable for the eldership, I had been obliged to reply in the negative, as he did not conduct family worship, and would not lead publicly in prayer, neither was he considered by the congregation as a spiritually-minded person. After the election he challenged me with defamation of character, and threatened to starve me out. My reply to this outburst was that it would not be an easy thing to do, as I could live on potatoes and salt as well as any other. Then the disappointed elders began to object to the ordination of the two men who had received the large vote. One, they said, was not sound in the faith, and the other was a Sabbath-breaker, as being the lighthouse-keeper he was obliged to light his lamps on Sunday. These objections were carefully considered. One was found to be groundless and the other not valid, so the ordination was proceeded with.

The threat to starve me out proved to be no vain one. Mr. C., in company with his two friends, did

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their best to oust me from the place. "Starve him out," was their cry. "Withhold your subscriptions." "Stay away from the church," they told the people. The congregation responded by opening their purses wider and pouring money more liberally than before into the treasury of the church. They also visited the manse, surprised the minister and his family, and left behind them such a store of provisions as would have kept the wolf from the door for many a long day.

The next move of these discontented men was to draw up a petition to have the minister removed, which they took from door to door in the congregation. Not a soul signed it but themselves, and yet they had the audacity to present it at the next meeting of Presbytery. That august court did not so much as deign to read it. Being exasperated by this cold reception they resolved to try another method to gain their object. They scraped together a number of charges against me, most frivolous and groundless, and carried them before Presbytery. These the Presbytery unanimously threw aside and solemnly reprimanded the bearers for their unworthy conduct. They were plainly told that if I saw proper I could take the very coats off their backs for slander. This plain talk had some effect

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upon them, and when they heard me asking for an extract from the minutes and a copy of the charges they became alarmed, and without delay made over all their possessions to their friends so as to frustrate the law should action be taken against them.

A week or two after this meeting of Presbytery two of my leading officers came to me with a message from the late John Sandfield Macdonald, then a lawyer at Cornwall, later Premier of Ontario, saying that if I gave my case into his hands he would see that I got justice, and that it would not cost me a cent. I asked both the deacon and elder what they would do were they in my place. They both urged me to take advantage of Mr. Macdonald's offer, adding that it would effectually stop the mouths of my enemies and make me a rich man as well. I then asked them what they thought the Saviour would do in the circumstances. They agreed that He would not take any such action. "Neither shall I," was my reply. "I could not enjoy such riches. I have put my case into the hands of my Master, and, mark my words, He will in His own good time defend my case, and deal with these men in such a manner as will cause the ears of some to tingle. At the same time, I thank you most sincerely for the interest you take in my

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welfare, and please convey my thanks to Mr. Macdonald for his liberal offer."

The future history of these mischief-makers and evil-doers is full of instruction. The Session bore patiently with them for a long time, and not until their conduct became glaringly inconsistent and a reproach to our cause did they reluctantly suspend them from the communion of the church. But at last they cited Mr. C. to appear before them on a certain day, the only charge mentioned being irregularity in church attendance, and the withholding of promised financial support. Upon the day appointed he was allowed to defend himself before the Session. His address savored very much of that which is often delivered at a civil tribunal, and was enormously long. At length it came to a close for want of matter. The court then deliberated upon the case. When Mr. C. saw that all but his two particular friends were to vote against him he became most abusive, and, throwing aside all restraint, tried to bully us. I had then to interfere, and spoke to him in the following manner: "Mr. C., we are here constituted a court of the Church of God, and according to the law of the land. If you do not cease interrupting us I shall have you in jail before the sun sets." This cowed him at once and he became mute.

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The Session finally decided to suspend him until what time he should repent of his unbecoming conduct.

An interesting incident in connection with this lengthy meeting of Session must not pass unrecorded. Near the church lived a godly widow who noticed that the meeting was very protracted. In some way or other she had come to know of a very common infirmity of mine, one which had accompanied me from my college days, and which incapacitated me in the performance of my duties, namely, should I pass a meal-time for an hour or two without partaking of any food I was sure to be sick, very sick indeed, and quite unable to do anything of an intellectual nature. Well, this kind-hearted woman, in sympathy for my weakness, prepared a cup of coffee and brought it with some cakes upon a tray to the church door. One of the disappointed elders answered her quiet knock, and in reply to her request that it be taken to the minister, rudely said: "Away with it, we have as much need of food as he," and closed the door against her. She, however, was not to be thwarted in her good purpose by such a repulse. Returning home she kept the coffee warm and watched at the window until she saw the church door open and the meeting dis-

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miss, then, bearing her tray a second time, came straight toward me, saying in the presence of all: "I came to the church door some time ago with this coffee and cake, but Elder —— met me at the door and would not take it to you; will you accept it now, Mr. Anderson?" "Accept it! Yes, indeed, with many, many thanks," and stepping aside to my buggy, I continued, "I shall sit up here and allow all to see how highly I appreciate and enjoy your kindness." Her face fairly beamed with pleasure for the opportunity thus afforded to show her attachment to her pastor, and which I trust was but an outlet for her love to her Saviour, whose voice in due time shall be heard saying to her and all of her spirit, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Instead of repenting of his evil ways Mr. C. drifted away more and more from all means of grace. The frowns of God's displeasure seemed to rest upon him during the remainder of his days. One after another of his large family were removed by death, and finally he was left alone, a blind cripple.

Regarding the two who were so disappointed in not getting Mr. C. into the eldership, Mr. F. was for many years, to all appearance, most zealous and enthusiastic in all congregational affairs. He

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left us quite suddenly one Sabbath morning after I had preached a sermon on hypocrisy. He declared the sermon was preached at him and was much offended in consequence. He united with another congregation, and for many years retained his previous good record. Finally, however, he was suspended by the Session for drunkenness, and the last I heard was that all his belongings had been seized for debt, and that he himself had been obliged to leave that part of the country.

The other elder, Mr. H., in time sincerely repented his unseemly conduct, and went so far as to make a public confession in the church one morning after service. With a trembling voice and many tears he said: "I wish to acknowledge my guilt before you, and in the presence of God. For some years past I have been serving the devil, doing all I could to make the minister's cup a bitter one, and to oblige him to leave the place. I ask your forgiveness and your prayers." There were not many dry eyes in the church that morning, and after prayer was offered poor Mr. H. was warmly received into the affections of the people.

There was another leading man at Lancaster of whom a short sketch may not prove uninteresting. He was not an elder, but owing to his loud profes-

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sion, fluency of speech and forwardness, had a good deal of influence among the people. He lived about six miles from the town, and in process of time set up a store where he was licensed to sell liquor. Gradually his attendance at church became very irregular, and many unpleasant reports regarding the liquor business caused the Session to draw his attention to his unchristian behavior. They were plainly told by him to mind their own business, and he demanded his certificate of membership. When refused he appealed to the Presbytery, but that court only sustained the Session, and gave him three months to redeem his character. To all appearance a change was very manifest. His place was regularly filled in church on the Sabbath, and we cherished the hope that the reformation would be of a lasting character. Exactly at the end of the three months, however, he again demanded his certificate. As he had not given anything in support of the means of grace for some time, he was advised to settle his account with the treasurer. This advice was not heeded, so the following lines were handed to him:—"It is hereby certified that Mr. R. D., liquor dealer, was up to this date a member in full communion of the Presbyterian congregation at Lancaster, and in connection with the Presbyterian

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Church in Canada, and leaves this congregation in arrears to Treasurer. J. Anderson, Moderator." He took the certificate and sent it to the clerk of Presbytery to be submitted to that court. Although the clerk favored Mr. D.'s complaint against the Session, yet he saw that it would be needless to submit it to Presbytery, as the Session could not be forced to remove from the certificate those clauses which Mr. D. regarded as of no credit to his character, inasmuch as they were indisputable facts, well known by the people of the neighborhood. The clerk, however, wrote on Mr. D.'s behalf to our Session. He urged the court with all the arguments and power at his command to remove the offensive clauses from the certificate, promising at the same time to settle all arrears against Mr. D. in the treasurer's books. But the Session was immovable, and informed the clerk of Presbytery that their treasurer had no account against him; that if Mr. D. wished to settle his accounts, he knew where the treasurer lived, and that when his accounts were settled the money clause would be at once removed; moreover, that if Mr. D. wished the liquor clause removed, he could pull down the sign from above his shop door and give up selling liquor, then the liquor clause would be cheerfully removed and his certificate would appear with-

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out a blemish. Further, the clerk was told by the Session that it would become him far better to advise his friend Mr. D. to get out of the liquor business, if he was ashamed to have his calling mentioned in his certificate, than to be urging the Session to remove from the certificate the very words which Mr. D. had on his sign above his shop door for the public to see.

And what became of him? This is a most solemn and practical question. For a time Mr. D. was respected and possessed of qualities which might, in the hand of God, have been useful in the Church. But he began a traffic which soon produced in him a state of indifference to all religious things. Restraining grace appeared to have been withdrawn, and he soon showed even to the world the spirit he was of. His house and all its contents were burned to ashes, the strong impression being that his own hands set it on fire to get the insurance money. He left his wife, and cleared off with a low character to parts unknown. His wife kept possession of the farm homestead, but he managed to secure in some way or other all the produce, leaving her to starve in an empty house, dependent on what her neighbors would give her. Truly the way of transgressors is hard. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

CHAPTER XI.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE MIDST OF DIFFICULTIES.

THOSE men who gave so much annoyance, both to myself and people, were united in one thing, as one of them expressed it, namely, to starve me out. During those years of strife two calls from large and well organized congregations were pressed upon me, but I had no hesitation in declining them, for I was satisfied that the Good Master was with me, and that I had work yet to do where I was. The influence of those evil-doers was, however, keenly felt by many of the congregation. Indeed, for a short time I was not sure who my friends were. Unfriendly anonymous letters were sent, and here and there among the people I would meet unmistakable evidences of the diligence of my foes. But this did not continue long. The foul atmosphere began to clear, and the current of turbulent feeling began to run more smoothly. The dawning of better days very plainly appeared on a certain Sabbath morning when I was about to baptize a child of one of the leading dea-

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cons of the congregation. When I asked the name of the child, "John Anderson," was the reply, which I rang out loud and clear to reach the farthest corner of the church.

About this time one of the Dalhousie people came to me with a request to visit his sister, who, he said, was acting very strangely, and to all appearance drawing near her latter end. I knew his sister pretty well, for she was very regular and attentive in church. She lived on a farm about eleven miles from the manse, with her mother and brother. I went to see her at once. On my arrival at the residence I found the house full of her anxious friends, waiting to see her breathe her last. She was lying on her back in bed, her eyes closed, her arms stretched out at each side, with a Psalm-book in one of her hands, open at the fifty-third Paraphrase :

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?"

She was the very picture of death, so much so that one would think her to be already dead. I first sat quietly among the crowd without saying a word, for I wished to see her peculiarities. I was

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told that she had been in this condition for two or three days, now and again parting with her friends, singing the Paraphrase and assuring them that she was going home, and would meet them all in heaven. As I approached her bedside, she at once saw and recognized me, and stretched out both hands to me, saying, "I am glad to see you. I am going home to be with Jesus, which is far better. I thank you from my heart for the sermon you preached the Sabbath I was led to throw myself on Jesus. Now He is mine, and I am His. Farewell! farewell! We shall soon meet in the happy home where friends meet to part no more." Then to console those left behind she read her favorite words. In a clear, strong voice she started the tune, singing with all her heart, some of the friends present singing with her. She then closed her eyes, and stretching out her hands as before assumed the appearance of death. But this time she did not continue long in death-like image, for her eyes gradually opened, and her countenance gained its natural appearance. Just as she was about to speak again, and go over the same beaten course, I looked at her with a stern countenance, and in a loud voice, carrying as much authority as I had at my command, I said: "Peggy, you are not to go home just now. We need you here in

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the church on earth. It would be unfair for you to run home from the service of Christ before you had rightly commenced His work; it would be cowardly to flee from His battlefield just as soon as you enlisted into His army. No, no; such conduct would never do! You have yet to labor for Him and fight His battles, and manifest the glory and power of His grace in your future life, among your companions and friends." Taking hold of her psalm-book, I said, "That is not the proper portion of Scripture you should sing just now," and turning to the hundred and eighteenth Psalm, I read:

" ' I shall not die, but live,
And shall the works of God discover;
The Lord hath me chastened sore,
But not to death given over.'

This is the verse to sing. Can you read it?" She read it. "Read it again." She read it again. "Let us now sing it." We sang. Then a prayer was offered, after which I turned toward the girl and said, "Rise up. There is nothing wrong with you. You are not going home just yet." Immediately she sat up in the bed and said, "Oh, what a load has been taken off me!" but she felt weak, and nearly fainted. Being refreshed with tea and toast, she

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very soon was able to walk about the house. She is still living, so far as I know.

An old lady in the company, when she saw what took place, rushed to where I was standing, and taking hold of me with both hands exclaimed, "It is a real miracle, Mr. Anderson, just like that of Jairus' daughter!" "No miracle," was my reply, "but an answer to prayer, connected with the use of means. I understood the girl's state of mind, and the Good Master used my poor efforts to restore her."

Another peculiar case was that of Mrs. Mc. On a certain cold, wintry night, shortly after midnight, a knock came to the manse door, outside of which stood a young boy with horse and sleigh, bringing a message from his mother requesting my immediate presence at her home. Upon inquiry he told me that his mother was not ill, but very happy. I went with him at once. As I approached the door she opened it, and taking hold of my hand said, in the words of the elders of Bethlehem to Samuel, "Comest thou peaceably?" and I replied in the prophet's words, "Peaceably am I come." She then repeated very correctly part of a sermon I had preached some weeks previously, and spoke of the deep conviction it had produced on her mind of her sinfulness before God, and of the days and nights

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she had since spent in a state of restlessness, and without sleep. She also related with great eloquence the wonderful and sudden change from sorrow to joy which had taken place in her mind that very night while lying in her bed. The intense pain of her heart during those days and nights of her distress was completely removed, and her joy seemed to have no bounds. Hence she awakened her husband and called in her neighbors, many of whom were present, to praise and thank God, with her, for the wonderful deliverance she had experienced. Pulling out of her bosom a little hymn-book, she began to read a hymn. Then she started to sing it with all her heart, and some of those present sang with her. Noticing that I did not join with the rest, she seemed to be greatly disappointed. After singing, she began to describe the wonderful change which had come over her, and spoke of me as being something more than a mere man. For this I had to rebuke her, which she received with a smile, continuing, however, to speak in an orderly manner, although under great excitement.

At last I called to her husband and said: "John, put a strong table in the centre of the room, that she may stand on it and speak louder, so all may see and hear her better. She has become a great

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preacher; though she sent for me she has no need of my services." This sarcasm went right to her heart. She became silent. When asked to proceed with her address not a word would she utter. "Have you nothing more to say?" I asked her. She shook her head. "Well," said I, "if you have no more to say, I have. The first thing is that the devil is present here to-night. I am not prepared to say that the Spirit of God is not striving with this poor woman, but I am perfectly satisfied that the devil is also striving with her, and has a special object in view. He is trying to fasten an evil report to the cause of Christ in this place, and is opposing the work of God's Spirit in her heart. But he will eventually fail in his wicked and hellish device. The Spirit of God in due time will complete His own work. Let us be still and know that Jehovah reigns.

