

PIONEER WORK
IN CANADA
PRACTICALLY PRESENTED
By J. J. ROUSE.

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DEDICATION.

TO my beloved wife, Eva O. W. Rouse, who, during our thirty-seven years of married life, by her self denial, manifested in her not ever saying to me while at home, "Do not go away," or while away, "Come home," made it possible for me to be away so much in the work of the Lord, I lovingly dedicate this book.

J. J. ROUSE.



[Frontispiece.
Mr. ROUSE AT 65 YEARS OF AGE.

PREFACE.

IT is with no desire on my part, to put myself in evidence, or to add to the number of the many books, the making of which there is no end (Eccl. 12. 12) that I send forth this volume.

During the past number of years, as I have related to different brethren of adult years some of my experiences in pioneer work, I have been urged by them to put this into printed form, and now I yield to their request.

I do so with the definite object in view, first, that it may in a very real way stimulate the fast waning desire on the part of many young men to go out into untrodden fields with the glorious Gospel, so that those in our own land who are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death might have their feet guided into the way of peace (Rom. 3. 17; Luke 1. 79).

And second, that by young men so doing, they will not only be approved by the Lord, but they will also have the opportunity of proving Him, and thus as a result they will know in a very real way spiritual development and spiritual stamina—that alone is the outcome of often being in circumstances where faith is tried and where God is able to reward faith in supplying every need. That He may bless this book to this end is my earnest prayer.

PREFACE.—*Continued.*

As I have never kept a diary, and am trusting to memory, I consequently cannot vouch for the accuracy of dates, and moreover I do not mean to infer that the Gospel was never preached in Canada prior to some sixty-three years ago, but this book contains, to some extent, an account of work carried on by those who gather alone in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

J. J. ROUSE,
Calgary,
Canada.

May 15th, 1935.

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J. J. ROUSE AT 25 YEARS OF AGE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION.

IT has been said, while there are many events of interest in each individual's life, the greatest of all these are, from the world's point of view, first, one's birth, second, one's marriage, and third, one's death. As a rule, people are more talked about at these times than at any other. In John 16. 21, we read of joy when a man is born into the world. Second event, one's marriage, should always bring joy, for the Scriptures say, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing and obtaineth favour of the Lord" (Prov. 18. 22). However, due to lack of prayerful consideration and proper acquaintance, some marry in haste and repent in leisure. They afterwards find out the sad truth of the old saying, "Love is blind, but marriage is an eye-opener." Third, death, which is spoken of as the King of Terrors, or the Last Enemy (1 Cor. 15. 26) brings sorrow and sadness. For those who are saved it is no playground, although the sting of death (sin) has been borne by the Lord Jesus for such, when He died on Calvary's Cross (1 Cor. 15. 55-57), for even the Apostle Paul did not welcome the unclothing, although to be absent from the body, for him was to

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be present with the Lord (2 Cor. 5. 48). But for the unsaved, how much more dreadful, for absent from the body for them is to be lost forever. After death comes the judgment (Heb. 9. 27).

I was born on May 15th, 1869, on a farm in the township of Oro, Simcoe County, Ontario, Canada. Being the first-born seemed to fill my parents with joy. I have heard them tell of the wonderful feats I performed in my infant days, which apparently filled them with gladness, and I suppose they thought I was a little angel. However, if they had great joy in me as an infant, I fear I gave them many a sorrow as I grew up into early boyhood. Before I was very big the truth of Romans 3. 16, "Destruction and misery are in their ways," was very manifest in me in such things as deliberately tearing my brother's coat in strips: being sent with a basket of eggs to the store, and on the way seeing a stump which I thought would make a good target, I was able to hit it with eggs more frequently than if I had been throwing stones. Then again, gathering a lot of stones into my school-bag, and while passing my father's cow stable, seeing how many panes of glass I could knock out, and sorry to say, I did not miss any of them. This is only a few of the many things I was guilty of, thus demonstrating the truth of "Destruction and misery are in their ways." The destruction end of it was seen in my acts, and the misery part came in a very real way when my father got hold of me.

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Besides these individual acts, as I grew up into my early teens I became one of the gang of boys, who more or less kept the community in a turmoil, by such acts as visiting the Presbyterian Church, and while the people were listening to the sermon, taking the wheels from off their hay-rakes in front of the blacksmith's shop and packing them into the porch of the meeting-house, so that the people, when meeting was dismissed, could not get out until someone came out through a window and removed the wheels; then only to find the buggys they were to ride home in had been tampered with, so that when they would begin their journey the occupants were in danger of being thrown out. During the meeting we had been busy with a wrench, taking off a rear wheel and putting it on the front axle, and putting the front wheel on the rear axle. When the buggy was in motion the occupants would be rocked off their seats. Among the many other things that used to delight the heart of the gang was to go up to Knox Church Cemetery with a ball of lamp-wick wrapped and sewn, and soaked in coal-oil, and then with leather mittens on our hands, and the ball lighted, we would throw it from one to another and thus frighten the neighbours, who were more or less superstitious, so that they were afraid to go out of doors at night because of the reported ghosts moving about the cemetery.

This kind of life reached a climax when Alexander Marshall, Dr. James Law, and Dr. J. N. Case pitched

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a tent in the pasture field across the road from my father's. When a meeting was on in the tent one night, we caught an old roan horse, by the name of Rodney, and marching him up to the tent door, and after putting the horse's head in the door, we put a bull thistle under his tail, and, of course, the horse did not lift his tail to let it drop, but as is characteristic of such animals, he hugged it all the tighter as he went plunging into the tent, spreading consternation, and spoiling the meeting for the night.

It was about this time I was made to think of dying and having to meet God. The occasion was when I first attended a funeral. I do not remember any of the sermon preached, but I well remember, as I looked upon the form of her whom we called "Aunt Mary," the solemn question came to me with an irresistible force: "If your body was in a coffin, where would you be?" For nights I could not sleep, and I can assure you I did not go to the corner to get in with the gang to commit depredations. It was then I started to reform; I was led to believe that if I was a good boy God would love me and take me to heaven when I died, but if I was a bad boy, He would hate me and send me to the bad place, as it was called in that day. So I started trying to be good, thinking that this would make me fit for heaven. It was no mere makeshift with me. I was serious and in earnest. I would say my prayers and ask God to help me to be good.

In after years, while preaching a few miles north

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of home, where God saved an old man from the Highlands of Scotland, I was telling them how I would try to be good, when this old man stood up and shouted out, "Man, how could you be good when you had a bad father?" No doubt referring to John 8. 44, where Jesus said to the religious Pharisees, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father will ye do." However, being possessed with the idea that I had to be good to get to heaven, and not knowing that God had said, "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. 3. 12), I was straining every nerve in me, in trying to be good, as evidenced in the following incident: While ploughing one day, because the horses were too fast, I had the reigns tied behind my back, and by leaning into them I could deter the otherwise swift speed of the horses. The plough hit a stone, the handles hit me in the ribs, and although I had started off in the morning with a supposed clean sheet, and a prayer for the Lord to help me keep it clean throughout the day, when this happened I lost all my religion then and there. I felt so mortified, and so desperate over it that, when I got to the end of the field, I tied the horses to the fence so that I would not be disturbed in my prayers. I then kneeled down and said, "Oh, God, if I do the like again, strike me dead on the spot." I thought if anything could, surely this would scare me into being good. However, many a time I lost all my imagined goodness, but He did not strike me dead, and although I resisted the strivings of

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the Holy Spirit, God did not leave me alone.

Whenever I would get careless, He would cause something to happen to sober me up, and to make me again think of death, judgment and eternity. For instance, one day while harrowing, I was very tired at noon hour, and I attempted to ride one of the horses home, but as I was trying to get on his back, away they ran dragging me and hitting me with their feet, and I feared I would be killed, and I well remember how I cried out, "Oh, God, have I to die now?" Again, thoughtlessness and carelessness, forgetting I was a sinner and would have to die some day, would possess me. One day, when walking through my father's bush, a strong wind was blowing, and a large dead tree broke off and was within an inch of striking me; thus God continued to deal with me until I was fifteen years of age. I then attended meetings and was deeply concerned about my soul. I was sent one day by my father to get a load of wood in the bush, a mile distant, and all the way out I was trying to comfort myself with the thought that I had been pretty good for a few weeks, while the fervour of the meetings, which were being held in the Methodist Church, led me to think I was making some progress, and if I kept on I would be in heaven yet. At Sunday School in Sons of Temperance Hall we were encouraged to memorize whole chapters, yes, even whole books in the Bible. This day in the bush, while turning the horses around in the snow and brush, something happened that caused

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me to lose my religion, like Henry Knox, who, in trouble about his soul, while on the way home from a country school, where he was teaching, was saved in a fence corner, under a pin-cherry tree. His last prayer before he was saved was, "Oh, God, if you can save a black sinner, without a white spot on him, here's one." So that day in the month of March, 1885, I cried out, "Oh, God, I'm lost, there's no use of me trying to be good." I got the word on, and was on my way home, when I saw that, according to Romans 5. 6, "Christ died for the ungodly," and I passed from death unto life.

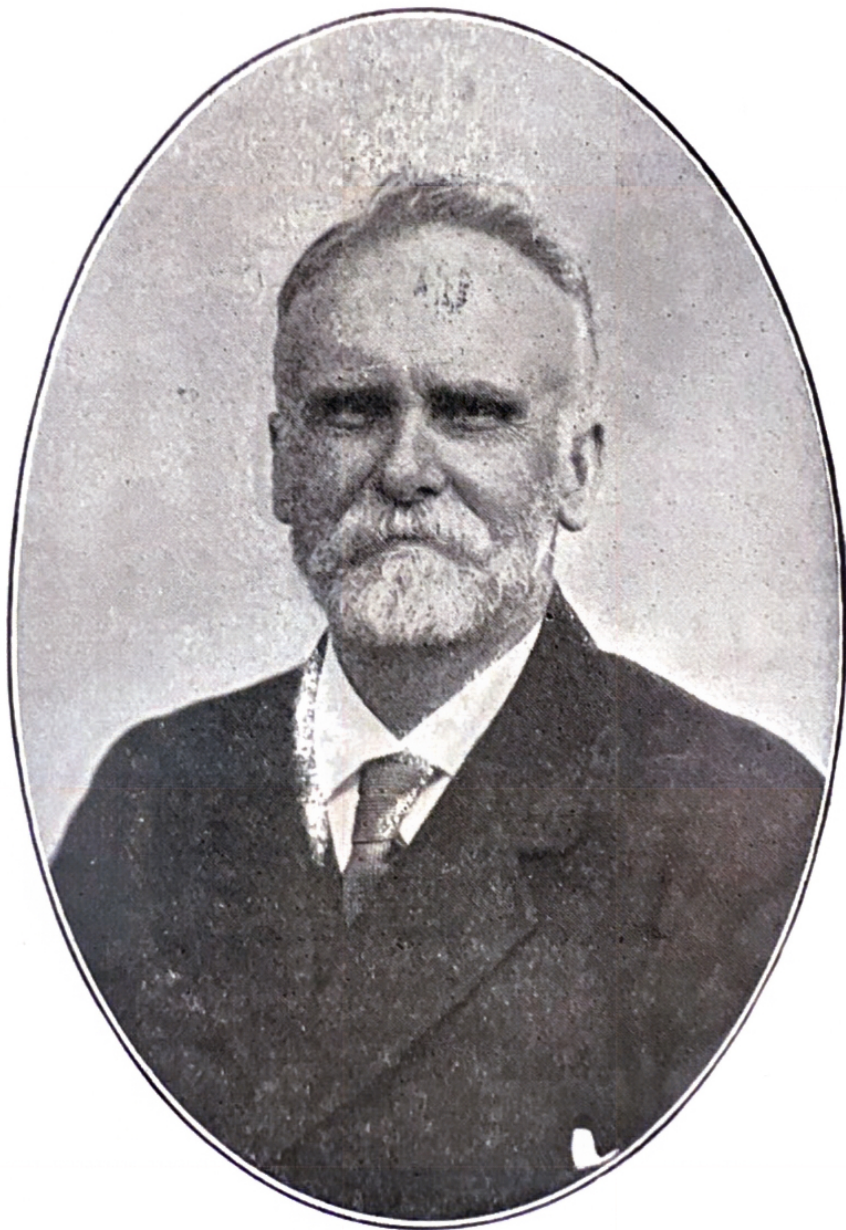
My parents at that time belonged to the Congregational denomination, and under the pastorate of J. C. Wright, I joined that denomination. I well remember when a young woman and I were given the right hand of fellowship together, and that day we partook of the sacrament with the other members of the congregation. It was to me a very solemn occasion. This very young woman was afterwards saved in meetings I had some fifteen years later. For some nine or ten years after I was saved I went on as a member of the Congregational denomination. The latter five or six years of that time I was active in Sunday School, and Christian Endeavour work, to the extent of attending conventions and organizing Christian Endeavour Societies. Soon after I was saved I listened to a missionary connected with the Congregational Church, John Curry, from Africa, and this stirred up in me an interest in Africa, which

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led me to have a definite desire for missionary work; and at the age of twenty-three, when I was told by my father to prepare to go on a farm, I made known what was to him a startling fact. I did not want to be a farmer, but a preacher.

This was a great surprise to both my father and my mother, as my father had an ambition to make all his four sons farmers. However, after my father had got over the sudden shock, he was willing for me to go to school; and I began, and for two years I was devoting all my time and energy in doing my best to obtain an education. My eldest sister, a member of the Congregational denomination, who had graduated as a school teacher, while in attendance at school had become a Baptist. Her first school was in a community, where there was an assembly of Christians gathered in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who were locally known as "Marshallites," a name given them by the public, because Mr. Alexander Marshall was the one who first preached the Gospel there. Next thing we knew, my sister had become one of these "Marshallites." This was not pleasing to us who were strict church people.

When vacation season came in July and August, we were both at home. Sunday morning arrived, and as we were preparing to go to the old country church at Rugby, my sister informed us she was not going to church, but to the hall on the other side of the cemetery from the church, where what we called



ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

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the "Marshallites" met. We used to laugh at them going into the hall, and passed such remarks about them as, "Poor silly few, they have no minister, they just go in there to sit and look at one another." It was a distance of four miles from our home at Rugby, and I told my sister she could ride with us, if she went to church. When she refused to do this I played the part of Saul of Tarsus (Acts 8. 3) by locking her in her bedroom, so she, as I thought, could not get out; but in this I was deceived, for she made her escape, and walked the four miles, as I found out later, not to sit and look upon each other, but to remember the Lord (Luke 19. 20; 1 Cor. 11. 23-26).

While attending college, preparatory to becoming a Congregational minister, one Saturday in the autumn of 1893, I was walking along the main street of the town, when I heard in an upstairs hall the singing of a hymn. I wondered what it could be, so I went up to investigate, and I found it to be a conference of Christians. That morning after the singing of the hymn, Mr. Donald Munro, of Toronto, spoke for an hour. His first text was Exod. 13. 13: "Every firstling of an ass shalt thou redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck." He went on to tell out the Gospel: "The firstling of an ass, an unclean animal, like the sinner, had to be redeemed, or else visited with judgment." Then he read from Mark 11. about the Lord Jesus telling His disciples to go, and at a place

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where two ways met they would find a colt, the foal of an ass, tied. He had need of it, and they were to loose the colt and bring it to Him, and upon it He rode into Jerusalem. And this colt He likened unto us, as redeemed and loosed ones who, when let go, were to bear the Lord on to others. We having no will of our own, but in complete subjection to the will of the One we were bearing along, He having control of the reins. "But," said Mr. Munro, "after I was redeemed, for four years a Congregational minister had the reins."

There was much in his address I rather enjoyed, but when he made this latter remark, I confess I was irritated in no small degree; so much so, that when the meeting was dismissed, in no uncertain sound, I took some time to vent my anger on a young man who was in perfect sympathy with what Mr. Munro had said. While engaged with this young man, I happened to look over my shoulder, and to my surprise, Mr. Munro was listening to what I had to say about that part of his address which was so offensive to me, "A Congregational minister having the reins." Mr. Munro, in a very gentle way, and his gentleness seemed in a measure to subdue me, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, "My dear young man, there is one thing I would like you to do." I replied by saying, "If it is within reason I will do it." Then he requested me to go home, and take my Bible and concordance, and see if I could find one place in the Word of God where

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it spoke about one man being set over a body of people, exercising the gifts of evangelist, pastor and teacher, and receiving a salary. Having been brought up in the traditions of the church, I most assuredly believed I could find it. So I went home to my boarding place and spent a busy afternoon trying to locate something to uphold my theory. Sometimes I thought I was coming across something which would help me out, but before I was through with it I found it only condemned me, and now forty-three years have passed and I have not found it yet; for the simple reason it is not in the Word of God. The fact of me not being able to find any scripture for what I was intending to become—a Congregational minister—only added to my distress and disappointment.

From that time on I was most miserable, and was continually harassed by the thought, "You, going to be a Congregational minister, and there is no scripture for belonging to the Congregational denomination, let alone to be a minister in it." I began to feel like Saul of Tarsus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." But rather than yield to the Lord, I began to compromise, and concluded the Baptists were more scriptural, and I would join them. They at least believed in Believer's Baptism. So I attended the Baptist meetings for a short time, but there they were with a Sectarian name, and a paid minister, and I knew this was not right. So then I tried another scheme, that was to attend the

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Moody School in Chicago, as it was undenominational. However, God in His grace dealt with me, and going to Moody's School was like looking death in the face. God very graciously laid His hand upon me, and I became violently and suddenly ill. A doctor was summoned, and he in turn called in three other doctors, and they said that I never would be better. However, it was then my will was broken, and I said, "Lord, if Thou wilt raise me up I am willing to do Thy will." So I could say with the Psalmist, "Before I was afflicted I went astray. Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me, and it is good that I have been afflicted that I may learn Thy statutes" (Psa. 119. 67, 71, 75. When I recovered from my sickness, I went home from school to my father's, quite subdued by the Lord, and willing to obey Him.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY SERVICE FOR THE LORD.

IT was on Saturday, July 6th, 1895, that I rode into Orillia with my father, and while I did not tell him what was in my mind, I let him know I would not be going home with him and that I was going to stay in Orillia, my thought being to get baptized, and seek the fellowship of those who were walking in the truth by gathering alone in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. 18. 20). But when I arrived in Orillia, those whom I expected to meet had left that day with a Bible carriage for Midland, so I boarded the noon train, and on my way as I rode along I was so harassed; when I got about ten miles away on the journey I was almost getting off the train and walking home. I felt like Abraham, "who went out not knowing whither he went" (Heb. 11. 8). Then such thoughts as "You are making a fool of yourself," would flood my mind. In my distress I opened my Bible, and the first words I saw was Isaia'h 58. 1: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." I took this as a message from the Lord to me, and it gave me courage to remain on the train, and continue my journey to Midland. There I met the

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brethren from Orillia with the Bible carriage, and made known to them my desire, and we went down to the Georgian Bay and I was baptized, Saturday evening, July 6th, 1895. That night I accompanied two brethren down to Waverly, and the next morning, after being interviewed by the elder brethren, I had the privilege for the first time of breaking the bread and drinking the wine in memory of the broken body, and poured out blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the Congregational denomination the bread was always cut into little squares and put upon the plate, and each one took one of these squares which fairly well represents the division into sects and parties in Christendom, whereas Jesus prayed that they might be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me (John 17. 21).

That night, in Waverly, as I took part of the Gospel meeting I trembled, and perspired till my feet were damp as the sweat ran into my shoes, and if no one else was impressed with what I said, I certainly was. The scriptures I read are fresh in my memory until this day—"For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23), and "Lust when it hath conceived bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death" (Jas. 1. 15). I felt much relieved when I was through. Next morning we came back to Midland, and in a tent that night I told how I was saved, and we left on a tour through towns and villages with the Bible

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carriage, which was a yellow-painted waggon with scripture texts all over it. The motive power used was a pair of horses.

It was during this summer that I entered into God's College or Training School for preachers; and after two summers in this institution I graduated, having a deeper knowledge of God and His Word than I could possibly have obtained in any other way. Theory is all right, but is of little use apart from practical knowledge. The story is told about an old Scotsman, rowing three American tourists across a lake in Scotland, and they thought it was a good opportunity to have some sport with the old ferryman, so they asked him, "Do you know anything about geology?" His reply was, "Nae." Then said they, "That part of your life is lost." The next question was, "Do you know anything about theology?" and again he said "Nae." And they told the old man, "There is another part of your life lost." The last question was, "Do you know anything about physiology?" His reply was, "I dinna ken anything about any of your 'ologies.'" Just then a squall struck the boat and upset it, and all went into the water. The old ferryman swam for shore, and when he got a few strokes away, he shouted back to the three tourists, "Do ye men ken anything about swimology?" They said "No," and then, as he swam for shore, and they went to the bottom, he shouted back to them, "There is all your life lost." The theory, without the practical end of anything is of

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little value. In the Bible carriage we learned the practical part.

Between July 8th and July 12th we visited several towns and villages on the way from Midland to Orillia, preaching the Gospel from the platform of the carriage at night, and from house to house during the day, visiting the people and giving them Gospel papers. The Orangemen from all around Orillia district were to celebrate the victory of the battle of the Boyne by several thousand of them marching on the twelfth of July in Orillia. This was not only for us an opportunity of preaching the Gospel on the streets, but also for distributing many good papers among the people who were gathered there from all the districts for miles around. It was on this occasion I first met one of the princes of open-air preachers, Mr. James Goodfellow. He had with him two large banners, on each side of which were very artistically painted two Gospel texts. These were mounted on poles, and were to be carried up and down the main streets so that every one could read them. Mr. Goodfellow was going to carry one banner, and the question was, Who was to carry the other? Possibly the brethren who had this matter under consideration thought that for me to carry the second banner would not only be a good initiation for me, but also try what kind of metal I was made of. Be that as it may, I was asked to carry it, and I confess it was one of the most trying ordeals I ever experienced, for at least one quarter



DONALD MUNRO.

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of the people on the streets that day knew me, and instead of doing as I was instructed, keeping a reasonable distance behind Mr. Goodfellow; as the result of being gazed at, I would walk along with my head down, feeling so humiliated, and would every few minutes be running up against Mr. Goodfellow. It was a great relief to me when the day was over. However, it was a profitable day to many, for they heard the Word of God, and a most exceedingly profitable day for me, for I never felt more humiliated in my life.

After the twelfth of July was over, Mr. Goodfellow and I went north into Muskoka with the Bible carriage, preaching and distributing tracts in all the places as far as Huntsville, and while in West Gravenhurst I had the unspeakable joy of seeing the first soul saved. A dear old lady, Mrs. Hill, who lived many years after to bear a bright testimony for the Lord. Although I had a different text from the one the old shoemaker had the night C. H. Spurgeon was saved, yet I was like the old shoemaker in one respect, I had to stick close to my text, which was Exod. 14. 13, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." And while I was quoting the text, Mrs. Hill got a look at Jesus on the Cross, dying for her, and she passed from death unto life.

In the late summer we went south to Toronto to preach from the platform of the Bible carriage and distribute Gospel papers to the many thousands of people in the city from all over the American

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continent, who were there for two weeks to attend the great Exhibition. While we had many to help in this work, who were residents of the city, Mr. Goodfellow chose to stand for hours each day holding one of his banners, and thousands of people who perhaps never opened a Bible thus read the Word of God. One day as Mr. Goodfellow was standing with his banner he was offered money by several people, which he, of course, refused to receive, reminding them that the Gospel was, like God's salvation, without money, and without price.

After the Toronto Exhibition was over, we visited many more towns and villages, preaching the Gospel and distributing Gospel papers, until we reached Collingwood, where we preached during the Fair, and now that winter was coming on, I drove the Bible carriage to Orillia, where it was stored for the winter.

During the two summers we were engaged in Bible carriage work, we visited many villages, towns and cities in Simcoe County and Wellington County. In the carriage we had bunks where we slept, and an improvised table at which we ate. The old carriage was in general our home. The order of the day was to use the forenoon for reading, writing and praying; in the afternoon we went from house to house, giving away Gospel papers and offering for sale Bibles, books and texts. These were supplied by the Orillia Book Room, and we financed our work by selling these at 25 per cent above cost. Some days sales

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were poor, and sometimes as a result our table was not any too lavishly furnished. We would go to the street every night to preach the Gospel, and usually large crowds listened, and from time to time we saw fruit in conversions, although the nature of the work was sowing more than reaping—one sows and another reaps, and both rejoice together (John 4. 37).

I have said this was a good school. It taught us, in a very real way, dependence upon God; for we had no salary and no gifts from assemblies; our being financed depended upon our sales. Then it also gave us opportunity to meet with all kinds of people, of all religious classes as well as irreligious. And we were often confronted with many a question and experience which had the effect of driving us to God and His Word, and thus we gained very practical knowledge in a way we could not otherwise have obtained. Often we were pelted with eggs, stones and apples; personally I never was hit with anything worse than apple, but one of our company got a bad egg on the side of his neck; an egg that was green inside because of age, and when it broke the odour was anything but pleasant. This necessitated him going home for a clean-up.

In another place we were severely heckled while preaching, but not pelted until we got into the carriage to drive away after the meeting, when they literally painted the carriage yellow with eggs. I well remember how that in one town in Wellington County we had our first introduction to a pair of

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Mormons, who before our going there had unsuccessfully attempted to hold meetings on the street. Unsuccessfully, because the people would not listen to them. They would hoot and yell them down. The first night we preached the Gospel from the platform of the Bible carriage in this place we had a good hearing. Hundreds listened most attentively, and as we were about to leave the Mormons attempted to take advantage of the crowd we had gathered, and one of them began to speak, only to be instantly interrupted by a fine looking old white-haired man, persistently saying, "Come on with me, come on with me." We afterwards learned that the Mormons had been advancing their doctrine, which consists of that which in Hebrews 6. 1-2, we are exhorted to leave, and to go on unto perfection, or full growth. "Therefore leaving the word of the beginnings of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of doctrines, of baptisms (or washings) and of the laying on of hands, and the resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." In this so-called platform of the Mormon Church they have these as six planks; and the Mormons were advocating them, and the old man was insisting upon them going with him to the cemetery, and raising someone from the dead; but they did not seem willing to accept the challenge, so again the crowd hooted, so that they could make no headway with the meeting.