"The next statement I wish to make is, that we all return to our homes and allow Mrs. Mc. to retire to rest, for she needs it very badly. She has had no sleep for many nights." When this proposal was made, all the friends left at once, but I remained a little longer to make sure that the restless one would retire. This she was very unwilling to do. But reminding her that if she was to be one of my flock—for she was not then a member—she would have

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to obey me, she accordingly retired, promising me she would not get up in the morning until I returned.

In the morning I returned and found her just as I had left her. She had not slept, nor uttered a word during my absence. She was determined not to speak, but replied to my questions by nods and shakes of her head, so I was at my wit's end to know what was to be done. I asked her to get up and prepare me my dinner, as I was to remain until the afternoon, and to keep her mind and body exercised I mentioned a number of things I would like to have for dinner. This seemed to please her, and she soon was going about the house as if nothing were the matter.

At dinner she refused to eat, until I said I would partake of nothing unless she did. She made an attempt to eat, but partook of very little. When dinner was over she suddenly became hysterical, weeping and laughing loudly. I asked all present to withdraw from the room, and then implored her to unburden her mind to me. She at once spoke out, and mentioned with trembling lips some things in her past life which were arrows in her conscience, and asked if I considered those sins to be unpardonable. I had no difficulty in answering her question

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and correcting her impression regarding the unpardonable sin, and directing her also to many passages and instances in Scripture which clearly met her case, removing completely the painful wounds from her heart, and filling her with joy in believing in the efficacy of the atoning blood of Christ, but with none of the excitement manifest the previous night. I spent that day with her family, and returned home in the evening with feelings of gratitude and praise to God.

I was engaged to take part at the communion at Cornwall the following Sabbath, but promised Mrs. Mc. that I would go to see her as soon as I returned. At the latter end of the same week she told her husband that she felt the same kind of pain in her heart as before and asked him to go to Cornwall and inform me of the fact, asking me to come as soon as possible. He left home with the purpose of doing so, but, having to pass through Lancaster, he was persuaded not to go on to Cornwall but to take a doctor back with him. Upon returning he found his wife busy with her housework. The moment they entered she said to her husband, "Is this the minister you brought to see me? I have no need of a doctor of his stamp, for he knows nothing of my trouble, and you may just as well go back with

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him, for I shall take none of his medicine." But he told her that the minister could not come to see her that day, and that he had requested him to take the doctor to see her. She challenged her husband's statement, and declared it to be untrue. He insisted, however, that such was really the case, and the doctor assured her that he had some medicine that would benefit her, so finally she very reluctantly consented to take it. In less than five minutes she was deprived of her strength, and was obliged to lie down. The doctor removed her hair and shaved her head, she becoming terribly excited, so much so that she had to be fastened to her bed with ropes. The worst kind of reports of her case were spread far and near; nor could it be denied that the poor woman's reason was yielding and in danger of being completely overthrown.

On my return from Cornwall I went at once to see her. One of her brothers met me at the gate and forbade me entering, but I sprang past him and secured an entrance into the house, where a number of her relatives were present. Not one of them recognized my presence. It was clearly seen that I was not wanted, as I was blamed for the woman's state of mind. The Free Church doctrines, as they called them, had done the whole mischief.

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With great sublimity and eloquence the afflicted one was setting forth the assembling of the whole human race on the great day of reckoning. She spoke of the Judge of all, sitting upon the Great White Throne; of the books that were open before Him; of the two great classes of the human family, the one on the right hand, and the other on the left. She announced the solemn sentence on both classes, and its final and eternal execution, in the gathering of the saints into glory, to be with Christ forever, and the driving away of the wicked with foul spirits, to the place prepared for the devil and his angels. When I heard the solemn declaration of Divine truth set forth with such clearness and power by her, I was not surprised to see that all the Christless ones around were in a state of consternation. Hard would the heart have been that would not have been moved by the solemn truths announced by a person who realized to the full what she was uttering.

I stepped into the chamber. There I found Mrs. Mc. held fast to her bed by three men. I spoke to the men who were holding her, and said, "What are you doing to her? Please let her alone." At once she knew my voice, opened her eyes, and stretched out her hands toward me, saying, "Oh, you have come! Did you tell John to bring the

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doctor to see me?" "No, I did not," was my reply. "Did he see you at Cornwall?" "No," I answered. Looking at her husband, who was standing near her bed, she said, "Oh, John, it is just as I said. You told me a lie, a deliberate lie!" Then looking to me she said, "He brought the doctor here, and he gave me some poisonous stuff that deprived me of my strength and reason. I have no need of such a doctor, for he knows nothing of my trouble." Looking at the men who were holding her down, she said, "These men are abusing me. If they would just let me alone it would be to my comfort. But you will take my part, and keep them from me." "Yes," was my reply, "they are not touching you now. I shall remain with you, but you must listen to what I have to say, and obey me." This calmed her mind very much and we conversed on religious subjects as if nothing was wrong with her, continuing to do so the whole of that day. All the strangers left, saying one to another, "This is wonderful; we never saw anything like it. The minister has her under his influence, and perfectly composed." I was not, however, satisfied with her calmness. There was still an unnatural look about her eyes. As evening approached, she asked the servant to light a candle. This was done, though it was

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rather too early to do so. She asked her to light another. "Light all the candles that are in the house, for we are getting into eternal darkness." "There is no need of more light now," said I. "Yes, there is," was her hasty reply. "Don't you see eternal darkness gathering around us? I must have more light, for the darkness is awful. You are not my minister, and I am not bound to obey you." She sprang from the bed, took hold of the curtains, and tore them from the window, saying, "I must have light!" She had to be taken hold of again and fastened down on her bed with ropes.

"What is to be done next?" was the pressing question occupying my mind. All human means had failed. The afflicted one was in agony. Her sad condition was known to all around, our little congregation was deeply concerned about her, and the jeers of the ungodly were not a few. One other means, however, could be used, and was within the reach of the whole congregation, for man's extremity is God's opportunity. Prayer was that important means. Many prayers were constantly presented to God on her behalf in the homes of the people. Besides, a special request was made for the prayers of the congregation on the morning of the Lord's Day. According to a good old custom, the name of

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one in trouble was announced from the pulpit, and the prayers of the congregation were solicited. By this good practice the whole congregation knew for whom the prayer was offered, and were more likely to unite in the prayer presented. And truly the prayer of our Lancaster congregation on that Sabbath morning received a most remarkable answer, which made the hearts of many very glad. In their case the words of the Lord by Isaiah were verified, even to the letter: "It shall come to pass, said the Lord, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

At the close of that morning service an old Christian man remained in the church after the congregation was dismissed, and came directly to me as I was descending from the pulpit, and said: "Are you aware that Mrs. Mc. is completely restored?" "How do you know that?" was my reply. "It was made known to me," was his answer, "while we were praying on her behalf this morning. I know it is a fact, and am sure of it." "So am I," said I. "It was made known to me also, just while in the act of praying. God hath heard and answered our prayer. Blessed be His name! He is a very present help in time of need. While we were yet speaking He heard and answered."

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On my arrival at the manse, word awaited me to the effect that Mrs. Mc. was completely restored. Just at the very minute the prayer was offered on her behalf, as far as I could make out, she said to her husband, who was sitting beside her bed: "John, loosen the cords that fasten me to the bed." "With all my heart," said John, "if you will be still and do no harm." "Oh, I am now relieved," was her answer; "the Lord Jesus is mine, and He will take care of me." John removed the ropes, and his wife sat up, calm and in her right mind. The joy which filled the hearts of those who occupied that house was indescribable. The joyful tidings spread abroad through the whole neighborhood, and while many of the people were glad, others were filled with amazement. Mrs. Mc. lived many years after this as a lively illustration of the power of the Gospel, and of believing prayer. Her last words to me when I was leaving for Tiverton were, "Though we may have many instructors in Christ, yet have we not many fathers."

Let anyone who has no faith in prayer try and explain on any principle of nature or science how it came to pass that an afflicted person was relieved at the very moment prayer was offered on her behalf; and that two individuals,—perhaps more; two

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at any rate—were made aware of it at the very moment it occurred. The pleasant tidings did not reach them through any physical channel, for no human being informed them of it; yet they were perfectly sure their information was true and reliable. Only one correct explanation can be given.

Another very striking incident connected with public prayer occurred which may be of interest. On a certain Sabbath morning, before going to church, a young man came to me with a message from his father, who was very ill, and to all appearance nearing his latter end, wishing to be remembered in the prayers of the congregation that Sabbath morning. Of course, I promised the young man that his father's desire would be attended to. But the solemn and important request was completely obliterated from my mind. I forgot all about it, a thing I have never done before or since. No allusion was made in the prayers to the sick man. When all the services were ended and the people were dismissed, my neglect came before me like a flash of lightning. I was terribly mortified, and felt very much condemned for being so indifferent regarding the state of the dying man, and my promise to the young man who brought me his father's desire. I spoke of my unworthy conduct

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to a friend at the door of the church as I came out. "Why," said he, "the man is dead. He died this morning at half-past ten, just half an hour before the service commenced." I then discovered why it was that the request of the sick man was obliterated from my mind, and was more convinced than ever that the Spirit of God leads the minds of those who fear Him, in their supplications at the throne of grace.

CHAPTER XII.

INTERESTING AND PECULIAR EXPERIENCES CONNECTED WITH PRESBYTERY APPOINTMENTS, DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF MY MINISTRY.

LABORERS in the mission fields in those days were not numerous in our Church; hence the stated ministers had many duties laid upon them outside of their own congregations, and I had a large share of such duties, my Gaelic tongue increasing them very much. On one occasion I was sent with another member of Presbytery to induct a minister at Winslow, in the Lower Province. The day appointed for the duty was in the middle of the week. We started from home on Monday, as the greater part of our journey had to be made on foot, there being neither railroads nor stages to accommodate us. Our journey was a good test of our mettle. We soon discovered that it would be utterly impossible for us to reach Winslow in time to meet the appointment of Presbytery, nevertheless we de-

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cided to pursue our journey. It was Friday evening before we reached Lingwick. Here we met a Presbytery elder, who, with two zealous women, accompanied us through a long, pathless forest, guided only by a blaze. On the afternoon of Saturday we arrived at Winslow, where the minister was to be inducted. Our arrival was soon announced, the hour of the service was arranged, and a notice was sent out by messengers among the people, then scattered far and wide among the woods. In a very short time a large log church was packed to the very door with as earnest and devoted people as could be found, fresh from the island of Lewis. The service came to a close just before sunset, and the members of Presbytery were liberally served with refreshments. It was agreed that my fellow-presbyter should remain over Sabbath at Winslow, preach there, and introduce the newly inducted minister more fully to the congregation. But I had to return under a solemn promise that same night to Lingwick, and spend the Sabbath with our people there, who were then without any means of grace. But how to accomplish a journey of seventeen miles through a pathless forest and Egyptian darkness was to me a very serious question. I was even then pretty much exhausted. Coming from Lingwick

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to Winslow on foot the morning of that same day was more than enough for a person not accustomed to long journeys. In the morning we had the light of the sun, and what we called the blaze, but on our return we could have neither one nor the other. The darkness was so thick that the blaze could not be seen. True, the good, tall and strong elder and the two zealous women were to be my guides and guards. A guard was needed, as Mr. Bruin crossed before us just as we were entering the woods, but made no attempt to dispute our right to enter his territory. Had he done so he would have found the elder more than his match. The ladies were also excellent guides. They seemed to know every step we made and every tree we met, even in the dark, so our journey, long and peculiar as it was to me at least, was on the whole very pleasant.

But my physical strength began to yield, for more than half the night was now past and Lingwick still a long distance away. I proposed that we sit down and take some rest, but was told that there was a house about a mile further on, and that if I could hold out a little longer we could then have some rest. It was certainly a long mile, but we reached it. There was a small house, containing a large family, all sleeping in one apartment. We had to wait out-

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side till they got themselves and house fixed up so as to receive us. They seemed to be glad to have their sleep disturbed so as to have an opportunity of relieving the exhausted stranger. They appeared to be living a happy life, proving that man's happiness and comfort depend, not "on the abundance of the things which he possesseth," but that "a dinner of herbs, where love is, is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

As soon as the good woman was informed of the reason we had disturbed the family at such an hour, she at once went to a chest lying in a corner of the room and pulled out a bottle and a wineglass, saying, "I have something here which will refresh him. I am glad that I have it," and bringing it to me was about to pour the liquid into the glass, when I said, "I thank you very much, but I never take anything of that nature; but if you can give me a cup of tea, I would enjoy it." "Oh, yes, I can make you a cup of tea," was her reply, "but this would refresh you at once, for it is very good."

Tea, oatmeal cakes and butter were soon laid on the table, partaking of which I was wonderfully refreshed, and after short worship with the family we took our leave of them, arriving at Lingwick at daybreak. Here we met other kind friends,

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who had been watching for us all night. The supper table, or rather, at that early hour the breakfast table, was covered, loaded with everything fitted to refresh and strengthen our exhausted nature. But after having partaken so freely of the Scotch cakes about two hours previously only a very light breakfast could be enjoyed. Sleep and rest were more needed, so I made for my bed as soon as possible, asking the friends not to allow me to sleep too long, that I might not be late for the service in the church. My sleep was indeed sweet and refreshing. I had no dreams that morning. I awakened at half-past ten, and on my first look through the window saw to my amazement that the streets of the little village, and every spot around the church, were covered with men, women and children gathering to the house of God.

I made my way to the pulpit in good time, and conducted two long services before I left it, one in English and the other in Gaelic. But after pronouncing the benediction the people sat down, and an elder came up to the pulpit and said, "The people are unwilling to dismiss till they hear another sermon." "I cannot preach again," was my reply, "until I get some refreshment." "Oh," said he, "we don't expect you to do so. We shall wait till

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you have dinner." "All right," said I, so off I went, got some dinner, and soon returned to the interesting people. I found the church as full as when I left it, if not fuller. Another long Gaelic service was conducted; indeed, I continued talking till the daylight began to fade, closed the service with prayer and singing, and pronounced the benediction. But the people, instead of dismissing, sat down again, and the elder ascended the pulpit stair as before and said, "The people are very anxious to hear the Word of God preached by you to-morrow. We are destitute of the means of grace. Could you preach for us to-morrow?" "It is my purpose," was my reply, "to leave for home to-morrow by the stage." "Could you not preach before the stage leaves?" "How early could the people assemble?" was my answer; "the stage leaves pretty early." "We can assemble at any hour you may mention," was his response, "and we shall not let the stage go without you." "Can the congregation," said I, "meet at seven o'clock in the morning?" "Yes, at any hour you may appoint," was his answer. "Well, we shall meet, God willing, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning," was the announcement given. I am satisfied in my own mind that many of the people remained in the church

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all night, for at that early hour the church was packed full—not a vacant seat could be seen. Being assured that the stage would not leave before the services were over, I took my time and delivered another long discourse. But after the benediction was pronounced the people remained in their seats, and expressed their desire, through an elder, to hear the brother minister who had been left at Winslow, and who had just arrived at the village in time for the stage to Cookshire. Believing that the stage was under the control of some of the people interested and would not leave till we were ready, I went to Mr. C. and found him in a pitiable plight, bearing clear marks of the wretchedness of his path through the woods. The people at Winslow had secured for him a horse (the only horse then in the settlement) to help him on his journey to Lingwick. A saddle was not to be found, but a bed-quilt had been thrown on the horse's back. Following the blaze through the woods, the horse, coming to some soft place, sank almost out of sight, while his rider was thrown into the deep mud, with which he was besmeared from head to foot. When I met him and delivered my message he was without coat or boots, which were wet and full of mud. Pointing to his trousers and feet, he said, "How can I

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go to church in this state?" "I have a pair of slippers here," said I; "put them on, and fix yourself as well as you can and go. Don't refuse." He went and preached an earnest, solemn sermon. The stage was waiting for us at the church door and with some difficulty we got clear of the crowd.