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This led me to look into the Mormon doctrine, which while professedly based on scriptures, is one of the worst perversions of Scripture ever manifest. Based upon 1 Cor. 15. 29, they say you can become a member of the Mormon Church, and get baptized for some dead relative who has died outside the Mormon fold, and this will be the means of the salvation of the relative already dead. What an awful perversion of Scripture, where, as the truth is according to 1 Cor. 15. 12, there were some who were saying there was no resurrection of the dead, and Paul by the Spirit deals with the question throughout the chapter, and shows in verses 12 and 19 what would be the result if there was no resurrection; and baptism being a figure or likeness of death, burial and resurrection (Rom. 6. 1-6). Then the question in 1 Cor. 15. 29 is, What in all the world would be the sense of baptizing people, or going through the form of a thing that did not exist; that is, if there is no resurrection? But he proves throughout the chapter the fact of the resurrection, consequently our believing is not in vain (vv. 2-14), and because there is a resurrection, he closes with a note of triumph in verses 57 and 58, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, therefore my beloved brethren be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know, that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

In the Bible carriage we were constantly coming in

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contact with different kinds of heresies, which drove us to our Bibles, and in this way we became established in the truth, in a way we otherwise could not have been. Using the words of 1 Pet. 5. 10, it had the effect of making you perfect (producing growth) then establishing, strengthening, settling you.

When fall and winter came on I went to Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, where the people, because of the very nature of the country, were very poor. Except for some spots the land was so poor; it was not fit for cultivation. Although people were trying to live on it, they were scarcely eking out an existence. A common saying was, "These districts were a good place for young men to go and serve their apprenticeship as preachers. As a rule, there was no money to pay railway fares, and this resulted in being shut up to use, what some have since been pleased to call your foot-mobile.

In 2 Cor. 11. 26 Paul tells of some of his experiences as he went about preaching the Gospel. He speaks of perils of various kinds, and among them "perils in the sea." I cannot say I ever had perils in the sea, but I have experienced perils on a lake. On one occasion I had a long journey to make, one very cold stormy day, as I went to visit a family. The road was piled high with snow-banks so that it was impossible to travel by that route. However, I was informed I could walk on the ice on a lake fourteen miles north to this home. I started out

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early in the morning, and made splendid progress for ten miles. The ice was thick and consequently safe. But up at the north end the lake was much wider and not completely frozen over. There were open spots all over the lake, making it extremely unsafe. But I was within four miles of my destination and I was very reluctant about going back, and after some time in deep meditation I decided to go on. To help insure my safety, after committing myself to the Lord, I went to an island and got two dead dry pine poles, twenty feet long, and with the small light end of each ahead, and the heavy end dragging behind on the ice, one in each hand, I went on. Humanly speaking, it was a daring thing to do, as the ice would crack under my feet, and there were several hundred feet of water below me. However, in the mercy of the Lord I arrived safely, with my heart bubbling over with thanksgiving for His protecting care over me.

The first winter I put in up in this new country, I had varied experiences, which tested me spiritually as to my faith in God, and physically as to my power of endurance. Walking about carrying my Bible, tracts, and some clothing (the latter never increased my burden much), and having meetings in homes and school-houses, as the doors were open, although suffering physical privation, yet happy in the Lord, and conscious of the fact I was not building on another man's foundation (Rom. 15. 20), helped to deepen the joy. Oh! that young men of to-day would

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follow this Scriptural example. They would prove God, learning of Him in a way that they cannot otherwise do, and it would make them more useful in His service.

One place I was in, the home was a one-room, log shack, roofed with hollow bass wood logs split in two, making troughs. These were laid side by side, trough side up, and then others laid over them round side up, to break the joint, and the ends were filled up with moss gathered from trees to stop the holes. Father and mother slept in one corner, two children in another corner, a stove was in the third corner, and I lay on a shake-down in another corner. It was a case of everyone going to bed in the dark, and getting up before daylight to insure privacy. And, of course, the food was not like the rich man in Luke 16., "who fared sumptuously every day." In another place, where seven families were eking out a miserable existence, I had three weeks of meetings, and saw souls saved. The Scriptures say, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them" (Luke 7. 22). While here, all I had to eat, three times a day, was biscuits and rabbits. The biscuits were like dough when they were new, and like stones when old, and the rabbits were snared and never bled, half-cooked, and when you had a piece of it on your plate the blood would run out of it. So to use a Scotch word, "I have been 'scunnered' of rabbits ever since," and can say with all my heart the old man's grace :



SUNFLOWERS 15 FEET HIGH.

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“Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits tender and rabbits tough,
Thank the Lord, I’ve had enough.”

In another place I was in that first winter, holding meetings in a school-house, there was only one mail a week. The snow was deep, the weather cold, and I was not feeling any too well, and as there was a conference of Christians in Orillia, I had a desire to attend it and also to see my parents. In this place I had engaged to pay my board, and my hope of being able to do this, and have money to pay railway fare, depending on their being mail for me on mail-day, which was Saturday. I had walked 120 miles in stages, and had meetings along the way in several places, but the snow was now too deep, and the distance too far for me to walk in the time at my disposal, if I was going to get to Orillia for the conference at Christmas. On Saturday, when the mail arrived, there was none for me, and after a good deal of disappointment, I became reconciled to my lot and had settled down to stay there.

When I went to the school-house on Tuesday night, I got one of the surprises of my life. There were several letters lying on the table, but how they got there was more than I could understand. There was no mail from Saturday until Saturday, and this was Tuesday. The secret was this: fourteen miles away was a little village, and from there the mail was carried every Saturday to where I was, but it was

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an unwritten law, that if anyone went out to this village they could ask for mail and get it. That Tuesday morning the man where the school-teacher boarded was going out to this village, and the school-teacher who had professed to get saved in our meetings asked this man to bring her mail, and any for me also. In these letters God graciously supplied the means to pay my board, and to hire a boy to drive me twenty miles to the railway depot, and then pay my fare to Orillia; so I was able to be at the conference, and visit my parents.

Instance after instance could be mentioned where God gave me strength to walk, or supplied money to pay my fare. On one occasion I was preaching in a country place, fourteen miles from Bracebridge, God had saved some, and they heard of a conference at Warminster, seven miles out of Orillia, and some of these new converts wanted to attend the conference; so a man drove six of us in the early hours of the morning the fourteen miles. The conveyance was a lumber waggon, with no spring seats, drawn by a team of horses, none too able for the work. It is unnecessary to say I walked most of the way. We got to the conference, and I was to return with them to continue the meetings, but when we landed in Orillia I had only enough money to pay my fare to Gravenhurst, twelve miles south of Bracebridge, so I got the noon train, and rode it to Gravenhurst, arriving at 1.30 p.m. I then walked the railway tracks to Bracebridge, and was there on the depot

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platform ready to meet my friends at six o'clock in the evening when their train arrived. It is not necessary to say they wondered what had become of me, and were more than surprised to see me waiting for them when they got off the train, after which we rode the fourteen miles on the lumber waggon back to where we were holding the meetings.

We read in Lam. 3. 27, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and we had this unspeakable pleasure, and I have been so thankful to the Lord He ever gave me the privilege.

In a wild country district we found a settlement of people living among the rocks and trees. The men worked in the lumber camps. We secured the school-house for meetings, and spent the afternoon walking about telling the people about the meetings we proposed holding. We had walked a considerable distance to reach the community, and this with walking all afternoon, advertising the meetings caused us to feel very tired and hungry. At this time a young man, F. G. Watson, from Toronto, was my fellow-labourer. A poor old lady asked us to have supper with them, and was accepted by us. But while we were extremely hungry it was little we were able to eat, as we saw her take a sheet off the bed and put it on for a tablecloth. And all the food had the marks of mice upon it. These poor people were far removed from where they could attend a religious meeting of any kind, and we found among them a readiness to receive the Word. As we con-

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tinued the meetings in this place, we managed to get room and board in a village some miles away. After dinner we would walk up to this school, taking our supper with us. We would visit among the people during the afternoon, then eat our lunch in the school-house, and after the meeting walk back to our boarding place in the village.

In these northern countries, wherever green timber grows, we found when it was cut into lumber and put into piles that bed bugs lived and multiplied in these lumber piles, so that the poor people living in log houses could be in a measure excused if they had them in their houses. This served to form the most unpleasant part of the experience we had among these poor people. Often they were so plentiful, it was impossible to sleep, and more than once I have slept on the floor or in hay and straw stacks or barn mows. Having a good rugged constitution I was enabled to endure what many others could not do.

On one occasion it was a case of starve or eat bread, on which when being baked I saw chickens tramping and feeding upon in great glee, but when eating I had to forget this part of the process of the making and get it down some way. Fortunately in the summer, in fruit season, there was an abundance of blueberries, raspberries, and blackberries, and I could have plenty of dainties when they were obtainable. And as I walked about visiting among the people, I had many an afternoon lunch on these

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beautiful dainties, which had not been defiled by being touched by man.

However, in the midst of such physical privations, there was always a wonderful incentive to keep on in the work of the Lord. These poor people had little of this world's goods, but they usually had a wonderful ear for the Gospel, and to see them believing the message, rejoicing in their sins forgiven through the precious blood of Jesus, helped one to rise above these circumstances and plod on.

It was wonderful to see the effects of the Gospel, not only on people's spiritual and moral lives, but also in their physical lives. There was a marked change—homes were cleaned up, persons were cleaned up, and food became more palatable. There was a general clean up, manifesting the truth of Eph. 2. 10, "For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus, unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

So the Lord gave me the privilege of enduring hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ (2 Tim. 2. 3). And yet the servant is not greater than his lord, and why should we seek an easier path than the One who had not a place to lay His head, but spent all night on the mountain side.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF PIONEER WORK.

IN the Scriptures the Lord has laid down principles to guide those who would seek to serve Him in the Gospel. In the Gospels we have the commission or authority to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. In the Acts we have the history of the disciples going, and in the Epistles we have instructions as to how to carry on the work. And I notice in 1 Cor. 12., where you have the local assembly and the gifts, there is no mention of evangelists. I take it to mean that the place for evangelists is out in the world and not in the assembly; but in this day you would think the Scriptures said go ye into all the assemblies, instead of into all the world.

In the early history of those who gather in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ; in this country there were no assemblies to go to, and labourers went out into the regions beyond and pioneered, and God blessed His Word to the salvation of many, and assemblies were formed where those men have laboured. But in both the United States and Canada there is much untouched territory, and apparently few young men to go to these parts with the Gospel. God is the same; His Word is the same; the Gospel

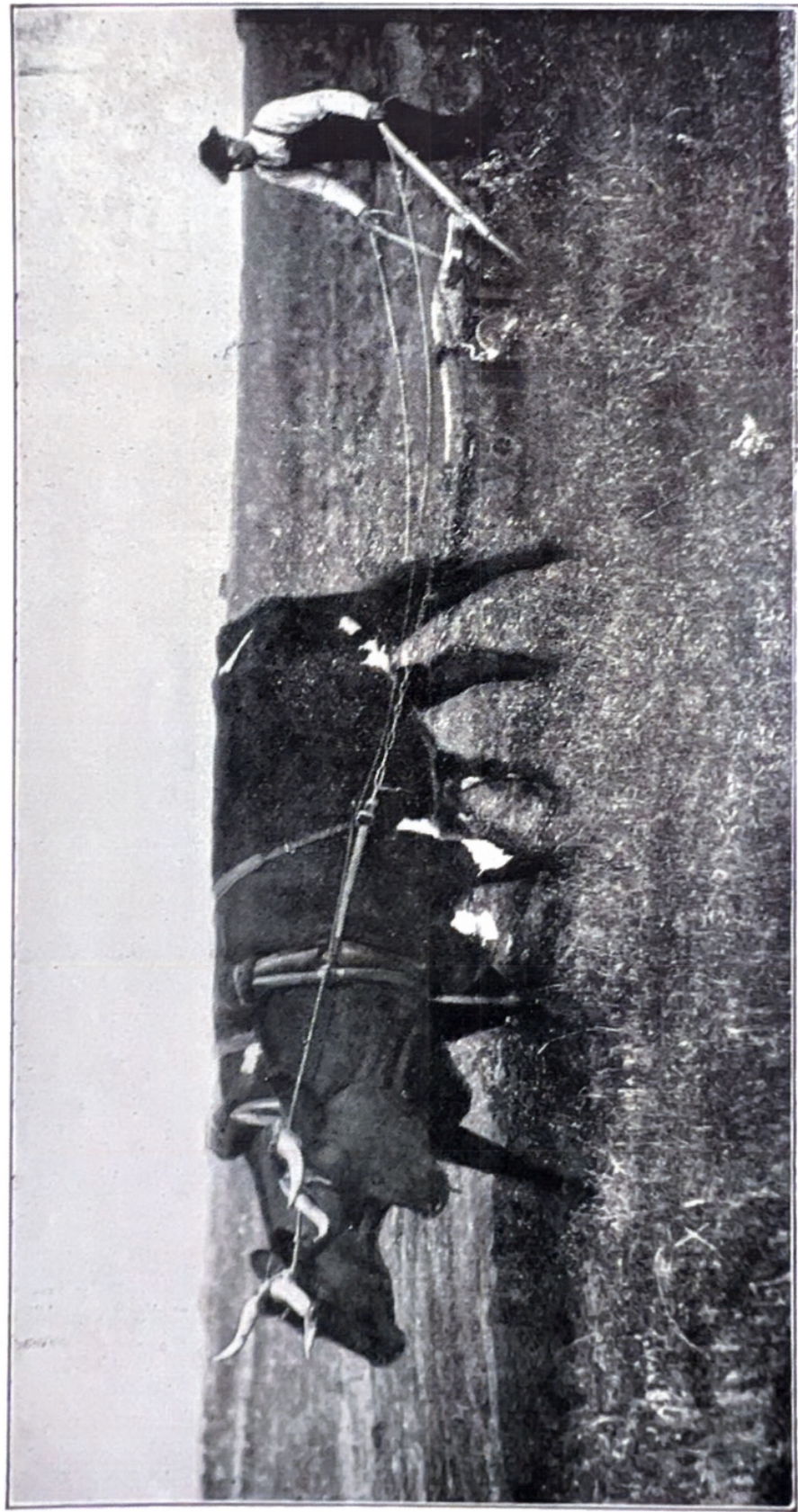
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is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. Why run in the rut—young men going from assembly to assembly, which are the fruit of the labours of those who are with the Lord, and so much new ground untouched?

A little history, for which I am indebted to our dear, departed brother, T. D. W. Muir, might be helpful in connection with how the work began and has since been carried on in this continent among those who gather alone in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The first to come from Scotland was Douglas Russell, who about sixty-four years ago preached in Galt and Brockville, Ontario, when many souls were saved. He did not remain to teach them the truth of baptism and gathering in the Name of the Lord, but went back to Scotland.

Among those who were saved at that time was a boy in his early teens, James A. Schofield, who afterwards joined the Royal Mounted Police, and was one of a company of Police to first pitch a tent where the city of Calgary now stands. I have been thrilled again and again as I have listened to Mr. Schofield tell of his early experiences as a Christian in the Mounted Police Force. During the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when many desperate characters were coming into the country, these famous policemen had to maintain law and order, and they had a tremendous task on their hands. When in the United States, General Custer and his



AN EARLY HOME-STEADER.

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company of soldiers were ambushed, and all killed by Indians, these Indians after their murderous work fled across the line to live in Canada. A company of Canadian Mounted Police, of which Mr. Schofield was one, had to control these desperate red men. To use force was useless, as the Indians greatly outnumbered the Police, so strategy had to be resorted to.

The Canadian Government issued orders that these Indians had to leave Canadian soil, and were given so long to do it. When the time expired, and the Indians seemed to have no thought of going, the Commander of the Mounted Police took out his watch, and told the Indian Chief he would give him so many minutes to move, but no move did the Indians make. When the watch ticked off the last minute, the Mounted Police Officer made a run at the Indian Chief's Tepee and knocked it down. The Indians were so over-awed they packed up and made a hasty retreat across the border back into the United States.

In those early years of Mr. Schofield's experience as a mounted policeman he tells a wonderful and thrilling incident that took place when he and another policeman were dispatched from Fort Calgary to Fort Edmonton, two hundred miles away. There were no white settlers, but the country abounded with Indians and buffalo. At that time there was a famous man, John McDougald, working and connected with the Methodist Denomination among the

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Indians as a missionary. I have read Mr. McDougald's life published in some twelve volumes. It is most interesting. As Mr. Schofield and his companion policeman were riding to Fort Edmonton they stopped at noon to let their horses graze on the rich prairie grass while they ate their lunch. As they were eating they thought they heard the sound of human voices being wafted on the still prairie air. When they saddled their horses and rode away, they went in the direction they thought the sound of voices came from, and soon they found Mr. McDougald in a ravine with the Indians, singing :

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath the flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Mr. Schofield said it was most heart-melting to hear this, away out so far removed from civilization. So in the dark corners of the earth God has his witnesses, making known the wonderful story of His love.

Sixty years ago, not long after Mr. Russell returned to Scotland, Donald Munro and John Smith arrived from Scotland and came to where Mr. Munro's brothers lived at Forest and Parkhill, Ontario, where they preached for a while. Then Mr. Smith went to Hamilton, Ontario, where he knew no person, but here he met a man, Mr. Fenton, preaching on the street.

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Mr. Fenton had a unique experience. He was a saved man, and a member of the Methodist Denomination; and the Lord was revealing to him certain truths from His Word. The popular religious idea in connection with the coming of the Lord was—He came when people died; but Mr. Fenton saw He was coming to the air, and His people would be caught up to meet the Lord and taken home to be forever with Himself. Mr. Fenton, as a local preacher, began to preach these truths in the Methodist Denomination, and they would not tolerate it, and he was pushed out. At that time the Y.M.C.A. had its beginning, and for a while he preached these truths there, but as it was controlled by the different denominations, he also found no place for his preaching in the Y.M.C.A., and was forced to preach in the open air because of these circumstances. He had no car for music, but sang everything to one tune, and this he made up as he went along. But his wife was a good singer, and she would sing hymns and thus draw the crowd, and her husband would preach to them. It was then Brother Smith met him, and joined him in street preaching, and sent word up to Mr. Munro, who was still at Forest, and he too came to Hamilton, and there were now three street preachers. After continuing on the street for some time, Mr. Munro and Mr. Smith felt the need of a hall for meetings where they could get closer to the people, but they had not enough money to pay their way out of Hamilton, let alone rent a hall.

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However, Mr. Fenton had learned from the Scriptures the truth of systematic giving, but as he had been pushed out of everything, and was connected with nothing, meanwhile he did not know what to do with the portion he had set aside for the Lord, so he deposited it in a bank. Mr. Munro and Mr. Smith had prayed about a hall for some time, but had never hinted to Mr. Fenton the thought of a hall, but one day Mr. Fenton said to them, "Would it not be nice if we had a hall?" To this they agreed, and Mr. Fenton got enough money, and rented a hall for a month in which meetings were carried on every night, and good numbers attending, but there were no conversions. This discouraged brethren Munro and Smith very much. (You do not reap the same day that you sow). However, they did not feel the hall should be rented any longer; but on the last night of the month, God in His grace saved three young men—our late departed brother T. D. W. Muir, his brother Kenneth Muir of Chicago, and our brother, the late W. L. Faulknor, who later went off to Africa as a missionary. This encouraged them and the hall was taken for longer, and a good number were saved, and an assembly formed in Hamilton, which I believe was among the first, if not the first, on the continent. A conference was held at New Year time, and has been continued yearly ever since.

Soon other brethren came from Scotland. Among the first to arrive were our brethren Donald Ross and Alexander Marshall. In the course of time each

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located in a different centre, and from there they preached the Gospel in all the country around. Mr. Munro located in Toronto, Mr. Smith in Cleveland, Mr. Ross in Chicago, and Mr. Marshall in Orillia, Ontario; and as the result of their labours people were saved and assemblies formed all over the country. In Orillia district, as the result of Mr. Marshall's and his co-worker's labours, about twenty assemblies were formed.

It was about this time I was saved. I well remember one of Mr. Marshall's quaint sayings to a person who in reply to the question "Are you saved?" said "I hope so." He said, "There is a crack in the kettle," inferring there was a bad ring about it. I shall never forget how that many people from the denominations were attending his meetings and professing to get saved. This was the cause of great alarm to the Presbyterian preacher, who thought he ought to do something to stem the tide, and made bold enough to come personally to the meeting one night. When Mr. Marshall was through preaching, this reverend gentleman got up and said, "May I say a word?" Mr. Marshall replied by asking, "And who are you?" The answer was, "The Reverend Robt. F——" Then Mr. Marshall asked him, "Are you saved." And he was speechless, and dropped to his seat.

When God is working in the salvation of souls there is always another very outward sign. That is the devil raging, manifested in bitter persecution by

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his children who are under his power. When Mr. Marshall was preaching a few miles out of Orillia, in a tent one summer, the enemy threw stones on the tent, and one cut its way through the canvas, hitting an old man, who had been saved, on the head, and from the effects of this, he died a few years after.

On another occasion the opposition was so intense that an organized mob was outside the building with a rail, and tar and feathers. But words was passed into the building, and the preacher made his escape out a back window and down a lane to his lodging place.

In later years, while preaching in this northern village, as I passed to and fro on the street, I was called a "Plymouth Rock," and the people would crow at me like roosters. I also painted many Gospel scriptures on the rocks, which were so plentiful, only to have them roguishly covered. Then I would take a broom and pail of water and wash them clean.

While Mr. Marshall was preaching in a country district, near Orillia, using a tent, the prejudice among the people was terrible. Within two thousand yards from the Gospel tent lived an Irishman, who was a very devout Episcopalian. It was beneath his dignity to go to the tent, but one Sunday afternoon as he was walking over his farm he heard the sound of a human voice, seemingly coming from a big maple tree by a stone fence, the width of a field from the road. He wondered who of his neighbours

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were visiting under this tree, so proceeded to walk over to see. When he got near the fence, he tiptoed up to the stone wall and looked over, greatly surprised to find Mr. Marshall and His fellow-labourer on their knees praying and asking God to bring in the people to the meetings and save them.

These brethren who were preaching in the tent were doing as Paul and Silas in Acts 16. Every time the apostles prayed someone was saved. First, Lydia; second, the damsel possessed with the spirit of divination; third, the jailor. What a good thing if preachers to-day were so conscious of their need of God—it would lead to much prayer. In Acts 15. there is not a word about prayer but plenty about disputations and dissension, even ending in Paul and Barnabas being parted asunder. In Acts 16. we read of them praying three times, and the chapter ends in the saints rejoicing and being comforted. If Christians would pray more there would be less quarrelling.

This Irishman was so impressed when he saw and heard these men praying that he went immediately home and said to his wife, "These are good men, I am going to the tent." The result was he and his wife and a number in the family were saved.

It was literally so in those days, "These men that turned the world upside down are come hither also" (Acts 17. 6), and "There was no small stir because of the Way" (Acts 19. 23, R.V.). And thus the work went on, and souls were saved in hundreds. This

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was real pioneer work, and we would like to see it repeated again by young men, in the strength of youth, going out into new ground in simple dependence on the Lord, to be honoured by Him in being the vessels He can use.

To revert again to myself, I sought to copy the good examples set by those honoured servants of the Lord, who sought to carry out the instruction of the scripture, "Go ye into all the world." So I went into new territory.

About the year 1897, in the month of January, I went nine miles south of Huntsville into a district known as Emberson, where there were about forty families living in very poor circumstances. The land was so stony it could not be cultivated. I secured the Orange Hall, which was a little log building, in which to carry on the meetings, and also got a boarding place with an English family, who, while poor, were scrupulously clean. Before coming to Canada they lived in London, and Mr. Gapps worked in the factory, where the shoes were made for the Royal Family. Free grant land had been largely advertised in England, so Mr. Gapps, like many others, had come to Canada when lured with the idea of getting land for nothing, only to find when the land was cleared that it was full of cobblestones, and you could not hold a plough in it to cultivate it. They have told me many of their early experiences in this new country.

In order to supply the needs of his family, Mr.



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Gapps got employment as a cook in a railway construction camp. At that time, the Grand Trunk Railway Company was building their road from Gravenhurst to North Bay. When he got his pay he sent it by mail to his wife. They had no horses or waggon in those days. The only means of conveyance was an ox, with a girth around him, and to this girth parcels were tied to keep them from falling off. There being no railway in the country, and everything having to be brought in by horses and waggons, prices were very high. When Mrs. Gapps received the money sent by her husband, she led the ox nine miles to the little village of Huntsville to get very necessary food supplies, and prices being so high the money had to be very judiciously spent to make it purchase all that was necessary. After making her purchases, and having them securely fastened to the girth on the back of the ox, she began her journey home with rejoicing because she had enough supplies to do them for some time. But when about half-way home, as she crossed Blue Mountain, something happened which turned her joy into sorrow. In that part of the country the worst enemies cattle have to endure are heel flies. When attacked by these the cattle will put their head down and their tail up in the air and bellow, and run as fast as they can. One of these flies attacked Mrs. Gapps' ox. He bellowed, and jumped, and jerked the rope out of her hand, running away with the sack of flour and a variety of other groceries, which had

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been purchased at such a great cost. Soon the girt slipped and all was under the ox, and the contents became a total loss, as they were spread all over the road, and Mrs. Gapps said she just had to sit down and have a good cry.