Some years after this occurrence, I had occasion to revisit Lingwick to dispense the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there. On my return journey I met with some interesting and even thrilling incidents. Coming to Cookshire, I took the stage to Sherbrooke. It was a long, tedious drive. The stage left at midnight. The night was dark and piercingly cold, and the road passed over high and exposed hills. Two other gentlemen had to pass over the same dreary route. These men before starting proposed that we should prime ourselves with brandy. As we were standing in the bar-room and glasses were being filled, I said, "Well, gentlemen, I am not in the habit of taking anything of that nature, and I believe cold water is a better protection against the severity of the night than brandy." They smiled at my idea. "Well, let us test them," said I; "you take your brandy, and I'll take cold water." The proposal was agreed to, and we took our seats in the stage and drove off. We were not more than an

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hour on our way before my fellow-travellers were thumping the floor of the stage with their feet, and giving clear indications that the brandy was losing its protective power. They soon asked the driver if we were far from another hotel, and urged him on with all speed, as they were freezing. We soon reached the tavern, where they filled themselves again with more brandy. I kept my seat in the stage, and felt quite comfortable. On their return we had another talk about the relative merits of brandy and cold water as protectors against cold, which resulted in an acknowledgment on their part that I endured the cold better than they did. We passed a number of taverns on our way to Sherbrooke, and in everyone of them my friends received a fresh supply of liquor. As we reached the town we had just enough time to eat our breakfast before the train for Montreal arrived. Although my fellow-travellers sat at the breakfast-table, yet it was clearly seen they had no relish for any food; their brandy had destroyed their appetite, while the cold water, together with the penetrating winds and frost of those exposed hills, prepared me for a good solid breakfast.

When we came to Longueuil we found the St. Lawrence covered with ice, neither fit for boat nor

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sleigh. There was no bridge at that time. How I was to get across to Montreal was a mystery. There was, however, a ferry, which consisted of a large canoe thirty or forty feet long, and which was managed by expert Frenchmen. Their greatest difficulty was met at the start in getting the large canoe clear of the land to the moving ice. The passengers had to take their seats in it while it rested on the shore, for the moment it touched the floating ice off it went with it. Then the men had to push and draw and rock their craft so as to make some progress across the moving icy current, which, in spite of all that could be done, carried us down the river a long distance; but after hard labor we got to the other side. It took us a long time to get there, and we had to pay sweetly for our passage.

But this did not end my eventful journey. Christmas was now approaching, and a number of things at that season of the year had to be taken from the city. Among the articles entrusted to my care were a can of coal-oil, which at that time was very scarce, and could not be procured except in large cities, and a nice storey-cake, which was a Christmas gift from a city lady to Mrs. Anderson. These two articles I took for safety into the car with me. Being a cold, dark night, I took my seat underneath a blazing

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lamp and opposite the stove, which was red hot. As the car was not crowded I placed my nice cake on the seat I was to occupy, put the oil-can on the floor at my feet, pulled off my rubbers and began to read a new book just taken from the bookstore, cutting its leaves as I read. Just as my book was getting very interesting an unearthly scream came from the rear of the car. I realized at once that we were off the track, and there was no mistake about it. A good deal of screaming and loud talking filled the car. All were in a state of confusion, not knowing the moment we might be rolled down a precipice or flung into a culvert, or dashed to pieces against some rock or embankment on the wayside. One vivid thought rushed through my mind, that in case of rolling down an embankment my safety would be better secured by fastening myself in some way to the seat I was occupying. So I laid myself down on my back and twisted my arms around the arm of the seat, pushed my Christmas cake into a corner, and held it there with my foot. But the moment this was done the thought of my can of oil, still loose on the floor, coming in contact with the hot stove, when it would be sure to explode, came like a thunderbolt into my mind. In some way or other I managed to extend the foot that was at liberty and reached the

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oil-can, then with all the strength at my command I pressed it to the side. By this time I realized that the car was off the level, the opposite side was much lower than it ought to be, so the whole car was soon in a slanting position, and the slant increased rapidly as it rushed forward, till finally it lay at the bottom of a deep ditch. Everything on my side, animate and inanimate, was thrown to the other side, except myself, with my Christmas cake and can of oil. It was with some difficulty and care that I freed myself from the awkward, bracket-like position in which I was placed. My object, however, was secured and I could say what none of the other passengers on that train could say, I received no injury. My Christmas cake was not the least bit marred in its beauty, nor did the oil-can come in contact with the hot stove. But I came very near losing my new rubbers, for before I could get down from my very uncomfortable position they were seized by a mean fellow whose mind was set on plunder, but at my imperative command he threw them down.

Once I was appointed by the Presbytery to dispense the ordinance of the Lord's Supper at La Guerre, in the fall of the year. To get there I had to cross Lake St. Francis, which was easily accom-

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plished by taking the steamer that crossed to St. Anicet every morning. A sailor was appointed by the congregation to row me home. It was about dark before we left, but the lake was very calm. When we were about halfway over, however, a terrific storm suddenly arose. The sailor became terrified, and, dropping the oars, stripped off his clothes, crying out, "We are lost, we are lost!" "What," said I, "are you doing to save us?" and with all the authority I had at my command, I said, "Take up your oars at once and work, or we cannot but be lost." He obeyed, and pulled against the wind and waves with all his might. But now the boat was heavy with water and was filling rapidly. There was nothing with which we could bail; but necessity is often the mother of invention. It was so in this case, for I took my hat, my black silk hat, and bailed out a large quantity of the water. The squall gradually subsided, so that we were able to keep the bow toward the wind. Nothing but an unseen power saved us from sinking to the bottom of the lake on that occasion. We toiled all night, reaching land shortly before daylight, not far from the house of one of my parishioners.

There was one thought which supported me very much that night. The squall broke just about the

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time the families of my flock were gathered for family worship, and I knew I was seldom forgotten in their prayers at the throne of grace. The thought was indeed pleasant to me in that hour of peril. And may I not conclude that it was through their prayers I was not only delivered from a watery grave, but also kept free from fear of death, and as calm and composed as ever I was in my life?

I afterwards asked the sailor what caused him to act as he did that night. "Oh," said he, "I was afraid, for I knew the boat was not sound, but even rotten, and I expected it would go to pieces every moment. I have been eleven years at sea, and have encountered many storms, but never was I so afraid as on that night. The lightning and thunder alarmed me."

Before I conclude this chapter I must record a few incidents regarding my faithful horse Charley, which was my driver during the greater part of the time I was at Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills. I often said that to me he was worth more than his own size in pure gold. To Charley I attributed a good part of my success in my pastoral work. He was gentle as a lamb, swift as a roe, more sagacious than many human beings, and was the talk of all who knew him. He was easily kept, was always

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sleek and fat; small, but full of life and ambition, and not easily discouraged. He knew not only all the turns, hills, dales and bridges on the road he once travelled, but he knew also the gates, homes and stables of my flock, and seemed to feel at home wherever he went. And so he might, for the people generally were glad to see him and supplied all his needs when they had an opportunity of doing so. He was a faithful servant and never needed the whip.

His first trip to the railway station was to him a memorable day, and one which he never forgot. We went there to meet Dr. McLeod, of Cape Breton, who was on a collecting tour, securing means for the erection of churches among his people. I took a servant boy with me to mind the horse while I went in search of the Doctor on the arrival of the train. As Charley had never seen a locomotive he became terrified, and freeing himself from the boy ran away. Turning a corner the buggy was upset, but as buggy and harness were new nothing broke. Seeing a small house with its door open about two or three acres from the road, he made for it, passing over stumps, stones, logs and everything else that stood in his way. He entered the door as far as the buggy would allow, causing

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the family to disappear in great haste. When I arrived on the scene he was lying on the floor blowing furiously, but neither he nor the buggy nor harness were injured in the least.

About the middle of winter I had to attend missionary meetings, appointed by Presbytery in the Eastern Townships, as they were then called. I was not very well acquainted with the roads in that section, and they were quite new to Charley. I left home early on Monday morning, intending to be back on the following Saturday. Crossing the glare ice of Lake St. Francis, with which Charley was familiar, I came to La Guerre and then proceeded to Huntingdon and on to English River, one of the places where a meeting was to be held. The week was very stormy and the roads heavy, but Charley did not heed storms. Indeed, he seemed sometimes to enjoy them. As long as he was regularly supplied with his oats he could plough through drifts as high as himself without any hesitation, so with his aid I was able to meet all my appointments, and on the afternoon of Friday I began my return journey, hoping to reach La Guerre that night. There was a short cut through the woods and clearings that I had followed in going which lessened the distance three or four miles. But the darkness

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of the night overtook me, and the snow was so deep and the drifts so numerous that not a track could be seen anywhere. I wished to make my drive as short as possible, but hesitated to take a trackless road through unfamiliar woods.

While wondering what course to pursue the thought struck me that possibly Charley might know the spot where we should leave the main road, so I resolved to leave it to him. I dropped the reins and left him to his will, not saying a word. He continued his gait for a considerable time, but suddenly he stopped and looked back to see, I suppose, if I was in the cutter. "Go on, Charley," said I. In a moment he sprang from the main road into the deep snow, where not even the track of a dog could be seen. I felt at once relieved, being confident that Charley's sagacity would land us safely at La Guerre; nor was I disappointed.

Many were the snowstorms Charley met with, some of them rather too heavy and fierce for his strength. One Sabbath, previous to the dispensation of the Lord's Supper at Lancaster, I announced from the Dalhousie pulpit three meetings to be held on the following Monday in different districts connected with the congregation. I had also important meetings previously announced connected with the

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sacrament at Lancaster for the same week, so I had to be home on Tuesday in order to meet some of those appointments. I was also expecting the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Montreal, in the early part of the week, who was engaged to assist at the approaching communion. On Sabbath night a heavy snow-storm set in. A large quantity of snow had fallen and deep drifts were formed, which continued to accumulate until Charley's feet could not reach the bottom of some of them. On Monday morning I began to feel anxious about my meetings. What is to be done? was the pressing question. Shall I attempt to meet my appointments? The family whose hospitality I was enjoying unitedly declared that I could not; that it would not be wise to attempt it, and that no one could attend meetings in such a storm. My own comfort and reason acquiesced. And were I to consult Charley his answer would be, "I am at thy disposal. I am willing to meet the storm and go through the drifts, if it is possible to do so, for I know I shall get a good feed of oats and a warm stable when I reach there."

I had some hopes that the elements would become more propitious, and that, perhaps, the roads were not altogether impassable. I therefore resolved to make the attempt. As no one ventured out that

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morning to my first meeting, I proceeded to the next place. Charley was in good trim, and in spite of the blinding snow and deep drifts brought me to the place in good time for the meeting. But none gathered there that afternoon. I had, however, an interesting meeting with the family, and all the comforts that could be heaped upon me. The storm was still most furious, but the place of my next meeting was only about a mile and a half away, and as Charley was as fresh as ever I concluded, very much against the advice of the family, to proceed to the place of meeting. "Well," said one of the young men, "if you really purpose going I must go before you with a double team and see you safely there." "All right," was my response, "come on." Off we went, Charley following the heavy team, while wishing to be first. We arrived in good time. Not a soul was present save the family.

There I remained all night, still about twenty miles from home. Next morning the storm was subsiding, but the drifts were large and numerous, and according to my purpose I was to be home that day. But was it possible to accomplish the journey? "You cannot do it," said the elder. "I feel anxious to get home," was my answer. "A number of applicants for the Lord's Supper are to meet me to-

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morrow. I also expect Dr. Taylor, of Montreal, so I must try and get home if it is possible. Charley is all right, and I can go a good part of the way through the bush, where I can escape the drifts. We cannot tell what we can do till we try. I shall go on till I can go no further." "Well, well," said the good elder, "if you are determined to go you had better start at once. I shall get the horse ready." I started for home. The main road was nothing but drifts, some of them very deep. Charley, however, plunged along, and with every plunge he gave a snort, until he reached one out of which he could not extricate himself. I then went before him to break the road, but I wore a long, heavy overcoat which greatly impeded my movements, so I soon found myself stuck as fast as Charley. It took me about three hours to travel half a mile. Finally I was discovered by a good friend. He did not know me at first, but when he made the discovery he was amazed, for he never imagined that his minister was so foolish as to venture out of doors in such a storm. We took Charley out of the cutter and drew it over the top of the fence into the field and Charley managed, in some way or other, to follow. When we reached my good friend's house dinner was on the table, but

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I was only half a mile nearer home than I had been at breakfast-time.

By this time the storm was quite over and there was a perfect calm. After dinner I said to my friend, "Can you get me out of this clearance to the edge of the bush, which is not far away?" "You are not to leave here to-day," said he. "You are not to attempt to go home. It is impossible." "Well, what is impossible cannot be done," was my reply; "but I am anxious to get home as soon as I can. If you can put me to the edge of the bush, I think I can escape to some extent the drifts by taking the road through the bush." Reluctantly he consented. He went before us through the fields and led us to the bush. As I had anticipated, the bush road was free from drifts, but there was no track. After many difficulties, and having to walk about eight miles after the cutter, as the horse was becoming exhausted, I reached home at daylight Wednesday morning, very tired, and with the feeling that I had acted very foolishly; nevertheless, I had the satisfaction of keeping all my appointments.

One intensely dark night early in the spring when coming home from Dalhousie I had to descend a steep hill, at the bottom of which rushed a river at flood height. Suddenly Charley stopped. This

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being so unusual I knew something must be wrong, so getting out of the buggy I examined the harness as best I could in the dark, and found that the breeching-strap was broken, and Charley, trembling like a leaf, was holding back the buggy with his body from the rushing flood. Feeling he had saved me from a watery grave, I vowed I would see to it that he would never be abused so long as he lived, but would be carefully provided for.

When Charley became old and my work was too heavy for him I began to consider where I might find a suitable home for him. Hearing of a poor widow with a large young family belonging to the congregation who had lost a horse, and thinking that she would be kind to Charley, I called to see her, and after talking to her a little about her loss I informed her of my promise regarding Charley, and asked her if she could fulfil it were I to leave him with her. She gladly consented to do so, saying that no one could abuse such a horse, which had spent the best of his strength and days in carrying the blessed Gospel throughout the county, and from house to house in the neighborhood. Being confident that the poor widow was sincere and would do as she said, I left Charley at her door.

A year or two after this all her cattle were seized

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for debt, and Charley among them. But I protested against his being sold by auction on the ground that he had not been sold, that he really belonged to me, and was left with the widow for her benefit and that of the horse. My protest was acknowledged as valid, and Charley was not sold but was left still with her. Eventually poor Charley was drowned in the very river from which years before he had saved me. During the winter months the widow's cattle were watered from a hole made through the ice on the river, and in the spring of the year, when the ice began to melt, Charley, as usual, went for a drink. The ice, however, gave way, and down he went to his death.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DARK PERIOD PRECEDING A DAY OF SPECIAL GRACE.