Some people in the country who had patches of fertile soil upon which they grew wheat obtained their first flour by making a bowl in the top of a maple stump, into which they put the wheat and pounded it with stones into flour.

So while they were very poor, Mr. and Mrs. Gapps were very kind and hospitable, and I felt quite at home with them. They were the first to get saved in our meetings. One day I was out for a walk, and when I returned I found Mrs. Gapps with my Bible. She blushed and began to apologize for having it. I said, "I am so glad to see you with it." "Well," she said, "the way you preach, I wondered if our Bible was the same as yours, and I was looking to see."

Emberson district had previously been overrun by the Campbellite Baptists, so called, and they had made professing Christians out of nearly the whole community by immersing them; but, as there was not enough financial remuneration the preacher had deserted them, and with the exception of one man, all the religion they ever had, by the time I arrived in the community, had pretty well oozed out of them. This man was a devout believer in salvation by water baptism. He had the opportunity to come to our

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meetings, and he persistently pressed his theory. I well remember how one night he came early to the meeting-house, which I was then using, and began forcing upon me his doctrine. Then I told him "he would go on trusting to a bit of water to save him until he would be in hell crying for a drop to cool his tongue, and would not be able to get it." When he heard this, he left and never came back, much to my relief, as he had been so doggedly persistent in forcing himself and his theories upon me. He even told a relative of his that her baby was in hell because she had not had it baptized, and he had a tank made in his mother-in-law's bedroom, and had her put into it before she died, as he said he was not going to have the responsibility of her being in hell on his shoulders.

In this district there were a number of Swedish people, and among the first to get saved was a young man who was a Swede. In order to give the Gospel to these people I used him for an interpreter, and during the first part of each meeting I preached to them, and a number were saved, and when the assembly was formed half of those comprising it were Swedes.

On one occasion, as I was walking on a path through a long bush, I met a Swede who was attending our meetings, and he was in deep trouble about his soul. He tried to talk to me, and the expression on his face indicated the experience going on within. I could not understand him, and he could not under-

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stand me. After a while I detected he was trying to say the word "Eternity," in a very broken way saying "not time," and as he uttered the words he fell, as if dead, on the leaves covering the ground. I loosened his clothes, and worked on him, and soon he revived, and later he was saved.

A dear Swede woman, upon whom I called, was sitting weeping bitterly. She could understand English, and said to me, "I thought before people were saved they had to be convicted of their sin." Here she was under deep conviction and did not seem aware of it. She also got saved.

I continued in this place for over two months, and God was working among the people, to the salvation of many, but in March the snow got so deep the people could not get out to the meetings, so I went into Huntsville for meetings during the stormy weather; but here I did not see anything accomplished. It was like Jericho, "Straightly shut up." In the spring I returned to Emberson district, and laboured all summer. At this time an assembly was formed. Until I had the privilege of remembering the Lord with His gathered people at Emberson, on Saturdays I would walk, alternately, to Deer Lake and Huntsville. Deer Lake, fifteen miles from Emberson, had an assembly for some years, there being also an assembly in Huntsville, consisting of one man and six women, I had the privilege of remembering the Lord with His people in these places, while I carried on the work at Emberson.

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The week I went to Deer Lake it meant a walk of fifteen miles on Saturday, and on Sunday afternoon, fifteen miles back to Emberson, ready to preach that night.

It was during this time I was severely tested. The people were very poor where we boarded, and I had promised them my board, but for five weeks I was without even so much as a cent in my pocket. On the Saturday, while I was walking to Huntsville, I was terribly discouraged, and such thoughts as "Here you are, look at you, if you had gone on to be a Congregational minister, you would not be caught in a fix like this," possessed me. I confess I was like the children of Israel, who were sorry they had left Egypt. It was my custom when I went to Huntsville to preach on the street every Saturday night; but this Saturday night I walked up and down the street for an hour feeling about as sad and gloomy as I ever did in my life, when the thought struck me, "If you went into Huntsville Post Office," which at that time was kept open late on Saturday night for the benefit of the country people, "you might get some mail." It was from Huntsville the mail was despatched for Emberson every Thursday. Just one mail a week, and anyone from Emberson could get Emberson mail if they happened to be in Huntsville. I went to the Post Office and asked for mail, and got a letter with five dollars in it, and the Indian's hymn. I confess the five dollars looked to me like five hundred dollars, and the Indian's hymn was a

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splendid accompaniment. There are three verses to the hymn, the first verse of which is :

“Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on.”

There are two other verses and the words are the same. This gave me the needed courage, and I went out and sang :

“Should the death angel knock at your chamber,
In the still watch of to-night,
Say, would your spirit pass into darkness,
Or to the land of delight?”

As I was singing it, the undertaker was taking a coffin out for some poor body. This had the effect of adding to the solemnity of the occasion, and I had a good street meeting. When I was through preaching, a man said, “Hear the conclusion of the whole matter, Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man” (Eccl. 12. 13). Poor fellow, I fear he was like the multitudes, who are trying to get to heaven by the deeds of the law. However, his repeating this verse only served to give me a text for a second preaching of the Gospel, and I went on to show how people are justified by faith without the deeds of the law (Rom. 3. 19-28).

It was about this time my mother sent me

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McIntosh's notes on Genesis, and in reading of Abraham's trial of faith I was greatly helped, so that in after years while I had many trials, I proved them to be "more precious than gold that perisheth" (1 Pet. 1. 7).

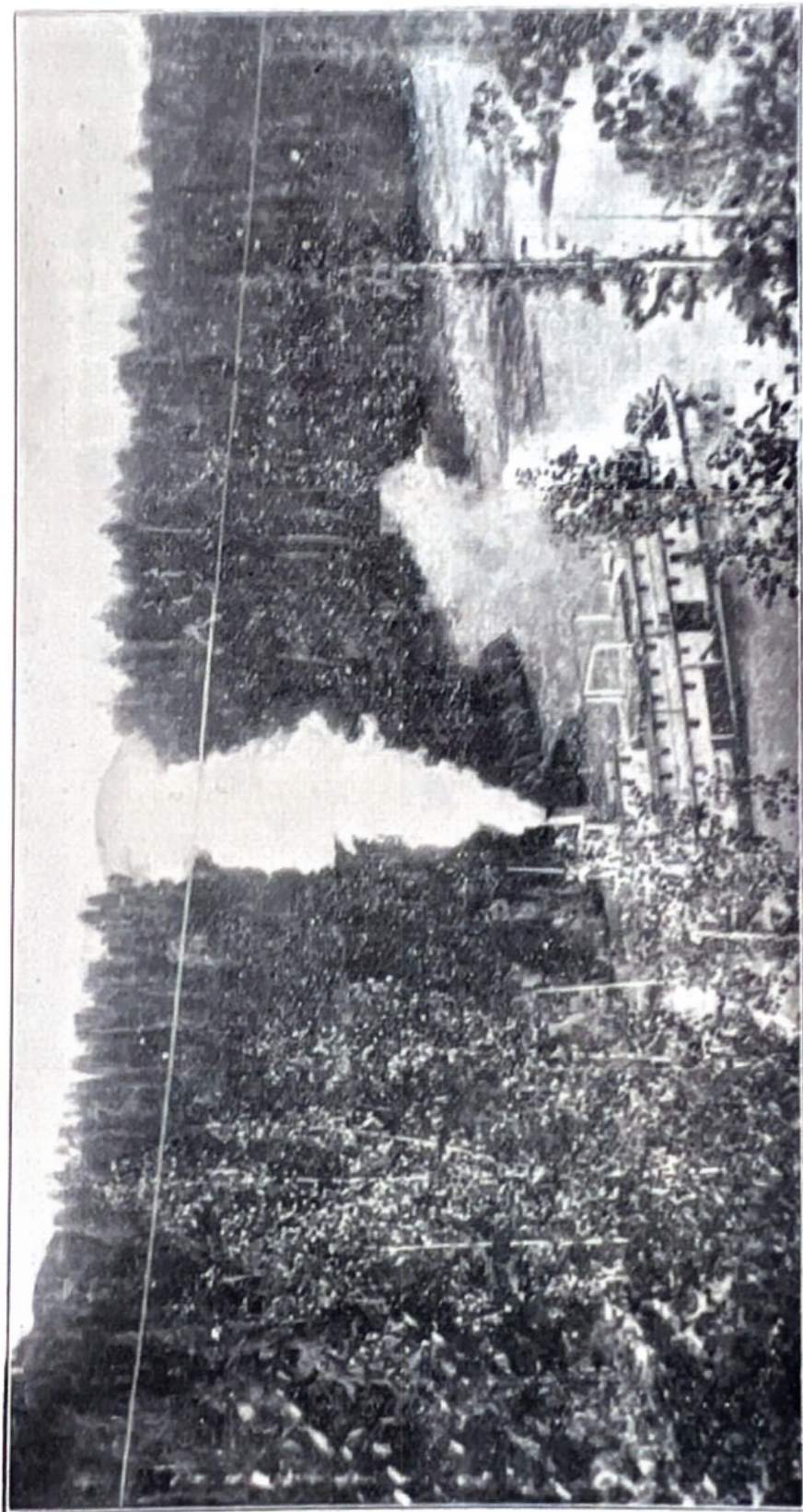
Some years after, when several of us happened to meet in Huntsville, and were holding a street meeting, I learned another wonderful lesson, which has been valuable to me ever since. While conducting the street meeting, a man, who prided himself in the fact that he could break up all street meetings, and who had been successful with other classes of people, appeared at our meeting and attempted to break it up. A brother, who in my judgment, manifested a great deal of wisdom, repeated to this disturber three times Psalm 9. 17, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

The effect was marvellous, he withdrew and left us in peace. In this brother I saw the carrying out of the example of our blessed Lord, when in Matt. 4. Jesus met the statements of the devil by quoting the Word of God; the result was the devil left Him, and angels came and ministered unto Him. According to Eph. 6. 17, "The word is the sword of the spirit," and in 1 Pet. 5. 8, where we read about the devil as a roaring lion walking about seeking whom he may devour, we are told, "whom resist (not fight) stedfast in the faith," which is the truth of the Word of God. An enemy once said, "If you stand behind the

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Word of God I can do nothing with you." May the Lord give us grace to do this, and nothing more. See also Psa. 17. 13 (margin), "Deliver my soul from the wicked by thy sword."

As a result of our labours in Emberson, many were saved, and in the late summer many were baptised in the Mary Lake and there was a nice assembly formed. About seven miles away in one of the most inaccessible places I was ever in, I found a man and his wife and little family. The only way I could reach them was to shout with all the power I had across the lake, and if they heard me they would come over with a rowing boat and take me to their home. The dear man had once owned and operated a steam boat on the Georgian Bay, but the demon drink got a hold on him, and he became not only a physical wreck, but a perfect slave to drink, and lost all of his property. Like the two Irishmen who went hunting. When they saw a pretty animal climb up a tree, they thought it was a pity to shoot it; so they agreed that one should go up the tree and get it while the other was to stand at the bottom of the tree and catch it, should it make an attempt to escape. When the one got up the tree to where the animal was, he began to yell terribly. The one at the bottom called up, "What is the matter, do you want me to come up and help you hold it?" "No," said the one up the tree, "I want you to come up and help me let it go." It was a wildcat and it had got him. So people form habits, and by-and-by



GRAND CANYON, NEAR FORT GEORGE, B.C.
A boat in which Mr. Rouse travelled on the Upper Fraser.

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they become slaves to the habit, and would like to get rid of it but are powerless. What a solemn warning for all.

So this man in order to get away from temptation moved into this out-of-the-world place, and there God saved him. Then in a very marked degree "old things passed away, and all things become new, because he was a new creature in Christ" (2 Cor. 5. 17), and he lived thirty years after to witness for His Lord. He, with his sons, became a prominent business man, owning a lumber mill, and a brick block in town, conducting the business for the Lord, and many dollars were passed on for the spread of the Gospel.

After preaching the Gospel in private houses, and many places as the Lord opened the door, Brother Baker of Kansas City sent me a tent, in which I preached in a number of towns and villages, and saw the hand of the Lord working in the salvation of many. However, I always found a better reception for the Gospel out in the poor country districts.

About the summer of 1897, Brother D. R. Scott and I preached in the tent in four different places, but in three of these places we saw little accomplished. In the first place we saw a few souls saved. In the second, which was a summer pleasure resort, we could not get a person into the tent. In the third place we had a fair attendance at the beginning, and some interest, until I did one of the most foolish things I ever did in all my forty years' preaching

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the Gospel. In what I did is manifested the zeal and foolishness of youth. Because I had experienced ecclesiastical bondage, and had been delivered from it, I considered it was my responsibility to use the sword of the Word of God to slay particularly every cleric I came across.

As we lived in the back of the tent, we had to purchase food supplies, and on the occasion in question I had walked four miles to a store to get these necessities. While in the store I met the Methodist minister—a young man I had attended college with. He was preparing to be a Methodist clergyman then, and I was preparing to be a Congregational one. We had not seen each other for a long time, and the occasion of our meeting in this grocery store was to him a very pleasant one. We had at school been close companions, and now when we met, he went into an ecstasy of joy, which I am sorry to say did not last long, and the fault was mine—not his. After we had exchanged greetings, and a few pleasantries, he began to inquire of me about our tent work, and one of his questions was, “How long are you going to be there with the tent?” It was then I made one of the saddest mistakes of my life. My reply was, “I could not answer his question as we were not under any man, or committee of men, to tell us when we were to go, or where. We were like the children of Israel in the wilderness, guided in the pillar of the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night.” He, of

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course, was sent there by the stationing committee of the Methodist Conference.

This angered him, and as he asked further questions I answered him in a similar way, until finally he became most dreadfully angry, and then the questions came from him thick and fast, and I have reason to believe he thought if I was so particular in sticking to Scripture, he would give me some posers. He asked me in a very agitated way, "Do you read anything in the Bible about greasing boots and buggies?" I replied by saying, "Yes. The Lord said, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God'" (1 Cor. 10. 31), and that included greasing boots and buggies." Then he shot in quick fire another question, which was, "Do you read anything in the Bible about wearing boots?" My reply was, "Yes. The Lord told Moses, the place whereon he was standing was holy ground, and he was to take off his shoes" (Exod. 3. 5). And I added, "When we were talking these things, he forgot he was on holy ground, and it was time he took his off." At this he bounded out the door and away down the street storming like a madman.

In this action, I made a bitter enemy out of one of my best friends. On my part, it was one of the most extremely foolish things I ever did. Jesus said, of the blind leaders, "Let them alone." On the part of many of us who preach the Gospel, it has been a species of faithfulness gone mad, and the result

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has been unnecessary bitter opposition. This action of mine ruined our meeting. The following Sunday this preacher told his congregation in the three places he preached that we were a band of robbers, and that while two of us were preaching in the tent, others of the gang were going round robbing the homes. And he advised them to stay and watch their houses, which of course they did, and this ended our meetings. Oh, how I have many times since regretted this terrible error, and the following incident helps to give an understanding of the necessity of being wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

Among those who attended our meetings at that time was a young man, who appeared to be deeply concerned about his soul's salvation. I have seen him remain behind after meeting, and as we spoke to him privately, the tears would course down his cheeks. However, after our meeting with the clergyman, and what we have related took place, this young man with the rest ceased to attend our meetings. Just one week after the tent was taken down as a result of our meetings proving a failure, this young man with his father was felling a tree in the woods, when the tree lodged in another tree and slipped on the stump, catching the young man in the middle of his body, almost cutting him in two, and immediately ushering him into eternity. I trust the Lord overruled our folly, and that this young man is in heaven.

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In the year 1899, I had one of the most trying and nerve-racking experiences I ever had. I had no fellow-labourer, and the violence I had to put up with was terrible. I pitched the tent on a grassy plot, unfenced, in West Gravenhurst, where there were at that time six or seven lumber mills. The first week I had to suffer the annoyance of the Orangemen practising for the 12th of July walk. This went on in a yard across the street from where the tent was located. Then when the 12th of July was over, they sowed salt inside, and outside the tent upon the grass. Every man who had a family had a cow, and every cow had a bell on so they could be located as they pastured some distance away in the rough country around. Immediately the cows were milked in the evening they were around the tent in a swarm after the salt on the grass. They would number from sixty to seventy, and I can assure you I had plenty of music of a very undesirable nature; they even put their horns through the canvas walls, and made their way into the tent, causing much destruction. I, as well as others, attempted to drive them away, but it was useless, as the cows were so anxious for the salt, and they would be back around the tent as soon as I would return. Finally, one day during my absence visiting, they cut the tent ropes and let it fall, the masts breaking the seats and lamps. I was so discouraged I left for another village, returning in the fall to find some had been saved, while the devil had been

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so opposing the work. Meetings continued here, resulting in the formation of an assembly.

To finish the tent season I went to another milling village, South River, where my experiences were even worse; but in spite of it all God saved sinners. It is a good thing to see the devil mad, as it is an indication that God is working.

While it was my custom to live in a curtained-off room in the back of the tent, at South River I got a room upstairs where I could look right across the street upon the tent. The first week I was there I had a terrible time. One morning at 2 o'clock I was awakened by a man under my window cursing and swearing at another man named Moody—but there was no Moody in sight. He was threatening to kill Moody if he could only get his hands upon him. I wondered if this drunken man had D. L. Moody mixed in his mind with me, and if it was me he was wanting to kill. Every few minutes at the top of his voice he would punctuate his swearing at Moody by yelling "Yo Heave," as though he was rolling a log in the bush. He remained there until daylight and then moved off. I learned afterwards that he worked in the bush, where they cut logs for the lumber mill, and whenever he got his pay he would celebrate by coming into the village and getting drunk. A few nights after, while I was preaching, this same man had been in the bar-room, and was there decorated up with the marks of green chalk or paint to represent an imaginary picture of the devil.

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He had no clothes upon him except an undershirt and knee pants. In this condition he walked into the tent. When I saw him I naturally stopped preaching, and the people were frightened. However, a man very wisely said to this poor fellow, "Let us go for a walk," to which he readily consented and walked away.

A few nights after this, just after I had retired, I heard another terrible swearing and cursing on the street, and I looked out to see one of the worst sights I ever beheld. This man with another who lived on the opposite corner from the tent were in the bar-room drinking together, when one had slapped the other on the face and he became like a madman. He was coming up the street raging, followed by the other. The offended one was throwing his coat up into the air, and when it came down he would paw on it like a mad bull. He came up to his house and went in and got his repeating rifle, and stood in the doorway with his wife hanging on to him and crying, "Oh! Bill, don't"; her husband replying "Yes, I will, I'll put a bullet into him." The other man stood on the road saying, as he slapped his face, "You could not find a better place for a bullet than this old head of mine, put it right there." Bang! bang! bang! went the rifle. But fortunately he was so drunk he could not hold the gun straight, and the episode went over without anyone being injured. Then he went and put the gun in the house and went out and shook hands with the man he was a few minutes before

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shooting at to kill. Back to the hotel they went together again arm in arm apparently on the best of terms. So the devil was again active and God was saving souls.

When the tent season was over I was a nervous wreck. I could not sleep. I thought each night that morning would never come, and I was thinking the worst about myself. On my way south from there I went into Deer Lake, and from there I rode in a lumber waggon to get the train from Bracebridge to Orillia. The weather was very cold, and I had gloves on my hands. My eyes were sore, and I had been loaned a pair of green goggles for the waggon journey. On the way I took off one of my gloves, and when I saw my hand with a green appearance, I did not stop to think I had on green glasses, but my condition was such when I saw my hand that I let a yell out of me, and as I did so I jumped from the waggon crying out, "Oh! I am mortified." After reaching Orillia and a few months under the doctor's care I was restored to health again.



A NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIAN WOMAN,
107 YEARS OF AGE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME EFFORT.

WE have often heard it said, "Charity begins at home." And while I had a desire to testify at home among my old associates, and school companions, yet I remembered also "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country" (Matt. 13. 57). And the thought of going home for meetings filled me with the spirit of timidity (2 Tim. 1. 7). At this time a circumstance arose which decided the matter for me. One of my old school companions met my mother and said to her, "I hear James is preaching—why can't he come home and have some meetings? He can have my house to begin in." This decided me to go. It was to me the cry of the man, not of Macedonia, but of the man of Central Oro. What was behind this, on the part of the one who wanted the meetings, is worth relating. Some fifteen years before, when Alex. Marshall was preaching in Rugby, it was reported he was telling everyone they were going to hell. This man, who was quite a pugilist, and his pal, decided they would go to the meeting at Rugby, four miles away, and let the preacher tell them they were going to hell, then use their fists and knock him over. They arrived at the meeting a little late, and the place was so crowded

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they were only able to get inside the door, but when the meeting was over they did not wait to meet the preacher but got out as soon as they could, and my pugilistic old schoolmate said to his pal, "He does not need to tell me I am going to hell, I found that out to-night. That is just where I am going." For fifteen years he was under this conviction, and this is what created in him the desire for me to go home and have meetings.

I began meetings in his house in the early autumn, and immediately there were signs following. This man's wife, who was the lady that joined the Congregational Church the same day as I did, was soon awakened to know she was a lost sinner, although a church member, and was the first to be led to Christ. Like many, she only had churchianity instead of Christianity. Her husband was the next to be saved—then his father and mother, who were well on to eighty years of age, and many others in the district were saved. One old Scotsman, who kept the Post Office when I was a little boy, and who for forty years had been precentor in the Presbyterian Church, leading the people in the singing of the Psalms, was, when I had these meetings, in his eightieth year, and very feeble. By this time I was holding the meetings in the old manse, where the Presbyterian preacher used to live. It was a large, roomy house, and made a splendid place for meetings. A new church building had been erected four miles away, and a farmer had bought the old glebe

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and manse, and allowed me to use the manse in which to hold the Gospel meetings. To the meetings the old ex-precentor came. The second night he attended he was convicted of sin, and he asked me to visit him the next day, which I did. As soon as I entered his home, he went to his room and brought out his old large Bible, and read to me John 6. 28-29, "And they said unto Him, What shall we do that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." "Aye, man, when I was reading this the morn, I was saved. I used to think it was do and live, but now I see it is life through what Jesus has done, life through the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the doing comes after." I then read to him Heb. 10., pointing out to him the failure of the sacrifices under the law to put away sin, and that when Christ finished the work on the cross He sat down, and God could say, because of the infinite value of the precious blood of Christ, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." By this time he was freely using his handkerchief, wiping tears from his eyes, and he sobbed out, "Aye, man, when you're reading about it, it makes me weep, and I can't help it."

The meetings in the farmer's house, and the old manse, continued all autumn and winter, and then in the spring, three miles south in the Old Temperance Hall, I had a series of meetings. This was just

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one mile from where I was born. It was not easy to get the hall, as the owner was no easy man to deal with. The hall had been built by the Sons of Temperance Society, on the corner of a farm, and no deed had been given for the land and the hall, and eventually the farm had changed hands, and the man who bought it now claimed the hall.

However, by a remarkable incident, I got into the good graces of this man, and while anything that savours of self is distasteful to me, the relating of this incident or series of incidents might be helpful to others, as it helps to illustrate the truth of 1 Pet. 2. 21-23, and 1 Pet. 3. 8-9. In earlier years when at home with my father on the farm, and soon after I was saved, my father was building a stone stable under a large barn. The stones on the place fit for building into a stable wall had been exhausted, and we were short. My father asked our neighbour, who owned the Temperance Hall, if he could have some stones in the corners on his side of the line fence, and there was favourable reply. So my father sent my brother and I to get a load of stones, and before we had the load on we saw the owner of the hall and farm coming to us, apparently with war in his heart, and swearing at us, he told us to get out, and put the fence up again as soon as we could. The Lord gave us grace to make no reply, but to do as we were told quietly.

The next chapter in the story is: every twenty-fourth of May there was a great picnic, social and

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concert under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society at the Congregational Church, and the occasion I speak of was the time when I was under exercise of heart and conscience, after hearing Mr. Munro's address at the conference, and I was thoroughly disgusted at what was taking place. At a confectionery stand there was being sold over and over again, I suppose dozens of times, a little barrel that ladies in those days purchased, containing hairpins. All that this barrel contained on this day was a hook, and an eye off a lady's garment, and a note informing the purchaser not to betray the secret but to bring back the barrel. This was being sold for twenty-five cents each time, and a considerable amount of money was being realized to help on the good cause. I was appointed with another young man to gather the tickets at the door as the people went into the evening concert, but I was so sickened at what was going on I refused to act, and the people got into the concert without the tickets being collected. Then the preacher announced from the pulpit my name with another young man to gather the tickets from the people now sitting in their pews. My misfortune was to gather the tickets on the side of the building, where the members of Parliament were sitting sandwiched among the deacons. One of these M.P.'s put a roll of bills in my hand. This was to help on the good cause, and help when votes were needed, too, I suppose. I was so disgusted I threw the money back on his lap and left it there.

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This did not help to raise me in the estimation of the ladies, and that night as I passed out of the building, one of them said so that I could hear it, "We got the money anyway, and that is all we care about"; and I expect she was saying no lie. This was the last time I was ever present at anything like that.

The next year I was at home from school, session being over, and our neighbour, who owned the hall, was sick and away behind in the work of getting in his crop. So on the evening of May 23rd, I asked my father's permission to take a team and plow and go over and plow for this old man; thus grace was given to carry out 1 Pet. 3. 9, "Not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing, but contrawise blessing, knowing that you are thereunto called to inherit a blessing." This act of grace made it easy for me in after years to get the hall, free of rent, for meetings, and God gave us to see some old men bordering on eighty years of age attending the meetings and professing faith in Christ as their Saviour.

It was about this time that I was married to Miss Eva O. W. Russell, of Uththoff, who expressed herself as willing to share my joys and sorrows. As a passing tribute to her during now over thirty-six years of married life, in which I was so much away from home, more than the average man out in the Lord's work, she has never once said to me when at home, "Don't go," or when away from home, "I wish you could come home." I question if there are

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many who have such an enviable record.

We spent the first summer of our honeymoon in my old home neighbourhood, having secured a little house to live in. I pitched the Gospel tent nearby and went on all summer with meetings, quite a number professing to be saved, among them a noted character, who for years had been a ringleader in mirth and general mischief. You may be sure Satan was not going to let a man like this get saved without seeking to destroy his testimony for the Lord.

It was in the autumn, and the threshing of the grain was taking place. The machine used for threshing was placed on the floor of the large barns. There would be from twelve to fifteen men engaged as a crew to do the work, and they deliberately organized and made all kinds of attacks on their old pal who had recently been saved. Sheaves of grain, with more thistles than grain in them were fired from the top of the barn mows on his head, as well as other missiles of an unnameable nature. All this had no effect except to cause our friend and brother to rejoice in that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for His name (Acts 5. 41). However, Satan is a most persistent foe, and will never give up until completely resisted by the Word of God (see Matt. 4. 1-11; 1 Pet. 5. 8-9). The last thing the enemy resorted to was to circulate a story reflecting seriously on this new-born babe's moral character. This so affected him that for the moment he lost his

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temper, and with his fists closed he was making for the man who manufactured the story. At this juncture, a dear old brother, who for his godly, consistent testimony was highly respected by everyone, stepped in between the offended and the offender, and as he did so he said to our friend who had been recently saved, "Mac, God has saved you, that through your testimony for the Lord you might attract others to Him. Do you think you are going to do it now?" Mac dropped his hands, and that saved the situation, and our brother was prevented under those trying circumstances from bringing reproach upon the name of the Lord.

That autumn we rented a little house in Rugby, in which village was the Congregational Church and the Gospel Hall, with nothing but a cemetery not more than 200 feet wide between the two buildings. Both meetings were in the morning at 11 o'clock; the singing in the one could be heard in the other. The fact of leaving the church of my fathers to connect myself with a despised few who met in the hall, known to the public as "Marshallites," seemed more than some of the faithful religious people could stand. Following the Lord is never a popular thing (see Matt. 24-26; Luke 14. 25-35). And so to let me know in a very manifest way what they thought of me, they took a man's suit of clothes, and cut pieces of rails for legs and arms and backbone, and stuffed it out with peastraw, and put a pumpkin with eyes, nose and mouth cut in it on

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the end of the backbone for a head. Upon this they put a shingle on which was written, "His satanic majesty, the devil." And this effigy they hung by a rope, from the limb of the Elm tree, until it came down to the top of the door of the hall through which I had to enter as I went to remember the Lord.

As I was going into the hall there were buggy loads of people on their way to the two church meetings just beyond the hall, and you could hear the "ha, ha," as they passed. I trust that I was able to rejoice like the early Christians in Acts 5. 41, "In that I was counted worthy to suffer for His name." The magistrate in the village, while a member of the Congregational Church, was a Christian, and ordered the effigy taken down inside of twenty-four hours, or he would act in his official capacity, and it came down that night.

During that winter I had meetings in that hall and other places around, with signs following. A number of old school companions professed to get saved. One of them a young man whose case is of special interest. He had worked in the lumber camps, and had contracted a peculiar disease that baffled the doctors. His head gradually increased in pain until it became unbearable, then he would have a hemorrhage through his nose, which relieved him of the pain but greatly weakened him. I frequently visited him. His mother was dead, and his father, who was an elder in the Presbyterian Kirk, lived

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with one of his sons, and Alex., the sick young man, was staying with one of his married sisters. Alex. and I had many a talk over old school days, and whenever I would speak to him about his soul's need, and preach the Gospel to him, he manifested real interest.

God had saved a dear woman who was a relative of Alex.'s, and she with her two daughters were meeting with us to remember the Lord at Rugby. At the close of the meeting one Lord's day morning, this lady told me Alex. had a bad spell, and there was no hope of his recovery. I went immediately to see him. All his brothers and sisters were gathered to see him, and all of them were present in the room as I talked and read and prayed with Alex. that day, and he definitely professed to get saved, and gave a wonderful testimony in connection with knowing his sins forgiven through the precious shed blood of the Lord Jesus. Although all his brothers and sisters were unsaved, I never saw people more pleased when they heard their brother confess Christ. A few days before Alex. passed away to be with the Lord, about the last thing he said was, "He told me so often Jesus died for me on the cross, how is it I never saw that before?" Alex.'s brothers and sisters wanted me to speak at the funeral, but Alex.'s father, the old elder in the kirk, and the minister, had it all timed and arranged to shut me out. The minister began on the dot, and closed the service with the benediction, deliberately blocking me from speaking.

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His text was John 11. 39, "Take ye away the stone." And he told the people to do the best they could, say their prayers and live right, and they would get to heaven. Like all of the unconverted preachers, he did not see Lazarus was dead and could do nothing, and it was to the living ones Jesus addressed the words, "Take ye away the stone."

A few days after the funeral, in a home at which I called, I met this clergyman and conversed with him over his sermon at the funeral, telling him dead sinners could do nothing to save themselves, that Jesus on the cross had finished the work, and all that sinners had to do to be saved was to look and live. The parson did not apparently appreciate having his preaching criticized, so he left. After he was gone the lady of the house then criticized me severely for calling the preacher in question over his funeral sermon. She said, "He is educated; he knows you are not educated—what do you know?" However. I tried to show them from the Scriptures the way of salvation through Jesus, who said, "I am the way the truth and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6), and then left. I trust the Lord blessed His word.

The summer following I pitched my Gospel tent at Wyebriidge, where I had an interesting time, and saw much blessing. An assembly was formed following the tent season, and again we had demonstrated to us here the fact that one sows and another reaps.

Some years before we went to Wyebriidge with

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the tent, Alexander Marshall had made a short visit there and had a few Gospel meetings, and thus the seed was sown. Among those who heard the words of warning and entreaty through Mr. Marshall at that time was an old man who when I went there was well on to seventy years of age. This old man had been a terrible drunkard, and lived only one mile out of Wyebridge on his little farm. He could never go to the village and go home sober. He was the first to get saved in the tent meetings and was a real trophy of grace; and his conversion created quite a favourable impression upon the people, as everybody reckoned he badly needed to be saved. I overheard two ladies talking in a store one day, and the subject of their conversation was the tent meetings. One said to the other, "Have you been to the tent yet?" The reply was in the negative; then the other said, "You ought to go; if you want to get the pride taken out of you, that is the place to go." And they entered into a favourable conversation in connection with the change in the old man who had been such a drunkard.

CHAPTER V.

BACK TO MUSKOKA.

IN the autumn of 1901, I decided that because of the need of the Gospel being preached in the north country, and also because of the need of several little assemblies which had been planted in Muskoka, it was the Lord's mind for me to live and labour in that district. Consequently I moved to Bracebridge, the county town which made a good centre to live in, and then preach the Gospel in the country around. The little assembly in Bracebridge, which had been formed some years before, as the result of the labours of D. Scott and myself, had in the summer of 1901 purchased a building, which we helped them to remodel, and it made a splendid Gospel hall. Here we held a conference late every summer, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty Christians would gather for the three days of meetings. The assembly at Bracebridge numbered about thirty, this was the nucleus for the Christians in Muskoka to always have good conference meetings.

As there were few homes to give sleeping accommodation for the many attending the meetings, unique devices were resorted to. Christians coming from other parts would bring with them bed-clothes. Ticks filled with straw spread over the floors of

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almost every room in the few houses, and furnished with this bedding people were able to sleep comfortably. We have had as many as thirty-eight sleeping in our home. These were happy days, and such as we have seldom seen since. People were poor and simple, and God's Word was finding a place in their hearts.

In another place where conferences were held, a man and his wife would not only come themselves but would also bring their two children. The journey was made by use of a yoke of oxen, hitched to a wood shod sleigh, on which was a quantity of hay held on by the weight of two sacks of potatoes, and tied behind were two milch cows. The potatoes were for the people to eat during the conference, the cows giving the milk supply, both for the tables and the babies, of which there were not a few, and the hay was for the oxen and cows to eat. I found people in those backward places who had gray hair who had never seen a railway train.

In the winter I preached in school-houses and halls, and during the summer in a tent. The first summer I put up the tent in Bracebridge, and John Silvester, a young brother commended by the assemblies in Toronto, became my fellow-labourer. We found Bracebridge a hard place to get strangers to attend meetings. There were so many people belonging to a number of different sects, Free Methodist, Holiness Movement and other branches of religious organizations, holding much in common as to doctrine and

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practice. One incident that occurred one night will serve as a fair sample of what was too often common in town. In our tent meeting this night, I preached first, and while Mr. Silvester was preaching I was sitting at the door, when a man entered the tent and persistently asked me, "Do you allow testimonies here?" I did not say "Yes," for then I would have committed myself; and I did not say "No," for then I was afraid he would become boisterous and create a disturbance, as these people too often did. So I said to him, "You wait until Mr. Silvester is through." When the meeting was dismissed, he was quite agitated and insisted I should allow him to give his testimony. When nearly all the people had left the tent, and I was up ready to turn out the light, he was pressing us hard to allow him to speak. "Well," I said, "as long as you speak scripturally we will let you talk, but as soon as you get off, out goes the light." He began by saying, "My dear friends, I have not had a sin to confess unto God for thirteen years." Well, out went the light, and if he did not have a sin to confess unto God for thirteen years, he surely had one then, for I thought he was going to massacre me then and there. When he got outside the tent he jumped about two feet off the ground and shouted, "Glory, Hallelujah, Fire!" until he could be heard away up town. Next morning our tent was in a sorry looking mess. Someone had walked around it, and struck into it with a sharp-bladed knife, and long gashes every four feet

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existed all around the tent wall; and only one of the large cotton scripture texts inside escaped the slaughter. While we could not prove it, we had strong suspicion the man who had not sinned for thirteen years was guilty of this deed.

There were so many people in this town who had a misconception of what holiness, as taught in the Scriptures, meant. Instead of seeing that the word "holy" as it occurs in the Scriptures, means "set apart" or "separated," they construe it to mean that you reach a stage where you get the root of sin so irradiated that you live without sin. On their part the outward evidence of this was with the men wearing no necktie, and with the women having no feathers in their hat. Judging from outward appearance, they were sometimes holy and more often unholy. This also implied that when they became unholy they had lost their salvation, and that to die in that state would mean to go to hell. They did not believe Jesus when He said, "I gave unto them eternal life and they shall never perish" (John 10. 28), and it was very manifest to me that when Satan gives people a delusion and they get into a corner, he will always give them a loop-hole to get out of, to make an escape, as is illustrated by the following incident. In conversation with a young lady, laying claims to having been sanctified holy, as they called it, I said, "I've met so many people who have laid claim to having been sanctified holy, as you do, and after they have had this wonderful



SUPPLYING FOOT-MOBILE WITH FUEL.

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experience they go back and live worse lives than ever; the fulfilment of 2 Pet. 2. 22, "The dog has turned to his own vomit and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Her reply was, "Oh, that is when the devil sows the seed over again." This was, I confess, a pretty clever way on her part, while holding an unscriptural theory, of escaping out of the difficulty she was in.

I have been told that John Wesley and George Whitefield did not agree on this doctrine. Whitefield scripturally saw holiness meant to be set apart unto the Lord in life and walk, while Mr. Wesley believed holiness meant an inward experience when you got the root of sin taken out, which made it impossible for you to sin any more. One day Mr. Wesley said to Mr. Whitefield, "I've met a man so sanctified that he does not sin any more." Mr. Whitefield requested Mr. Wesley to bring the man to visit him. When he arrived Mr. Whitefield threw a dipper of water in his face, and by what the man did, it was very evident the root was still there. It is only as we who are Christians, judge in ourselves, sin the root, that we will not practice sins the fruit. "Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 11).

When one is saved they enter into God's mind about their sins, and also into God's mind with regard to the sacrifice, and the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin (1 John 1. 9). But no spiritual

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progress as a Christian can be made until I enter into God's mind about myself, that I was so bad that Jesus not only died for my sins, but that I died with Him. Paul could say, as to what he was in himself, "In me, that is my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 8. 18). He had learned what he was in himself. He says in Gal. 2. 20 I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. Holiness of life is that which is produced as the result of heart occupation with Christ, and not occupation with ourselves and our imagined attainments.

The work of the Spirit is to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them unto us. The spirit occupies our hearts with Christ. We read in 2 Cor. 3. 18 (new translation), "We all, with open face (without a veil) beholding the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord." This is true holiness. Occupation with self or my imagined attainments will never lift me spiritually higher than what I am in myself, but occupation with Christ will produce in me likeness to Himself. Like Peter and John the people will take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus (Acts 4. 13). God says man at his best state is altogether vanity (Psa. 39. 8), and occupation with self or others of our fellows will produce vanity in ourselves, and this will be manifested in glorying

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in our own attainment. Occupation with Christ will cause us to loathe ourselves and exalt the Lord.

Then again occupation with the faults and failures of others, rather than what of Christ is seen in them, is only feeding on a species of garbage and will produce a poor sample of Christians. The story is told about a young woman visiting her uncle who was an astronomer. One night the uncle took his niece up into the tower and adjusted the instrument and told her to spend an hour looking at the heavenly bodies. "Oh, Uncle," she said, "since I have been staying with you I have been wondering whatever the neighbours were doing up so late at night in their kitchens, and I have been using the instrument to look at them all evening. So we do likewise, rather than being occupied with Christ. If we were occupied with him we would be Christlike.

Another summer was spent by Mr. Silvester and I at Kearny. We saw some blessing there and a small assembly remained. One night in Kearny Satan overstepped the mark. Our tent was pitched on the shore of a little lake. We were having fair attendance each night, but this particular night it looked as if we were doomed to have no meeting. A smart actor in town got on a horse's back, and swam the horse out into the lake and was carrying on antics, attracting, it would appear, most of the population in the little town. They were greatly amused as they watched the capers of this man on the horse's back in the lake. We decided we would

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go into the tent and pray; and while at prayer we heard about the most distressing cries I ever listened to. The man who had been on the horse's back was crying, "Oh, my God, send help! Oh, my God, send help!" He had pulled the horse's head too high, and the poor brute capsized, and both he and the poor horse had gone under the water. When we got out of the tent, the horse was coughing water out of his lungs, and the man rending the air with these hideous cries. Someone rowed out to him in a boat, over the edge of which he put his arm, and when he got near enough shore to touch his feet on the bottom of the lake, he began to swear dreadfully. He made me think of the man John Hambleton had to do with once in Scotland. Mr. Hambleton was preaching at a fair, and of course the devil never wants the Gospel preached, particularly at a fair. Some of Satan's emissaries paid a clown two pounds to dress himself up in the most hideous attire, and appear on the scene and disturb the meeting. For a time the clown seemed successful in doing so, but finally Mr. Hambleton got the clown's eye and ear long enough to say to him, "God made man in his own image, but look what the devil has done to this poor fellow." Mr. Hambleton was then able to proceed with his preaching undisturbed. What awful cowards the children of the devil are. The man in the lake, when he thought he was going to drown could cry to God for help; but when danger was passed he blasphemed the name of the One he was a few

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minutes before crying to for help. What a terrible thing is the power of sin and Satan over men. However, Satan overstepped the mark that night, for we had the best and largest meeting we had during the whole season.

During another tent season, the last I put in Ontario, which was the summer of 1905, Mr. Silvester and I preached in Huntsville; we had good meetings and saw some fruit in the Gospel. One night while preaching in Huntsville, at the close of our meeting we heard cries of distress coming from about 1000 feet out in the lake. A young man and a young woman had been spending the evening out in a canoe, and a steamboat, which had suddenly emerged from the Muskoka river, created swells, causing the canoe to be upset, throwing the occupants into the lake. Rescue parties went out, and were in time to save the young woman, but the young man was drowned. Next day I witnessed a solemn sight which caused me to think of the awful hardening effects sin has on people. After dragging for a number of hours, the young man's body was located, and until the undertaker arrived to take the body away, it was lying on the wharf with a tarpaulin over it. When I was a boy I would have been afraid to have gone near that place, but here a number of half-grown boys were running up and lifting the canvas, manifesting the hardening effects of sin. Scripture says, "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and

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that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1), and again, "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart" (Heb. 4. 7). To-day in Huntsville there is one of the most prosperous assemblies in Muskoka.

About the summer of 1903, numbers of people were going north into a new country opened by the government for settlement at the north end of Lake Temiskaming. The rich silver and gold mines were then unknown and undeveloped. To-day it is one of the richest mining areas in the world. Then there were no railways—now it has one of the best railway services in Canada.

Mr. Silvester and I, after great exercise before the Lord, decided to spend the summer in this new country preaching the Gospel. To reach it we travelled by the Grand Trunk Railway to North Bay, then Canadian Pacific to Mattawa, on the Ontario side of the Ottawa river. Here we were informed that navigation had not opened, and as we had to make part of our journey by boat, we decided to remain in Mattawa, where we secured a room and board in a French Roman Catholic boarding house, and we covered the town with Gospel papers from door to door, and preached the Gospel on the street at night. It was a new experience for us, as ninety per cent of the people were Roman Catholics. Large numbers listened to the Gospel, and we were not disturbed beyond that, as we sought to tell the people about Jesus, as the Saviour of sinners, they would call out, "What about Mary, what about your

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Mother?" The lady who kept the boarding-house used to say to us each night as we came in from our street meeting, "I hope you had a good collection." She apparently thought our being able to pay our room and board depended upon the collection. She as well as many more were greatly surprised when we informed them we did not take collections.

After a delay in Mattawa we were informed that navigation was open, so we took a train across the Ottawa river and up through the province of Quebec to the bottom end of the lake, where we had to wait another two days before the boat arrived. We finally got away, and the course the boat took was along the east side of the lake, calling at different places. We got as far as Villa Marie the first day, and the boat tied up here overnight, and as it had no sleeping accommodation we were obliged to go to a rooming house to sleep, but, sad to say, we did not sleep, as there were about a dozen others put to sleep in the same room, and we all put in the night fighting bed bugs. We were glad when morning came to get back on the boat. On the return journey, rather than face the same ordeal (for we had to stay in Villa Marie overnight again) with the captain's permission we lay on the floor of the boat. When we arrived in this new country on the evening of the next day, we had several miles to walk to the settlement where we were to hold the meetings. For some time we preached the Gospel there and saw

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blessing and an assembly formed. There were a number who wanted to be baptized, but the river banks were so steep and water so deep, it was impossible to use the river. But we found a place where there had been a landslide, and a basin of water collected. However, it was so soft and muddy we could not stand in it, so we turned a stump up-side-down in the water, upon which we stood, and there baptized a number of people.

At this place I had a narrow escape from drowning. The river was full of small logs. They were floating down to the lumber mill at the head of the lake, and as people lived on both sides of the river, to visit them we had to cross it, and the only way to get over was to run on the logs. One day Mr. Silvester, who was tall and light in weight, ran on the logs and got over safely, but as I was heavy and short in the legs, when I attempted to run on the logs they rolled, and before I could get over I was in the middle of the river, and with a little log under each arm I clung for my life. A lot of poles were laid over the logs, and I was able to get up on these and make the other side. A number of Christians from this country afterwards moved out to Northern Saskatchewan and comprised a part of the assembly at Taylorside.

Our disappointments are God's appointments. We have no doubt this was true during the summer of 1903. After having spent the summer of 1902 in Alberta, where my tent was completely wrecked in a

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cyclone, I ordered a new tent from Mr. Baker of Kansas City, Mo. In due time I received word that the tent had been shipped to me, billed to Bracebridge, Ont. For several weeks in vain I waited for the tent to arrive, and ultimately I discovered it had been mis-shipped to Bainbridge, Ohio, and as the season was so far advanced it would be of no use to me that summer, so Mr. Baker had the tent returned to the factory, and the following summer sent me a new one.

Under these circumstances I went away north into lonely places, preaching the Gospel and distributing many thousands of Gospel papers and visiting isolated Christians. During this trip I visited a brother whom I found to be a very bright, godly man. When I arrived at his place he was a mile or so away with a hired man mowing hay with the scythe in a rough, new-land field. After a rest and some refreshment, the eldest little girl volunteered to guide me over a footpath through the woods to where her father was. On the way we reached a river, and across the river we could see the men mowing the hay. We stood on the bank and sang a hymn. This soon brought our friend, who rowed across and took me over in his boat, and on a swath of hay for a while we sat having sweet fellowship together concerning our Lord Jesus Christ. A reproduction of Mal. 3. 16, "Then they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another." During this time the hired man noticeably appeared to choose to work

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as far away from us as he could, and remained in the hay-field. The singing of the hymn that filled our brother with delight seemed to put fear into the hired man.

Having been brought up on a farm, and quite accustomed to using the scythe, I picked up our brother's scythe and started to mow toward the hired man, whom our brother informed me was a local preacher. When I overtook him we found a patch of beautiful strawberries, and together we had perfect fellowship over them, but as soon as I asked him if he knew the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, he clinched his fists, and went into a terrible panic, saying, "That is the way with you fellows, you are always going around blowing your trumpet." Poor fellow, he could not stand a little talk about Jesus in a hay-field; whatever would he do if he got to heaven. He would be looking for a way out, as people require a nature to enjoy heaven, consequently Jesus said to a very religious man, Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7). This poor religious man in the hay-field was like the leper in Leviticus 13. 46, "He shall dwell alone." He knew nothing of fellowship with the Lord and His people. Like many poor souls all he had was religion.

How different is the case of a poor old woman I met that summer. To shorten my journey, one day I was walking across a new-land field, when I found her picking strawberries. She told me she was going to sell them to get herself some groceries. We had

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fellowship over the berries, but unlike the man in the hay-field, she knew the Lord Jesus, and with delight I stood for a considerable length of time and listened to this dear old lady telling me of how long she had known the Lord, and what a friend He had been to her. She was not dwelling alone. "We have fellowship one with another" (1 John 1. 7) was true in her case.

We spent a very profitable summer in this way, and were made to rejoice not only in seeing souls saved, but also the hearts of isolated Christians cheered.

CHAPTER VI.

ALBERTA.

ABOUT the year 1905 there was a heavy immigration to the Western Prairies of Canada, and I felt the need of going out to this new country. There were now several young men labouring in Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, J. Silvester, F. G. Watson, and B. Widdifield, so we decided to move to the west. This was quite an undertaking, humanly speaking, but we had proved God's faithfulness and ability to supply every need in Muskoka, and we knew he would not fail us in the west.

We shipped our tent and house furniture to Edmonton, Alberta, a distance of approximately 2,000 miles west of Bracebridge, arriving in July. We had spent the summer of 1903 in Alberta looking over the land, and having meetings in Edmonton and Wetaskiwin, and Augusridge, nine miles out of Wetaskiwin. There were no assemblies at this time in the great west between Brandon, Manitoba and Vancouver, B.C., a distance of 1,500 miles, except a few Christians who had located on land near Wetaskiwin and some half-dozen who had located in and near Edmonton, but no aggressive work had been carried on. During the year of 1903, when I spent the summer in Alberta, I had many romantic and exciting experiences. I had brought along my

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tent as baggage, and made seats, and put up the tent in Wetaskiwin. Until I got the tent erected, and was able to live in a curtained-off room in the back of it and preach in the front part, I had a room in the Driard Hotel.

The first day I was there was a beautiful evening in June, and there were hundreds of men from all over the east about town preparing to go out on homesteads. I got out on the street in front of the hotel with a good bag of Gospel papers, and I sang a hymn, and soon had several hundred men around me who listened attentively to the Gospel. When I was through preaching, I gave out tracts until I believe all had received one. As I was about to go into the hotel to my room, a man called to me, who proved to be a soldier in uniform, just back from the British Boer War. He had taken up a collection of silver and bills (there were no cents or pennies in the west in those days) which would have filled your double hand. This collection the soldier offered to me, and I confess the temptation was strong to take it. However, I informed him and all the men who had contributed that it was very kind of them to be so thoughtful and considerate, but I was sorry I could not take the collection. They wanted to know why? I said, "I am sure most of you are not Christians and I had learned from God's Word that His work was supported and carried on by His own children," and quoted 3 John 7, 8, "Because that for His name's sake, they went forth, taking nothing of

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Gentiles, we therefore ought to receive such that we might be fellow-helpers in the truth." This led to various comments. One man said, "He is right," another said "He is a funny preacher, most of them are looking for money, but he does not seem to want it." The next proposition was for me to take it and give it to the poor. I replied "I was an entire stranger and did not know anyone, possibly they could find someone in town who knew the poor and could give it to them." Finally, one big burly fellow shouted out, "If you don't take it we will go into the bar-room and drink it," which they did, so the man who sold the whisky got the collection.

I just got my tent up and had four meetings, when the tent came to grief. On the night of the fourth of July, an American, under the assumed name of Robt. A. Lawrence, who owned and operated a departmental store, gave a free exhibition of fireworks; and several of the rockets with sticks of six feet long fell upon the tent roof, making bad holes, and it being a windy night, by morning these holes were extended in tears from ridge to eave. I went to work and sewed them up, as well as I could and continued the meetings for several weeks, sowing much but reaping little.