THE season of special grace which through the sovereign mercy and love of God, Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills enjoyed in the year 1864, was well known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. But only very few ever heard or knew anything of the gloomy and dark season through which those congregations had to pass before those days of grace were granted, for that period of spiritual apathy and slumber was not felt by the great mass of the people. Indeed, they regarded themselves as being rich and increased with goods, and having need of nothing. A few among them, however, did realize very painfully and deplore their sad condition, longing for deliverance. Their restlessness and severe conflicts against their spiritual foes drove them to the throne of grace, where in due time their cries were heard and their languishing hearts were revived. The following quotations from my diary allude to this:—

A DARK PERIOD

“1861, January 26th, Saturday evening.—How cold, lifeless and dead I am. I am afraid of tomorrow’s services. How can I meet my people in this state of mind? How can I appear before God in His house? Lord, I am unfit to speak in Thy name. Wilt Thou not revive my soul? Oh, for a fresh baptism from on high! ‘Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’”

“February 11th.—I have not recorded much in my diary for some time back because I had nothing to write. I have had now a long time of deadness. I am quite sensible of this, and yet, alas, my heart is not sufficiently impressed by it. I believe that the Lancaster portion of my flock are like myself. Like priest, like people. Everything seems to be so cold and lifeless among them. I see no sign of life, even among those whom I cannot but regard as the true people of God. What a change one shower of heavenly blessing would produce! Oh, that God would so visit us with His grace! To Thee, O Lord, my eyes are directed. Come, oh come, and deliver us.

“March 9th.—I cannot be content or happy in my mind while left in this cold, dead state. I am condemned. My heart condemns me for my cold

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and lifeless prayers, and yet I can pray no better. My words freeze upon my lips, and I am greatly straitened, but not in God. But my case is well known unto Him, and in due time He will visit my thirsty soul. Then my mouth shall show forth His praise. When He has tried me, He will bring me out purified as gold. My soul, wait thou patiently upon God.”

During this period of conflict, efforts were made on different occasions to have me removed to other fields of labor, but I gave no encouragement to calls from other congregations. Though I was most restless in my mind, and could see no signs of real good being accomplished among my people, yet I had a secret impression that my work was not finished where I was. An allusion is made to one of those efforts in the following:

“July 26th.—Rev. Mr. H. and his people at Lachute seem to be anxious to get me as a helper and successor, but I cannot see it to be my duty to leave here yet, and have sent them word to that effect. I hope the Lord has something for me to do here yet. Now and again He encourages me, and such being the case, it would be wrong on my part to leave my present field of labor.

“October 5th.—For nearly four weeks I have

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been driven to and fro in my Master's vineyard, and during that period I have only been three nights at home. But oh, how hard and cold my heart has been. I have but little communion with God connected with all my services. Oh, may the Lord come in His compassion and revive His own work in my soul. My spiritual foes are numerous and mighty, but through Christ, who loved me, I shall come forth more than a conqueror.

“ 1864, January 1st.—I was afraid to write anything in my diary last year lest it might appear to be a false report of my Divine Master. I regard the past year as a lost year to my soul. My old sores have been opening up afresh, and consequently I have had but little of the comfort of my Father's presence. My sins have separated me from Him, and it is truly very strange that I should be so little impressed about my present state. All my hope now seems to be in the belief that God will not cast me off. My sins and shortcomings will not change His mind respecting me. When He took me first He saw what I was, and what I would come to be. Oh, that it were with me as in times past! But thanks be to His blessed name, I am not content without Him, nor can I ever be; and although I should fall seventy times in a day, I would still

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look to the blood that cleanses from sin. For I cannot let my Saviour go. And surely this assurance in my inner soul is an evidence that He has hold of me. Oh, that this year on which I have now entered may prove to be a year full of blessings to my poor soul! May His Spirit work in me mightily. I have intimated to-day to the Lancaster congregation my intention of keeping the Week of Prayer. I have come to this conclusion after a very painful consideration of the low state of religion among my flock, and the low state of grace in my own soul. Who knows but God may in His great compassion visit my soul and my people with His Spirit."

The foregoing quotations throw up a small corner of the curtain carefully kept hanging between the darkest period of my ministry and the general public. They were all written during that spiritual conflict and before the dawn of those bright days of grace which the Lancaster people had the pleasure of enjoying. The first six years of my ministry was a period of unbroken revival of religion in that district, never to be forgotten by many. It is true it was a period in which we had to contend with many difficulties, but the very difficulties which met us were really in connection with removal of hin-

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drances which were operating against the prosperity of our cause, and which eventually resulted in a blessing; indeed, they were blessings in disguise. At the same time we were favored with clear evidences of the Spirit's presence in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of believers; and in due time we came out from all those contentions in triumph. The storm passed away and there was a great calm. It was here, just in this calm, our spiritual slumber began. What the great enemy of God and man failed to accomplish by storms and contentions, he actually accomplished through the calm and the harmony which God in His kindness bestowed on both congregations. We were evidently too much elated through our prosperity, and acted as if our mountain "shall never be moved, but shall stand strong." Our activity then became paralyzed, a reaction set in, and idleness and spiritual apathy seized all the powers of the inner man. And thus we came to be, to some extent, the willing captives of our great enemy, without any power to help ourselves.

I could see nothing encouraging or even hopeful in the congregations. There seemed to be a thick cloud hanging over us as a people, through which we could not see. Of this sad state I was more or

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less sensible. I stated my painful impressions to my elders, and as the Week of Prayer was at the time approaching, I proposed to hold meetings in the church during that week and wait on God, who alone was able to revive His work among us. The elders were not to the same extent impressed with our sad state, but seemed to regard my impressions as not altogether correct, as they had some evidence of good in the congregation. As to the keeping of the week of prayer, such was unknown at that time in Glengarry; the good elders did not think that the people would attend a series of meetings of this nature.

So my proposal was not sanctioned by the Session. Indeed, I did not press it very much, for my spiritual ardor was gone, and a spirit of indifference and lifelessness had crept into my very being. Then followed a whole year of the darkest and most severe mental and spiritual conflict I ever experienced during the whole of my ministry. What still remained in me of the old man with his affections and lusts, and of the evil heart of unbelief, prompting to depart from the living God, seemed to have revived and increased in strength to such an extent that I could hardly discover any evidence of the great change which for many previous years I had

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experienced, and which it had been my privilege to profess. The current of evil thoughts, evil desires, and evil inclinations which lead to evil actions, and which I had reason to believe was somewhat removed, and dried up through the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, began to run anew, and to rush into my helpless soul with increased violence. And into this corrupt current, so natural to my fallen nature, the great enemy of God and man threw all the hellish power under his control, increasing its virulence, and making it irresistible. Truly, had I not been held by Divine Power, I would certainly have been swept away to the great gulf of everlasting despair. Oh, how can I ever cease to extol the sovereign grace of God which held me fast, while walking in a state of indifference, on the very brink of the pit that is bottomless! But during that long year of darkness and conflict He held me fast, though I knew it not, and taught me lessons which in my future labors were of unspeakable value. Indeed, that year was really a blessing in disguise, a preparation for the work assigned me hereafter. Through those dark conflicts I came to know more clearly the power of unbelief, and the weakness of human nature, and the wicked devices of Satan. So much so, that I may say of unbelief, something

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like what Job said of God, when he exclaimed: "I have heard of Thee with the hearing ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." So it was with me regarding my spiritual foes. I knew something of their power before, but my knowledge of them was vague compared with what I experienced in that year of conflict. It had only been like the hearing of them, but now I came, as it were, to see them with my eyes, and handle them with my hands. Unbelief, with all its hateful and abominable insinuations connected with the truths of Scripture, took fast hold of my mind, and filled it with a spirit of opposition against the essential truths of salvation. My confidence in God's Word, and even in what I was preaching to the people, and on which my own soul was resting for salvation, was shaken. For a time the absorbing question of my mind was—is it right or honest on my part to continue to preach doctrines of whose truthfulness I have serious doubts in my own mind? Of course, those abominable insinuations, constantly presented to my mind, disturbed any evidence I had of my own personal salvation.

This sad state of affairs could not continue long. A crisis of some kind could not be long deferred.

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I was almost imperceptibly led into a desperate state of mind, which was becoming more and more unbearable. I felt most keenly at last that I would either have to give up preaching or be freed some way or other from the doubts by which I was daily harassed, regarding the doctrines which I was constantly preaching. Indeed, I solemnly vowed before God that if I did not soon find relief I would give up the ministry. Able authors on the Christian religion and brethren of ripe experience of my own acquaintance were consulted; more apparently earnest prayer and closer study of the Word of God were resorted to, and every expedient within human reach was made use of, but all was of no avail.

Satan sometimes, through his hatred and rage against the work of God's Spirit in the human soul, frustrates his own purpose by carrying his wicked assaults too far, so as to overdo his own abominable operations. The inspired writer declares that when the enemy comes in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him. So it was with us at Lancaster. The enemy took advantage of our calmness or freedom from strife. There he began his assault, which came in like a flood, slowly, but increased in depth and power until, fin-

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ally, all our religious activity was swept away. His deadening influence pervaded the whole soul, mind and body, so that the spiritual life and activity of the whole man were completely carried away. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. Just when the enemy was sweeping everything that was spiritual from us, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him, and repelled and drove out his evil influence from renewed hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

DAYS OF GRACE.

WHEN that year of trial came to an end, and as the next year drew near, my mind was made up to keep the first week of it for prayer, in the church; consult none regarding the propriety of doing so—neither elder nor member—but to spend a short time every evening in the week, at an hour specified, intimating on the morning of the previous Sabbath after preaching my intention of doing so. I was quite satisfied that the carrying out of my decision might not be viewed by all the congregation with approbation, that some might discountenance and regard it as carrying religion too far or to the extreme, or, perhaps, some might view it as an indication that I was becoming insane. Nor did I myself feel very confident that my decision was a wise one. Besides the fears which presented themselves to my restless mind I had very serious apprehensions that should the people countenance the proposed meetings and largely attend them, I might not be able to conduct services every evening for a

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whole week, as I was suffering from that intense pain in my chest after speaking, which had troubled me ever since I left college. But something had to be done, for I could not continue much longer in the state of mind I was in; so, on the Sabbath morning previous to the contemplated week of prayer, and before the benediction was pronounced, the following intimation was read without any comment on my part: "The first week of this year is to be held as a week of prayer by many in the Church of God throughout the world for the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men. It is my purpose to spend a short time every evening of the week in the church at seven o'clock, and there wait on God for the baptism of His Holy Spirit. As a congregation we are in need of such a blessing. We have the promise that those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. If any of the congregation think it proper to join me at the hour specified for the purpose mentioned, I shall be pleased to meet them."

Well, the long-looked-for Monday evening arrived and I at the appointed hour was in the church. Three other individuals who lived near the church were there. Two of them were widows, and the hair of one of them white with the snows of many

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winters; the other a maiden lady, mentally very weak, but a regular attendant at the church services. The minister with his three hearers sat near one another in a corner of the church. The meeting was then opened with prayer and a portion of Scripture was read. I had prepared nothing beforehand for the meeting; indeed, I was unable to prepare anything, for I was very anxious. My mind was very dark and despondent, and my heart very full and ready to burst. The sight of an empty church and empty seats did not lessen the anguish of my soul, and although I was unprepared and unfit to address any meeting, yet I felt I had to say something to those three women.

I began with stammering lips and choked utterance to speak of the deplorable state of the people, and of the lack of any tokens of good such as we had formerly enjoyed. My broken sentences came from my heart and went to the hearts of my three hearers. We all wept and the place might truly have been called "Bochim." The meeting was very short and was closed with prayer. Parting at the door, I said, "It is my purpose to be here to-morrow evening; if you think it worth while to come, I shall be glad to see you."

On Tuesday evening the meeting was augmented

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by other three women. In character it was similar to that of the previous night. At the close I again invited them to meet with me the following evening if they so desired.

On Wednesday evening everyone who had been present at the second meeting was there, and between twenty and thirty others. My mind was now somewhat relieved. Light was beginning to dawn. The pain of my heart was not so acute. Some rays of hope were penetrating the dark clouds of gloom and despondency by which I seemed for a whole year to have been enveloped. I tried to address those who were present, but had no liberty in doing so; I had more liberty, however, in addressing the throne of grace. Wonderful to relate, all present appeared to be very deeply affected. The meeting was closed in the usual way; we parted at the door in silence, no one feeling inclined to utter a word, but each person appeared as being under a sense of guilt.

On Thursday evening there was a large increase, and still larger on Friday. Saturday evening every seat was occupied; but on Sabbath evening, the last evening of the week of prayer, the church was packed to the door. The hall, passages and every empty spot near the pulpit were closely crowded.

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So great was the throng that the fire in the stove was let out and the windows were thrown open to let in fresh air, although the weather was intensely cold.

The most of those assembled were strangers to me and not of my flock. The attention of the audience was very striking. A whisper could have been heard in any part of the church because of the intense stillness. An impressive and indescribable solemnity pervaded the whole assembly; but no undue excitement was manifested in a single case, yet the tears and solemn countenances of many clearly revealed the anxiety of their souls. I went to the meeting that evening with the intention of concluding these special services—not that I regarded them of no spiritual benefit; the very opposite was the case. I was perfectly satisfied that I myself, at any rate, had been greatly quickened and strengthened, and there were other clear indications of the presence of the Holy Spirit. I could truly say that it had been no vain thing to wait upon the Lord.

To my surprise the pain in my chest, instead of increasing, decreased, as night after night I preached to the people, until at the close of the services I discovered that it was entirely gone. The doctors

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then told me that the cause of the pain must have been the pressure of a rib against the lung, caused, no doubt, by leaning against the desk during my long hours of study at college. The frequent speaking and consequent inflation of the lung had in time restored the rib to its normal position.

But revival meetings were then unknown among Presbyterians, besides I was not free from misgivings regarding the wisdom of holding them without consulting my elders; nor was I perfectly sure of my own ability to hold a series of evening meetings four miles from the manse without interfering with my regular pastoral work in the united congregations.

The first part of the service that evening was conducted in the usual manner, and nothing of a special nature could be observed. The attention of the crowded congregation was very marked, yet the sermon was but very ordinary, delivered with great composure and plainness, but every word was emphatic and pointed. It was easily realized, however, that both speaker and hearers were under a very peculiar and indescribable influence which could not be accounted for by anything that was said, or traceable to anything human. Just as I was about to dismiss the congrega-

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gation and make the announcement that the special meetings were at an end, my mind was suddenly and most powerfully struck as by a thunderbolt: "Are you to end these meetings? Take heed what you do." My very heart cried out: "Lord, what shall I do?" Following this earnest cry the answer came: "Leave it with the people." While I was hesitating, and before I could give utterance to these thoughts, a cry was made by someone in the assembly: "Go on with the meeting!" A large number of the people were standing up with their hands stretched out and immediately sat down. What was now to be done? The people refused to dismiss. I was young and without experience and very sensible of my inability to conduct any special services such as were then needed. The scene was entirely new to me. My very heart trembled lest I might make a wrong step or give a wrong touch, like Uzzah of old, to the ark of the Lord. In these straits, however, one thing I considered to be safe, that was to follow the Spirit's guidance and speak to everyone whom I noticed in distress, endeavor to ascertain their state of mind and the special cause of their trouble; then mark out a passage or two of Scripture suitable to the case. This took a long time, but in this way God spoke to each soul through His

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Word, and thus the anxious one was left to deal with God rather than with the minister.