Just five days after the fourth of July celebration, and the free exhibition of fireworks, which resulted in great damage to my tent, something happened, which if it had taken place a week before, I would have been saved the expense and work of having to

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mend the tent. Two detectives from the United States, and a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman arrested Mr. R. A. Lawrence, whose real name was Larson. He was taken back to the States to stand trial for having embezzled to the extent of over \$60,000. So in this we have manifested the truth of "Be sure your sins will find you out" (Num. 22. 33), and "The way of the transgressor is hard" (Prov. 13. 15).

I then moved the tent to Augusridge, nine miles out into the country, and had a few meetings when I was soon without a tent. There came a terrific storm of wind and rain, and all that was left of the tent was the ropes. Pieces of it were carried miles away and scattered all over the prairies. I then visited Edmonton, and well remember how the storms were so bad that there were no trains for a week. As soon as the train arrived I returned to Wetaskiwin, and a few days after, which was about the end of August, we were visited with one of the worst hail storms ever known in the history of the country. All the crops for ten miles wide and eighty miles long were hammered into the ground, so much so that in places you would never know there had been anything growing. While this storm raged I thought of the words :

"It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I looked for a city which hands had not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled."



A NERVE-RACKING WAY OF TRAVELLING ON THE UPPER FRASER.

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That late fall we returned to Bracebridge, and in the spring of 1905 we returned permanently to Alberta to live and labour as the Lord would be pleased to lead and use us.

My wife, family, and I had a pleasant journey and arrived hail and hearty in Edmonton, and were not long before we settled down to the stern realities of life in a new undeveloped country, where there were scarcely any railroads, and where the people had taken homesteads as far distant as one hundred miles from any railroad or town. First thing we did was to get a small four-room cottage beside a vacant lot in a suitable location. On this lot I pitched the Gospel tent. Brother Baker of Kansas City not only supplied the tent, but also a large box containing thousands of copies of John's Gospel, Two Roads and Two Destinies, and a great variety of good Gospel tracts, so I was well equipped for summer work. I erected the tent and began early in July, and while at times faith was often tried, God was with me and I had the peculiar joy of knowing I was where others had never been, and I saw signs following from the very beginning.

On Saturday I would preach on the street, and every other night in the tent. Good companies attended and numbers were saved. Among the first was a young man and his wife. They were a pair of runaways from the middle States, where they kept a hotel and had financially failed. They were like Onsimus that Paul writes to Philemon about.

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Onesimus had run away from his master, Philemon, and came in contact with Paul, who preached the Gospel to him, and he was saved—so the young man and his wife ran away from the relatives in the United States, but ran into the Gospel in Edmonton and were saved. No one, where they formally lived, knew where they had gone, but the Lord followed them, and they were living in a little tent only a block away from where the Gospel tent was located. They attended the meetings every night, and by the second week I found the same devil in Alberta I had to do with in Ontario, disturbing the meetings. However, when he is mad enough to use his agents to throw stones on the tent, I always take that as an evidence God is doing something. So the stones began to fly on the tent, and before the second week of the meetings were over this young man and his wife were saved and were very happy in knowing their sins forgiven. She wrote to her mother in the United States, who proved to be a Christian, because the dear mother poured out her heart in her letter in reply, thanking God for not only letting her know where our daughter was, but most of all for saving her. This young man with his wife who had so recently been saved, gave every evidence of being proper children (Heb. 11. 23-27).

He owned a beautiful team of horses and was working for the fast-growing city of Edmonton making streets, and earning good wages. That autumn he showed me a draft for \$500.00 he was

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sending back to the United States, where he had formally lived, to pay an old debt. Like Zacchæus in Luke 19. 1-10, upon receiving Jesus as his Saviour, he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. When people are saved by grace they are "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. 2. 10).

This was only the beginning of showers of blessing to follow. Meetings increased in numbers and in interest. One of the things that was very difficult for the people to understand was how I lived, and never took any collections. Several who attended the meetings made inquiry as to this. My reply was, "I had wireless telegraphy and sent the messages up to headquarters, from where they were despatched, the Lord moving upon the hearts of His people to have fellowship in His work, as carried on by the Lord in this scriptural way."

During that first summer we were on more than one occasion reduced until our financial supplies were gone, when He met our need in a most miraculous way. In and around Selkirk, Manitoba, there lived a number of natives. Some of these had gone West, and among them two men who went four hundred miles north of Edmonton among the Indians, and there operated a trading post. They supplied the Indians with food stuffs and clothes in trade for furs. Twice a year those men would come to Edmonton: every spring with their furs, and every fall for supplies. The means of transportation was by

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waggon to Athabaska Landing, a distance of one hundred miles, and then by boat up the river away north. These natives were the decendants of Scotsmen who came to the west over one hundred years ago in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and who had married Indian women. One night during our meeting these two native fur traders came into the tent and sat down near the door. One of them was a big man weighing almost 300 lbs. After the meeting was dismissed, and the rest of the people had gone out, these two men remained seated. I went to them and inquired where they were from, and they told me four hundred miles north of Edmonton, and how they had come to Edmonton in connection with their fur business. I then asked them if they were children of God, and to my surprise they said they were. They told me they once lived near Selkirk, Manitoba, and had come west, and how that some old associates of theirs still living in Selkirk had been saved and had sent them some Gospel papers; and how that God had blessed His Word in these tracks to their salvation away in this remote part among the Indians. This is surely great encouragement for tract distributors.

It would be interesting to know how those men near Selkirk who sent the tracts to their friends had been saved. About forty years ago, Alfred Goff and Richard Varder were preaching the Gospel among the natives at a place called Poplar Point, on the end of Lake Winnipeg. Forty miles beyond this at

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Balsam Bay was a large settlement of natives. One of them who had been married the year before wanted to celebrate the anniversary of his wedding, and to do this properly he considered he needed a keg of liquor to make the affair go right. So he started for Selkirk to obtain the liquor. The first day he reached Poplar Point and went to hear the Gospel preached. That night during the meeting his brother was saved, and he became interested himself about his soul, to the extent that instead of going on to Selkirk for the whisky he remained the second night and was saved, which resulted in him giving up the idea of going to Selkirk. Instead, he took the preachers back with him and celebrated the anniversary of his marriage by having a Gospel meeting in his home. Brethren Goff and Varder continued there for some weeks and many souls were saved and an assembly formed, which has been going on for all these years. It has been my happy privilege to have been in Balsam Bay Assembly, and I have seldom ever met a more godly lot of people. It was from here the tracts came out to these native men, four hundred miles away, which were used in their salvation.

To return to the natives I met in the tent in Edmonton, we sat and talked for a while, and I took them into the house to meet my wife. As they left that night, the largest one of the two left \$50.00 in my hand. How wonderful are God's workings and His ways past finding out. Our need was thus

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abundantly met. On another occasion when the supplies were low I sat one day on the upper bank overlooking the Saskatchewan river from the street. There had been a rain that caused little streamlets to run over the bank. As I sat there looking down over the bank, I saw a strange looking piece of paper with one end of it sticking in the mud. I bent down to see what it was and to my great surprise I found it to be a \$10.00 bill, and our need was again supplied. Who can have experiences like these and not have their faith and confidence in God strengthened and confirmed?

I continued the tent meetings on into October by putting baseboard all around the tent, tacking the canvas down to it, and by using safety pins to fasten the eave of the roof, also by getting a load of prairie hay or wool, as it is called, and spreading it over the tent floor, and covering this with burlap so that our floor was comfortably carpeted. I also put in a stove, so we were very comfortable in the tent until the real cold weather set in. Then we rented a little hall, seating about one hundred and twenty-five people, into which we transferred the tent seats and stove, and in which we also built a tank to baptize people in. Quite a number were baptized, among them the large native from the north, and a nice assembly of over thirty now meet in the city of Edmonton. In this hall we carried on meetings during the winter with further blessing, and we had our first conference at Christmas time.

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Next spring the heavy tide of immigration began to flow. It was during this year also the Canadian Northern Railroad came, which was the first railway to enter the city. A branch of the C.P.R. came north to Strathcona on the south side of the river before this. Thousands of people flocked into the country in the spring and summer of 1907. Most of them went out to homesteads, while others remained in the city. The assembly was soon double in size by the arrival of Christian immigrants, and now there was plenty of gift to carry on without me. I then pitched the tent on the Market Square next summer for a while, but later moved to Wetaskiwin, and then that autumn went out with my wife and children to a new settlement where there were some Christians who had homesteaded. This was a hundred miles from Edmonton or sixty miles straight east of Wetaskiwin. There was no railway there yet, and where the town of Camrose with a population of 2,500 people now stands, was then a wheat-field. We travelled out to this place from Edmonton with a horse and buggy, taking three days to make the journey, and stopping in roadhouses by the way over night.

People beginning life anew on the prairies with limited means were living in a very primitive way, many of them having to go twenty-five and thirty-five miles to get their mail and groceries. Out in this district, which afterwards became known as Wavey Lake, we had some splendid meetings, and souls

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were saved. As a western line of the Canadian Pacific Railway coming from Winnipeg to Edmonton came through this country, next year more Christian immigrants arrived to homestead, and soon there was a good large prosperous assembly; while about twenty miles south at a place called Grainland another assembly was formed, as a result of Christians coming from England and settling there. Another company of Christians immigrated some miles north of Edmonton to a place named Belvedere. They also were meeting in the name of the Lord as an assembly, so that country which only a few years before was a wild prairie, soon became populated, and several assemblies of Christians gathering in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ were to be found, and at Edmonton, Wetaskiwin, Calgary, Wavey Lake and Grainland, yearly conferences were held. This was encouraging.

CHAPTER VII.

SOLEMN EVENTS.

DURING the first two years of my labouring in Alberta, I was called upon to witness a number of tragic occurrences, which also had something of a very pathetic nature connected with them. Many of the homesteaders were bachelors, and their shacks or places of abode were far removed from where others lived, and it was frequently manifest what God says in His Word, "Two is better than one" (Eccl. 4. 9), for loneliness brought on melancholy, which frequently led to mental derangement and sometimes suicide, and I was informed that the majority in the mental hospitals were homesteaders.

While in a new district holding meetings, on one occasion I had secured board in a public boarding-house, and as I sat one night before retiring, I overheard a conversation between two young men. One of them a homesteader and the other one a prospective homesteader. The one who had lived a short time in the country had come to meet the other and take him out to file on a homestead also. The one who had been about two years in the country was relating to the other some of his experiences, and the principal topic of conversation

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centred upon this thing of living alone far removed from others. He went on to say, "You get awful lonely, then the next stage is you begin to audibly talk to yourself, and the further stage of it is, you begin to wonder which would be the easiest way to do it, that is to commit suicide." He said, "I had reached this stage when my father came, and he did not arrive any too soon." It was rather pathetic to see people, who had comfortable homes in the east, coming west to secure a homestead free. All they had to pay were filing charges to the government, which was \$10.00. Many of these people had for a first home a shack, the walls of which were built of sod squares like brick, and the roof consisted of poplar poles laid side by side upon these walls, and large sods put over the poles. I have been in some of these places during a very wet time, and the black earth was washing down over everything as the rain soaked through the roof. These dear people surely had my deepest sympathy, for if not in money, in other ways they paid dearly for their homesteads.

However, the country was open for settlement, and someone had to be the pioneer. As I relate some of my experiences, you will get another view of what homesteading entailed.

One place I was holding meetings, a man from England, who was an atheist, had taken land in Alberta, and was boasting he was going to make his only son, Roger, the seventh, the richest man in Alberta. One

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day on the trail I met Roger, the seventh, and had a talk with the young man about his need of salvation. During our conversation he complained of not feeling well and referred to a pimple on his chin. Two days after he died from blood poisoning. A coffin had to be made and he was buried out on the prairie, as no cemeteries were yet formed. I had the solemn responsibility of conducting the funeral service, and I hope I will be spared from another like it. For his father carried on like a raving maniac, cursing God if there was such a Being, as he wailed the loss of his son.

In another district where I was, two young homesteaders were digging a well. After dinner when they resumed work, one of them went down the well, and at the bottom he slumped into a heap; the other, not knowing what had happened, went down to him, and he also slumped, and later both were found dead as the result of the accumulation of gas in the well. There was no undertaker within sixty miles, and even then no way of reaching him, except by horses and waggon; so I joined with others and made two coffins out of rough lumber and again we conducted the funeral services and burial, not in a cemetery, but upon the prairie near their shack.

In another place, while holding meetings where people had recently homesteaded, I passed a home one Saturday evening at dark. The father told me his son was not feeling well. Two mornings after, before daylight, the father was outside the door of

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the home where I was staying, wailing. His son was dead. Another coffin had to be made of rough lumber, and again I conducted the funeral service and burial, not in any cemetery, for there was none, but on a knoll chosen by the father within sight of his door. Again a young woman died from blood poisoning, and the same thing repeated. I conducted the funeral service, and burial was about two hundred feet from her father's door on the open prairie. Later on a burial-place was arranged, and all bodies were removed and placed in the cemetery.

While preaching one Saturday night on the street of Edmonton, over on the corner opposite, there was a terrible disturbance created by a drunk man. Two days later, on Monday morning, I was asked to hurry to the hospital to see this same man. He had been caught by a key on a pulley, in the brick-yard where he was working, and thrown against the wall, and his neck was broken. I hurried down to see him and when I reached the hospital he was paralysed from the neck down. I sympathised with him and tried to speak to him about his soul, but he swore at me violently and called for the nurses to take me out. As I withdrew from the bed, I called him by name and said, "Remember this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). In an hour after he was in Eternity. I trust he had rested in Christ for salvation. I had the solemn responsibility to speak at this man's funeral also.

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Another incident that I might report which might have resulted in something serious, was as follows: It happened during the first winter we were in Alberta. The first woman that was saved in the tent meetings took ill the following winter, and some half-dozen of the sisters in the assembly took a night each in the week sitting up with the sick one. One night, which happened much to my thankfulness, to be the night Mrs. Rouse was away waiting on the sick, and I was alone with the children, at 2 o'clock in the morning I heard the voice of a man at the bottom of the steps at the front door. I got up and watched him through the window. He was taking papers out of his pocket and deposited them under the steps. After he had finished this he went around to the north side of the house and began to hammer on the wall below the window. Soon he left there and went around to the kitchen door, and was hammering at the door with his feet. I arose and went to the door and called out to him from within, "You had better move on!" At this he began to kick the door violently. Then I went back to get some clothes on, but before I reached the bedroom he had knocked the glass out of the kitchen window all over the floor. I did not wait to get dressed but went and opened the door and met him face to face. I made up my mind he would not gain the advantage if possible, so I grabbed him and rushed him over the veranda rail where he fell in a heap, and when I lifted the stick he broke the window with over him,

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he crawled on his hands and knees until he got a safe distance, and then he got up and ran down the street. I immediately got some clothes on, and followed him until I met a policeman who took him in charge. The police got the letters under the steps by which he was identified. The landlord took him into court and he had to pay the damage and a fine. In those days there were a lot of foreigners from Central Europe of a very low type morally, and he proved to be one of them. From then until now, crime among these people is the order of the day, and the officers of the law have a busy time among them.

It was during the year 1905 when we took up home in Edmonton that Alberta was inaugurated into a province. Before it was a part of what formed the north-west territories. One day—the day of inauguration—there was a great celebration, and I stood on the sidewalk as people passed in and out of the grounds where the ceremonies were being held and gave away thousands of tracts. On that day I met a man from England who had just arrived to try life in the new country. This man was a Christian, and he wrote quite a letter in the *Witness*, telling of having met the pioneer evangelist of Alberta. While this man was in the assembly, another Englishman who was a Christian, but not in the assembly, had accompanied his brother from England to Alberta, and was living in a shack twenty miles south of Edmonton with his wife and two boys. All they had

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when they arrived in Alberta was fifty cents. He left his family in the shack, in cold December weather, and walked up to Edmonton looking for work, and stayed one night in our home. He got employment in a dairy and began the next morning to work. He, with another man, was sent into the country for a load of hay, and after getting the load on, he was on the top of it pressing down on a binding pole, while the other man was on the ground pulling on it. The weather being frosty, the pole broke and our friend went off head first, breaking his neck when he hit the frozen ground. That happened at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Late in the afternoon I started out to drive the twenty miles to get his wife and two children and bring them to Edmonton. It was very near morning when I arrived home with them. The Christians in the little assembly paid the funeral expenses, and for two months after we had this woman and her two children in our home. She was not a Christian, and the two boys were the most unruly children I ever met. To use a western expression, they were like a pair of unbroken bronchos. The sad word of this man's death, and his wife and children left in poverty, reached the editor of the *Edmonton Daily Journal*, and he offered to open up a subscription column in their paper to gather money to aid this woman. As she was not a Christian, after consulting with the brethren, we decided to let the *Daily Journal* receive subscriptions. I was appointed the treasurer,

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and I deposited all the money given in the bank in my name, in trust.

At first she thought of going back to England, and a good deal of the money was donated to paying her and the children's fare. She had been a school teacher in England, and as school teachers were scarce in Alberta the government gave her a country school to teach, where she went and lived with her children. After giving her a considerable amount of money, some \$250.00 of the money subscribed yet remained in the bank.

Twenty years later, when we had returned to Alberta and had our home in Calgary, I received a letter from this woman to say that one of the boys was dying with tuberculosis, and could she have the money remaining in the bank in my trust. I got a great surprise, for when we left Edmonton to go to Vancouver I handed over the bank-book to another man to look after this matter, but the account was still in my name, and for twenty years had been accumulating interest. So much for my knowledge of the banking business. I signed the release and she obtained the money, which had almost doubled itself by interest being added.

Soon after this woman and her boys left our home to go where she was to teach school, Mrs. Rouse collapsed with a nervous breakdown. This was partly the result of the climatic conditions which is so hard on many women, and partly the result of the nerve-breaking strain we had been under while



SIXTY DOLLARS A MONTH FOR A PLACE TO
PREACH IN AT PRINCE RUPERT.

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this woman and her boys were in our home.

During this winter, after this woman and her boys left us, all three of our children, one after the other, took scarlet fever and we were shut in with them for two months. However, the weather being so severe and snow so deep we could not hold any meetings, so I had to content myself and look after my wife and children, and for a while we had a miniature hospital. In this shut-in experience I could hear the Lord saying to me, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile, for there were so many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat" (Mark 6. 31). It was during this winter that William Robertson of Philadelphia came out to be a co-labourer in the Gospel. He nearly perished with the cold, and as the weather was so severe, meetings could not be held, and this was a doubly severe trial for him. Early in November we began meetings in Strathcona, but after four nights we had to close because of the intense cold, and later on Mr. Robertson went east.

It was the worst winter ever known in the history of the country. From early in November until the end of March there was not a week of weather, all told, that it was not below zero, and it was as cold as 65 and 70 below. This extreme cold weather causes much suffering, both to man and beast. However, we have learned to be prepared for any emergency by carrying in the winter extra clothes and sometimes extra blankets. I have on different

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occasions had to keep my head covered while sleeping as well as my body, and breathe through a tunnel made in the bed clothes. The cold was so intense that in the morning I would waken up with icicles on my moustache.

On two occasions in later years, while conducting meetings on the prairies, I came near losing my life. At times there were terrible blizzards in the winter season, piling snow-banks eighteen and twenty feet high. During these storms many have perished even between their house and barn. The snow and wind was so terrible that you could not see ahead of you the length of yourself, and often men have lost their way in these storms and wandered away on the prairies and were frozen to death. You can look for miles until your eye rests where the earth and sky meet and you would not see a tree. Consequently there is nothing to break the velocity of the wind, and the storm becomes terrible.

After a few experiences of this kind most farmers have strung a wire from their house to their barn so that in case of a storm they can follow the wire and not lose their way.

On one occasion I was conducting meetings in a country district, and during one afternoon I was visiting a family half-a-mile away from where the meetings were being held, and two miles from the home in which I was staying. I went early to the school-house to see about the fire, so that if anyone arrived they would be comfortable, but no one came.

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Then I started the mile-and-a-half for the home I was staying in when I lost my way, and in my wanderings I came to a ravine over which the snow had filled in to the depth of twenty feet, and in the blinding storm I walked into the loose snow. I went down into it until I had about six feet of it over my head. I had to act quickly, so I tramped the snow under my feet and made my hands work over my head like a windmill until I worked myself up to safety, and was able to find the road again, and after my harrowing experience, reached my stopping-place.

While holding meetings in another place, there came one of the worst blizzards I ever saw. It piled snow up to the bottom of the upstairs windows of the house I was staying in. Many perished in this storm, among them three brothers on their way from school. They were riding in a sleigh drawn by a team of horses. The storm was so bad and the snow got so deep that the horses tired, so they could not go any further. The eldest boy left his brothers with the horses and endeavoured to reach home to get help. He got lost, and next morning all three boys and the horses were found frozen to death.

In the evening during this blizzard I went to the place where I was holding the meetings to have it open and comfortable in case anyone came, but no one arrived; they would not venture from their homes in such a storm. When the hour was well past for the meeting, and no one having put in an

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appearance, I started to walk to my stopping-place. The storm was blowing from the north-west, and I had half-a-mile to walk facing the storm. Many times I had to sit down in the snow with my back to the wind to rest and get my breath. At times I had grave fears that I would not be able to make it, but I persevered, and finally reached the home where the people were in a great state of anxiety for fear I was lost. Besides my ordinary clothes I had two overcoats on, and as I opened them to take them off, I found snow had blown through the laps in the front of my coats until it was right into my shirt.

At times when the weather is so severe you hear many expressions of disgust. I once heard a man say, "God made this country for the Indians and the buffalo, and the white man did them a kindness when he chased them out. One day an Englishman, who was a new arrival in Saskatchewan, was met on the road when it was intensely cold. He was very eloquent in denouncing the country, and as he was telling what he thought of it, a woodpecker was pecking on a telegraph pole. "Why," said he, "even the birds are disgusted with the country. There is one trying to commit suicide by knocking his brains out against that pole."

CHAPTER VIII.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BECAUSE of Mrs. Rouse's physical condition, four doctors said there was one thing to do, and that was to take her to a lower altitude; so we left Edmonton at the end of March, 1908, for Vancouver B.C., arriving just in time for the East conference. The number of Christians then on the Canadian Pacific Coast was not large. There were six small assemblies, one in each of the following places: Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo, Ladysmith, and Alberni. The attendance of Christians at the conference would not number more than one hundred. For a month we took rooms in Vancouver, and then moved over to Victoria, and lived in a tent on the sea-shore. We enjoyed the change very much. It was especially beneficial to Mrs. Rouse, and we also enjoyed the fellowship of the Christians in Victoria. In July we moved our residential tent to Ladysmith on Vancouver Island, and sent to Edmonton for our Gospel tent and case of books and tracts, which did not arrive for two weeks.

There were in Ladysmith three brethren, and as many sisters, meeting to remember the Lord in a

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private house, and the first Lord's Day we met with them, but because of a very unpleasant circumstance, we were refused fellowship by the next Lord's Day. One evening during the week, when I went down town to do some shopping, I saw such a large crowd of men on the street, and I could not resist preaching to them, never suspecting that any offence would be given. However, the old Scotsman, in whose house the Christians met to remember the Lord, was very set in his way, and consequently not easy to convince, and he got it into his head I had come there to act independently in that I had not consulted him before going to the street to preach; and all explanations and apologies and confessions on my part were of no avail, and the one I had hoped would be able to help in the tent meetings became an opposer. He never attended the meetings and would not even let us into his house to remember the Lord with His people on Lord's Day. This was to me a terrible trial, at the beginning of Gospel work in British Columbia.

The brethren from other places tried to reason with this old brother, but he would be convinced of nothing but of that which was in his own mind. However, when the tent arrived I put it up on the market square and began the meetings, but found it to be very hard to get anyone to attend except women and children. As Ladysmith is a coal mining town, and nearly all the men were Socialists, they would not attend a religious meeting. The Lord gave me grace to work away, and I had children's meet-

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ings every Saturday afternoon, as well as meetings every night for adults. To induce the children to come I offered a book and a candy to everyone that would attend, and the children turned out about 400 strong. I had a number of copies of the Gospel by John, and to go with this, I got candy on a stick for each one. They listened wonderfully well, but my chief trouble came when I began giving out the books and candy. They stampeded, so the only way was to go to the door and give them to each as they went out. Then my trouble increased, by a lot of boys who would run around the back of the tent and come under the canvas for a second supply. However, although I did not see much reaping, I was glad to sow the good seed, assured that it would produce results. In Ladysmith there is a nice hearty assembly, where I have often been since, and enjoyed the fellowship of the Christians.

In the autumn we took a house in Vancouver, and in the following winter I had a very fruitful series of meetings, continuing a number of weeks in New Westminster. For several summers I tried tent work, but found the people were so attracted to the ocean bathing beaches, they could not be induced to attend tent meetings, so we gave up summer tent meetings, and in September, 1912, I thought out the plan of a wooden tent. In this I was both the architect and builder, and we had in mind using it during the fall and winter. It had wooden walls and floors, and a twelve-ounce duck canvas roof, with a ten-ounce

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duck-fly over that again. I also put in two stoves to make it more comfortable. At one time there were two feet of snow on the ground and quite cold, but the tent was always comfortable. I used it in a number of places during the winter, out around the suburbs of the city of Vancouver, and found from the beginning it was all that I expected it to be, for the hand of the Lord was seen in the salvation of many souls, many of whom are to-day living to witness for the Lord, while others are at Home with Himself.

Among those who were saved was a retired Manitoba farmer, John Hamilton. Seldom did he ever attempt to speak in public, but he was one of the greatest men to bring others to the meetings I ever knew, and many of those he brought were saved. Among them an old civil war veteran and his wife, who were both nearly eighty years of age. God so wrought by His Spirit in the heart of the dear old woman one night as we were singing at the close of the meeting this verse of a good old hymn,

"Pardon is offered, pardon is offered,
A pardon full present and free,
The mighty debt was paid,
When on Calvary Jesus died,
To atone for a rebel like me,"

that she cried out louder than we were singing, as she shook her husband by the arm, "Oh, John, it is

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time we were saved, it is time we were saved!" Before she left the meeting that night she was able to sing with us :

"I do believe it, I do believe it,
I am saved by the blood of the Lamb,
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to His blessed Name."