Such an after-meeting had hitherto been unknown in Glengarry. These after-meetings were regularly held until the close of that extraordinary period of grace, which extended into the middle of summer, when anxious individuals ceased to present themselves for special aid or instruction. We found them to be of great benefit. Indeed, I do not see how we could have got on without them; for, on the one hand, they afforded an opportunity for the inquirers to state their difficulties to their pastor, and these were very many and peculiar; and, on the other, the minister had an opportunity of discovering, to some extent, the state of mind of individuals, and was better able to meet their case, if not then, at some other time before the next meeting. Besides those after-meetings tended to remove that natural barrier which too often stands between the pastor and his people, and prevents freedom in expressing their experience on personal religion.

The continuation of the meetings became a settled fact that Sabbath evening. Everything was made clear to my mind. Monday evening soon arrived, for it was Monday before many of us got to our rest, and if the church was crowded on the previous

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evening it was more so then. It could not contain the people who were gathered to its door. I think it is not too much to say that there were as many outside that could not enter as there were inside. All the windows of the church, which had not a spark of fire kindled in it that evening, were thrown open, though the night was cold and frosty. The people outside, who were unwilling to return home, drew their sleighs as near the church as they could, sat in them, and tried to keep themselves warm with their buffalo robes; and thus the crowd continued to increase more and more, from evening to evening, and from week to week, during the whole winter. Instead of the church being kept warm by fire through those cold, frosty months so well known in Glengarry, its windows had to be kept wide open to secure fresh air. One evening the pulpit lights, for lack of oxygen, ceased to burn, while on the table at the base of the pulpit they would flame up bright and clear. To some who knew the cause it was a wonder that the speaker was able to exist in such an atmosphere. The aisles of the church, and every empty corner about the pulpit and its stairs, and even the pulpit itself, were filled to excess, so that I was not able to sit down myself. The whole church was a jam of human beings, and

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although some had always to leave at the close of the first meeting, yet their places were soon occupied by those outside.

Thus the interest increased and spread abroad throughout the whole township and those adjacent, and became the topic of conversation through the whole county of Glengarry. People gathered to the meetings from all parts of the county, remaining with friends and acquaintances for weeks, and returning to their homes rejoicing in Christ Jesus, whom they declared to have found as their own Saviour. Ministers of the Gospel came also from various places to see with their own eyes what was going on at Lancaster, and to find out if there was any truth in the reports which were reaching them. Most of them returned to their own fields of labor with joy and gladness, resolving to pray and look for a similar shower of spiritual favor among their own flock. Others, however, seemed to look upon our services with some suspicion; hence they were unwilling to open their mouth, or take any part in them.

As the work advanced and the inquirers greatly increased, it became evident I could not speak to all separately, so I placed two or three together in one seat and requested an old and judicious Christian,

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who knew the way of salvation, to direct them by the Word of God to the way of life through the Lord Jesus. At the conclusion of the meeting I addressed the assembled people, making mention sometimes of some of the difficulties I had met with, and which I endeavored to remove by quotations from Scripture.

All other meetings of a social and secular nature gave way to the church meetings. People flocked from far and near to the Second Concession of Lancaster. One gentleman—the late Mr. Warden King—well reported in the Church of God for godliness and liberality in connection with the cause of Christ, came from the city of Montreal. He was so interested with what he saw and heard that he said to me: “Mr. Anderson, this will not do. Your work is too much for you. You cannot stand it. It will break down your constitution. You must get a helper.” “Well, it is not an easy thing to get a suitable person to be of much service at present,” was my response. “The people who gather here from time to time are not all of my flock. Most of them are unsettled in their mind, and I cannot very well ask them for any financial aid.” “Oh, that is nothing,” said my friend. “You get a suitable man and leave that with me.”

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I wrote at once to Knox College, and through one of its professors secured a very suitable and excellent student, who with great zeal, devotedness and ability labored with me for two summers, and my good friend in Montreal most generously paid his salary.

So numerous were the inquirers that it was found necessary to appoint a time each day when they could meet me at the manse. Many availing themselves of this opportunity, the time was found to be too short to do more than read a verse or two of Scripture, and offer a short prayer with each one separately in the study. But so manifestly was the Spirit present that there was no difficulty in finding passages suitable for the varied cases, and many who came in tears returned rejoicing.

At this time the women in the congregation became very active, even holding a women's prayer-meeting, going from house to house, a thing unheard of before in that community.

As the interest extended the people at Dalhousie Mills became most anxious to have meetings held in their midst. This was made possible through the assistance given by elders and others, who conducted the meetings at Lancaster when I was unable to be present. It was about this time my assistant from

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Knox College, Mr. Grant, arrived. He made his first public appearance at one of the Dalhousie meetings, and to show the impression which the first sight of our meetings had upon a stranger, an incident which then occurred may be related. Mr. Grant was duly informed that he would be expected to address the meeting on a certain evening. He made no objection to the proposal, but prepared himself for the duty. As I concluded the opening exercises I introduced Mr. Grant to the people, and then called upon him to address the assembly. But Mr. Grant's head was bowed down very low, with his face buried in his handkerchief, and with a voice not soon forgotten by those who heard it, he said, "I cannot address them to-night. This place is awfully solemn. I am unable to speak a word. Pray excuse me." In an evening or two, however, he got into the spirit of the meetings and threw his whole heart and soul into them.

Finding it impossible to persuade anyone to assist me in conversing with the anxious inquirers, I one evening made a most solemn appeal in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to His followers then present who wished His work to be carried on in that district to come forward to my assistance. In response an elder arose and came forward to where

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I stood, and said with a trembling voice, "Here am I, what do you wish me to do?" Pointing to a corner at one side of the pulpit filled with the anxious, I said, "Go over to that corner with your Bible in your hand and tell those anxious ones how they are to obtain the salvation of their souls." He went, and after saying to them, "The minister sent me to speak to you, and to show you how you are to obtain the salvation of your souls, but I am unfit for such a duty," he did what was never seen done before in that Presbyterian church, threw himself on his knees and poured out a most fervent prayer before God, acknowledging his utter unfitness to teach others, and sought the grace requisite to enable him to do so. His prayer reached the very hearts of those who heard it.

After the meeting was dismissed the good elder approached me and said, "It was a wrong thing you did here this evening, and you must not do it again." "What wrong thing did I do?" said I. "Was it not wrong to call on such a man as I to teach anxious sinners the way of salvation? It would be more fitting for me to be taught the way of truth than to attempt to teach others anything connected with the spiritual birth of human souls. Are you not aware that there are now in the world

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many who bear about in their person evidences of the unskilfulness of the nurse at the time of their birth?"

Whole families were by this time in a state of deep anxiety before God, each member seeking to be alone in some secret place for prayer. One afternoon while driving with one of my elders he began to weep. Turning to him I asked him what was the matter. "Oh," he replied, "everything is wrong with me. I now see clearly that there is not a spark of grace in my heart, and that I have been deceiving myself and others ever since I professed faith in Christ." "Indeed," said I, "is that possible?" "Well," he replied, "it is the truth. I have been a downright hypocrite. My religion has been but external." I asked him to tell me what led him to this conclusion. "I can easily tell you that," said he. "You know some of my habits." Here in passing I may say that I spent many a profitable day and night in his house and was well acquainted with the whole family; knew their habits and was a partaker of many of their joys and sorrows. I knew all the chambers of their house and had a chamber for myself there called the minister's room furnished something like that of the prophet of old, with a bed, a table, a stool and a candlestick. "You

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know some of my habits. Well," said he, "as I went up to my room after breakfast I found there my wife on bended knees pouring out her heart to God in prayer. I quietly closed the door and went to your room; there I found my son engaged in the same solemn exercise. I left him undisturbed and went to the large room; there also I found my daughter prostrated before God. Then I went to the little side room opposite to your room, and there another daughter was on her knees at the throne of grace, and there I left her. There was no other room left for me. Every chamber in the house was occupied, and I declare to you that I felt very angry. Now, sir, if ever I prayed for anything in my life I prayed for what I then saw with my eyes, and instead of being thankful to God for what He was doing in my family, and regarding it as an answer to prayer, I felt angry because according to my formed habit I had no secret place in which I could bend my knees, as taught me from my youth. What clearer evidence could I have that my religion is not from above, but is of human origin?" My reply was very brief: "May God hasten the day when the head of every family in this district will feel angry for the lack of a secret place in his own house in which to bend his knees in prayer at the throne

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of grace." "Oh," said the elder in response, "is that the way you look at it?" Alluding to his wife, he said, "I never saw her in real trouble till now. We have been married a long time, and have met with many and heavy losses, sickness and death, but that woman would retire to her bed in the midst of all our afflictions, and sleep as soundly as if all were well, while the nights were spent by me in restless tossings. But it is not so with her now. She has no rest day or night. Her sad state before God gives her more trouble than anything she has ever experienced in this world."

To all this I could bear testimony, for on a certain night, when I was in my room at her quiet home, I heard a gentle knock at my door with the request, "May I come in?" "To be sure, come in, Mrs. M.," was my reply. "Sit down on this chair. What troubles you?" "I am a poor, lost sinner," was her answer. "What can I do? Is there pardon for such as I? My privileges have been very many, but I abused them. Times without number I sat at the end of our table hearing yourself and George speaking on religious topics, but I took no interest in any religious subject. I had neither heart nor ear for subjects of that nature, and now I am ignorant of God, and of my duty. Will you

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be kind enough to teach me? My guilt is very great before God." All that passed between us that night need not be recorded. Suffice it to say that she gradually came to an assurance of the pardon of all her sins, through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus; was duly received, with some of her children, into the full communion of the church, and gave clear evidences of the genuineness of her profession in her future life.

On the Monday following her last communion, as she and one of her daughters were driving home from the thanksgiving service, she said, "Did you notice what the minister said in his prayer to-day?" "I am not sure," replied her daughter, "what you refer to. I felt it very solemn and earnest." "Did you notice how he prayed for those who were at the table for the last time?" "Oh, yes," was her daughter's reply. "Well, Maggie," said she, "I am one of them. I shall never sit at that table again." "Oh, mother, do not say that." "Yes, I say it, Maggie, and you will find it to be true." In the course of six weeks or two months she was laid up with fever. Everything that physicians could do for her was done. She told her family that to satisfy their own minds they might call in physicians, but that her time was at hand, and that she had to leave them, and so it proved to be.

CHAPTER XV.

YOUNG PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THE WORK.

THE progress of the good work among the young people was very striking. Their minds became filled with religious subjects. Here and there would be seen clusters of them discussing religious topics, seemingly desirous of a deeper knowledge of Bible truth. Should anyone of experience be at hand to explain a passage of Scripture they would eagerly crowd around him to hear what he was saying. Many of them were attending day school and carried their religious anxiety into the school with them; so a number of the schoolhouses during the play hour, where the majority of the pupils desired it, became places of worship. When the teacher was personally concerned about the salvation of his soul he led the meeting.

In one of the schools some of the pupils were not in favor of turning the play hour into a religious meeting, so those who desired it resolved to go to the neighboring woods for the purpose. In the

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thickest part of the bush they selected as suitable a spot as they could find, and in order to shelter themselves during the latter part of the winter they made a booth with branches cut from the trees. Between their booth and the schoolhouse there was a field of considerable width, where the snow was generally very deep, and through that snow both the boys and girls had to pass when the rest of the scholars went to their play. But in the school there were some of the pupils, not only thoughtless, but wicked. They were so far from having any sympathy with the anxious ones that they ridiculed their anxiety and strenuously opposed their religious meetings, and used every means in their power to prevent them. They were not pleased to see their schoolmates leaving the play ground and going to their booth in the woods; hence they followed them and pelted them and their booth with snowballs, and so persistent were they that those who attended the meetings were obliged to consider what they could do to avoid the interruption. They felt themselves placed in a disagreeable position. They could not endure the idea of discontinuing their meetings, allowing the great enemy of their souls to triumph, nor could they see how they could meet in their booth and be profited with so many interruptions. Consulting

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together, some of them proposed to apply to a friend living near the schoolhouse for the use of his woodshed during the play hour. All seemed pleased with the proposal, and just when they were about to make arrangements to carry it out one of their number said: "I am not in favor of that proposal. We know that we have to bear our cross if we are to follow Jesus, and this annoyance is just our cross, so let us bear it and make no change, but continue our meetings in the booth. Who knows but the boys who trouble us may yet see their sin and repent? We must try and convince them of their sinful conduct." To this last proposal they all agreed and the meetings were continued in the booth.

The following day as they were going off at the play hour to the usual place two of their schoolfellows followed them, and as they were going through the field of deep snow pelted them with snowballs and called them names. But the one at whose proposal the meetings were to be continued in the booth dropped behind the rest, and turning back to their persecutors addressed one of them somewhat as follows: "Sandy, why do you trouble us this way? We do you no harm. We wish to spend our play hour with God in our booth. We don't interfere with you when at your play. Do you not

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see that you are sinning against God? He sees what you are doing, and you have to appear before Him and give an account of what you are now doing to us." Sandy began to weep, and said, "I see now it was not right for us to be troubling your meetings. I feel sorry for what I have done, and I shall not do so any more." "Well," said his reprover, "if you are sorry for what you have been doing just come along with me to the meeting and we will pray for you and God will forgive you." Poor Sandy went with his faithful friend and reprover and became an earnest, zealous member of the little company.

Thus the good work went on among the young people in the district, spreading from school to school until in every school in the township there were pupils anxious about the salvation of their souls. In some schools the teachers were among the most anxious, and where this was the case the religious desires and feelings of the anxious pupils were respected and liberty was given them to have religious worship when it did not interfere with the school hours. This extraordinary interest became so general that I considered it proper to begin services for the special benefit of young persons. These services were conducted in the church every Saturday afternoon. This gave an opportunity for

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all the children to meet together in one place; and truly the opportunity was appreciated. Hence teachers and scholars, young and old, and persons who had no connection with the day school, came pouring into the church from every section of the township. The meetings being new, the like never seen in the place before, drew many probably through curiosity. But many of them had their hearts pierced to the core; old men and old women being moved to tears by what they saw and heard.

I always conducted the meeting myself, and after singing, reading and prayer, I preached a short sermon. Then I asked some of the boys to lead in prayer, which they readily did with great reverence. Sometimes all the boys in one seat engaged one after another. The prayers were short, simple, earnest and full of unction, and as far as man could see came straight from the heart. Indeed, the prayers of those young boys were most impressive, not following an old, formal rut or a beaten path, but childlike appeals uttered with great reverence to the invisible God, in which appeals sometimes the very names of some of their companions in school or their relations at home were mentioned.

At one of our Saturday meetings a certain teacher, who was not very favorable to the work

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that was going on among the young people, and in whose school a goodly number of the pupils were in an anxious state of mind, was in the assembled crowd. He was an entire stranger to me and was led to the meeting through curiosity. At the close he remained in his seat for a little, but as soon as the throng passed him he rose up and came toward me. Suddenly he stood still. He trembled and was greatly agitated, so much so that he caused the very floor under his feet to shake. I invited him to come nearer and asked him what was the trouble. In a broken utterance he exclaimed, "I am a lost sinner, I know not what to do!" He sat for a little while beside me while the way of salvation was plainly set before him, and he was urged to surrender his heart at once to the Lord Jesus. His mind became calm, and after a short prayer he retired. He regularly attended after that day all the meetings, and in due time was received into full communion. He is now, after a long course of study, preaching the Gospel of Christ.

One little girl between ten and eleven years of age was for a long time in darkness and great trouble of mind. Evening after evening and week after week she would mingle in the crowd of anxious ones weeping bitterly. My attention being drawn

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to her unhappy state, I resolved to make a special visit to her home. Her mother received me very gladly, saying that both she and her father were very anxious about their daughter. The previous day she had been missed for some time, and a thorough searching of the house and outbuildings failed to discover her whereabouts. They were really afraid that in her distress she had done herself some harm. "But," said her mother, "as I was standing by the window in that little room," pointing to an adjoining chamber, "I heard something move under the bed, and looking to see what it could be found my dear child on her knees with her Bible before her wet with tears. She did not notice my presence, so I noiselessly left the room." Soon after this conversation F. herself entered the parlor and the mother quietly withdrew, leaving me to talk with the child. She told me that she knew that Jesus was a loving Saviour, but "He is nothing to me. There is no love in my heart for Him. My heart is so wicked I cannot control it. I cannot believe or trust my soul to Him," she wailed. "Well," said I, "let us go on our knees and tell God all about it, and ask Him to enable you to believe and rest upon Him for salvation." Before the words were out of my mouth F. was on her knees. The

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prayer was short and simple, the words few and childlike, but they came from a full heart. Light shone through the darkness, and rising from her knees she joyfully exclaimed: "The dear Saviour is my Saviour! He loves me, He is mine. I cannot but love and trust Him. I must run and tell mother," and off she went with her glad news. The following evening F. took her place among the young believers, to the great joy of her many friends. Her future life was a clear evidence of the genuineness of her profession.

At the next communion season she was received into the membership, and was the youngest on the communion roll. On that occasion we enjoyed the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Huntingdon. He was a man of sterling quality, with deep, clear and evangelical views of Divine truth, withal so calm and simple in his utterance that the weakest as well as the strongest intellect might easily follow him. After the tables were all served, and he was with great freedom bringing to a close the services of the day, he suddenly stopped speaking and disappeared from his audience. I at once and with some apprehension ascended to the pulpit fearing that he had been seized with some fatal malady. I found him with his face buried in his handkerchief

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and bathed in tears. In reply to my anxious question, "What is the matter, Mr. Watson?" he said, "There is a little girl in the centre of the church whose countenance seems to be more than human. It is angelic, and has pierced through my heart. I cannot proceed any further with the address." That little girl was F.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIBLE EVIDENCES OF THE WORK OF GRACE.

GREAT changes gradually appeared in the surrounding neighborhood which were apparent to the most thoughtless. Previous to these meetings Lancaster was overrun with worldliness. What were called "frolics," or dances, were most common and greatly deplored by the thoughtful. Hardly a night passed without one of these gatherings taking place. Now, however, they ceased, no such thing being heard of in the neighborhood for several years. The young people had other interests; as one of themselves said, "I have now far more pleasure with my Saviour and my Bible than I ever had at dances."

But in the course of time persons of some influence resolved to start again these "frolics" in their own homes. Once the sluices of restrained human nature were thrown open the rushing stream was so swift and violent that I actually began to fear lest my labor had been in vain. The work was beyond

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doubt thoroughly tested, and, finally, the genuine believers took a firm stand and came out victorious. Only the plants which the Heavenly Father had not planted were rooted up.

A ludicrous incident in connection with the attempt to revive these dancing parties may not prove uninteresting. The husband of one good woman who had been greatly exercised during the meetings, and who had eventually found peace in believing, was desirous of holding a "ploughing bee." He was behind with his work, and was afraid that the frost would overtake him before he could finish his ploughing if he did not get help. His wife at once consented and engaged to prepare all that was necessary for the meals of a large party, and do her very best to have everything ready that was needed for the occasion. "But," said he, "we must allow the young people liberty to amuse themselves on the evening of the appointed day, otherwise they will not come." "What kind of entertainment do you mean?" asked his wife. "Oh," said he, "dancing is what they generally have; the young men after supper go for their friends and companions, and spend the evening with them as they see proper." "That just means," said his wife, "that they will turn our house that evening

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into a dance-hall. Now that is something to which I cannot consent. Of course you are the head of the family, and you can do as you see proper, whether I consent to it or not. But I will not prepare a late supper for a party of that kind, nor give it any countenance, and will prevent all the children from taking part in it."

Mr. M. was not satisfied, but as he was anxious to have his ploughing done he had the "bee." A large number of young men came with their teams and ploughs to do the work, and Mrs. M. had abundant provisions ready for their meals, but prepared nothing for the midnight supper. The young men were made aware of this through the co-operation of the eldest daughter and son, and agreed not to use the pies and cakes and the other extras designed for the ordinary meals, but reserve them for the late supper. Accordingly they were put down into the cellar till they would be needed. After the tea, the young men went off for their companions and friends, and the house was soon crowded with lively young people. The largest room in the house was made ready for the dance, and was soon filled to excess. The mother, however, and all the minors of the family occupied another room, where she endeavored to interest them with stories from the

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Sacred Volume. The music and dance began, but before long a tremendous noise shook the whole house. It was heard by the good mother, and thinking that some judgment had overtaken them, she rushed out to see what had happened. To her amazement, the whole dancing party were in the cellar. The floor had given way by the dancing and weight of those in the room. All the merry party, the young men and the young women, were thrown down on top of one another, forming a pile of living, screaming human beings, with pies, cakes and plates smashed and broken to atoms underneath them. As no one was seriously injured, Mrs. M. returned quietly to her chamber, feeling in her heart that good would result from the catastrophe. The disappointed company, as soon as they got out of the cellar, returned very sheepishly to their respective homes. When the uproar had calmed down, Mr. M. came to his wife, and taking her by the hand, said, "Here is my hand to you, with the promise that I shall never have another such gathering against your will."

Another visible evidence of good was manifested in the establishment of family worship. This practice was not regarded as a duty by most of the parents. The Bible, as a matter of course, was

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found in the homes of all the people, but it was seldom consulted or read, nor was prayer offered; but now the Bible came to be highly esteemed among the people. Every member of the family had a copy of it. The young man carried it in his pocket to the field, or wherever he worked, and consulted its precious truths now and again during the hours of his labors. The young woman kept it near her in the house, where its sacred and unerring teachings became subjects of her earnest prayers. So keen and constant was the relish of the people for the Word of God that the Bible Depository of the village was frequently exhausted and had to be often replenished the same year.

The thirst of the young for Bible knowledge may be seen from the following incident. One day when visiting one of my families, the door being open, I walked right in, and seeing a young girl about eleven years of age, sitting alone with her back to the door and reading a book, I quietly slipped up to her, and laying my hand on her shoulder, said, "I see you are reading the Good Book." Lifting up her head, with a blush, she said, "Yes." "Have you read it all through yet?" "Oh yes," was her reply, "I have read it twice. I am now reading it through for the third time." "Have you found

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your own name in it yet?" I asked. "Yes, I have," was her answer. "May I ask you what your name is in the Bible?" "My name," was her reply, "is a sinner. This is my true name." When I left Lancaster, there were only three or four homes in the congregation where family worship was not held.

In those days of grace, upon one occasion, a prominent Auld Kirk member was brought to our meeting by his neighbor, an elder in my congregation. By the time they arrived the church was full, but Mr. R. managed to push his way through the crowd into a position where he might hear and see all that was going on. It was very evident that what he did hear was far from pleasing, but he remained until the end of the service. During the drive home he accused his friend of carrying tales about himself and his family to the minister, and rated him soundly for his meanness in so doing. His friend denied ever having carried any such tales, but Mr. R. would not believe him, saying, "How could he mention certain facts about us, if you or some other person had not told him?" "Ah," said his friend, "not only you and your family but we all are described at these meetings. Our evil doings are exposed and we are made to feel

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guilty before God." Mr. R. was unable to sleep that night, nor could he find peace next day. His mind was perplexed and agitated. "How could Mr. Anderson know so much about our family life?" was the question he asked himself again and again. When evening came he asked his friend if he might have a place in his sleigh, as he would like to attend another meeting. Room was willingly made for him. Arriving at the church, it was again found to be uncomfortably full. Mr. R. pushed his way forward as on the previous evening, and if he and his family had been described the night before, they were now more freely and pointedly referred to. Every word that was uttered seemed to Mr. R. as if directed especially to him, and came with irresistible power into his heart, saying in the words of Nathan to David, "Thou art the man." On the way home, however, there was no quarreling with his neighbor, or accusation against him as a talebearer. Instead came a full acknowledgment of the truthfulness of what had been said, and a deep sense of guiltiness before God. Arriving home quite late at night, he found his family had retired, but arousing his wife and children, he told them some of what he had heard at the meeting. Said he, "We are lost, and

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are not aware of it. We have been living ungodly lives, not knowing God or our great danger. Our only hope of salvation is in accepting the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, and in mending our ways." He then took down a Bible, covered with the dust of months, and read a number of passages from the neglected volume; pointing out, according to his ability, with tearful, stammering utterances, the sinful state in which they as a family had been living. He then asked them to join with him in prayer, and all the family for the first time in their lives threw themselves on their knees at the throne of grace, confessing their sins and imploring pardon. Day dawned ere they rose from their knees, but none had any desire for sleep. It was a never-to-be-forgotten night in that home.

Next forenoon, tidings of what had taken place reached me, and I hastened to call upon the family, and set before them more fully the way of salvation. In the evening it was not necessary for Mr. R. to ask a seat in his neighbor's sleigh. From that time forward his own horses and sleigh were to be seen regularly on the way to the meeting, taking with them all who had any desire to attend. In course of time Mr. R. found that he would be obliged to withdraw from the church of his fathers. He and

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his family were admitted into full communion with us, and became very active, earnest, consistent members of our congregation.

Many years after, when I was re-visiting my first parish, I was told that Mr. R. was in a dying condition. He fully realized that his days were numbered, and was quite reconciled to the fact. One thing, however, he earnestly desired, should it be according to God's will, and that was, that he might remain in his earthly tabernacle until he would once more see his old pastor. Accordingly I drove, without delay, to his home. His wife met me, saying, "John is very low and has been praying that the Lord would spare him to see you. I am so glad you have come." I asked to be allowed to enter his chamber first to see if my friend would recognize me. At the first glimpse he cried out, "My old pastor! Thank God! He has given me my heart's desire," and seized me by both hands with a death-grip. He told me of all the devices the evil one had employed in the attempt to shake his faith, and of how conscious he was of the presence of the Saviour to strengthen and comfort in the hour of trial. He had found the promise true, "At evening time there shall be light."

CHAPTER XVII.

APPROACHING CHANGES.

WHEN the usual time arrived for the Spring Communion, our Session deemed it proper to postpone the dispensation of the ordinance in case any, through excitement, might apply for admission to the table of the Lord without the knowledge and requisite preparation so essential.

After a course of special instruction and personal examination, sixty-four earnest applicants were received, and admitted into the full membership of the congregation at Lancaster. At the Second Concession, and Dalhousie Mills, about the same number were received. The breaking up of the roads in the spring increased our labors very much. To meet the needs of both congregations, and the pressing calls of anxious individuals, both public and private meetings had to be arranged for in various localities. An extract from my diary dated May 12th, 1865, reads: "It is now more than a year since I wrote anything in this book. I have had no time to do so. During the past year many

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encouraging things have met me, but there have also been many discouragements. . . . Satan seems to use every power at his disposal to frustrate the work of the Lord in this place; he leaves no stone unturned. May Jehovah rebuke him, and may his attacks lead us to be more earnest at the Throne of Grace." But the shower of Divine grace with which the people had been so highly favored gradually ended. It was indeed a fine shower, in many ways resembling a natural shower, beginning with a drop here and there, increasing in number and weight, until a flood was formed which covered the whole country, sweeping away a great deal of dead and decayed rubbish, and turning the barren fields of God's own heritage into fruitfulness. The Good Spirit of the Lord, in the words of the Psalmist, "came down like rain upon the mown grass as showers that water the earth." But the light clouds passed over, and a period of drought set in. The "heavens became as brass, and the earth as iron." Meetings for prayer and religious instruction were numerous and well attended, but the presence of the Holy Spirit was not experienced as in former days. Years of struggle were endured in the attempt to resist the enemy's attack on myself as well as on the congre-

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gation. No sooner was one assault over than another of an entirely different nature was commenced. The enemy was unable to destroy God's good work in the heart of true believers, but he did what he could to belittle it, and mar its outward appearance and fruit. These long-continued conflicts and the lack of any direct tokens of the Divine presence led me to think that perhaps my labors in Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills should end. At this very time, when in this restless and unsettled state of mind, two calls reached me, one from Vankleek Hill, and the other from Tiverton, Ont. Previous calls had not been considered, but at this juncture I felt that the time had come when it would be wisdom to let the calls come before Presbytery. "January 3rd, 1869. My people in both congregations are at present in an unsettled state. Edicts anent my translation have been served. The people are attached to me and I to them. It will be hard to leave them." "January 20th. Still undecided as to the sphere of my future labors. Never have I been in such straits. Strong claims are urged in favor of both Vankleek Hill and Tiverton; while the Lancaster people have decided to attempt the support of a pastor without the aid of Dalhousie. The people at the latter place although fewer in number are

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willing to do the same, but I have my doubts regarding their ability to do so.”

The Presbytery met in Montreal, and there were present on that occasion the Rev. John Fraser, in support of the Tiverton call, other persons to support that from Vankleek Hill, and a strong deputation from Lancaster and Dalhousie Mills to oppose the translation of their pastor. The two calls were considered by the Presbytery, the persons most concerned being heard in support of their respective claims. I was then called upon to express my opinion, but as I was rising to do so a petition from Lancaster, consented to by Dalhousie, was laid upon the table, praying for the disjunction of the two congregations, and asking that the services of the pastor might be confined to the former congregation alone. At this stage it was moved and seconded by members of Presbytery, and carried unanimously, that this petition be dealt with before taking procedure regarding the two calls. The result was that the petitioners got all they demanded, and this act of Presbytery, for which I was not in any way responsible, made my path of duty very clear. I at once declined both calls, and became pastor of the Lancaster congregation alone. My connection with Dalhousie Mills terminated on

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April 1st, 1869. My labors were in this way very much lessened, and my health, which had been yielding under pressure of the previous heavy strain, was improved, but I was far from being contented.

Although the disjunction had been brought about in the most friendly manner possible, it did not prove satisfactory. I had a more than ordinary attachment to that part of my flock from which I was now separated. The great majority were the fruits of my own labors. I knew their religious life intimately, and now I missed their earnest prayers and godly influence. Although I had very many noble, warm-hearted friends in Lancaster, I was restless, and could not settle down to work, therefore when in December of the same year a second call came to me from Tiverton, I decided to accept it in spite of the opposition of the people. I was convinced that in my unsettled and restless state of mind I could no longer benefit them, and that a new minister would accomplish more and better work. Accordingly, when on January 27th, 1870, the second call from Tiverton was placed in my hands by the Presbytery of Montreal, I signified my desire to accept it, and arrangements were made for my release from Lancaster on the fifteenth day of the following month.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW FIELDS OF LABOR.

“1870, March 2nd.—‘Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.’ To-day I have been inducted at Tiverton by the Presbytery of Huron. Rev. John Fraser, of Kincardine, preached a very impressive sermon. His subject was, ‘The Cross.’ In answering the questions put to me at the induction, I felt very much my inability to perform the duties of a minister of the Gospel. Oh, that God would give me more grace and wisdom to enable me to do His will in my new sphere.” My first impression of my new field of labor is indicated in the following entry which I now quote from my diary. “1870, May 2nd. For the last two months I have been putting forth all my strength in visiting my new flock. I have visited over one hundred and twenty families, who regard themselves as connected with my charge. There are many yet to visit. I find the people generally far behind in spiritual things. What a field of labor the Lord has now opened up to me.”