Another case of interest in connection with the meetings at this time was a big North of Ireland man and his mother. The mother was a dear saved old woman, belonging to the Presbyterian Church. At the close of a meeting one night she said to me, "I wish you would come around and see us. After we go from the meeting every night you would think the devil was in the house the way my son goes on after listening to the preaching." I was using Mr. Baker's chart, *Two Roads and Two Destinies*, and bringing out some very plain truths concerning the destiny of the unsaved. I called the next day, and in conversation with this man, he said to me in a very bold and irritated way, "You talk about the souls of men, what about the beasts, what about the birds, what about the trees?" inferring that they had souls as well as men. I said nothing to him, except that I had a book, and if he promised me he would read it, I would bring it to him, which I did. We did not see him for a week. His mother said he was at home reading this book, *The Scriptures of*

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Truth, by Sydney Collett. When through reading it, he came back to the meetings very subdued, and a few nights afterwards professed to be saved. Then he said to me, "What a fool I was. I had been reading books on science, which were written to discredit the Scriptures, and in these books I was told that by the use of powerful instruments attached to the ear you could hear wonderful music in the morning when the light was coming in, or in the evening when the darkness was coming in, but I see now God has told us all about these things in the Bible." For example, Psalm 65. 8, "And they that dwell in the uttermost part are afraid at thy token, thou makest the outgoing of the morning and the evening to rejoice." He said, "I have been playing the fool by reading and giving credit to such literature," and the day he was baptized he told me he had that day burned nearly a whole trunkful of books. Thus a man, who had been saying, "He was wise and the law of the Lord is with me" (Jer. 8. 8), was now occupying the place of a babe and taking in the wisdom which is from above (Matt. 11. 25-26), and had followed the example of those saved at Ephesus, in burning his books and curious arts (Acts 19. 18-19).

I preached in this tent for two years in the district around Vancouver, and saw souls saved, and three Sunday Schools were formed. In each we had an average of about 100 children. In each of these places there are not only Sunday Schools now, but

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quite large assemblies of Christians gathered together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, carrying on aggressive work in the Gospel.

In all these places, where I used the wooden tent, I laid out the territory in sections, and covered each of these sections from house to house with a copy of *The Evangelist*, to which was attached a copy of the notice of the meetings. This was done every week, so that the people not only got the Gospel in printed form, but the meetings were kept constantly before them. Thus the good seed of the Word of God was sown, and I saw fruit in conversions. In after years, many miles away, I have met persons who were awakened then and saved later. Thus one sows and another reaps and both rejoice together.

I then went up into Northern British Columbia, travelling 460 miles by boat to Prince Rupert, and the same distance inland on the new railroad to Fort George, where great numbers were going into this new country, now open for settlement, as the result of the new railway having entered. Before I went there was a young man who was bearing a good testimony for the Lord in Fort George, James Munro, a nephew of Donald Munro. He had been sent there to manage a store for a mercantile firm in Vancouver. He was like the forerunner, and made it easy for me to gain access to the people, who came in good numbers to the meetings. However, the truth of the Word of God as to man's ruin and God's remedy

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is never popular, and we met a number who were quite hostile. One woman, the jeweller's wife, came one night, and the next day I met her on the street and expressed to her my pleasure at seeing her at the meeting the night before, and added I hoped she would come again, which brought the haughty reply, "Never again for me." I then undertook to assure her the meeting was free, all were welcome, when again with more emphasis she said, "Never again for me." I then asked her, "Why not come again?" Then the truth did come out. She said, "I never slept all night after being there." Oh, how many there are who rather than have their peace disturbed, and get saved, prefer to go on in their sins, and die and go to hell, and have no peace or rest forever.

Here I again saw fruit in the Gospel in the two months of meetings during this autumn, and the following spring I returned, taking the tent. To save expense I did not take the poles and stakes, as there was plenty of material for these in that wooded country. I shall never forget the day I went to the bush to get a supply of poles and stakes. The flies and mosquitoes were so bad I had to use the axe in one hand and a brush in the other to keep off these pests. When I returned to town that night I felt rather discouraged and home-sick. I had to visit a Real Estate Office to see about a lot on which to pitch my tent, and while there I saw hanging on the wall the following poem, which again gave me courage :

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"When the day looks kind of gloomy,
And your chances kind of slim,
And the situation's puzzling,
And your prospects awful grim,
And all perplexities keep a pressing,
Till all hope is nearly gone:
Just grit your teeth and work away,
And keep on pressing on."

I expect the Real Estate Agent considered it was a very appropriate verse of poetry, to keep up the courage of many of the poor homesteaders, who were enduring hardness; many of them losing their reason and committing suicide.

While in Fort Fraser, about eighty miles west of Fort George, holding meetings in the school-house, and boarding in the little hotel, I learned from the hotel-keeper the sad story of how many had committed suicide. It was even worse than the prairies, for on the prairies one could see in any direction for many miles. In Fort Fraser district it was all wooded country, and a homesteader with not more than an acre or so of land cleared could see out nowhere, unless he looked up to the sky above him. Many could not stand the mental strain and took their own lives. So the poem in the Real Estate office was a very helpful antidote.

A number who before had been saved, were wanting to be baptised this summer, but the current in the river was so swift and treacherous that it was unsafe to use it. On the edge there were a number of pits left by men who had been washing

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for gold, and the overflow from the river filled these pits with water. One of them made a splendid baptismal. Here in Fort George I met a company of German Baptists, who closed their Sunday night meeting in order to come to the tent meetings. Among others who attended was a family of Hollanders. While visiting in their home one day, they being unable to understand English, got their Bibles and we had a Bible reading, by directing them to portions in their Holland Bibles. As I was about to leave their house the old gentleman went to his room and brought out a Holland cigar about six inches long and an inch in diameter and wanted me to take it, I suppose, as a mark of appreciation of the visit. I did not take it, but went to the stove, lifted the lid, and as I pointed in, put my hand over my heart and said, "Jesus." He understood what I meant and smilingly said good-bye. An assembly of between twelve to fifteen was formed in this far northern place, and in after years I frequently visited them.

Fort George now became my northern centre, and I held a number of meetings in several places where no one had been before. Among them were Vanderhoof, Fort Fraser, Smithers, Myworth and Prince Rupert. All these places were exceedingly wicked. Prince Rupert, like all the northern Pacific Coast towns, was steeped in sin of the most glaring character. I rented a building there, paying \$60.00 a month for it, but could not get the unsaved in, although I advertised in the paper and went twice

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over the whole town with notices and Gospel papers. One day I saw the Anglican Clergyman following me as I was going from door to door with tracts and notices of our meetings. I feared maybe he was going to reprimand me, but to my surprise he said, "I am glad to see you doing this work, for if there is a place on the face of the earth needing it, it is here. One of the booklets I was giving out was, *God's Way of Salvation*, by Alexander Marshall, and Canon Rix told me he had been saved through reading it when a youth at Warminster, Ontario. Canon Rix became afterwards the Anglican Bishop of Northern British Columbia.

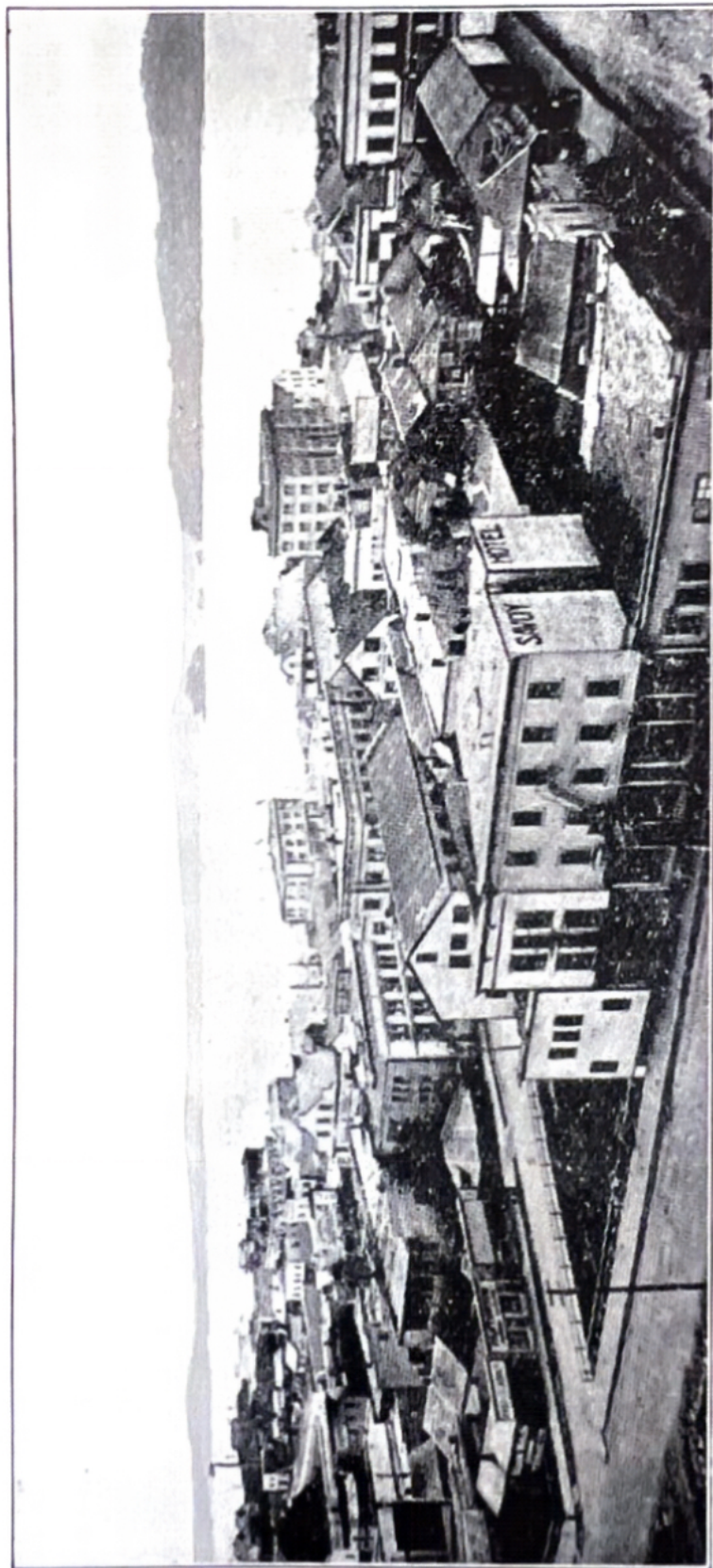
I also met a saved Indian from Queen Charlotte Islands, who, while on a visit to Prince Rupert, attended our meetings. When he returned he took with him twenty pounds of Gospel papers I gave him, which he said he would gladly distribute among the Indians on the Island. Other persons I met in Prince Rupert, who greatly interested me, were a saved Japanese and his wife, whose relatives were in the little assembly in Tokio, Japan. They had Believers Hymn Books in the Japanese language, and I was often in their home, and we would sing hymns together—they in their language, and I in the English. We had many happy Bible readings and times of prayer together. This dear Jap. brother was seeking to spread the Gospel among the many of his countrymen who were fishermen in Northern British Columbia.

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I look back with joy to the happy times we spent together, as we would read and talk together. He who understood English well would interpret to his wife, and as we would be reading and meditating on such subjects as the coming of the Lord, he would clap his hands, and with his face beaming would shout, "Praise the Lord." I was informed that there was a colony of Finlanders a few miles down the coast from Prince Rupert who were engaged in fishing, and as I had a quantity of Gospels in their language I visited them, and was much disappointed to find them Reds of the rankest sort, and they absolutely refused to accept the Gospels.

A place of interest which I visited while I was in Prince Rupert was Metlakatla. It is located, beautiful for situation, about seven miles west across the water from Prince Rupert on a long peninsula running south into the Pacific Ocean.

Resting between this peninsula and the mainland is the beautiful Prince Rupert harbour, but there is a striking contrast between Metlakatla and Prince Rupert in many ways. With regard to climate in Prince Rupert, during the time I was there, there was only one day it did not rain, and when it rains it pours. To the back of Prince Rupert is a mountain covered with green trees. All the rains come from the east, and these trees seem to tear holes in the clouds, and then the rain is dumped on the town in what seemed to me like buckets full. The whole surface of land is of mossy formation over rock.



PRINCE RUPERT. METLAKATLA ACROSS THE BAY.

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Draining the surface is useless, as it holds water like a sponge. If people want grass to grow on their lawns they have to import soil to put over the surface to seed upon. The streets and side-walks are all high in the air, on stilts quite like bridges with timbers and plank surface. This is also true of some houses. I have seen some of them standing twenty-five feet in the air on timbers to bring the houses up to street level.

Morally, Prince Rupert, like all northern coast towns, was reeking with iniquity. This is because it is one of the largest centres in the north, with various business enterprises such as a railroad terminal. Being the largest fishing port in Northern Pacific waters, thousands of fishermen work out of here. Then there is a lot of prospecting, mining and lumbering carried on. There are many places of ill repute, and conditions are beyond description.

One night, at the close of our meeting, a very dejected-looking man said to me, "I wish you would go for a walk with me." Thinking possibly he was concerned about his soul's salvation I went with him. Finally he stopped and pointed to a dim light away down in a hollow. He said, "Do you see that light? My wife is in that house. I wish if possible you would get her for me." At this he broke down and wept bitterly. Upon questioning him, I found his wife had been enticed, and had left him with two small children, as she entered one of those low places of ill repute.

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Next day I called at this place out of sympathy for this poor man. I was met at the door, and I inquired, "Is Mrs.— here?" saying that I would like to see her. But she refused to see me, so I turned away sick at heart as I thought of this poor woman, who could leave her husband and two small children for a life of sin and shame. And as I thought of her husband, left with his children without a mother, on her part, "without natural affection" is a mild way of expressing it. As it has been all down through history, so it is still. Towns and cities as a rule are steeped in sin and iniquity. Think of Sodom and Gomorrah and the conditions existing there. Whereas, such as Abraham, Moses, David, John the Baptist, and others, who were a testimony for God, were to be found in the desert (see Heb. 11, especially vv. 32-40).

Over in Metlakatla, where the inhabitants were all Indians, there was a moderate rainfall. The land was good, there were beautiful gardens of vegetables and small fruits, and orchards laden with fruits of different varieties. Everything indicated life. The homes, though not elaborate, were neat and clean. There were rows of totem poles along the streets, towering as high as thirty feet in the air. These were adopted by the northern tribes of Indians as a symbol of plants and different kinds of animals. The figures of these animals and persons were carved on the poles, which would in some cases measure two feet in diameter as well as thirty feet high; and

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they were coloured with native dye or paint.

Why, in some respects, the great contrast between Metlakatla and Prince Rupert? The one where the Indians lived not so many years before in heathen darkness; the other where man with all his modern inventions, and the evils that too often accompany the same, were to be seen. There is just one answer to this question. In Prince Rupert it is a case over again of men "professing themselves to be wise they become fools." "They changed the truth of God into a lie." "For this cause God gave them up to vile affections and to a reprobate mind," which resulted in "they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them" (Rom. 1. 21-32).

In Metlakatla we have a striking example of the power of the Gospel, to not only save people who were heathens, but to transform their lives. We read in Titus 2. 11-12, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." This accounts for the conditions existing in Metlakatla, in contrast to Prince Rupert.

The story of how this was brought about is indeed pleasant to relate. About half a century ago there was in the Church of England a layman who was truly born again. His name was Mr. Duncan. As he thought of these northern Indians in heathen darkness, he, like Paul, in Acts 17. 16, had "his

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spirit stirred within him," and thus, with a passion for souls, went to those people with the Gospel, and lived and laboured among them for many years, and many of them were truly converted. As a result, their lives and customs were so changed that when I visited them this was very strikingly manifested. The moral atmosphere in Metlakatla seemed so different from Prince Rupert.

After all Mr. Duncan's labour, and the fruit he had among these Indians, there is one very sad thing to relate, which shows up the terrible curse of sectarian machinery and formalism. Mr. Duncan being a layman was not, according to the Church of England rules and regulations, qualified to baptise, administer the sacrament, marry people or bury the dead. So for years they sought to get him to relinquish the station for the church to take it over, and install an ordained clergyman, and have it constituted a regular organized church. For a long time Mr. Duncan declined, but finally he yielded, and then he went away farther north, and spent his latter days in a new field among the Indians.

It has been said, "Corporations have neither ears nor souls." This is true of religious corporations as well as financial ones, as is evidenced in Mr. Duncan's removal. In fact professed Christianity has become so commercialised to-day, that it is difficult to find a religious person who thinks it can be run on any other basis. In the early days of the Church, salaried clergymen, and taking collections from the unsaved

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was not practised or known of. Those who preached the Gospel and ministered the Word went forth taking nothing of the Gentiles. They went forth for the sake of the name (3 John 7-8). They were supported by free-will offering (Phil. 1. 5; 4. 10, 15).

A fair sample of what is in most people's minds can be illustrated by relating the following incident. Because of terrible conditions of poverty prevailing on the Canadian prairies, as the result of drought, grasshoppers and rust, for the last number of years I have been engaged in relief work, that is in receiving and distributing large shipments of clothes among the Christians affected. While one day waiting for a shipment to come over from the railway freight sheds to the customs examining room, one of the customs officers said to me, "What kind of a religious organization is this you are connected with?" My reply was, "I am not connected with any religious organization; I belong to an organism." The officer's next question was, "What is the difference between an organization and an organism?" I said, "God has brought into being an organism, the church, the body of Christ, which is made up of all who are saved by the grace of God, and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. But men have brought into existence organizations, legion in number." Then he said, "Oh! I see, I see." This he followed by asking me another question, which conveys the idea that is in the minds of religious people of to-day. "Do you get a pretty good salary?"

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Oh! I said, I have been preaching for forty years and have had no salary and never took a collection at one of my meetings." This so struck him that he stood like a man bewildered for some time, and when he gained his composure, he asked me another question, "How do you live?" Why, I said, "I have lived and supported a wife and family of four children all these years by using wireless telegraphy. I send the messages up to headquarters, to God in heaven, and He moves upon His people (not the unsaved), and through His people the need is met, without me asking man or men for a cent." And I further stated, "This is God's way as revealed in His Word." He stood like a man dumbfounded for a time, and when he spoke he came back with another question, "Do you have many influential men in your organism?" I suppose possibly he thought I had a tap on them, but I told him it was still true, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called: God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence" (1 Cor. 1. 26-29). God's word is the same, and commercialized religion is strongly condemned, following for the sake of "loaves and fishes" (John 6. 26). When Jesus talked to them about spiritual things "they went back and

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walked no more with Him" (John 6. 66). In the last days there are many professed religious men "making merchandise out of the people" (2 Pet. 2. 5). Jesus in His day took "a scourge of small cords and drove men like these out of the temple" (John 2. 14-15). I wonder what He would do if He was here now.

As a result of our meeting in Prince Rupert there was a small assembly formed there, and I preached the gospel in a number of places between Prince Rupert and Fort George, among them Fort Fraser. In this place I spent some time, and had some rather thrilling experiences. There were only a very few families of white people, but near by a large Indian reserve upon which was located an Indian agent, appointed by the government, and a telegraph office. The attendance at the meetings was not large, as there were few people to come. While I was preaching one night, two young men whom I learned afterwards had come from the Indian agent's office, came into the meeting apparently determined to break it up. They took up the hymn-sheet and mocked at the gospel contained in the hymns, and their voices could be heard above my preaching. I asked them kindly to be quiet and listen. While I was speaking to them, they ceased talking, but as soon as I began preaching, they were as bad as ever. After I had asked them three times to be quiet, and they seemed determined to disturb the meeting, I finally said to them, "I have rented this building for this meeting

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to-night, and if you will not be orderly, you are going out that door." I said this with all the emphasis I could, and I did not know what would be the result. However, to my relief they got up and went out.

There was just one store in the place, and in the back of the store was the post office. I went in to get some postage stamps and there I met a man who had attended our meetings at Vanderhoof. We engaged in a conversation on spiritual things, much to the displeasure of the store-keeper, who proved to be an atheist, and who soon launched out in a violent attack on the Bible, prefacing his remarks with oaths and curses. I said to him, "You believe the Bible?" He again swore and said he did not. I said, "Man you have been frequently using the word 'hell' in your blasphemy, and the Bible is the book God has given to tell us about hell, and how to escape being in it." "Do you believe people have to die?" His reply was, "Any fool knows that." "Well," I said, "You believe the Bible, for we read in Heb. 9. 27, 'As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.'" This did not help to calm him, I then asked him, "If I was to wring your nose, what would be the result?" In a terrible passion he swore at me and said, "It would bleed." Then I informed him that God in His word said, "The wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood" (Prov. 30. 33). So he believed the Bible. By this time he

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was in such a furious state I ceased the conversation, and asked for my postage stamps, and came away.

When I arrived back at the hotel, I asked the hotel-keeper what kind of man the store-keeper was, when I was informed that on a previous occasion the store-keeper had beaten up a Presbyterian missionary badly. And he, the store-keeper, had been brought by the Mounted Police before the Magistrate at Endako and heavily fined. So I expect my conversation with him ended none too soon, otherwise I might have shared a similar fate as did the Presbyterian missionary.

On one occasion in coming out from Fort George, instead of travelling by train, I took a boat down the Fraser River to Soda Creek, and then stage to Ashcroft, on the mainline of the Canadian Pacific Railway. All along the road I sowed the seed in the way of Gospel papers from house-to-house, as well as speaking with many people about eternal realities. It was my privilege to meet many older people who had heard the Gospel preached by the old veteran, Archibald Murchie, who used to travel up through that country on horseback, holding meetings and distributing Gospel papers. After spending some time in the interior of British Columbia, in a number of the places in the Oakangan Valley, after an absence of fourteen years, we returned to Alberta.

CHAPTER IX.

PRAIRIES AGAIN.

TO the Pacific Coast, because of the nice climate and the great real estate boom, many people flocked from eastern Canada, the United States, and Great Britain. Among them were a good number of Christians with considerable gift, and a number of the Lord's servants who used to live and labour on the prairies. This caused me to be exercised again about the need of the prairies, and in the autumn, after preaching in a tent in Killam and in Calgary, we moved to Calgary, where there was a healthy assembly that would give what I considered a good spiritual home for my family.

During the summer tent meetings at Killam, in the year 1921, we saw a few souls saved, among them an old man of seventy-five years. While preaching here, as I was going from house to house one day with Gospel papers, and seeking to get into contact with the people personally, I called on the Anglican clergyman, who manifested he was very much opposed to our conducting meetings of an evangelistic character. He claimed alone the right and authority to minister to the spiritual needs of the people in that town and country district. He was very persistent in trying to make me believe people were

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made Christians by having some water sprinkled upon them when they were infants, and became quite hostile, as I tried to show him from the Word of God that people were saved by grace through faith, apart from works and baptism altogether (Eph. 2. 8), and he slammed the door in my face. Poor man, a few days afterwards he dropped dead. On account of the busy time in harvest, and the most of the people attending the meetings in Killam being farmers, we moved the tent to Calgary and finished the season there.

In Kenora, the farthest west place in Ontario, and close to the prairies, there were a few Christians who met in a private home to remember the Lord, but there had never been any aggressive Gospel testimony. I went there during January and February when the weather was extremely cold, and snow deep, and conducted meetings in an empty store building rented for that purpose, and a number of people were saved. I saw the Lord working in a very marked way, and there were a number of very bright cases of conversion.

Living in the country a few miles out of town was a family. The father and mother were Christians, and the eldest daughter was in deep soul trouble. I walked four miles one cold afternoon to their home, and there occurred that day a scene I shall never forget. I sat for two hours beside this young woman with my Bible, turning to scriptures and having her read many of them, hoping God by

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His Spirit would reveal Christ to her soul. I never did believe in talking to people, and reasoning them into a profession, as is often done.

After the two hours thus engaged she was still in darkness, and the great question with her was, "What must I do to be saved?" and the tears were flowing down her face. Then we were called to supper, but she declined to sit down at the table with us, and took her Bible and a tract I had given her and went upstairs to be alone. As a rule people are very much alone when God saves them. We had just given thanks for the food, and coupled with it the prayer that God would save this young woman, when we heard her coming down the stairs at a great speed. She told us afterwards that she missed the first step on the stairs and nearly fell down head-long. As soon as she had gone upstairs she began to read the tract I had given her, and on the front page was quoted John 1. 29, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." As she read, with the eyes of her heart, she got a look at Jesus on the cross, bearing her sins and dying for her. This is real conversion, Christ revealed to the soul by the Spirit of God through the Word of God. As soon as she entered the room where she could see her father, who was sitting at the head of the table, she put up her hands and shouted, "Oh, Dad, I see it all now, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, He bore my sins in His own body on the tree.'" Her father met her in the

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arch between the two rooms, and there they stood with their arms around each other weeping and rejoicing together. Such a scene I have seldom witnessed. It was too much for me, I had to get behind the door, I was so overcome. Soon she said, "Let us sing :

'Settled forever sin's tremendous claim,
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name.'

She, her father, and mother and I sang all the hymn through together, and I am sure there was rejoicing in heaven also, and the effect on the large family was very evident. They were all off their chairs, standing with their backs to the wall, awe-stricken, and some were saved afterwards. We read in Psa. 40. 3: "Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." At this time we had a demonstration of this. Another girl, saved during the meetings, was soon after stricken with a very contagious disease, and passed away to be with the Lord—saved, but not too soon.