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Mr. John Thorrington, who was an active elder in the congregation, drove me in his own buggy to visit all the families regarded as Presbyterian. Underwood formed, at that time, part of the charge, and regular services were held in both languages, English and Gaelic. Kincardine, on the one hand, and Centre Bruce, on the other, were the nearest congregations, and people came from great distances to the services, which though very protracted were highly appreciated. Buggies were not then in common use, but the people, old and young, male and female, came on foot, and no complaints were uttered among them regarding the roughness of the roads or the length of the services. Indeed, they seemed to show no weariness in listening to the message.

But there were some things not in accordance with Presbyterian order which had to be changed. The Sabbath School was regarded as a Union School, and the teachers were to a large extent persons not in sympathy with our standards. Hence the Shorter Catechism had been laid aside, and the teachers were all allowed to set forth any views of Divine truth which they themselves saw proper. I had therefore to insist upon the uniformity of the teaching in the Sabbath School with that of the

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pulpit, and hence the Shorter Catechism had to be taught. A meeting of the teachers was called, and a resolution embracing my proposal was discussed, and carried, by the casting vote of the minister. As the result of this change some of the teachers withdrew from the school, and went to other churches.

Another difficulty that had to be met was in relation to the ordinance of baptism. Previously, my rule was to baptize only the children of parents in full communion with the church. Parents who were not in that relationship, and who applied for baptism for their children, had to be examined regarding their faith in Christ Jesus. They had to appear before the Session, and if considered worthy, were admitted into full communion, and then they received the ordinance, and their names were enrolled as members in good standing. But at Tiverton this order was not followed, for baptism was given to all parents who applied for it, no matter how indifferent they were regarding the salvation of their own souls. This state of affairs drove me to a very careful study of the subject, but I was not able to discover any reason to change my views, and my mind became more convinced than ever that only the children of believing parents were eligible, or could benefit by baptism.

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The weekly prayer-meetings, also conducted in English and Gaelic, in the church, were largely attended. But as the people were very much scattered throughout the country, and as they could not all very well attend prayer-meeting at the church, I held services on week days in various districts. One of the places where these week-day services were conducted was Inverhuron. The Gaelic-speaking people there were numerous, and had had the benefit of a religious training in the land of their birth, before coming to this country. They were regular in their attendance on the means of grace, both on the Sabbath and at week-day meetings. The greater number of the heads of families conducted worship in their homes, but their children seemed to have been neglected, and hence they grew up in a state of indifference to all religious duties. Indeed, at that time, all the young people at Inverhuron showed but little concern about religious worship. They appeared as if they had no need of troubling themselves with such teachings, which they thought were above their comprehension. It was all right and proper for their parents, and sick people, and people of learning to attend worship, but youth, according to them, was

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the time for pleasure, and they most naturally pursued those things which gratified their own unrenewed hearts, and excluded all serious thought from their minds.

In starting a week-day service at Inverhuron, patience had to be exercised. They came to the meetings just as they would go to a secular or political gathering—not a Bible to be seen in the hand of any of them. So, of course, there was no such thing as the turning up of the text when it was announced, and to take part in the singing of Divine praise was never attempted. Besides, light in those days was very scarce. A lamp was generally placed before the minister, and perhaps another fastened about the door of the schoolhouse, in which the meetings were held. Was not the lack of outward light an emblem of the thick darkness which covered the unrenewed minds of the most of those who gathered to those meetings?

But this deplorable state of things at Inverhuron underwent, in the course of time, a great change. The number attending the meetings continued to increase. Many of the young people became interested, professed faith in Christ Jesus, united themselves to the church, and took an active part at the prayer-meeting, and in the work of the church. A

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Sabbath School was also organized, and an excellent library secured which was highly appreciated both by young and old. And now I question if there is another district within the limits of the congregation where a larger week-day meeting can be secured than at Inverhuron. A large number of the people of that district left the place and are now scattered abroad in the world, giving evidence, I trust, that they have been with Jesus.

Affairs connected with both congregations were advancing. Interest in religious things was becoming more and more manifest. Financially they got a little behind, for the church had to be enlarged, the glebe was full of large stumps, which had to be removed, and a manse had to be erected. After these things were done, a considerable amount of debt was incurred, and at that time money was very scarce and interest very high. A number of the people labored willingly with their own hands, yet the work could not be done without some money. The financial committee, which was composed of excellent men, who had the cause at heart, failed to see how they might meet their obligations. To use such questionable means to raise church funds as were adopted by some congregations, was not for a moment to be thought of. The

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committee held regular meetings, but could not agree on any special plan, and were rather discouraged. One of their number came to consult me on the important plan, explaining to me their difficulties, and asking my advice. "The best plan I can suggest is for us to face the debt, and wipe it off at once," was my reply. "We cannot do it," said he, "it is too much for the congregation." "Oh," said I, "I think it can be accomplished. I will undertake to do it, and will just begin with you. How much will you give to have the debt removed? Give a hundred dollars and this debt will never trouble you more." There was a short pause, then the good friend replied, "Well, if you are in earnest, I shall give fifty dollars to have it removed, and should you fail in your object, after appealing to the people, I shall give you the balance of the hundred." "That will do," said I; "you will not utter a word to anyone about my purpose till I see the people in their homes."

Having a pretty fair idea of the temporal circumstances of my flock, I wrote out a list of their names and attached to each a certain sum which, according to my judgment, would be the share of each on my list, and which would completely wipe out the debt. Early next morning I began to make

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my calls among the people, and when the nature of my errand was made known to them their surprise was complete. Some of them were pleased, and with smiling countenances said, "Yes, we shall pay the sum attached to our name." One lady added, "Mr. Anderson, if you remove that debt from the congregation, I shall give you a tall hat besides," a promise which she faithfully fulfilled. The rest of the people whose names were on the list, while they jocularly might ask, "Who placed my name on your list?" yet cheerfully agreed to pay the sums opposite their names, on condition that the debt would be removed. Not one of them refused to pay the amounts proposed, for they were in earnest and had a mind to give liberally to the cause of Christ. The result was that before dinner-time I had over nine hundred dollars promised, and some of it in cash, to meet the debt. In two or three days, I had the pleasure of having a subscription of over twenty-seven hundred dollars, which was enough to pay the debt, and make large improvements in the church.

Friends belonging to the Underwood congregation were deeply interested in our work at Tiverton and contributed liberally, though they had no church they could call their own, but were worshipping

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in a Union Church, which had been erected by Presbyterians and Baptists. As the Presbyterians, in course of time, outnumbered the Baptists, they bought over their share of the property and it became an independent Presbyterian congregation.

The debt against the Tiverton congregation having been removed, the people enjoyed a period of great prosperity. The church, though enlarged, began to be crowded with an attentive and earnest audience. Large numbers were added to the communion roll. Then a general desire pervaded the whole congregation to have all the services of the minister confined to Tiverton. This implied a separation from Underwood, which required an act of Presbytery. The Presbytery of Huron, under whose jurisdiction they were, granted them their desire and separated them from that congregation.

After this separation the Tiverton congregation enjoyed regular services in both languages every Sabbath morning and evening. But every two weeks, instead of an evening sermon, a lecture was delivered upon the doctrines contained in the standards of our Church. These fortnightly services were of a catechetical nature, and designed to prove and defend by passages of Scripture the doctrines set

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forth in our catechisms and confession of faith. The hearers were expected to take notes of the lectures so as to be able to answer questions put to them at the next meeting, when the lecture was carefully reviewed. They had also the privilege of asking questions connected with the subjects under discussion, which they could either write out and hand to the minister or present personally at the meeting.

This mode of instruction enlightened the minds of the congregation in the doctrines of the Church; for many of them had no settled views of the doctrines which they professed to believe. Indeed, many had no views at all on religious subjects and knew not what they believed; hence they saw but little difference between the varied teachings of the denominations around them. It was, therefore, necessary to instruct them so as to enable them to distinguish truth from error, and to give a reason for the hope which they entertained regarding the salvation of their souls.

This catechetical mode of instruction came to be very popular. The church became crowded. Great interest was awakened among the hearers in the study of the Bible. Some of them became experts in turning up passages of Scripture in proof of the points under discussion. To avoid the prejudice of

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some who were sceptical and directly opposed to Presbyterianism, the terms confession, or catechism, or standards were excluded from the lectures. But the doctrines contained in our standards were prominently set forth, and many of the hearers were not aware that the lectures had anything to do with the standards till they were ended. The result of those lectures in due time was most evident. Some declared that they received more benefit through them than ever they did through preaching. One man said: "I cannot account for it, Mr. Anderson, but it is a fact that when you came to this place I could not agree with your teaching, but a change has taken place so that now we are of the same mind, and I have no doubt but you hold forth the same truths which Paul declared." He did not know how the change took place. I could have enlightened him, but kept the secret to myself. It was brought about by the careful study of his Bible, which he highly respected and loved.

CHAPTER XIX.

FINAL PERIOD IN MINISTERIAL WORK.

THE first year or two after parting with Underwood nothing very remarkable occurred. Interest in religious affairs continued to advance in the congregation. The people gathered from all parts of the county to hear the Word preached, and all appeared to be well satisfied with the services; all, except the minister, who felt the lack of clear evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit. A sentence or two from my diary at the beginning of the year 1873 will reveal a little of my mind: "I have had but little to encourage me during the year now ended. I am a wonder to myself. How can I be contented so long without seeing some real spiritual growth among my flock? But contented I have not been. Spiritual conflicts regarding my own state have engaged my thoughts of late. How can I take care of my flock when I cannot take care of myself? Lord, help me to fight the fight of faith. Make me more than a conqueror through Him that

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loved me. Surely if God were now to pour out His Spirit on my dear flock I could not take any of the glory of such a blessing to myself, for I am so weak and so vile a creature.”

In the state of mind thus indicated, and with an humble hope that God would revive His work in the congregation in answer to the prayers of His needy people, I decided to hold the week of prayer.

Every evening, except Saturday, for about three weeks the meetings were continued, and as a result a goodly number of those who attended became deeply impressed with a sense of their sin. Besides preaching I made it my duty to visit through the day the homes of those whom I noticed were attending the meetings. This gave me the opportunity of speaking to them personally regarding the salvation of their souls, and secured to me some knowledge of the nature of their difficulties. These visits increased the interest in the evening meetings and supplied me with suitable thoughts for the services.

They were conducted in a similar manner to those already referred to in Lancaster. As the month drew to a close I was burdened with a sense of the need of the people at Inverhuron, who, on account of the distance, were unable to attend these special

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meetings. I therefore arranged with some of my elders to continue the meetings at Tiverton, allowing me to start special services in this place. These were conducted chiefly in Gaelic and were of a catechetical nature. They were well attended and continued for several weeks, and in course of time resolved into a regular monthly meeting. Soon after this I was asked to take charge of a Congregational Church meeting on the tenth of Kincardine. The people were without a pastor at the time, and although my own duties were heavy I agreed to conduct an occasional service on a week-day evening. These meetings continued for seven weeks, and the little church was crowded in spite of the wintry storms. Anxious persons became numerous and there were several very marked instances of the power of the Holy Ghost manifested in convincing men and women of sin and leading them to repentance.

The Session was very careful about admitting persons into full communion, but after a course of instruction and examination of those who declared themselves to be new creatures in Christ Jesus, sixty-four were received. A goodly number of them were baptized on their own profession, not having been baptized in their infancy.

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The young people held meetings of their own, and some of the young men took an active part in the services and made good progress in their new life. Thus the pastor was encouraged in the multiplicity of his labors. But those times of blessing were not to continue forever. A reaction gradually set in, and perhaps no one realized it more keenly than I did.

Some time after this I was invited by Knox congregation, Harriston, to dispense the Lord's Supper, as they had no minister at the time. The result of this was a unanimous call. My mind was very much exercised regarding it, and I felt it could not be set aside without due consideration. While the Tiverton congregation seemed to be well satisfied with my services and were increasing in number, yet I had failed to discover any real spiritual fruit among them for some time. I felt, too, that there might be some in the congregation who would like a change. I concluded, therefore, to allow the call to take its regular course, and come to me through the Presbytery. Hence the Tiverton congregation was cited to appear for their interests at Port Elgin in the beginning of May, 1878. This citation produced great excitement in the congregation. The elders visited the manse and assured me that there

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were none in the congregation who desired a change of minister, and that they were to oppose my translation. The elders also decided to visit their districts to ascertain more fully the mind of the people regarding the matter. Their report, which they submitted, was of the nature of a call. All the people without exception signed a written document opposing the translation. A large deputation from Tiverton attended the meeting of Presbytery, where the Harriston call was ably supported. After hearing both sides the Presbytery deliberated on the case, and then agreed to leave the whole matter to my own decision. I told them that I failed to see any good reason why I should leave my present charge. I was sure the Good Master had called me to Tiverton, and my services were to some extent owned, and I felt I should have a very good reason for leaving the place to which I was so certain I had been sent. I thanked the congregation at Harriston for their hearty and unanimous call, and hoped that the Good Shepherd of the sheep would direct them to one more worthy of their confidence than I was.

After the long period of hard work, day and night, through which I passed during the special meetings in the congregation, I began to feel in

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need of rest. In those days there were no such things as holidays for ministers. There was, however a great demand for more laborers in mission fields. Manitoulin Island was at that time one of our mission fields, and two young men, students of our college, were laboring there with success and desired the Presbytery to send them an ordained minister to organize congregations and dispense ordinances on the island. The Presbytery recognized the importance of the proposal, and the minister at Tiverton was chosen, and with his consent appointed with full Presbyterian authority to proceed to organize congregations. The Presbytery undertook to supply his pulpit during his absence.

As the season was now far advanced and I was anxious to return before the cold weather, I lost no time in starting out on the journey. As I could not get a boat at Kincardine I had to drive to Owen Sound. From there I proceeded to Little Current, where I met Mr. Hugh McKay, an earnest, devoted student of Knox College. It was decided to begin at Gore Bay, where I spent a whole week visiting families and receiving applicants for the Lord's Supper. Here I found a small family of more than ordinary interest, which I must briefly notice. The parents were very earnest in their attempts to train

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up their children in the fear of God. Their knowledge, however, was very limited. As I entered their little home with my Bible in my hand and sat down to read some passages, the whole family gathered around me. As I began to give a short exposition of the passage the father drew the attention of his wife to it, in words to the following effect: "That is the passage we were reading the other day and which we could not understand. See that you get right hold of what he says, so that we may understand it after this." I made a number of visits to their home that week and was satisfied of their sincerity. The parents surrendered themselves to the Lord, professed faith in the Lord Jesus, dedicated their children to the Lord in baptism, and were admitted into full communion. The Lord's Supper was dispensed at the close of that week.

In this connection an unusual difficulty presented itself. The Lord's Supper had never been dispensed in that district before. The people had made no preparation for the ordinance. They had no church, nor any building in the village suitable for the occasion, large enough to accommodate the people. Then a more serious difficulty arose. There was no wine to be got in the village. The discovery was not made until Saturday, so there was no time to

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send for any. What was to be done? To cancel the service would be a sore disappointment to the people, who were looking forward to it with great interest. After considering the matter I decided to use raspberry wine instead of the juice of the grapes. Fortunately the lady in whose house I was boarding knew how to make it, and her children were sent to gather the berries, which, though late in the season, were easily got. Before bedtime on Saturday night we had everything ready for the Sabbath services. Before we retired to rest it was reported that a boat would likely call at the wharf before morning, and a friend was appointed to watch, and if such a vessel came, to secure a bottle of wine for the ordinance. Fortunately a steamer did come that night and the wine was secured, as pure as could be got, but it was not so pure as the raspberry wine. The communion day was very favorable. A large congregation assembled and a goodly number commemorated the death of our Lord Jesus for the first time. To many it was a day not to be forgotten.

The services at Gore Bay being concluded, we began our journey back again to Little Current. We went most of the way in a sailboat, my guide, Mr. McKay, our missionary student, being an excellent boatman. About half-way between Gore Bay and

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Little Current we stopped over night at a lumber camp, visited the families and held service.

At Little Current we visited a number of families and held public services on Sabbath, but no ordinances were administered. Early in the week we started in our boat for Manitowaning. In that village there was a hotel just about to be opened for the accommodation of travellers. Here we managed to secure a room for the night. After breakfast next morning I had to part with my faithful and good guide. The weeks I had spent in his company afforded me a splendid opportunity of seeing his devotion to duty, his zeal, his desire to lead sinners to Christ, and his concern for the Indians that were scattered around the island. In handing in my report of my labors on the island I had the pleasure of recommending him as the right man in the right place, and in every way suited for the work among the Indians. The recommendation was well received by the brethren of the Presbytery, and resulted in his being unanimously appointed by the church as our Indian missionary.

Parting with Mr. McKay, I proceeded with Mr. Baird, another student whose field of labor was very extensive, but who proved himself quite equal to the difficulties he had to contend with. Mani-

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towaning was one of his stations, but he lived at Fossil Hill, where he held regular meetings. His principal stations were Manitowaning, Michael Bay and Providence Bay. Accordingly it was decided to have sacraments dispensed at these three stations. (There were a number of other places where he held meetings, but our time did not admit of our visiting them all.) Here a very grave obstacle stood in my way. Mr. Baird had no horse, but went regularly to all his stations on foot, and did not seem to heed it. He was the best walker I ever knew. But I felt the distances were too long for me to attempt, so Mr. Baird went in search of a horse, for such animals were very scarce in those districts. They could not be had for love or money. After spending the best part of a day in the search he succeeded in obtaining an old horse and saddle, so we proceeded to Michael Bay without further delay. Here we held several meetings. Applicants for the Lord's Supper were received, and all the preparation necessary for the solemn ordinance, which was to be administered on Sabbath, was attended to.

On Saturday afternoon we started for Providence Bay, reaching there about sunset. Next morning we walked four or five miles inland to a place called Old Woman's Lake, where we met the Sabbath

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School and a nice little congregation in the school-house. Both sacraments were administered. We then had to get back to Michael Bay in time for the evening service. My old horse knew the road very well, but was slow. He could not keep up with Mr. Baird's walking. Nor did I feel inclined to force him, for I was very tired of the saddle. To make our journey more trying we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and having nothing to protect us we were soon wet to the skin. Part of the road was only a footpath, so narrow that the branches of the trees met overhead and hung so low that the horse had to press through them, causing them to empty their burden of rain on the rider, filling his boots as full of water as they could hold.

Although the old horse was slow, yet he was safe. Had it not been so his rider might have been left as Absalom of old, hanging in a tree which had fallen on the path. The horse did not distinguish the fallen tree from the overhanging branches, and was determined to press through its very centre; but the moment he was told to stop he obeyed, so I was able to free myself from the entanglement. We arrived at Michael Bay an hour or two after the time appointed for the service, but the people were patiently waiting, and the schoolhouse was full

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of expectant persons. Before we got our wet clothes removed and ourselves fit to appear before the people, the evening was far advanced. We proceeded, however, with the services, preached and administered the Lord's Supper, concluding a little before midnight.

The following morning I felt pretty well exhausted, and hence we decided to remain where we were all the day to recuperate our strength for the next day's journey and work. On the following day we reached Mr. Baird's boarding-house, where some services were held. The most of our time that week was to be spent at Manitowaning. But here a new difficulty arose. My old horse had to go home, and the distance to Manitowaning was too great for me to walk. There was only one farmer in the neighborhood who had horses and wagons, but as he did not come to any of Mr. Baird's meetings we could not ask him for any assistance. As he was a Presbyterian I decided to call and see him. I found him in the field with a cradle in his hand, just about to begin to cut down a beautiful field of wheat. I introduced myself to him as a minister from the Presbytery of Bruce, appointed to the island for four Sabbaths to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments. I told him that I had been now

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three weeks attempting to fulfil my appointments, but that the stations were so far apart, and the people so scattered, I was very much exhausted, not being accustomed to travel so much on foot, and said I had come to him for assistance, as I saw he had horses and vehicles about. He listened to what I had to say with great attention, and then said, "Well, we have a great need of the preaching of the Gospel in this place. They have been sending us young boys to preach among us. But they don't know what the Gospel is, and they don't preach it. They cannot impose on some of us, for we have had the privilege of hearing it before we came to this country, and cannot accept the stuff they offer as Gospel. I was a hearer of Dr. McDonald before I came to Canada. He was the man that could preach the Gospel. But," said he, looking at his fine field of wheat, and then at the cloud that was in the horizon, "you have come on a very unfavorable day for me. I am anxious to get this cut and have it secured while the weather is favorable." There was then a short pause. But my mind was aroused at his words, and with more than ordinary liberty I spoke to him in a strain somewhat similar to the following: "You have been a hearer of Dr. McDonald? Is this the fruit of his preaching in you?"

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Were he here just now he would be ashamed of you. You complain that the Gospel is not preached by those who are sent to preach it. I have been preaching it on this island for nearly three weeks, and sometimes at your very door, yet I have failed to see you at any of the meetings, and how can you tell whether I preach the Gospel or not when you do not come to hear what I preach? Why, your conduct is not worthy of Dr. McDonald. It is enough to make him rise out of his grave, if it were within his power, and rebuke you for attempting to excuse yourself under the circumstances." As I was pouring in the man's ear expressions of this nature, he cried out, "Stop! stop! say no more. I will go with you." And so he did. He laid aside his cradle, fixed up his wagon, and got his horses ready in a very short time. I had no more trouble after this in getting to the meetings while I was on the island, for he was always ready with his wagon to take me wherever I wished to go.

The communion services were conducted at Manitowaning on Sabbath afternoon. This was not the first communion that had been dispensed at that station, for there was a very nice little congregation which had been organized there some time previous. That evening I had to part with Mr. Baird. I was

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not at all surprised when, in later years, he was appointed as one of the professors in our college at Winnipeg.

Some time after my return home I agreed to go to the aid of one of our ministers at his communion services in Algoma. It was a long and expensive journey, but I felt it my duty to comply with the urgent invitation of the minister. So I took my journey to Owen Sound, where I could secure a boat. I left early on Monday morning in hope of reaching Port Finlay in good time for the preparatory services that were to begin on the following Thursday forenoon. The first part of my journey was pleasant, but on reaching Little Current we found the channel full of lumber forced in by a strong wind from the lake, which made it impossible for our vessel to proceed. This hindrance was a great disappointment to all on board, and we were crowded with passengers. No one had any idea when we could get away, as we were at the mercy of the winds. I had a little talk with the captain of the vessel, telling him the object of my journey and my promise to be at Port Finlay on Thursday in time for the morning service, which I was to conduct. He told me very plainly that it would be impossible to reach Port Finlay by Thursday morn-

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ing. He was powerless and could not help matters in the least degree. "I wonder," said I, "if there be none in this large crowd of passengers who have faith in God, and who would ask Him to cause the winds to blow from the opposite direction, and drive out the lumber to the lake so that we might have a clear channel." The captain only smiled at my idea, regarding it, I suppose, as a piece of folly, but within twenty minutes a cry was heard, "The wind is changed! The wind is changed!" and another cry equally vigorous, "The lumber is moving out!" Then came the command from the captain, "Let go the cables." And in an instant we were moving out towards the lake with the lumber. Whether this was in answer to the prayers of someone on the vessel or not I am not prepared to say, but there were many prayers offered by earnest souls that day for the success of our journey.

Port Finlay was reached on Thursday evening, and on stepping ashore I inquired of the minister how he had succeeded with the morning service. He told me that he had spoken a few words in English, but as most of the people were Gaelic-speaking, they were disappointed and refused to go home. "They have remained in the church all day praying for your safe arrival," said he. "Well,"

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was my reply, "drive me to the church at once." "Had you not better go to the manse first and partake of some refreshment?" "No, no," I urged, "I can wait till the services are over." In a very short time we arrived at the church, a nice frame building of a good size, and crowded to the door with people. One man was standing at the front pouring out his heart in prayer to God that the minister who was to break to them the bread of life might be protected by the way, and brought to them in safety. This part of the prayer I heard, for I stepped forward on my arrival at the door and got to the pulpit before the prayer was ended.

I introduced myself to the large assembly as the object of their prayers, and as they had had the preliminary services already I proceeded with my sermon.

In the beginning of December, 1893, my mind began again to be considerably exercised regarding the state of my flock. Indeed, I felt somewhat discouraged on account of the apathy manifested by many of the members of the congregation regarding their spiritual life. This was clearly seen by their irregularity at Divine service on Sabbath morning, and at the weekly prayer-meeting. There was also a tendency among them to wander away

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from the evening service to other places of worship. These things had a very depressing effect upon me; and although I was not conscious of any lack of energy, what I discovered among the people led me to seriously and prayerfully examine myself in case the cause of indifference among the people might lie in myself. As I was seriously investigating the matter the question pressed heavily upon my mind: "Are you doing all you can to awaken a deeper interest among your flock regarding spiritual things?" I could not answer this question in the affirmative. My health was excellent, and I felt it might be well to conduct some special services. Without revealing the state of my mind to anyone except to the Good Master Himself, I resolved to make some calls among friends and feel their pulse regarding the matter. As I entered the homes, without any prompting on my part, the conversation turned upon the benefit of special religious meetings, and strong desires were expressed in two or three families that such might be held. These expressions, in conjunction with the previous exercise of my own mind on the subject, resulted in the arranging of a series of meetings in the school-house at Inverhuron. The interest in these meetings grew from week to week; people who seldom

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attended church flocked to the schoolhouse, and a number of young men, who had never been seen at any religious meeting, now came night after night. Our hearts were made glad by the evidence of the Spirit's presence amongst us.

But this shower of Divine grace at Inverhuron did not appear to reach the bulk of the congregation. Their absence made it very manifest that their sympathies were not with us. Many of those who enjoyed special favor at our last season of grace, and had become active workers in the congregation, had emigrated to other countries, while death had also claimed a large number. This naturally weakened the congregation very much, and made it very clear that something had to be done to prevent it from getting into financial arrears. I therefore resolved that if no improvement, spiritual or financial, was manifested in the course of a certain period of time, definitely fixed in my own mind, I would resign and allow another to occupy the field. This resolution was not made known, and in the meantime I endeavored to labor faithfully, and increased my liberality that the people might not be overburdened. I do not know that the latter was the wisest course to pursue, but at any rate it served to show the congregation that I was not there for the

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sake of making money. At the time appointed I accordingly announced my resignation at the annual meeting of the congregation, and forwarded it to the Presbytery.

The Presbytery professed great reluctance in accepting the resignation and deferred it for six months. I was released from active service on the 15th day of July, 1894, thus bringing to a close a pastorate in Tiverton of twenty-four years and four months.

Upon the jubilee of Mr. Anderson in the ministry the following address (illuminated) was presented to him by the Presbytery of Bruce :

“Dear Brother,—The Presbytery of Bruce, of which you have been for many years a highly esteemed member, desires to convey to you its earnest and heartiest congratulations on this your jubilee. Many also beyond the bounds of this Presbytery rejoice with you on this happy occasion, and unite in rendering sincere thanks to the Lord and Master for sparing you so long to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

“During all those years you have been a most diligent, faithful and successful laborer in the Lord’s vineyard. Your sermons always bore evidence that you were a close and intelligent student of the Word of God, and as a result of such study your preaching

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has been very instructive and acceptable to your hearers. You have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, and kept back nothing that was profitable to your people, and preached a free and full salvation, and ably, lovingly and earnestly expounded and defended the doctrines of God's Word.

"You tenderly and faithfully warned the erring, counselled the perplexed and comforted the sorrowing.

"Diligence and tender care have always characterized you in your oversight of the flock. You have been with your people in times of joy and sorrow, 'rejoicing with those who did rejoice, and weeping with those who wept.' Many a discouraged soul has been cheered by your words of sympathy and strengthened by your prayers.

"Your Christian walk and conversation have been such as powerfully to influence for good both old and young with whom you have associated.

"We believe that when the Lord shall come to summon His own home that many will arise to call you blessed.

"The great King and Head of the Church gave you very clear tokens of His approval. He has highly honored your ministry by the ingathering of a large number of sinners into the fold of Christ, and in the edification of the saints.

"As a member of Presbytery you have always taken an active part, and readily and efficiently performed the duties to which you were appointed.

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“The Presbytery desires also to extend very hearty congratulations to Mrs. Anderson, who equally with you has faithfully and acceptably performed her duties. She has with you borne the burden and heat of the day, and our prayer is that the Lord may cause His richest blessings to descend upon both of you in your declining years, and when His wise and holy purposes with you here are fulfilled, that each of you may hear Him say, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

“May you as parents, together with your sons and daughters, meet as an unbroken family ‘without fault before the throne of God,’ where there is fullness of joy and where there are pleasures forevermore.

“Signed on behalf of the Bruce Presbytery.

“H. McQUARRIE,

“A. TOLMIE.

“October 11th, 1904.”

Mr. Anderson lived fourteen years after his retirement. During this time nothing gave him greater pleasure than the opportunity of supplying some ministerial brother's pulpit. Latterly he was laid aside by sciatica, and the last time he entered a pulpit he could not walk without limping.

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On the 14th of August, 1906, his wife, Margaret Kennedy, was taken home. As he had always depended greatly on her, he felt her loss most keenly. They were not, however, long separated. In less than two years he also passed away.

The experiences of his last illness were quite in keeping with those of his early life. His physical suffering was most intense; his strong constitution resisting death to the very last. The enemy, taking advantage of his enfeebled condition, attacked him relentlessly, sweeping away every promise of Divine truth upon which he was wont to rely. Coming once again out of the horror of great darkness, his end was full of peace and joy in believing. One morning, as one of his sons approached his bedside, he said: "It is all right now. I know now why I have been kept on this bed of suffering so long. They say a drowning man sees all his life pass before him in a moment of time, and I too have had such a vision. The Good Master has spread out before me all I have ever tried to do for Him, and the sky is full of stars—stars that I have won for Him. I can see where they begin, but I cannot see where they end." This thought that he had really been instrumental in gathering stars for the Master's crown filled him

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with the deepest joy. The stars seemed to be with him to the end, and when he became too weak to speak much, he would murmur, "Happy, happy!" and softly clap his hands, requesting those who were round to clap with him.

His intellect remained bright to the very last, and so long as he had strength he discussed freely the truths of God's Word, with which he was so familiar. Within half an hour of his death, when told he would soon be with the saints in glory, he made one more effort to say "Happy" and clap his hands. He passed away on April 22nd, 1908, surrounded by all his children, who had gathered around his bedside to render him what comfort they could during his last hours upon earth.