During our meetings in Kenora there was another young woman in trouble about her sins. I have seen her in such distress that she would rub her fingers until they would bleed. Her brother, who was a returned soldier and quite filled with himself and the devil, used to mock and laugh at his sister as he saw her weeping around the house. He would not condescend to attend the meetings. He was a very important fellow, walking around in his uniform.

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One day as he was walking down town he fell on a rock, covered with ice, and was knocked unconscious; the side of his head being badly cut needed medical attention. He came to the meeting that night with his head bandaged up, and before long he was saved as well as his sister.

In Kenora I encountered a number of religious fanatics, who were in the habit of making outward demonstrations while attending their own religious meetings. Several of these attended my meetings, and while I was preaching they would attempt to talk with tongues, and waving their hands in the air, like a prairie chicken rising off the ground, they would shout, "Praise the Lord, Amen, Hallelujah." I stood it as long as I could and then told them I was pleased to see them attending the meetings, but that I must have quite orderly meetings, and I wanted them to refrain from all outward demonstrations. They were quiet from then onwards, except one woman who occupied a back seat where no one but the preacher could see her flapping her arms like a bird its wings.

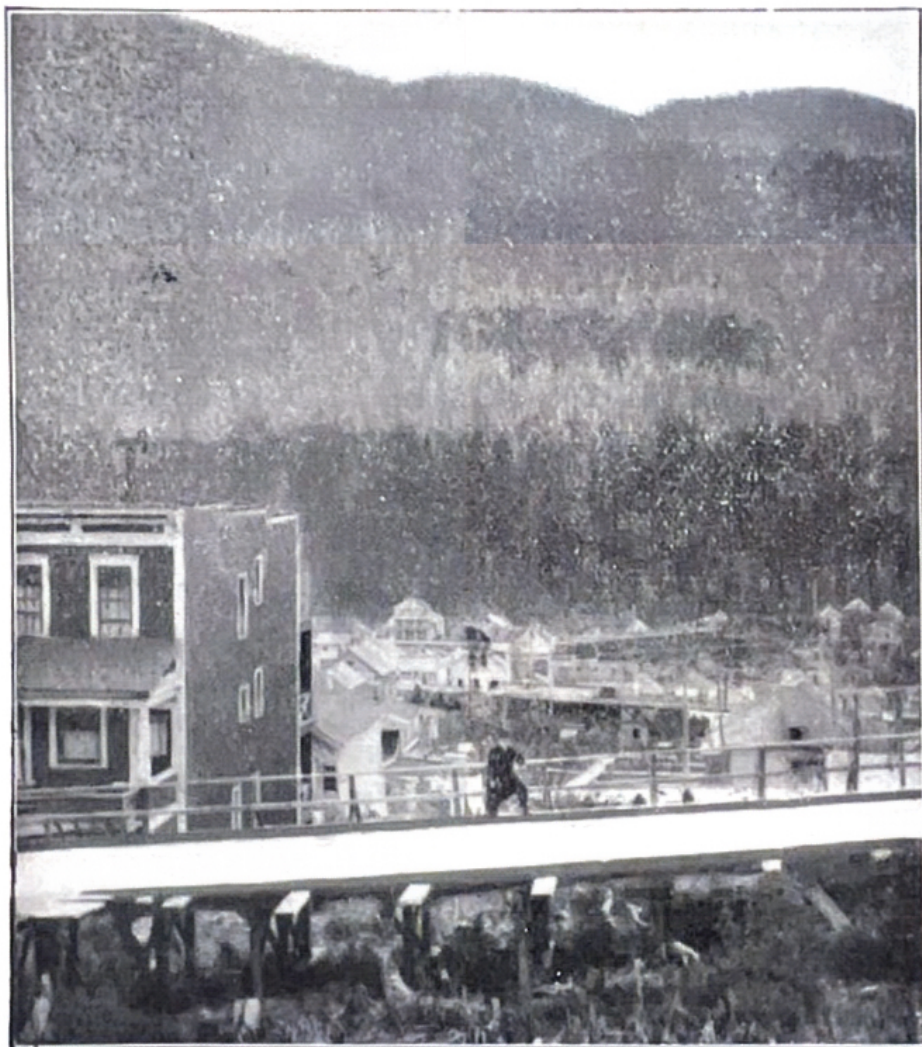
In another place I had only been speaking about ten minutes when one of these deluded women began to jump off her chair and go on with a strange babble, professing to talk in another tongue. I said, "Here is a women who claims to be talking in an unknown tongue; we only allow people here to talk in known tongues; if she cannot be quiet will someone kindly assist her out of the hall." She was quiet

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the rest of the meeting, so the spirit she had, which was some other spirit than the Holy Spirit of God, was not hard to quench.

On another occasion while I was conducting a Bible reading a woman started to talk. She was very persistent, and all reasonable means that I used in trying to stop her failed. At last I made a very strenuous effort. I stamped my foot heavily on the floor at the noise of which she jumped, and for a moment stopped her clatter. I then read to her 1 Cor. 14. 34, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," and said to her, "If you were obeying this portion of the Word of God you would keep quiet." She then took her husband by the arm and said, "The spirit is not here, let us go home," and much to my relief she left the meeting.

At the time I had meetings in Kenora; the meetings that these fanatics held had been broken up for different reasons. Some of the women folk among them had got so deluded that they considered they could not live holy lives in Kenora, and had left their homes, their husbands and children and gone to Winnipeg, where this religious cult was more largely represented, and where they could have better scope to practice their religious hallucinations. I was also informed that their religious organization in Kenora had been broken up, partly as the result of dissension among them over doctrine, and one evening as I was waiting in the Canadian Pacific Railway depot for a train, a man came up to me



PRINCE RUPERT. RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.

PRAIRIES AGAIN.

and began to talk, propagating his doctrine about the Trinity. He proved to be one of these deluded creatures, and from him I soon learned the doctrine over which their meeting had broken up. He said, "God was, Jesus came, and God ceased to be." "Jesus was, the Holy Spirit came, and Jesus ceased to be." Now there is only the Holy Spirit, and so they talk about nothing but the Spirit. Surely this is the fulfilment of 1 Tim. 4. 1, "Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of demons." In Rev. 19. 10, I read, "For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." I take this to mean that anyone speaking in the spirit will be speaking concerning Jesus and not of the spirit. What a mercy it is to be preserved from such delusion.

In the dead of winter I went to a school-house in northern Saskatchewan. To this place a number of years before a few Christians immigrated from Simcoe County, Ontario, and were from the assembly at Waverley, where I first had the privilege of remembering the Lord twenty-eight years before. They homesteaded in this district before there were any railroads near, and had to drive long distances with horses and waggons to reach the place where they had their future homes. The first evangelist ever to reach them, in the early homestead days, was Brother W. M. Rae. I have heard him tell of the long journey by waggon over frozen roads to reach them

PIONEER WORK IN CANADA.

in the homes of sod shacks the people had then to live in.

In our meetings in this school-house we saw a wonderful time of blessing. The second week of the meetings many were in such soul trouble that they did not care to leave to go home. It seemed that a tempestuous wind, in a spiritual sense, had struck the place. It was there at another time when in a literal sense there was a cyclone, and barns were blown down and terrible havoc wrought even to the loss of life, but on the occasion of our meetings it was the wind of the Spirit (John 3. 8) that was blowing, and I saw, in a spiritual sense, in that district that which happened in Acts 27. Not only did the wind of the Spirit blow, but all was dark, neither sun, nor stars in many days appeared, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away (v. 20). It was then they were saved (v. 44). In our meetings in the school-house many were saved, and there was no small stir, because of the way (Acts 19. 23). For miles around that district there was scarcely a home where God did not save people, and in some cases whole families.

In the home in which I was staying, the eldest member of the family, a young woman, and very haughty young lady, did not care to be spoken to about her soul's salvation. However, one night after meeting she was hanging on the handle of a wash-boiler on the stove, weeping bitterly. When asked what was the trouble, she replied, "I want to be

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saved." I sat with her for some time at the kitchen table, turning up portions of Scripture for her to read. I then went into my room, off the kitchen, and prayed for her. In a little while I heard the chair on which she had been sitting sliding sliding across the floor and her feet pattering up the stairs to her parents to tell them she was saved. She had been reading Isaiah 53. 5-6, and she saw Jesus dying for her on the cross. After telling her parents, she came downstairs and knocked on the school-teacher's bedroom door, and the school-teacher heard the story of how she had been saved. The school-teacher was very ill, and her brother had come from Moose Jaw to take his sister to the hospital, and he had to sleep with me. Soon this young woman was at our bedroom door calling me by name. When I replied she said, "Oh, Mr. Rouse, I am saved." And the teacher's brother had to listen to the story of how she was saved, and the wind of the Spirit blew all that night in our bedroom, for this young man in his distress rolled and tossed all night, neither sleeping himself nor letting me sleep. It is a real thing to see God working in the salvation of souls.

About one hundred miles north of this, in a country district where other Christians had immigrated from Ontario, I went to preach the Gospel. They were from Northern Ontario, Temiskaming. Some of them had been saved many years before, when Mr. Silvester and I had preached there. Now they were starting life anew in the extreme northern

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part of Saskatchewan. Through the Gospel preached among them at Taylorside, a number had been saved, and among them an old man who had heard me preach at Waubimic, in Parry Sound district, forty years ago, and again in Temiskaming County over thirty years ago. He was an old lumberjack. A very rough illiterate and ungodly old man; but when he got saved in Northern Saskatchewan the change in his life was so great that he was the talk of the country around, and also in the little town twelve miles away. He was constantly witnessing by life and by lip, so that everyone knew that he was a Christian. He with a number who had been saved wanted to be baptized, but there was no water deep enough nearer than the Saskatchewan River, twenty-five miles away. To go there was out of the question, because of the distance and poor mode of conveyance, and bad roads. It was a very dry year, and while ordinarily there was plenty of water in the slough, this year, after tramping over the prairie for miles, all I could find was eight inches of water in a nearby slough.

To provide a baptistry I got a boy to go with me, and we tried to dig with spades, but the earth so adhered to the spades that we decided to discard them, and with barnyard forks dug a grave seven feet long, four feet wide, and four feet deep, and lined it with lumber to prevent it from caving in. Then we dug a trench out to the slough and ran water into the grave until it was full. I confess that

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it was the most grave-like place I ever got into to baptize anyone. In this, Edward Horn, and a number of others were buried into the likeness of the death, burial and resurrection of the Lord (Rom. 6. 3-5; Col. 2. 12).

In after years I was again there holding meetings, when Mr. Horn was ill. Doctors had told him his heart was so bad that he might drop dead any minute. However, he was able to attend our meetings, and his face would shine until the sight of it was a real inspiration to preach.

It was on Good Friday that I was on a train going south. The train was known as "The Homebrew Local." It took ten hours to travel eighty miles. This train went north three days in the week, and south three days in the week alternately. While I was on the train, Edward Horn dropped dead. On Saturday I received a message to say the funeral was Monday, could I come and conduct the service? The snow had melted and left the roads very rough with mud, which had frozen as hard as a brick, and there was no train up there until Tuesday, so I had dismissed from my mind all thought of ever reaching there, as I looked upon it as an absolute impossibility to get to the funeral.

At noon I told the family where I was staying about the message I had received, but I had not thought of going as it was humanly impossible to reach there. The school-teacher, Mr. Langell, who

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was a Christian, boarded in this home where I was staying. After dinner I saw Russell Ronald, a young man who had been saved when eight years of age in meetings I had out in the yard, conferring with Mr. Langel. Following this they went and pushed an old car out of a shed and began to work on it. It was a model "T" Ford. For a while I watched them through the window, and later went out to them and inquired what they were doing. The car had not been used for a long time, but they said they were going to see if they could get it to run, to take me to the funeral.

They worked late into the night, and got up early next morning, and by ten o'clock they thought it ought to run; but the thing most to fear were the old tyres, they were badly worn and very old. They cranked and cranked but could not get the motor started, until finally they hitched a team of horses to the car and pulled it around until the engine started. We left at one o'clock noon, and I prayed all the way to the Lord to keep the old tyres from blowing out. It was one hundred and fourteen miles of a journey, a cold day, with a regular blizzard on, and the old car had no curtains to afford us shelter, while the farther we went the rougher the roads became. But the Lord was wonderfully kind to us. We only had one blow-out, and having one spare tyre we made the trip all right, arriving at nine o'clock in the evening as much surprised to be there as they were to see us. All the way the blizzard

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raged, covering us with black dirt, so that we looked more like Indians than white people at the journey's end.

The funeral was next afternoon, and services were held in the community church building. Everyone built it and everyone used it. Burial was in the cemetery adjoining the building. Because of the esteem in which Mr. Horn was held, although the blizzard was still raging, the building was packed to the limit. There were business men from the town fourteen miles away, clergymen—in all, a great number of people.

As we drove into the cemetery, the grave-diggers informed us that they could not possibly have the grave ready short of one hour-and-a-half, because the earth was frozen down deeper than the depth of the grave. I informed the people of this fact, and as it was storming outside, and we were comfortable inside, I said I would take the liberty of keeping them longer than I would under ordinary circumstances. I preached for over an hour. The Lord gave me help in a wonderful way, and the people sat spell-bound. I could appeal to them not only from the Word of God, but also from what they had seen in Mr. Horn's life—the change that came about as the result of being saved. That night some of the Christians gathered in the home where we were staying, and one said, "The people all around have expressed themselves as wondering what we believed, but they surely know now." To preach at this old

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man's funeral was one of the greatest privileges of my life.

The next day we made the return journey and the storm was still raging. On the way we ran out of gas, about four miles from where we could obtain any. From a farmhouse nearby we got some coal oil, but it would not work. I then walked about a mile to another farm, where I got a gallon of gas for which I paid sixty cents. This took us to where we could get a supply. From there on we had plenty of trouble with several blow-outs, and a good deal of the journey was made running on the rims. We were all sick with bad colds after it.

After resting and recuperating for a few days I proceeded on my journey west, into northern Alberta, to Battle Bend, which is twenty miles south of Hardisty. Arriving at Hardisty at two o'clock in the morning I sat in the railway depot until eight, when I got a horse-pulled stage down to Battle Bend. The roads were terrible. Some places snow-banks to the hubs, then mud to the hubs, and other places lakes of water. Some years before I had held meetings in this place, and an assembly was formed, and I was anxious to see them again. At our journey's end the horses were about worn out, and so was I. I could scarcely get one foot ahead of the other. When I arrived at Mr. Milroy's home, where I was to stay, I asked to be allowed to go to bed, and although it was only five in the afternoon I was unconscious to all around until the next morning,

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which was Lord's Day, when I had three meetings, and I continued with meetings each night during the week. I think this was perhaps the greatest test to my physical endurance I ever experienced.

In the summer of 1922 I preached in the tent at Lethbridge, Alberta, where there was a small assembly struggling for existence. My purpose in going there was of a two-fold character. First, to preach the Gospel, and second, to strengthen the things that remained in the assembly (Rev. 3. 2).

For some years they had been afflicted with a man who had driven many away and almost wrecked the testimony. Altogether he had the faculty of always thinking he was right and everyone else was wrong, and was like the Scotsman Donald Ross used to tell about who was attending his meetings and was in great trouble about his soul. After meeting one night, this man had gone on down the road alone, and when Mr. Ross and others came along they could hear him behind a hedge praying, "Oh, God, start me right, do start me right; you know I am a Scotsman and I will never turn." If the man in Lethbridge had been as deeply conscious of his failure the assembly might have been spared a lot of trouble.

In Lethbridge I had good meetings, and God graciously saved a number, adding them to the assembly. Here, as was my custom, I slept in the back of the tent to assure a measure of protection, but one night, while I was unconscious of what was

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going on, some lewd fellows of the baser sort (Acts 17. 5) had entered the tent and broken the lamps and had the tent partly down before I awoke to save it from further destruction. The meetings were brought to a sudden end by a tornado, which tore the tent badly and covered the seats and my bed with an inch of dust. That day, as I walked along the street, the wind turned me around on the sidewalk as a boy would spin a top.

The next summer I went to a small town called Penticton, up in the mountains of British Columbia, with a population of about two thousand. Here there were many different religious sects, each struggling for existence. There were no less than seventeen of these different parties, so I found it very hard to get the people to attend the meetings as long as I conducted ordinary Gospel meetings. But at the beginning of the second week I put up *The Two Roads and Two Destinies'* chart, advertising subjects, and then I had crowds coming. Among them were Seventh Day Adventists and Russellites, who often could not stand the pressure of what was being preached, and on different occasions rose to their feet to contradict me, which always resulted in them being put to confusion and increasing the attendance at our meetings.

One night, at the closing part of the meeting, I was enjoying help from the Lord in presenting the Gospel, dwelling on 1 Cor. 15. 1-6, how that "Christ died for our sins according to the scripture, and was

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buried and was raised again the third day," and I took occasion to remark "not as Russell had blasphemously said, "His body never raised but possibly evaporated into gases." When I said this, a man stood up in the tent and declared, "Mr. Russell never said such a thing." I asked him if he had book number two. He said he had it, so I asked him to bring it to the meeting the next night, which he did, and as I read to him this statement he became angry and went away home. We never saw him again. This had the effect of delivering some from this awful heresy.

Another night I was speaking on Rev. 20. 10, and said, "According to Rev. 19. 20, the beast and the false prophet were cast into the lake of fire before the millennium, and according to Rev. 20. 10, the devil was cast into the lake of fire where the beast and the false prophet are, and that they had been there for a thousand years, and that did not mean annihilation." At this a Seventh Day Adventist jumped to his feet and contended for annihilation. There was a boy sitting on the front seat, and I asked him if he could tell me what a-r-e spelled. He rose to his feet in a very dignified way and said a-r-e spelled "are." I congratulated the boy because of the fact that he knew more than the old man, who did not believe a-r-e meant "are." The old man was silenced.

Here again I saw some blessing, and the few Christians who had been meeting in a private home

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to remember the Lord, afterwards built a nice hall. After the meetings in Penticton I had a few weeks at West Bank, where a few more souls were saved.

I began to feel the physical strain of tent work, and ceased to use the tent, but continued in halls, school-houses and old barns as the Lord opened the way. Having obtained help of the Lord we continue unto this day.

In the summer of 1928, William Bunting and I used an old horse barn in Northern Saskatchewan. We cleaned out over a foot of manure and got it carpeted with fine straw, and made seats with poplar wood for legs and planks for the forms. The roof and walls of this old barn had cracks an inch wide. Had it rained we would have been unable to use it, but all the time of the meetings we had fine weather. We had more or less annoyance from boys throwing clods of earth on the roof, but God was blessing His Word to the salvation of souls. In after years I met a young man in British Columbia who said to me, "I was one of those who was guilty of throwing clods on the roof of the stable," but this was used of God to awaken him, and now he is saved.

From there we went west to another place in northern Saskatchewan, one hundred miles west of Saskatoon, and had meetings in a school-house where we again saw blessing in souls being saved.

I have been told by physicians, and I have proved it to be true, that the exercise of the body is necessary as well as the exercise of the mind, if physical

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health is to be maintained. I never used an automobile because of the long cold winters with deep snow, and in the summer muddy roads. In a new district where people lived far apart, it often necessitated long walks, calling from home to home, and in so doing I used my foot-mobile. On one occasion I wrote to a man living in a very out-of-the-way district to say I would be along on a certain train. The letter was miscarried, and as a result, when I arrived at the getting-off place, where there was no depot and no hotel, there was no one to meet me. I said to a poor looking old man who got the mail-bags, "Is there any place where I can stay until morning?" He said I could stay in his shack with him. It was one o'clock in the morning when the train arrived, and I went into the shack. He had no bed, just a cot on which he lay with his clothes on. I sat on an old rickety chair until three o'clock when it began to break day; then I got out and walked sixteen miles before breakfast carrying my bag. Fortunately for me it was in the month of May, when the days were long and the weather beautiful. Paul could speak of "In journeyings oft." This I also knew from experience.

About eight years ago I had a physical breakdown, being afflicted with ulcers of the stomach. I was put to bed for some weeks on a milk diet, which cured me, but I was warned by doctors to be careful as to the future, so I feel my days of pioneering are done especially in these outlying prairie districts. I

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have seen people afflicted with a terrible disease called pemphigus, brought on as the result of having nothing but dry hard food. One case especially that came before me was that of a young man. His condition was such that leprosy could not compare with it. The whole surface of his body was a mass of sores and scabs. His toes and finger-nails were loose, and the inside of his mouth, throat and stomach were also covered with sores and scabs. The disease was extremely infectious. I visited him in the pest house where he was confined, and a week before he died he professed to get saved and gave a very clear testimony.

As my pioneering days are done, my prayer is to the Lord of the harvest that He would raise up strong healthy young men to go forth into those needy fields, and I can assure anyone doing this that there is a peculiar joy connected with going forth where others have not been. It is surpassingly excellent that had I life again before me I would seek to spend my time in a greater degree in the regions beyond.

CHAPTER X.

POVERTY SURROUNDED BY PLENTY.

IN the early history of farmers on the Canadian prairies, after the homestead days were past and railways built, there was comparative prosperity. The soil was new and fertile, crops were good, prices never very low, often high, and for the most part people were making money. This was specially so in the days of the Great War, when wheat was selling at two dollars per bushel. It was then that wheat acreage was increased and large tracts of land hitherto uncultivated was sown to wheat. The tendency was to get all the acres possible in wheat without properly cultivating the land, and this resulted in much of the country becoming a veritable bed of weeds. Large sections became covered with sow thistle and wild oats, the worst combination one could conceive of.

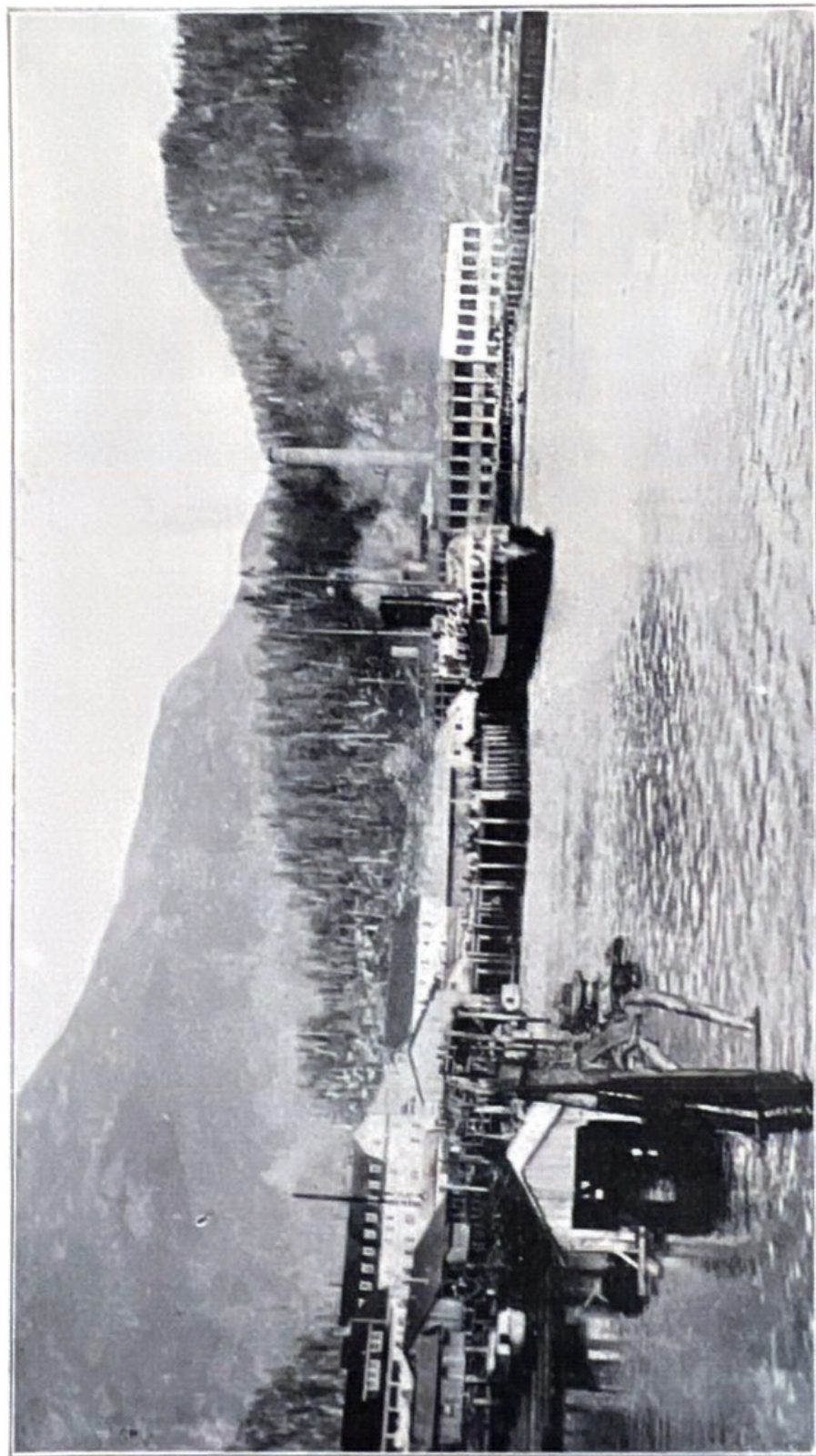
Along with this came a series of circumstances which left the farmers in a terrible plight. First, when the war was over the demand for wheat lessened and prices dropped away below the cost of production. Then during the war days many farmers bought more land at fabulous prices, and now, when values of land had dropped, were left stranded.

When the price of wheat dropped the elevators

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all over the country were glutted with a tremendous surplus and no demand for it. I knew a brother in the Lord who needed some money and took a load of wheat to the elevator, only to be offered seventeen cents a bushel. When this condition of things was reached the farmers were advised to cease growing so much grain and go in for mixed farming—raising cattle, hogs and poultry. This they did to their great sorrow—the towns and cities being so few and small that there was not an urban population large enough to create a demand for this kind of farm produce, so that when they took their produce to the market they could not sell it.

A few examples that came before my personal notice will suffice to show the plight these poor people were in. About four years ago wheat was selling in Calgary at nine dollars a ton, while butchers were paying ten dollars a ton for sawdust for their shop floors. In one place where I was having meetings I walked three miles to a post office and brought a farmer's mail for him. The cream check for the week's milk from two excellent cows was in the mail. It was seventy-six cents. In another place a woman wanted some seed to sow to have some green peas. She took four dozen eggs to a store and came home with thirty-five peas for her forty-eight eggs. Again, in another place, a brother in the Lord drove with a horse and buggy nine miles to meet me. He brought twelve dozen of eggs with him, for which he got enough wick for a coal-oil



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lamp, and a little mantle for the same. A woman near Regina, Saskatchewan, had a number of fine turkeys. When killed and dressed they weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. She took them to Regina just before Christmas when the price was at the highest peak. All she received for them was four dollars and seventy-nine cents. Farmers shipping cattle to Winnipeg did not receive enough to pay the freight, and hogs were selling at two-and-a-half cents a pound.

About this time representatives from all the countries in the world met in London, England, to try and correct this condition of things, and they legislated and agreed to cut down production. Each country passed laws restricting the farmers, allowing them to produce only a certain percentage. In the opinion of many this looked like men interfering with God's affairs, for immediately there set in a number of years of drought and grasshopper menace, which left large areas which had once been the garden of the country as bare as the Sahara Desert. This brought many people into terrible destitution and want, and to add to the distress the winds were so bad that surface soil was lifted and left piled up along the roads like snow-drifts in the winter.

Grasshoppers were so bad that when flying they darkened the sun. One year, for three days the wind blew so strongly it proved to be a great blessing in disguise. The grasshoppers were blown into Lake Winnipeg in such quantities and were drowned, so

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that on the east side of the lake they could be shovelled up in wheel-barrow loads. All this had caused such devastation that several hundred thousand of people became destitute. In Saskatchewan alone, according to a report issued by the Government, apart from the people on relief in towns and cities, they were feeding forty-five thousand families, including one hundred and sixty-five thousand people on farms; and when one takes into consideration the fact that these farmers have not been able to pay taxes for several years, the Government has a colossal task on hand in raising money to feed these poor people.

During the spring of 1935, after a number of years of no crops because of drought and grasshoppers, there were splendid moisture conditions, indicating possibilities of a good crop, if they only had seed to sow. The Government supplied them with seed, and up to the end of June there was every prospect of an abundant harvest, when a wave of black rust gradually swept over the country from the south, northward, causing a complete loss of crop.

One brother in the Lord wrote to me in July, from Southern Saskatchewan to say he had got seed to sow four hundred acres, and in June it looked like a fourteen thousand bushel crop, but the rust had taken it all so that he did not reap a sheaf.

In Israel's history when they tried to get ahead of God by not letting the land rest every seventh

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year as he had ordered, he allowed them to be taken captives into Babylon for seventy years.

He is the living God and still controls. He is the moral Governor of the Universe and sees to it that whatsoever men or nations sow that shall they also reap (Gal. 6. 7).

During those years of terrible distress the different denominations in other parts of Canada where conditions were better became active in sending relief to their people in these stricken areas. Being so well acquainted with the Christians and their circumstances in these drought-stricken districts, I felt I should try to do something to help them, so notices were printed in the three magazines issued on this continent, and as a result, for several years large quantities of clothing and also money were sent to me. The money I mostly converted into clothing as the Government concentrated on feeding the people but not clothing them.

We do not wish to tell all we could about the many sad cases of suffering and sorrow. Children clothed in gunny sacks; parents under the strain becoming mentally unbalanced and committing suicide leaving children orphaned. But we are thankful to say we were able to be the medium of receiving and distributing each winter, for several years in succession, several tons of clothing.

The Canadian Government very kindly allowed for relief work all clothing to enter Canada free of duty, and we received many shipments from as far

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east as Hartford, Conn., and many places in California in the west, and all the way between. And in Canada, from Prince Edward Island to Vancouver and many places between. Thus the Lord's people were able to do as recorded in Acts 11. 27-30, send relief to those in need, and thus bodies were more comfortable and hearts made to rejoice in that the Lord was caring for them through His people.

As the result of this drought and grasshopper menace, miles of country have been so devastated that large districts have been deserted. I have been across areas fifty by one hundred miles in extent, with good houses, farm buildings and school-houses all deserted. Such is the sad experience in this land of plenty, which many Christians have been caused to pass through. I have no doubt God has allowed these conditions because of man's avarice and greed, and to remind His people afresh that we are citizens of heaven, and that it is not for us to be setting our affections on things on the earth, but on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God (Col. 3. 1-2).

When I was a boy I delighted to watch a balloon ascension. The big gas bag was held to the earth by a row of ropes all around the balloon, and on the end of each rope a bag full of sand. When the man wanted to make an ascent he got into the basket and pulled a rope which loosened all the bags and then up he went. In years of so-called prosperity we were all more or less sand-bagged to the earth, but now

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during these years of so-called depression, the Lord has, I have no doubt, been getting the bags loosened ready for us to go up to be with Himself.

How true are the words of our Lord Jesus Christ just before He prayed for those the Father had given Him out of the world, "In the world ye shall have tribulation but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. These things I have spoken to you that in Me ye might have peace" (John 16. 33).

When stern afflictions cloud the cheek,
And want stands at the door;
Hope cheers him with the sunniest note,
'Tis better on before.

CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELIZATION.

IN the Scriptures we have specific directions to govern the Lord's people in every detail of life. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. 3. 16, 17).

As stated in a previous chapter, in connection with evangelization, in the Gospels we have the authority or command. Our Lord Jesus is the One with authority. In Matt. 28. 18, He says, "All power (authority) is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," and that authority he exercised by saying to His own, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16. 15), and "Go ye therefore and teach (make disciples) of all nations" (Matt. 28. 19). In the Acts of the Apostles, or the Acts of the Holy Spirit in the Apostles, we have the history of their obedience to the command, and in the Epistles, teaching in connection with methods in carrying on the work (see 1 Cor. 9. 1-27; 3 John 7-8).

In Matt. 16. 18 the Lord Jesus makes mention of the church. Peter had confessed Him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God (v. 16). Then

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Jesus said, "Upon this rock I will build my church," embracing every believer from Pentecost until He comes again. In the Epistle to the Ephesians we have the unfolding of the truth in connection with the body of Christ, and the title "Christ" is in evidence throughout (see chap. 1. 20-23; 4. 12-13; 5. 23-32). Peter, who said in Matt. 16., "Thou art the *Christ*," said in Matt. 18. 21, "*Lord*," speaking by the spirit in the latter instance, as in the former. The Lord in Matt. 18. has been speaking of a local company acting in subjection to Him as Lord in the assembly in the matter of discipline. The truth in connection with assembly order and government is unfolded to us in the Epistles to the Corinthians, and the title "Lord" is in evidence throughout. He is Christ, the Head of the Church, His body; He is Lord in the assembly.

Now, in the Ephesian Epistle, where we have Christ as the Head of the Church, His body, we have the gifts presented in chap. 4. 11-12, "And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." According to chap. 2. 20, the apostles and prophets are in the foundation, leaving evangelists, pastors, and teachers in the superstructure, and they are in evidence in the church to-day. In contrast to this, in 1 Corinthians, where we have the local assembly aspect of the church, in chap. 12. 28, where the gifts are mentioned, there are no evan-

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gelists. How singularly strange, one would say. To me this is very significant, and I take it to mean that the sphere in which evangelists are to operate is not in the assembly, but in the world. The Lord Jesus did not say, Go ye into all the assemblies, but "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I do not infer that the Gospel should not be preached in assembly halls. However, often there are local brethren quite gifted to do this, and the Lord has set His approval on special evangelistic meetings conducted in assembly halls by evangelists who give their whole time to the work of the Lord, but there is the tendency, on the part of evangelists, to go only from one assembly to another, and never enter new territory. It is easy for both evangelists, and God's people generally, to slip into ruts, and to do things that as a rule are thought to be all right, but have no support from the Word of God.

I once read an incident about two birds. One was put under a glass container and left there for three hours, and taken out alive. After it had been under the glass for an hour-and-a-half another bird was put under, and it died instantly. The first bird gradually became accustomed to the air that became increasingly foul, and lived through it. The other was shocked when it came in contact with the foul air and expired. Gradually we slip into conditions and become accustomed to them when they are often wrong. If some of those who served the Lord in

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real pioneer work were to come back to earth they would surely be shocked at what they see practised to-day.

The object in preaching the Gospel should be to reach the unsaved, and yet comparatively few unsaved enter Gospel halls. What a waste of time it is to preach the Gospel when there are no unsaved to listen, and go on with meetings just for the sake of having meetings. Jesus said unto His disciples, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4. 19). We are safe in concluding that the Lord Jesus saw, in the literal sense, the characteristics of fish and fishermen, which are illustrative of angling for the souls of men.

As one who has done some fishing for trout in the brooks, I have learned many lessons. To be successful the fisher must keep himself out of sight as much as possible; and so in preaching the Gospel we need to keep ourselves out of sight and present Christ in such a way that people are attracted to Him, just as the fish are to the carefully baited hook. I once heard a man deliver an address that was well calculated to turn away the unsaved from listening to the Gospel. After the meeting was dismissed, an Irish brother, who had a great interest in the Lord's people and in the Gospel, came to me in distress and said, "The idea of a man going fishing, jumping into the water and splashing with a pole and scaring the fish away." Paul referred to this principle in connection with preaching the Gospel

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when he said in 2 Cor. 6. 3, "Giving none offence in anything that the ministry be not blamed."

Another thing that is of the greatest importance and wonderfully illustrates the truth with regard to fishing for men, is this. Fish in the brooks nearly always have their home in some secluded place, and do not often change their residence. Having caught a number in one place, we have gone back there again and again for weeks without catching another. How unwise it would be to continue to fish there, when there were no fish. We would go further up the creek to find another place where we would catch more beautiful trout. So with preaching the Gospel, because we have seen some souls saved in a place, why remain and waste time by staying in assemblies where the Gospel is so much preached.

There is still another thing which would not stand the scrutiny of Scripture. Too often, men taking the place of evangelists, allow themselves to fall into the snare of being booked up for months ahead. An example of this came before my notice lately. A young man, taking the place of an evangelist, attended a conference and approached the brethren about having a series of meetings at a later date. He said, "If you want me, you will have to book me now, for I am booked for six months ahead." Imagine Peter, or Paul, or Barnabas, or Silas, doing a thing like that. I see in the Word of God, for instance in Acts 19. 10, when Paul went to Ephesus, he remained there two full years, first preaching the Gospel, then teach-

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ing the young saints, seeing them established in the truth, and the result was a good healthy assembly. Some years ago, I heard one of the elder brethren offering some just criticism of evangelists, who said in the course of his remarks, "There are two kinds of preachers, one is the abounding kind, and the other is the bounding kind." Paul was one who belonged to the abounding class. He remained in a place as long as the Lord was working.

Another important principle manifested in the work of the Lord at Ephesus, is seen in what Paul did in the synagogue, where he first preached the Gospel in that city. We read : "Divers were hardened and believed not but spake evil of the way" (Acts 19. 9. R.V.). This was more than Paul could tolerate. Not that he was personally insulted or injured, but he had such a deep seated conviction in connection with that which affected the honour and glory of his Lord, that he separated the disciples, and engaged the school of Tyrannus in which to carry on the work of the Lord.

Let us look at the whole situation. The synagogue was a public meeting-place, where this company of Jews carried on their religious services. Paul was under obligation to them for the use he was making of their building, but how could he conscientiously continue under obligation to the people who had no place for his Lord. This involved a very serious scriptural principle. So he separated the disciples. In other words, he began to put into practice what

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he wrote to the Hebrews, "Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach" (Heb. 13. 12-13). Paul is never again found in a synagogue in connection with the work of the Lord.

We have heard preachers of the Gospel say they would go wherever they found an open door. They have gone to places where they did not have a free hand and where they were more or less under the control of the religious organization in whose building they were preaching. I know the Word of God says: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth" (Rom. 14. 4). But we also read about stumbling others, and Paul said "If to eat meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth" (1 Cor. 8. 13). I believe that any man taking the place of an evangelist and, while in assemblies, practices going to denominational places to preach, is a positive danger to the spiritual welfare of young people who are not well instructed in assembly principles. I have known of many young people being turned away entirely from the scriptural way of gathering by the effect of such an example.

It has been a standing principle with me for forty years that if the Lord opened the door there would be room to take the whole book inside; that is, there

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would be every freedom for me to preach all that is in the Word of God. If there was no room for me to do so, then I am assured He never opened that door.

Incidents will serve to illustrate and bring home this truth. I have listened to one of the most godly men it was ever my privilege to meet, relating his experience on one occasion, when conducting meetings in a cottage in a certain town he was exercised about a public place in which to preach on Sunday night. While out walking one day, he met a member of a certain religious denomination, which at that time was without a clergyman, the congregation being financially embarrassed. Our friend was offered the building to preach in on Sunday night, and readily accepted the offer, concluding the Lord was opening a door for him.

When the Saturday newspaper was delivered at the home where he was staying, to his great amazement and discomfort he saw the announcement that the Rev. John — was going to preach in this church on Sunday night. He then would gladly have pulled his head out of the noose but had committed himself, and so had to go through with the engagement.

Sunday night came, there was the congregation. That was all right, but he found his hands tied. One of the deacons took charge of the service. He selected the hymns and announced them. The choir did their part, and when our friend was through

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preaching the choir sang an anthem while two of the deacons went around with the collection plates. By this time our dear brother was so worked up that he gave them another discourse before he left, telling them what an unscriptural practice it was to take money from promiscuous audiences. He said that was a lesson for him never to be caught in a tangle like that again. Written principles of the Word of God governing one in carrying on the work of the Lord were being violated.

Another incident will illustrate the other side of the question. Some summers ago I was also conducting Gospel meetings in a private home in a little town, and likewise was exercised about a public building in which to preach on Sunday night, but there seemed no hall available. At that time there was a certain congregation there who were so dissatisfied with their minister that scarcely anyone was going to listen to him. We went and saw the clergyman and the board of control, and all were perfectly satisfied to rent the building for the Sunday night. We paid the rent and received the receipt. Half-an-hour before the meeting time we got out on the street and sang some hymns in front of the building. A great crowd gathered and followed us into the meeting until the place was packed.

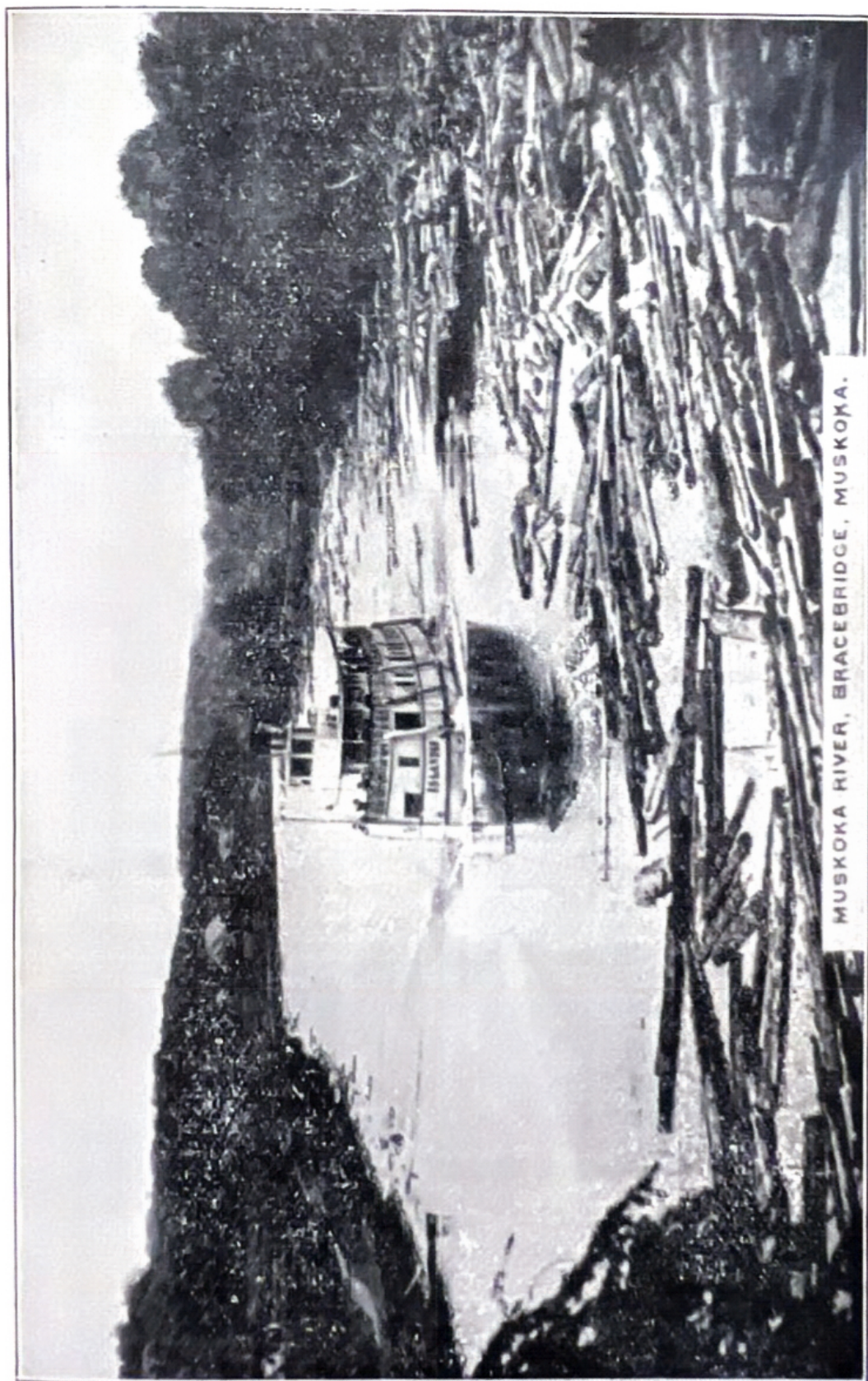
When the people became seated the minister came to me and asked what part he was to have in the services. "Oh," I said, "I have rented the building for to-night." "But," said he, "could I not sing a

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solo." I answered him by saying there would be no time for solo singing; I would need all the time at my disposal to tell the people what was on my heart from the Word of God. So the clergyman sat in the congregation and listened, and he was in such uneasiness that he wriggled and twisted on his seat. I was afraid he would interrupt the meeting, and when I was through preaching he viciously attacked me for believing in eternal punishment. If I had been a partner with him in that service, I would have had a very grievous sin to confess unto God, and it would have been a very bad example to any Christian.

Possibly, when Paul left the synagogue at Ephesus, some well meaning but misguided Christians, led by mere sentiment rather than Scripture, may have said to him, "You have by your narrow-mindedness destroyed your influence. If you had continued in the synagogue you would have had greater crowds to preach to." But Paul knew that to obey was better than to sacrifice (1 Sam. 15. 22), and that such a theory is not true, for we read "so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed" (Acts 19. 20), and the converts were real, for many of them also which used curious arts, brought their books together and burned them before all men (v. 21).

Then there is no doubt that there is such a thing as definite leading by the Spirit to the place God would have one go. Paul and Silas were forbidden



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to preach the Word in Asia. They essayed to go into Bithynia, but the spirit suffered them not, and they assuredly gathered that the Lord had called them to preach the Gospel in Macedonia (Acts 16. 6-10). This was surely the Lord leading His servants to the right place. We have heard frequently of the correspondent of different assemblies having within a few days received so many letters from different evangelists wanting to have meetings in their halls. In one case, no less than twelve letters from as many evangelists. It is plain to be seen that it was not possible for all of those to be in the mind of the Lord, or being led by the Spirit. Out among the unsaved, who had not yet heard the Gospel, there was no such congestion. There was not even one wanting to go among them with the message of love and life, although there were open doors much nearer than the places to which they were writing for meetings. Surely when the ambassadors are called home at the coming of the Lord there will be a reckoning in connection with these things.

About Paul, we read in 1 Tim. 1. 16, "I obtained mercy that in me first, Jesus Christ might show forth all long suffering for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting." And surely he was a pattern in Acts 17. 16, when he saw the condition of the people, "his spirit was stirred in him." This is another admirable feature about Paul. We profess to believe people are on the way to hell, but judging from appearances we are little

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concerned about them. A Gospel preacher once said to a theatrical performer, "How is it that you can move the people to tears with your fiction, whereas I present facts with little result." The reply was, "You preach facts as though they were fiction, I preach fiction as though it was fact." May God awaken us to the reality of what we profess.

The evangelist is likened to the labouring ox in 1 Cor. 9. 9. In the book of Judges we have the account of God's people being brought into the good land and left without a visible leader. Moses has died (Josh. 1. 1), Joshua has died (Judg. 1. 1). They are now left to partake of, and to enjoy the blessings into which they have been brought by those now dead. But there were enemies to be judged and destroyed, if they were to possess and enjoy their inheritance. However, the sad story is recorded of their disobedience to the Word of the Lord, for in Judges 1. we have them compromising with, and entering into leagues with these enemies. As a result these enemies were to be as thorns in their sides, and their gods were to be a snare unto them. Consequently they were now to spend their days in sorrow and weeping instead of joy and rejoicing (Judg. 2. 1-6). One of the first enemies into whose hands they fell was Eglon, King of Moab, and for eighteen years they were under his power (see Judg. 3. 12-31). In Eglon I see an enemy that is mightily oppressing God's people to-day in Gospel work. The meaning of Eglon is "a fat bull calf," and this

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betrays a character quite in contrast to that which characterises a real Gospel preacher, who is likened unto the labouring ox. In verse 17, Eglon is said to be a very fat man, and in verse 20 he was sitting in his summer parlour. This combination sets forth what is too common now in preachers spending most of their time sitting about home, and running out to some assembly to spend the week-end. About forty years ago I heard the veteran pioneer evangelist, Donald Ross, at a Hamilton conference addressing young evangelists, and in giving them sound advice he said, among other things, "Do not spend your time sitting by the fireside in carpet slippers eating chicken."

In Judges 3. God used a man named Ehud, which means "strong," and he came from the quarries by Gilgal. He was in close association with that which speaks of the cross, and anyone who is in association with that which speaks of the cross will never be guilty of sparing themselves or pleasing the people who have itching ears (2 Tim. 4. 3). Ehud used the sword (which speaks of the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, Eph. 6. 17), in such a way that God's people were delivered from this subtle enemy and the land had rest for eighty years.

While evangelists often fail by spending their time in assemblies instead of going into new territory, I have no doubt there are contributing causes, one of which is dependence upon assemblies rather than upon the Lord who sends them—that is if sent by

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Him. This develops a system something like the denominations, that is, preaching and being paid for it. This does not entail living by faith and dependence upon the Lord to supply every need, producing the strong spiritual character evidenced in those who were used of the Lord in the early days of pioneer work. If one goes out into the world to evangelize, one will have trials of faith like Paul. He will know what it is to be abased and to abound, and to be full and to suffer need (Phil. 4. 12). But that which casts one upon the Lord results in good spiritually.

But there are two sides to every question. The assemblies also have their responsibility to act before the Lord intelligently as good stewards. Too often failure in evangelists not going out in pioneer work is because the assembly fails to think of those who are thus engaged. The assembly at Philippi in so many ways has for all time set a good example for other assemblies to follow. Although there were a number of other assemblies, Paul could say when he departed to Macedonia (which was new territory), "No assembly communicated with me concerning giving and receiving but ye only" (Phil. 4. 15). How this gift had cheered and comforted him as he was away there carrying the Gospel into the regions beyond. If the assemblies of to-day were more exercised in the matter of having fellowship with the work of the Lord in new places, it would have a twofold effect. First, it would discourage the

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practice of men spending all their time in the assemblies; and second, encourage and stimulate pioneer work. Preachers are plentiful, but the harvest is great and the labourers are few. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers (not preachers) into His harvest" (Luke 10. 2), and let the assemblies be consistently scriptural in supporting such work.

When nations go to war the troops at the front are supplied by the people at home. So in connection with the work of the Lord we read, "Who goeth a warfare at his own charges, who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock? Say I these things as a man? or saith not the law the same also? For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God care for oxen, or saith He it altogether for our sakes. For our sakes no doubt this is written" (1 Cor. 9. 7-10). This is very plain language. Just as the labouring ox treading out the corn without a muzzle to prevent him from eating the fruit of his labour, that he may be strong to continue his work, so with one labouring for the Lord in the Gospel. When souls are saved and assemblies formed, the one whom the Lord has used should be ministered to by the assembly, as he goes on into other new fields. How often have we seen the sad spectacle of one labouring hard, only to be forgotten by those who were the fruit of his

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labour. When a true evangelist goes into new territory he has hall expenses and his board to pay. He has gone forth for the sake of the Name, taking nothing of the Gentiles (3 John 7), and it is his privilege and responsibility to do so in obedience to his Lord's command. On the other hand, it is the responsibility and privilege of the Lord's people in the assemblies to support the work thus carried on, that the Gospel be not hindered (1 Cor. 9. 1-10). "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psa. 126. 5-6).

"Go then ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained, our spirit often grieves,
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves."