ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S DAUGHTERS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Mrs. Harrison Lee Cowie

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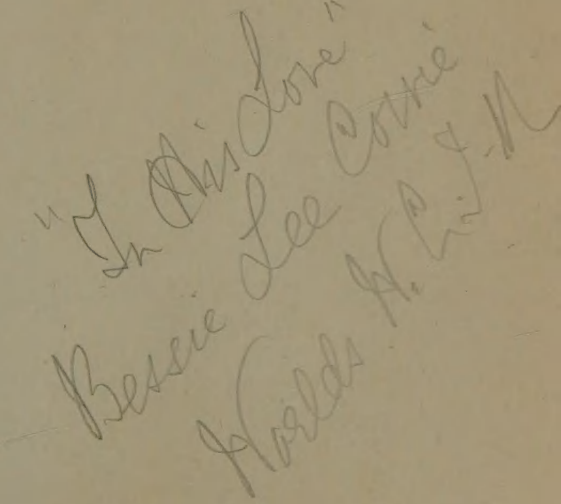

Mrs. Harrison Lee as first W.C.T.U. Evangelist of Melbourne, Australia.

ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S DAUGHTERS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

MRS. HARRISON LEE COWIE

WORLD'S REPRESENTATIVE W.C.T.U.

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The attention of the reader is kindly requested to the Author's Note on last page

CONTENTS.

PART I.

PART II.

"Our God who made the Universe,
So mighty, good, and true,
Is He who cares for you as though
He'd nothing else to do."

PROLOGUE.

LIFE.

AN infant's cry on the midnight air. 'Tis the night of the 10th of June, 1860, and June being the month of deepest winter in Victoria, the cold in the pretty mining town of Daylesford, high among the hills, is very intense; but a mother's heart is warm and loving, and the little baby who has come at such a cheerless season of the year is soon nestled into the sweetest, softest, warmest place on earth, and the cry is stilled on mother's breast.

Lying in her cradle trying to catch sunbeams, and laughing ecstatically as they ever eluded the clutch of the dimpled fingers, the little winter baby looked the living embodiment of joy, while the mother—sweet, and worn, and pale—with a little ray of another world softening the light in the dark eyes, turned with a prayer up to baby's Creator, that ever the source of lasting joy might be in her wee darling's heart. Not long, she knew, could she be with her loved ones; it was only a question of time, for consumption, that fell disease, had fastened on her frail form, and was—true to its common title—consuming her life away. But all was well, she knew. She had heard the grand message before the baby came. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." She had come to the One who had uttered the words, and firm and fixed on the Rock of Ages waited quietly for the call to another world, day by day lovingly doing her duty in this. When Bessie was eight years old, the call came, and

the mother went to rest, leaving a memory of love and tenderness with her little child, which strengthened and grew with years, and influenced the whole of her after life.

And now I step aside to let the child tell part of her story in her own way.

CHAPTER I.

DEATH.

"YOUR mother is dead, Bessie." I heard the words, but they conveyed no meaning to my mind. Mother had always talked so happily of "going home." We, for there were five of us little people, knew that some day mother was going to a land to be made well forever, and we had gleefully talked of the happy time when mother would never be tired, never have a headache, and never cough at night. And we had eagerly watched for the day to come when mother should have a new, strong, beautiful body.

The day had come at last, but my uncle didn't use mother's terms, so I didn't know what he meant. I had a vague idea of death's being something sad. For once, I remembered mother's going to a miner's cottage, taking me with her. There was a long black box, ornamented with silver on the lid. There were women weeping in the room, and mother was weeping too. I heard the women whispering incomprehensible words, "It was the drink did it."

"She was papering her room to have it nice, and he came home drunk and kicked the table over, on which she was standing; the baby was born that night, and both died before morning."

And then someone lifted me up, and in the long black box I saw a woman with a cruel mark on her face, and a tiny baby on her arm. I put my head down on the friendly shoulder, and sobbed. I knew not why.

Another time I remembered there had been an accident in a mine, and a stretcher carried by pitiful-faced men passed our door. There was something on the stretcher covered with a piece of canvas, and I heard mother's sobbing voice say—

"Poor Tom Hocking! but, thank God, he was ready . . . ."

Uncle Tom took me into the room where lay a long black box, such as I remembered seeing in the miner's cottage. He lifted me up, and there, with her own tender smile curving the pale lips, lay mother sleeping. And how sweet she looked, in the pretty embroidered dress they called a shroud, and with the lovely roses decking her wasted form. I was so proud of my pretty mother, and smiled down upon her, expecting her to open her eyes and smile back again. I touched the flowers crowning her waving black hair, the buds in the thin white hands, and then uncle said:

"Kiss your mother, and we will go out."

I obeyed readily, but a thrill shot through me as my warm lips touched the ice-cold brow, and mother didn't kiss me back again. I shivered and shrank back from that still, white, cold figure, and turned away with a conviction in my little heart, "That isn't mother." They dressed us all in black, and took us, as they said, to the cemetery, "to see the last of mother." I cried bitterly because I saw the others crying at the grave, but in my heart was a glad, sweet secret, that I did not know how to share with anyone else. "Mother had gone away, and that box they called a coffin didn't hold her at all."

"What a child that is," said a neighbour. "Just listen to her, actually singing after her mother's funeral!"

Yes, I was singing over and over again, "Oh, that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more!" There was a solemn family conclave after the funeral, and

grave discussion as to the disposal of mother's bairnies. To me it was a matter of supreme indifference what was done with me. I loved everybody, and was willing to go with anybody who wished to have me, so while uncle and my poor, sad-faced father planned about our future, I sat on the doorstep and stroked the crape on my little black dress, and sang, "In the sweet fields of Eden there is rest for the weary," and I looked up at the fleecy clouds hurrying across the sky, and felt so happy because I knew the dear, loving, weary mother was resting "in the sweet fields of Eden."

"Bessie, you are to go with your uncle and be his little girl," said my father.

I had been six months already with this uncle in his home near the City, while mother was so very ill; so, rippling over with smiles, I climbed over on uncle's knee, and warmly kissed him in token of adoption. Poor father sighed, and drew me to himself, and I felt a hot tear fall upon my forehead. In an instant my arms were around his neck, and my eager heart and tongue united to remove any sting my action had planted. The other children were placed in comfortable homes; the furniture was sold; the home let, and we all parted, not to meet again for many years.

A long coach journey, followed by a still longer train journey, brought me, in my uncle's care, to his beautiful home near the city. My aunt received me with open arms, and I nearly strangled her in the warmth of my embraces. I was taken to my room, and though tired and homesick, and longing for mother, I bravely winked the tears away, and tried to sing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

I WOULD have been wonderfully happy in the home which was really now my own, were it not for one cruel hindrance. Both my aunt and uncle took drink, and drink, at all times a cunning enslaver, was fast becoming their tyrant. Kinder none could have been, when the pitiless enemy was not at hand; more cruel and heartless none were when the drink had the mastery. Soon my uncle lost his splendid situation, and then began the downhill career. Bit by bit the furniture went; the carpets and pictures were sold; then they removed from their comfortable home to a cheaper suburb. My aunt would one day treat me with a love inexpressible; the next my bruised and blackened body would give evidence that drink had the ascendancy.

I have heard some people declare that drink is a blessing. A year of awful experience in my young life has forever proved to me that drink's doings are an unmitigated curse. A man may stand where the gun is fired, and declare that the beautiful little piece of mechanism can do no harm, but those who stand where the bullets strike can tell a very different tale. That one year of my childhood stands out as a great black blot on the white page of memory, and in after years it made of me a worker and pleader for little helpless children. To those who have never passed through a similar experience there can be no conception of the anguish of body and mind a little defense-

less child has to suffer at the hands of a drink-maddened woman.

The days of brightness in between, when no drink was procurable, were bits of elysium indeed! I loved my aunt intensely when she was at all lovable, and was then as happy as a little skylark. She would lift me on her lap, and take down my dress, and look at the great wales and bruises on my shoulders and arms, and kiss the wounds with a tenderness most pathetic; while the great tears would break from a heart full of bitterest remorse. I would then put my arms around her neck, and hug her, and declare the "bruises didn't hurt a bit." And then I would lift a corner of my pinafore and wipe away the hot tears, and comfort the grief-stricken woman as best I could. And in my little heart I would fairly worship her, and think her the dearest woman in the world, and my periods of bliss would last just as long as the periods of poor aunt's enforced abstinence.

Then would come the awful blackness of fear and suffering, and paralyzing terror again, when the whole world was a world of horror and woe, and there seemed no place of safety for a terrified, distracted little creature. To this day the memory of that year brings back the old stricken, hunted feeling. I feel myself again the white-faced fear-numbed little child, cowering away in dumb horror from the woman possessed with a devil. And that memory has nerved my soul and thrilled my tongue many a time when on the platform I have pleaded for drink's destruction for the sake of helpless childhood, if for no other reason on earth. Oh the wee bairnies! the poor little lambs of God's flock! What a sin and a shame that such awful suffering should be their portion, through the legalized sin of our land. Surely, surely the revenue paid into the state coffers cannot outweigh the cries and the tears of the real victims of licensed wrong.

"Do you hear the cries of the children, brothers!
Rising up on the midnight air;
Does the sound reach the hearts of God's fathers and mothers,
When each cry is a pitiful prayer?
Do you see the thin faces and forms, my brothers!
The children are pleading for bread;
Will you build up the State on foundations like these,
brothers?
Oh! God, that the children were dead.
Better, far better, if death, like a mother
Tenderly folded her bairnies around
Than that here, for the sake of enriching the country,
Such martyrs to greed should be everywhere found."

CHAPTER III.

ENOCH'S POINT.

A GREAT surprise came to me one morning, when, quite unexpectedly, my father presented himself at the door of our now very humble dwelling. And still greater was the surprise when we learned he had come to take me away to the mountains where he then lived. His brother was going to be married in a few days, and as he had to take his bride to a most lonely spot, it had been agreed that I was to be removed from the care which father had found was not of the very best, to the safer haven of Uncle William's home. I was relieved beyond measure to be taken away from the crushing influences of that drink-cursed home, yet full of grief at parting from the woman who had been so kind to me in her better days. It was hard to say whether sorrow or joy predominated as I left that house forever, and turned my face toward the Australian Alps, where God's unrevealed wonders lay.

But it was not long before my buoyant spirits were brimming over like an "ower-fu' pot." I sang in the train, till my patient father's head must have ached, and the thousand questions tumbling over one another, with no time between for answers, must have made him wish for the "Sweet fields of Eden, where there was rest for the weary." But, indulgent to a fault, father let me rattle on like an exploding steam pipe, no doubt wisely thinking that plan would the sooner exhaust the torrent of my speech.

But, oh! the wonders of that journey! For many a long day they formed the theme for rapturous description to all who would listen, and for joyful retrospection to myself when no one else was near. The train was delightful, but the coach journey was bewildering. The driver never slackened rein up hill or down, over stumps and ruts, through creeks and gullies skirting the Goulbourn river, or skimming around the mountain side. We were bumped up and down, thrown first into a lap on the opposite seat, and then against a most unyielding board at the back. I wouldn't have cried for the world if I had been bruised from head to foot, for was not father there, and didn't the people in the coach praise me for standing the knocking about in the coach so well? After the praise my lips were effectually locked, and I believe if every bone had been broken no word of complaint would have escaped. I valued good opinion highly, far too highly, and would have died to deserve it; a characteristic of my whole life, and a trait I have had to fight against most determinedly.

At night we drew up at an hotel, which was the stopping place of Cobb and Co.'s coaches, and I learned that the rest of the journey—fifty miles—would have to be resumed the next day, first on foot and then on horseback.

Blissfully unconcerned as to ways and means of transit, full of enjoyment of the lovely scenery, and happy beyond measure in father's company, I dropped asleep, and knew no more till father's kiss awakened me, and I learned the night had passed, and we had to begin the longest and hardest part of the journey into the mountains. A good breakfast formed a foundation for the day's toil, and father, taking my very modest little bundle in one hand and my hand in the other set his face towards the hills. I didn't sing so much on this day, but my tongue knew no rest. Everything

was so wonderful and beautiful; the trees, the wild flowers, the lovely creepers, the creek to be crossed on a narrow log, the laughing jackasses, the kangaroos, and, crowning delight and wonder of all, an encampment of blacks on the way.

We rested that night at a wayside hotel near the blacks' camp, and I fraternized with the sleek little picaninnies, and looked with open-eyed interest at two black gins attiring themselves in dark blue blankets, fastened in most mysterious fashion with wooden pins. I eyed with great awe the old, white-bearded king of the tribe, and looked at their mia-mias from every point of view, though at very safe distances. And at last I went to a little room for the night, a very tired, but very happy little maid. Fairyland itself could not have bestowed one half the enjoyment that I was getting out of what to some might have seemed a very tiring journey.

The next day was a repetition of my delightful picnic. I would have been quite content to walk on forever, so long as father held my hand and there were regular intervals for rest and refreshment. The reaching of the goal did not concern me a bit while I was having such a glorious time. But father looked uncommonly thankful when, at the next stopping place, we met a friend with horses to take us the rest of the way. A horse journey had the charm of novelty, and I felt quite important, as seated on the top of my little bundle, securely fastened to father's saddle, and held firm by father's arm, the last stage of the journey was begun.

I wonder if any words can possibly convey to my readers the sublime beauty of the Australian Alps? I fear not, so will not here attempt a description of the heights and depths of those great mountains, the lights and shades on every peak and hill, the wonderful vegetation, the crystal streams, the feathered life,

the clear, rarefied air filled with the songs of a thousand different songsters, every turn of the road revealing some new and exquisite beauty, and majestic old hills looming away up into the deep blue sky, like mighty walls built by some great giant's hand to keep back puny man's approach. My heart was filled with awe too deep for words, and my tongue was silent at last.

It was evening when we reached our destination, a busy little mining township on the banks of the Big River. The little town of a single short street was all alive. The pack-horses and mules, some twenty or thirty in number, were being unloaded, for over the great mountains no wheeled vehicle had ever crossed. and every article of food and drapery, every bit of mining machinery and house requisite, had to be brought by pack-saddle over narrow, dangerous tracks. The two hotels were in full business, and the four stores, each with a liquor license, were also doing a roaring trade.

Mingling with the tinkling of the pack-horses' bells could be heard the bleating of the home-coming goats, and the hilarious laughter of the ridiculously merry kookaburra; there was bustle and life and fun on every side, and all awe was chased away as we passed through the street. I couldn't help adding my smile to father's nods of recognition to the many who saluted him, and I felt ready to be friends with everybody, and it was evident that the feeling was reciprocated by the warm-hearted miners of Enoch's Point.

At Bain's store we alighted, and here I was taken charge of by my merry-faced uncle and his intended wife. I loved my uncle at once, and soon found that he was a general favourite with old and young. A more generous and open-hearted man it would have been hard to find, and his comical stories and ringing laugh had a charm for all. In a few days the marriage

took place, and uncle took his bride to the little log hut at the foot of Mount Terrible, which was to be their abode until the more pretentious weatherboard cottage could be finished.

Oh! that dear old log hut. What a lasting impression it made on me, with its great chimney taking up all one end of the place, its bush sofa and three-legged stools. The bag safely tied at the mouth for the meat, and the camp oven in which the bread was kept when it was not engaged in baking the same; the bark roof, the earthen floor, the smoke-blackened ceiling, the tiny low doorway, all are remembered with a child's affection to this day. My aunt was one of the thriftiest of women, clean, capable, energetic, no idle person dared come near her. Her keen eyes took note of every fault and failing, and her rebukes fell like scorching lead on a ne'er-do-well's head. Strong of body, and ten times stronger of will, she had no pity for weakness or shiftlessness, and many a time did I feel as if I must really crumble into dust, so withered and scorched was I beneath the awful rebukes falling thick and fast on my devoted head.

I suppose I was a real trial to that brisk, industrious woman. I had never been taught to do any work, and at eight and a half was a very useless little creature. But I was in the right hands to have my defects remedied. Aunt resolved that first of all I should learn to knit, which I accordingly did. And from that hour I and a set of knitting needles were inseparable companions. Sitting on the old bush sofa on wet days, out in the garden on lovely summer evenings, or roaming the hill side, I was scarcely ever without a stocking in my hands, and from nine years old I earned every article of clothing I wore, by knitting. I don't think my aunt was very well acquainted with the Bible, but both she and uncle liked to see me reading my own little book, and enjoyed listening

every Sunday morning to my small stock of dear old hymns, "The sweet fields of Eden," "Mothers of Salem," etc.

There was not a bit of romance or nonsense of any kind about aunt. Practical, matter-of-fact, unsentimental, she was yet just the one approved of God to fashion my character. To her the whole of the Decalogue was summed up in two of the Apostle's precepts, and these were impressed upon me day after day, till they became ingrained in every fibre of my being. One was, "Be diligent;" the other, as I grew nearer womanhood, "Keep thyself pure."

Aunt had come from Erin's beautiful isle, where the women rank first in the world for purity, and purity was in aunt's eyes the cardinal virtue. She was a sensible woman, and knew that a soft-hearted child growing up in a mountain home, with no girl companions near, and surrounded by miners who came from no one knew where, who all drank, and blasphemed, and desecrated the Sabbath day, and lived regardless of God's laws, was in peculiar danger, and so her vigilant eyes were never at rest, and her warnings and lessons were many and strong.

"Remember," she would say, "you have nothing in the world but your good name; if you lose that, you had better die at once. Keep yourself right and every one will respect you. Once slip and every one will scorn you. You can die but once, better far to die before dishonour than after."

I don't know whether I understood half of what aunt wanted me to know, but I understood enough as I grew older, to make me hold honour as the dearest thing on earth. About this time, too, there was a case in the weekly *Australasian* of a young girl in New Zealand who had been cruelly murdered by her lover because of her resolute resistance to his wishes. He had buried the body in a field, and it was only dis-

covered by people noticing how carefully he ploughed over that particular part. When arrested, he confessed his crime, and told of how the noble girl had preferred death to dishonour. The ladies of the place raised a white marble statue to the name of New Zealand's daughter who could die but could not sin. Oh! how proud I felt of that girl, and what a lasting impression was made upon my impressionable heart. I do not remember her name, but she died not in vain, for not only is her heroism recorded in white marble, but in the purer character of more than one of her countrywomen.

Of schooling I had very little. In Daylesford I had got as far as a-b, ab, b-a, ba, abba. In Footscray I had gone to a Ladies' Seminary to learn to read and write. At Railway Creek we were three mountain miles from Enoch's Point, but I was eager to learn and pleaded hard to be allowed to go to school. The road was lonely and hardly safe, with many snakes and dingoes, and more dangerous still, drunken men often to be met. But I was blithe and fearless, and hungering for knowledge, so at last I was permitted to go. I loved school. Learning was no trouble. Everything was a joy; snow or rain, heat or cold was all the same to me, as I took my little dinner bag, and my lesson books at seven o'clock each morning, and trotted off to the Point.

On the way there was a spot which became very sacred to me, after my conversion, of which I must tell you presently. It was half way down a great hill called Beelzebub, and was what I called my church. Four wild cherry trees grew at equal distances apart, as though planted by human hands at four corners. They met overhead, and formed a beautiful shelter, with their graceful foliage and bright red fruit. In my little church I knelt every morning to pray, unless anyone happened to be near. I was far too shy, and

my inner feelings too sacred, to court ridicule, and if accompanied by anyone, I would simply pass on with a reverent glance at my little sanctuary. Twenty-five years from the time when I first knelt in the dear little church God's own hand had built for his little child, I knelt again with my best loved friend by my side. One tree was gone and the branches looked old and gnarled, but as we knelt there to thank and praise the wonderful God of Jacob, it was again to me the most hallowed spot on earth, more dear and sacred than any cathedral built by the hand of man.

Alas! my school days came to an abrupt conclusion in six months' time. My strength was unequal to the severe strain upon it, and twice I fainted in the little school house. I fought against the weakness of body, for the thirst of the soul was insatiable, but aunt learned of the collapses, and sent forth the fiat, "No more schooling." Oh! how I mourned, and would, if I had dared, have rebelled. She was inexorable as Fate, and I had to submit with bitter tears to grow up without schooling, church, religious teaching, or child companionship.

But the bitterness wore off in time, and I tried to learn all I could from other sources. A book shop was unknown at Enoch's Point, but most of the miners took *The London Journal*, *The Family Herald*, *Bow Bells*, and other periodicals of a like nature, and from far and near they brought me their treasures to have the first read, and there I would sit reading aloud to aunt, while uncle was on night shift, till two o'clock in the morning, with the inevitable needles clicking away and my mind getting filled with the queerest mixture that surely child ever had. There are metals which have affinity for each other, and when brought together immediately fuse and form an inseparable mass, but there are others which have no attraction for each other, and cannot be made to blend by any

method. This is the only reason I can give for not being utterly ruined by such reading as I had. All that was heroic and noble and grand I gloried in, and tried to fashion my life by; all that was vile and pernicious seemed to roll off and be forgotten in a short while. At times I would get hold of a splendid book, and then my soul was up on wings, soaring away to other realms, and losing all sight of things of earth and time.

When I was about nine years old, Milton's "Paradise Lost" fell into my hands. Of course I read it, though some of the words were as incomprehensible to me as though they had been Sanskrit. I didn't understand a third of the glorious revelations of that wonderful book, but my soul enjoyed it intensely, and I fairly revelled in the sublime masterpiece, until there came through its pages the awful knowledge that I was a lost creature. I cannot tell how the first thought came exactly; it just seemed slowly to dawn upon me that beyond this life there were two places, in one of which I would have to spend Eternity. One place was for the redeemed, and that was where mother had gone; the other was for the lost, and that was where murderers and evil-doers were going, and then came another thought, growing out of this one, there were two states in this world, in one or other of which every human being was; they were either saved or lost. There was no middle course, just as beyond was Heaven and hell, no middle place, and I,—I was in the lost state.

As the awful truth dawned on me, my soul recoiled with terror, my brain reeled with the horrible conviction that I was standing on the brink of a fearful chasm, and that at any moment I might be hurled into that awful place described by Milton's burning pen, where the wails of the eternally doomed cease not night or day, and where torture succeeds torture

through never ending ages. I fled from the book, and tried to fly from the awful words scoring themselves into my very brain; "You are not saved, therefore you must be lost; there is no middle state." Oh! if only mother had been alive, or if there had been a Sunday school teacher near, or someone to whom I could have run and poured out the overwhelming horror of my soul; but there was no one, and for three days and nights I suffered agony indescribable. I was afraid to go out in the daytime, lest a tree should fall on me, and I should be killed, and fall over forever into that fearful abyss. I could not have breathed a word of my mental sufferings to aunt and uncle. They would not have understood, so I just had to dumbly suffer till relief came.

Some people seem to look on little children as little blanks, and scoff at depth of feeling, or religious impressions in early life. They utterly refuse to put faith in child conversion, seeming to think that a child's heart is a slate from which can be rubbed off all that is ever written on. My own experience verifies the belief that a child's mind is as wax to receive, and marble to retain, and I have as much faith in a child's stability and faithfulness, as in an older person's while my own childish sufferings have given me deep sympathy with other children in their longings for light and life.

CHAPTER IV.

SAVED.

It was the third day in my Gethsemane, not a jot of my anguish and fear and horror had abated, but I had to go through my daily duties somehow, and not let aunt suspect the state of my poor stricken soul. She would either have scolded or ridiculed, and I could have borne neither just then. As I was washing the breakfast things one morning, with a heart like lead and a head like fire, my eyes wandered to a side table where lay my little black-covered Bible. I threw the tea-towel across my shoulder, and went to the Bible. To this day I cannot tell why. I did not know what I wanted, or what to look for. I don't think I had ever heard the word "conversion;" if I had, I did not know its meaning. To me the Bible was a beautiful story book, telling of Joseph, and David, and Daniel, and Elijah. I knew mother loved the Bible, but I did not know that in its pages was to be found the only way of escape from the wrath to come. I held the book, not attempting to open it, not even knowing why I held it. Surely it was God, who knew better than His forlorn little child, just what she needed, who reached His hand from heaven to earth, and opened the Bible at just the right place.

As the pages opened, I looked down, and read the words, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." A great flood of light and radiance and soft, beautiful, sunshine seemed to burst upon me. I knelt down on the floor, and folding my arms on the table and laying my head upon them, I whispered from a throbbing,

peacefilled heart, though it was but a little child's, "Thank you, Lord, thank you," and from that moment I was saved, and lost all fear of death and hell forever.

* * * * * * *

And now the writer of these pages takes up the chronicle again, and resumes his part of the story for the time.

Everybody said Bessie was an odd child, and what everybody says must have a grain of truth in it. Her uncle was kept in a perpetual state of anxiety by her readiness to love every creature who came her way. To her every man in the world was a hero, only waiting for favourable conditions to develop; every woman was a princess in disguise; while every child was such a marvellous creation from Heaven, that she could do nothing but worship idolatrously at its shrine. No one was commonplace to her, and as for anyone's being wicked, such an idea never once dawned in the remotest degree upon her. The little child weaved the loveliest romances about every new arrival at the mines, and found supreme happiness in ministering, as far as she knew how, to the spiritual and temporal needs of all. They all belonged to her in a sense, and she belonged to them fully and entirely.

Bessie was the only little girl at Railway Creek, and the fruits and books and lollies continually brought for her acceptance, showed the soft spot in many a rough miner's heart. At times her dear charges got drunk; indeed they all did so with distressing frequency, but never once, by word or look, did one of them offer insult to the child they used sometimes to call their "little apostle." Many a time did she find a poor, drink-stupefied man lying on the track exposed to the blinding sun, and the little mother-heart, unable to endure the sight, would set the little brown hands to work to break down branches of gum sap-

lings or wattle boughs to cover up the helpless creature. And then accepting the inevitable with utmost serenity, she would careen down the hillside calling out, "In the sweet fields of Eden."

But a terrible blow came one day. Every Sunday she used to take her little Bible and go after dinner to the men's huts near the mine. Sunday was always their washing day, cooking, mending, and general cleaning up day, but the men expected her, and always held themselves bound in honour to accord her a limited measure of time in which to read to them. They would lift her up on to one of the top bunks, and then light their pipes and sit on their three-legged stools, or recline on the lower bunks, and she would begin to read, spelling the big words for her hearers to pronounce for her, which they graciously did. I am afraid she lacked many qualifications for a successful pastor, one of her faults being lack of perception, so absorbed was she in the beauty of the Scriptures, that she never knew when her hearers had enough, and it was generally necessary for some big miner to cut her a lump of plum pudding and say:

"That will do for to-day, Bessie, you can come again next Sunday."

With a happy smile she would close her Bible and, accepting the pudding, go spinning down the gully at break-neck speed.

Among her specially dear friends was one old miner named Bill Everon. Drink had been poor Bill's ruin, and now, separated from wife and family, he worked like a slave in the mine, and drank every penny as fast as he earned it. Perhaps it was the memory of his own little ones that made him so tender to Bessie. Presents of all kinds were brought from the Point's stores, and the child's heart was won by the unwearying affection of poor old Bill. One New Year's night the men came one by one from the Point. They had

been having a terrible carousal, and shaky, and weak, and ill, they were returning to begin work on the following morning. I will now let Bessie tell the story.

* * * * * * *

Almost all the miners came to aunt's house before going up the hill to their huts, and one of the last to come was Bill. He lifted me up on his lap, and drew my head to his breast, while he chatted to uncle and aunt. I was so sorry he had been drinking, but did not dream of saying a word against it.

We were so accustomed to these "sprees" as they called them, that we simply accepted them as a matter of course after every crushing, and aunt made soup for the poor sick men, and in her vigorous way scolded and nursed, rated and physicked them till they were better.

"Just one glass more, Mrs. Vickery," I heard Bill plead.

"No, not one drop more, Bill," I heard aunt say, "you have had too much now."

"Just a glass, hot and strong, and I promise you, Mrs. Vickery, I'll not touch another drop for the whole of the year."

Aunt rose at once. "Very well, Bill, mind, you have promised."

I saw Bill lift the glass and look at its steaming contents, then he smiled down at me and up at aunt, as he said, "My last glass for a year." I knew he would keep his word, and so I smiled joyously, and returned his good-night kiss with warm affection as he left the house, sending back his good wishes for the New Year.

The next morning uncle went to work, and aunt and I were busy in the home. We were both pleased about Bill's taking the pledge, and my busy brain had already begun to weave a romance, with Bill as the central figure, and a happy wife and merry children

making up a blessed home for his future years. A step sounded on the cobble stone verandah, and looking up we were astonished to see uncle back. A glance at his white face told us that something had happened. We both stood speechless, waiting, our hearts standing still, as thought suggested, "some one entangled in the machinery," "a fall of earth in the tunnel," or "a crashing tree on the woodcutters."

But the blow fell in two words, "Bill's dead!" I dropped the little broom I held, and bounded out of the house with a cry like a wounded creature, and up the hillside to the shelter of a wattle tree, where I crouched with my head in my lap, covering my head in my hands, to keep back the awful words that struck like sledge hammers on heart and brain, "Bill's dead!" Hours after, aunt found me still crouching there, knowing nothing of time's flight, only battling with the awful words rooting my very heart from its place.

"What ever is the matter, child?" she cried sharply, but I knew that she had been crying. I lifted my face, full of unutterable woe, and said:

"Oh, aunt, Bill's dead, and he died drunk."

* * * * * * *

Ah! that was where the whole sting lay. She could sing at her mother's grave, because she knew that dear mother was safe, but could only pour a breaking heart out over the poor old miner who had died a drunkard's death! Afterwards she learned the full particulars of the awful event, how the men had mustered and waited for Bill, who occupied a hut alone on the hillside. Seeing no signs of life about, no smoke issuing from the chimney, they went to the hut and opened the door, and there on his bunk, cold, and stark and stiff, they found the old man dead—dead through drink.

CHAPTER V.

THE ODDEST CHILD IN THE WORLD.

It was years before she ceased to mourn in her secret heart for poor old Bill, and had she been a Catholic, many a passionate prayer would have reached Heaven's throne for the eventual salvation of her treasured friend. As it was, she could only fervently petition God to save the many still alive, who were drinking themselves fast to a similar doom. Not for a moment did she imagine that drink itself was evil, she only thought the men took too much of it, and that it was the excessive use of it that should be deplored and prevented if possible. As for prohibiting it altogether, such a possibility never crossed her widest imaginings. Drink had been from time immemorial, drink was and drink ever would be, and so it was worse than useless to attempt to do more than keep its ravages within reasonable bounds. The story of grand old Neal Dow, and the Prohibition State of Maine, had never reached the ears of the child.

* * * * * * *

But I started by saying that Bessie was counted the oddest child in the world by the people there, and I must tell you why. Some little time before poor Bill's fate, a foreigner, named Louis Locke, was working in the mine. One day word came that Louis had met with an accident and broken his arm. At once her soul overflowed; her whole body tingled with sympathy, and she loved Louis with all her heart, though up to that time she had never been prepossessed in his favour.

"Hard lines for Louis," said a man jocularly one day. "He won't be able to get a sweetheart with that broken arm."

That was enough to set the busy brain at work, and after long deliberation, heart and brain veered round to one point, and a fitting opportunity soon after presenting itself, the little maid solemnly said to Louis:

"Louis, you are ill, and won't be able to get a sweetheart till you are better, so I'm going to be your sweetheart till your arm is well again."

To his credit, be it here recorded, not the whisper of a laugh showed itself upon his face. As gravely as the proposal was made, was it accepted, and from that moment Bessie assumed a solemn responsibility, the weight of which never left her till Louis was well and strong again. Every apple, every packet of lollies, every bit of cake or toothsome delicacy, was put away till Louis should arrive, and then produced and handed over to him with a gravity befitting the occasion. The comical side of the whole affair must have been a severe trial to Louis' risibilities, but never once did the child detect the lurking shadow of a smile upon his face. As he grew better, her affection lessened daily, and at last, when he was able to work, it ceased altogether, and she finally broke her bonds by saying to him, "I only belonged to you while no one else would have you, so we'll shake hands and part good friends, and I'm very glad you're better." They shook hands, and the child walked slowly and solemnly away so as not to hurt his feelings by showing any exuberance of feeling while he was in sight. But the moment the trees hid her from view, she went careening over the hill like a prisoner out of gaol, and made the echoes ring with song.

And what of the discharged lover? He went straight to her aunt, and amid peals of laughter, described the whole scene to her, and then to the men at the mine

related the whole love story from beginning to end, always ending up with "she's the oddest child in the world."

There were other incidents continually occurring, which seemed to mark her as odd. At one time she had read some articles on certain branches of science, and at once was a scientist, studying the stars in the heavens, the strata of the earth, the formation of the rocks, the roots, and foliage of ferns and shrubs, the conformation of flowers, the currents of wind, the drifting clouds, and, most wonderful of all created things, the human body. The mystery surrounding the marvellous casement of beautiful clay God had built for the soul to dwell in, led her to the queerest experiments. She became consumed with a desire to know in which part of the body feeling most dwelt, and whether if a limb were detached from the trunk, it, as well as the body, were conscious of pain and dismemberment. No one could solve this particular problem for her, so she at last heroically resolved to solve it herself, and sacrifice a limb to science.

So one day with her sharp little tomahawk in hand, she started up the hill to cut kindling wood, and to immolate herself on the altar of discovery. Laying her arm on a stump, she looked at it thoughtfully, and finally decided it could not be severed at a stroke, so a finger was put out and the sharp weapon raised, meaning to take the finger off half-way down. But alas for science, instinct caused her involuntarily to snatch her hand from under the descending blade, and only the top of the finger was gone. As the blood gushed out, and the sharp pain went to the nerve centres, interest ceased in that branch of experimental anatomy, and her scientific exploits took other directions.

Love of flowers was a passion with her. She could not bear to pluck one, but would skim along the gar-

den every morning, and kiss the opening rosebuds, and caress the giant gladiola, and bury her face rapturously in the beds of daisies, and love them and revel over them with a joy and delight that caused, again and again, the utterance from her aunt's lips, "That's the oddest child in the world." Even in after years, flowers have always been able to give her the most exquisite pleasure. When on missions, baskets or bouquets of beautiful flowers have been presented to her, she tells of how her heart has grown tender, and her eyes humid over God's lovely stars of the earth, and she could not be satisfied till she had secretly kissed and joyed over them as in her early days. Again and again they have made her feel a little happy child once more, and the only thing missing was the voice of her aunt despairingly ejaculating, "You're the oddest child in the world."

CHAPTER VI.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

A MARVELLOUS imagination, linked to a wonderfully happy nature, was God's blessed gift of compensation for all her life lacked at Railway Creek. She lived in a world of her own, a world so beautiful and bright, a fairy queen never reigned over one more fair. She herself was queen, warrior, fairy, or necromancer, according to the latest tale feasted on. One day she would be Queen Elizabeth seated on her throne (a tree stump) in majesty, while before her Earl Essex (a fragrant wattle) drank a precious pearl in wine; near by Sir Walter Raleigh (a slim sapling) stood ready to throw his velvet cloak for her to step upon; anon she was the Maid of Orleans, first praying in the Cathedral, then leading her soldiers to battle, and, of course always to victory; next she would be Cagliostro, bewildering the French Court with magic arts; then she would be Grace Darling, bending to the oars and hastening over the billows to rescue doomed men.

The trees, the flowers, the birds, the goats, were all part of this beautiful world. She could not pull a rose without a pain, for fear some little fairy curled up in its blushing petals might be rendered homeless. To kill a worm, or anything with life, filled her for days with remorse. At times there were dark clouds over her summer sky, but these only came when she lived in the real world. Her aunt was unmerciful over any little peccadillo, and meal times specially were rendered times of acute suffering through the nervousness and awkwardness which largely resulted from the fear of reproof or ridicule. Her uncle and aunt

were both anxious to have her as much like other children as possible, so every bud of originality was promptly nipped. Every act and word which was not according to rule and measure, was pounced upon and severely repressed. The sensitive, nervous child was scolded and corrected in some such terms as these all the meal long: "Bessie, hold your spoon right;" "How clumsy you are;" "Keep your elbows down, miss, I never saw such a child;" "Bessie, hold your head up, and behave like other children." Oh, the comfort to be able to leave the real world, where she felt herself to be odd and *outre*, to enter the bright world of imagination, where

> "She dreamt that she dwelt in marble halls,
> With vassals and serfs at her side,
> And of all who assembled within those walls,
> That she was the joy and pride."

Of course her vivid imagination was not an altogether unmixed blessing. She was nervous and highly strung, and with less firm rule would have degenerated into a coward. Fortunately, or unfortunately, her aunt never dreamed of studying child-nature, but full of legends and stories of ghosts and banshees, and will-o'-the-wisps, would recount the most blood-curdling stories in front of her horrified niece. A terrible test came to the nervous child one night when sent around the hill-side to bring some wood for the blazing fire. She says:—

"I was taking up a piece of wood when I caught sight of something white and glistening just a few yards from me. It was moving about, yet apparently making no progress. It looked like neither man nor beast in the darkness, yet life, or power of motion it evidently possessed. I stood petrified, expecting every moment for it to spring upon me, but it came no nearer, and then with a supreme effort I made towards the uncanny object. Courage was a virtue I admired immensely, because I lacked it so greatly

myself, yet cowardice was a fault I could have more readily excused in anyone else than myself. I should have had my own most withering contempt for days if I had turned and fled from the thing, so, resolving to brave the worst, and die if needs be, I steadily approached the weird object, and lo, it was nothing more than a somewhat large piece of tin, caught in a wattletree. Someone had, I suppose, thrown the tin down the hillside, and it had caught in the branches of the bush, and there swayed about in the night breeze."

* * * * * * *

This lesson in natural courage was never forgotten during the rest of her life. In some things her fearlessness put others to shame. One instance was when a large snake was going under the stable. Quick as thought, she seized it by the tail and hauled it out so quickly, and flung it far from her so dexterously, that his snakeship was too astonished to escape, and her aunt soon dispatched the deadly reptile.

When she first went to Railway Creek, Bessie developed a great hobby for collecting pretty and curious things, but this hobby met with scant encouragement from her tidy aunt. The house was small and there wasn't a corner to "litter up with rubbish," so with great pains she fashioned herself a shelf down in the stable, where she would arrange and re-arrange her bits of crystals, beautiful mosses, pretty stones, odd excrescences growing on leaves and bark, red gum, dead butterflies, pretty feathers, etc., etc., and then, picking up the abandoned stocking, she would step back and knit several rounds while admiring with a happy heart her treasure store. The amount of innocent pleasure derived from that shelf was indescribable, and every visitor was graciously escorted to the stable to view her stock of valuables. It must be confessed it decreased almost as rapidly as it gathered, for if anyone expressed admiration for any

particular exhibit, it was forced upon them whether they wanted it or not. It was the joy of her life to give anything or everything she possessed. She could never keep a thing for herself that was at all worth bestowing upon another, and the honour and pride felt in the acceptance of her gifts often transcended any other return she got.

"And what became of your treasures, Bessie?"

"Oh! that is one of the saddest little bits in my young life. I will tell you about it. One day while busy in the house I heard uncle call me. I hastened to the door, and there he was, just pitching my precious shelf and all its contents down the hill. He looked up at me and laughed as he did it, but to me it was no laughing matter. I stormed, and raged, and stamped my foot on the cobble-stones, and cried with indignation and wrath. No monarch looking at the destruction of a beautiful city, could ever have felt more bitterly than I, the ruin of my shelf. It was such an astonishment to me for uncle to do such a thing. Had it been aunt, I wouldn't have wondered a bit, and would have meekly submitted after the first pang was past. But somehow from uncle the act seemed so unjust and cruel, that my little heart could not be pacified. I heard aunt say, as she saw the shelf spinning into the scrub, 'Oh, uncle, that's too bad.' But she laughed while saying it, and I flared round with swelling heart and passionate words. But where was the use of uttering them? I ran away to my wattle-tree, and sobbed till my anger was spent, but it was long before the injustice of that deed was forgiven. I made no further collections, no matter how beautiful a stone, a leaf, or spray might appear. I sadly left it where it was, for there was no room for my fancies anywhere."

CHAPTER VII.

TWO IN ONE.

DEPRIVED of all child-companionship, not being allowed to speak unless first spoken to, having to perforce dwell largely in her inner self, she formed the habit of conversing with herself, as though she were really two separate and distinct persons. The one self was a very censorious and arbitrary individual; the other self was a very meek and long-suffering creature. They had some wonderful conversations together, and gained great comfort and consolation from each other's society. Whenever her aunt was more than usually severe, she would creep away up the hill with the stocking in her hands, and transform from a drooping and crushed little being into a most unmerciful despot.

"Bessie," she would say severely, "what do you mean by vexing your aunt as you do. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why can't you behave yourself like other children? What do you mean, miss?"

And the other Bessie would dejectedly hang her head, and agree that every scolding was well deserved. Then, with her virtuous indignation somewhat appeased, but with dire threats of what would happen if such conduct were persisted in on the ill-fated Bessie's part, she would descend the hillside, enter the house, and sometimes even venture to kiss her aunt. She was always repulsed, for aunt "didn't believe in nonsense," she many times declared. But Bessie loved her all the same, and mourned that she was such a terrible trial to her aunt.

"You're an ugly little thing, not a bit like any other child in the world," poor Bessie was told so often, that no struggling germ of vanity ever dared reach the point of life. Off she would go again and begin to rate the other Bessie. And the scolding relieved the child's mind, and she felt she had done her duty, and more couldn't be expected of her. At other times she would undertake to teach this other very ignorant Bessie everything in the shape of knowledge she had been able to acquire. It was a curious mixture, no doubt.

"Bessie, do you see those clouds in the sky?"

"Yes."

"Well," triumphantly, "they aren't clouds at all. They are thousands and thousands of stars, away, away up in the distance. They are called Magellan clouds, but don't you ever forget they are real stars, millions and millions of miles up in the sky."

Of course the other Bessie would be duly impressed, and she would then go on to air her knowledge by pointing out Orion's Belt, Pleiades, the Southern Cross, and any of the stars or constellations she knew by name. To no one else could she so talk. Her sensitiveness was too great, and her sense of utter inferiority far too keen to allow her to appear to know anything before other people. So morbidly sensitive to ridicule or blame was the child, that but for the counter-balancing of a sunny spirit, and extreme sociability of temperament, she would have sunk into herself to a very pernicious extent. As it was she just kept evenly balanced in her intercourse with others. Again, something similar to the following diaglogue would occur between the two selves—

"Do you see that rock covered with lovely moss!"

"Yes."

"Isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, very pretty," would assent the accommodating other self.

"If you touch it, it's soft."

"Yes."

"If you strike it, it's hard."

"Yes."

"Well, you must be like that, soft and pretty outside, that is—as pretty as you can be," (a bit doubtfully, as she mentally surveyed the very few visible charms of that poor other self), "when anyone touches you, but firm as a rock underneath."

"All right, I'll try."

"Do you see the water?" (standing by the lovely creek).

"Yes."

"See how clear it is?"

"Yes."

"Do you notice how clean every stone is washed, and yet the water gets no dirtier?"

"Yes."

"Jesus is like that. He washes everyone clean. He is always washing them, and yet He is always bright and clear Himself."

"Bessie, sit here, and I will tell you the story of little robin-redbreast. Away on Calvary's Cross the world's dear Redeemer was being crucified by cruel men. In His agony He cried for water to quench His thirst, but those wicked men would only give Him vinegar. A little bird was flying past, and saw its dear Creator hanging there. More kind than the men around the Cross, the little robin flew to the brook near by, and brought back a drop of water in its bill. As it dropped the water on the Saviour's parched lips, its breast brushed a blood drop from His brow, and it has had a red breast ever since."

"Bessie, what is best worth living for and working for?"

"Money," would hazard the other self, though well knowing what would follow.

"Nonsense," with withering contempt. "Money isn't worth anything. Haven't you heard the story of the starving man lost in the desert, who came to a spot where a caravan had encamped, and began to eagerly search for food. In his search he found a bag filled, as he thought, with dates. He tore it open, and there showered at his feet rubies and diamonds, and shells and coins, but in bitter disappointment he cried, 'Money! and I am starving for food!' So you see, child, money isn't any account at all." (Be it known that this sage young lady was in blessed ignorance of money's value until after she was married, never possessing any of her own, and seeing everybody get what they required at the stores, settling up for the same after the crushings, so her sole knowledge came from book lore.)

"Well, fame!"

"No, because you will die, and your fame will die too, or the people will find somebody else greater than you, and you will be forgotten. Don't work for fame, Bessie." (Seeing that it was as likely that poor Bessie would reach the moon, as fame's slippery heights, the advice seemed somewhat unnecessary, and was received with great equanimity.)

"Well, love."

"Ah, now you're right, child. Love is the best thing in the world, and will never die, because it comes from God, and is some of Himself."

"Well, then, I will work for love," Bessie would obligingly answer, and satisfaction reigned around.

"Bessie,"—in gleeful confidence—"there's going to be a wedding," the other self manifested exactly the right amount of surprise and interest, and standing on the great hill now draped in winter's snowy robes, with every branch drooping beneath its spotless load,

every stump and fallen log buried up in a soft white mass, the glowing-faced child would wave her hand, and say, "Yes, gentle Annie and Mount Terrible are going to be married." These were the two great mountains at the foot of which Railway Creek flowed.

At other times, as she grew older, she sat on those giant mountain sides, not talking to herself, but with soul expanding and enlarging till it seemed to break through its mortal bounds, and rise up, and up, still swelling and growing, till it found itself lost in infinity. Those were wonderful times. Shut in by those majestic hills, only able to see a wee bit of Heaven's dome, and nothing at all of the outer world, her spirit, yet, like a winged creature, defied barriers and bounds and soared away to its Creator, with a rapture and exaltation beyond power of expression.

On Sundays, particularly, she had glorious experiences. On that one day in the week, she could go up the hill without her knitting needles. Seated on a log with no one near, the awful silence dwelling in those great heights broken only by the song of birds, or the whispering breeze in the tall gum branches, she would drink in ineffable bliss; or feel her soul yearning with intense, unsatisfied yearning for—she knew not what. She did not understand God was near, but oftentimes reached up her arms, almost expecting to feel her hands clasped by some beloved friend, and her heart would feel like a fountain welling up with love and goodwill to every creature in the world.

Then she would descend and enter the little cottage, and, perching herself on her uncle's knee, kiss him to her heart's content. Her uncle rarely kissed her in return but that didn't matter. Her joy was in being allowed to love, without let or hindrance, and she never dreamed she was badly treated by getting so little return for her wealth of affection. That her uncle loved her dearly, there could be no doubt, but

with an odd pride he would not show it, deeming evidence of affection on a man's part weakness. His teachings were different from his wife's, and were treasured up as of incalculable value by his niece. "Never break a promise; don't make one if you can help it, but once made, keep it at any cost to yourself." "Hold your head up straight, and look everybody in the face." "Never shirk, or twist, or try to wriggle out of anything." "Do a good turn to anybody you can." "Never mind what it will cost, just do it." She listened, and drank it all in, and stored every precious precept away in her memory for future use, and revered her uncle deeply.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEVELOPMENT.

If her admiration for kings and queens, warriors and statesmen was great, it sank into nothingness when compared with her admiration for orators and writers. To rule an empire might be a very grand thing, but to sway a multitude was divine. To enact great laws was no doubt good, but to write great books was infinitely better. Her reverence for those who fashioned and moulded the minds of men, reached to hero worship, and in her innocence she really thought that every writer and speaker was made of different material from mortals of ordinary common clay. Never once did the child dream of standing side by side with even the lowest of that favoured race, so she revelled in their glowing words, rejoiced in their successes, and stood afar off with a worshipping, happy heart, content to pour her homage at their feet, though they would never know it, or possibly despise it if they did know.

One day she was sent to guard some little newly-hatched chickens from the cruel designs of a large eagle-hawk. Her aunt, practical as ever, commanded her to take her slate and pencil with her, and work out some sums, and she was trying to obey. The sums were very dry though, and the rows of figures wearisome to her mind. Still, she made an attempt, and would perhaps have got the usual array of right and wrong figures on her slate, had there not come a sudden wonderful inspiration, so over-mastering in its power, that, forgetting chickens, hawk, aunt, and everything else in the wide world, she rubbed her slate clean, and with eager, excited haste wrote, what had seemed to pour into her brain, from some invisible source. And then, with the same obliviousness

and absorption, she ran at full speed to her aunt.

"Aunt, let me read you this."

"Where are the chickens?" demanded that lady, with brows ominously gathering.

"I don't know," serenely. "Let me read you this."

And she began to read the verses on her slate. Aunt's amazement at her audacity rendered her speechless, but it was something else made her listen right through, and then, most unaccountably, burst into tears. And lo! Bessie was a writer, with her advent into the glorious world of literature heralded by the melting of a heart that had ever seemed well-nigh invulnerable to sentiment. Her uncle's pleasure was carefully concealed, when he was apprised of the marvellous fact that his niece had written a piece of poetry. But from that day the words that had so often pained and grieved the little child-heart, had another tone in them, and once or twice, it was almost with pride that she heard her uncle say, "I never met such a child in my life, she is like nobody else in the world." Her uncle took the most extraordinary pains to keep her vanity down, if ever such a thing dared to peep above the surface. If she recounted any kind remark made about her by any one, he would compassionately say, "What a shame to make fun of you like that!" and instantly the pleasure was gone, and she was glad to hide her crimson cheeks and diminished head from view.

"Will you tell me yourself about your first appearance in print?"

"With pleasure. I do not know the exact year in which my first piece appeared. I think it was somewhere about 1872. But I well remember the day the *Australian Journal* arrived, the month after I had sent my poor little offering. I opened the *Journal* with palpitating heart, and when I beheld the heading in black and white, 'Something to do,' and saw at the

foot, in real printed characters, 'Bessie Vickery,' I nearly tumbled over. But uncle's annoyed look, as he saw my excitement, brought back my self-control, and in a voice which I tried in vain to tone to calm indifference, I read aloud the piece which I cannot now attempt to dignify with the name of a poem, but which was the first rung in the ladder God had placed for me to climb up to heights of happy service for my fellow-men." . . .

Utterly unused as she was to admiration, it was a new and delicious experience to find herself famous in that little, out-of-the-world place. But soon she found that admiration in itself was as unsatisfying as a mirage to the soul thirsting for the pure, clear waters of love. She was glad of everything that would make her more worthy of affection, and humbly thought that if she possessed neither beauty of face, nor charm of manner, nor any other attraction, her gift of writing might open hearts to her; so she gloried in the new gift God had given her, and accepted it with deep intense gratitude, as a key to unlock doors she could never otherwise hope to enter. About this time too, her aunt began to be a little less severe about her personal appearance. Thanks to the great care of that worthy lady, one beauty had managed to develop, and her aunt's pride in her abundant golden-brown hair was very great. She would wash it and plait it every night, and comb it out next day till she looked, so her uncle said, "like an owl in an ivy bush." Meekly she submitted, and went to bed with damp, steaming hair, till she was a martyr to neuralgia, and all pride in her shimmering tresses was completely swallowed up by the anguish of her nerves.

But it was a comfort to buy off her aunt's sharp criticisms even at such a price, and she truly rejoiced that there was something about her that was

a satisfaction to Mrs. Vickery at last, although she still loudly deplored the fact that "Bessie was such a plain child."

Among her firm friends at the Point were Mr. James and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. These lived together in the loveliest little house on the Point, surrounded by a garden, the like of which is rarely seen anywhere. They were looked upon with a degree of awe by all the other residents of the place, for the two gentlemen neither drank nor smoked, and they kept the Sabbath Day religiously. Mrs. Mitchell had great skill in herbs and powders, and was ever ready to do a good turn for the people around, and, in the course of time, came to be looked upon with a faith profound by the many she benefited. They were kindness personified, and the grumble that "they were too mean to spend a penny in drink" was soon silenced by their untiring generosity. These three people took the lonely little girl into their hearts from the first day they met, and the friendship proved lifelong. Twenty-three years after, it was Bessie's privilege to nurse her old friend Mr. James in his severe illness, and with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell to stand at his grave in the Yarragon cemetery singing—

> "'Twill not be long our journey here,
> Each bitter sigh and falling tear,
> Will soon be o'er and we shall see
> A cloudless sky, a waveless sea."

A nobler heart never beat on earth, and Heaven gained a greater charm for Bessie after the dear old man had passed through the pearly portals. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell afterwards shared her home and anticipated her every wish, with a love and devotion which never wavered, journeying with her to England, and finally entering "The Better Home" from their native land. Another friend was Robert Lee, a tall, slim miner, who used to say, with an earnestness

which made smiles and blushes ripple her face:

"Don't marry a miner, Bessie, you're not fit for a rough life. I have a young brother growing up for you, you must have him."

It was Christmas time of 1877 at Enoch's Point, which unfortunately meant a time of more than ordinary dissipation to the men there, and a time of visiting and merrymaking among the women. In conformity with their usual custom, Mr. and Mrs. Vickery with their niece were going to spend the day at the little township, and we can hardly wonder that Bessie dressed herself with more than ordinary care, and glanced in the wee little mirror again and again, to see if she looked as nice as it was possible to make herself look, when I tell you that the one who had been picked out for her so long before, had actually arrived, and she was this day to meet him at Robert Lee's. It was romantic (and who is not full of romance at seventeen) to meet someone she had never seen before, yet who had been seriously and solemnly picked out as her future husband. So she carolled and sang, and skipped along, and jumped over logs to the great detriment of her pretty blue dress, and her much-waved tresses, and felt like a fairy princess going to meet Prince Charming. And there stood Harrison Lee with his waving brown hair, clear cut features, and slim, tailor-clad form. He was so different from the big-bearded, roughly-attired miners. She had always longed for refinement, and dignity, and courtliness in a man, and straightway endowed the young city visitor with all these qualities. And when she later learned that he never got drunk, and went to church regularly on Sundays, she was more than content, and felt that God had been wonderfully good in selecting for her one so high above the vices and degradations which daily saddened her among the miners.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIED.

Bessie Becomes—Mrs. Harrison Lee

It was a bright, beautiful Sabbath Day two years later when she knelt in her white robes at the communion rails in St. Peter's Church and gave her hand to one who promised to "love and cherish her till death should them part." She had come from the country on the previous Thursday in charge of her uncle and aunt, and now, with many tears they were giving up, to another's care, the one they really loved best on earth. It was like tearing her uncle's heart-strings out to give her away, but her aunt, more practical and common-sense, had made up her mind to the inevitable, although her reluctance to resign all charge of her niece was made evident on that Sunday morning, and there were many more tears than smiles on every face, as the mountain-maid passed forever out of the old life into the new. The golden circlet was on her finger, the bit of parchment in her hand as they stepped out of the church; it was exactly half-past ten, and the joy-bells in St. Patrick's belfry began to peal out joyously. She looked timidly into her husband's happy face, then up at the blue sky, and felt that with God's grace and her husband's love she could face any future; so with an answering smile she turned away from all her heart held so passionately dear, and went to the little home which was to be her own.

The vast importance of being mistress of a home was enough to sober a girl who had never in her life

owned a chair or table, or handled a pound in money; but her brimming spirits were proof against any undue gravity, and blythe as a robin she turned to take up the solemn duties of her new life. That there were perplexities before her she soon learned, and nothing but her unfailing faith in God could have triumphantly carried her through. That she was happy there could be no question. Her husband was proud of his wife, but soon her odd ideas and ways began to surprise and startle him, and she became to him as great a trial as ever she had been to her aunt. She was so full of the kindest good-will to everybody, that she made friends with all manner of people. To her husband born and bred in the city, people were part of a crowd; to her, reared in the country, every one was an individual, and more than that, an individual *soul*, and she was ready to reverence and love each one. In astonishment he would sometimes say:

"Bessie, you shouldn't shake hands with your grocer!"

"Why not?" she would ask, in open-eyed surprise.

"Oh, well, it isn't the thing," he would bewilderedly answer. But she had been too long repressed, hedged in, and kept down, to be able to check the great sweet flood of warm love that brimmed over on every living creature with whom she came in contact.

* * * * *

"This is the last 'bus, crush in, dear, or we shall have to walk," her husband would say, as the struggling crowd swarmed around and into the lumbering vehicle; but with a decided shake of the head she would retreat to the footpath. "What do you mean, Bess?" he would say, half pleadingly, half angrily. "You can't walk the three miles with that pain in your side!"

"If I don't walk, someone else will have to," she

would gently, but firmly reply, "and I would prefer the three miles with the pain in my side, to crushing anybody else out of the 'bus. But you go, dear, I know the way home."

Of course, this was not to be thought of, and her perplexed husband would draw her arm through his, and they would start for home. She biting her lips many a time to keep back the moan that would force itself from that cruel pain, and trying to be cheerful and pleasant to make amends for the action her husband could only chafe at; while he, vexed and bewildered, would go just a trifle quicker than there was any need for, with his head high in the air, till the lagging step and sharp cry told him the pain was too great to be borne at such a pace. Then instantly, there would be a slackening of his stride, a firmer clasp of her arm, and the anxious tone that made amends for all, and they would reach home at last, she to sorrow that she was such a trial to him; he to wonder how on earth he was ever going to get her to behave as other folk did. Their worldly circumstances were not very bright, and added to scarcity of work on the husband's part, came the wife's fast failing health. For months she would not yield, or admit that she was ill enough to need a doctor. She had a horror of being a burden on any one, least of all on the one whom she had meant to make so supremely happy; so she struggled through her household duties each day, weeping very many tears over the weakness and awful helplessness she felt growing on her, and then would brighten up and smile and chat when her husband came home at night, and completely deceive him as long as she possibly could.

Her experiences in the city were, as may well be imagined, very comical, and her little knowledge of money and its value added to her perplexities many a time. But her husband's implicit faith in her as a

housewife, and his undoubting trust in her ability to make ends meet, at times on nothing a week, brought uppermost, qualities that had been latent. So they were very happy on the whole, and cheerily mixed the good with the bad, and found that somehow or another the manna daily came sufficient for their need.

One thing was a great trouble to her at this time; she had read the Bible from end to end, and formed her own ideas of its teachings, unhelped by pastor or preacher of any kind. She took the Bible literally as it stood, and implicitly believed in giving away one dress if she had two, and didn't even stop short at generously giving away her husband's clothes if there came urgent need. It was quite an astonishment to her when she found her husband did not take the Bible just as she did, but to all his despairing interpretations of the hidden meanings of Scripture, she turned a smiling face and a deaf ear, placidly going her own way, and driving him nearly to the verge of distraction by her utterly out-of-the-world plan of living.

She had also formed strong views about woman's place and position, and believed that every man should be an Abraham, and every woman a Sarah. The man to take the sole authority in the home, the woman to be the meek and docile subordinate. But these views were not her husband's. He wanted, not a slave, a meek, will-less creature, but a companion and helper, and lo! here was this little woman, in theory a most obedient, docile and tractable wife; in practice, the most difficult specimen of womanhood ever poor mortal man attempted to manage, bewildering him in his attempts to make a companion of her, by the oddest mixture of profound respect and unyielding, smiling obstinacy that ever was known.

She was always blissfully happy when they went to

church together, and would have been willing to go three times on Sunday and every night in the week, but her husband felt the need of fresh air on the Sabbath day, and liked to go to the parks and gardens for a stroll. Of course she accompanied him, and tried hard for his sake to enjoy herself, but the attempt was a pitiful failure. She could not bear to see the crowds of fashionably dressed people pleasuring on the Sabbath day. The lightness, the frivolity, the worldliness, made her unutterably miserable, and many a time she would have spoken aloud to the people, but for fear of annoying her husband.

Again and again she would turn home with a breaking heart, and tear-dimmed eyes, wishing she were more like other people, and able to draw happiness from their sources, and most of all would she sorrow to hear the words from her husband's lips, she had grown familiar with in her young days, "Bessie, you are different from anyone else in the world. No one acts like you do."

CHAPTER X.

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

How that cruel pain would grow, till battling became a physical impossibility, and again and again she had to succumb to its merciless power for the time. The doctors had to be consulted at last, and their faces were grave as they said, "a long and tedious case." However, she was wonderfully happy in soul, and cheerfulness became a duty, so when very ill she lay on her couch, and smiled and chatted while he washed the dishes and swept up the fireplace; and when well enough, she flew around like a humming-bird, and made things tidy; for she had been too long with her capable aunt to endure a speck of dirt, or a thing out of place in her little home. There were long, happy stretches when she could say, "Better to-day, dear."

There were other long stretches when the agony was so awful, she could only live on because death was not ready for her; stretches when her limbs were drawn up by the excruciating torture of her back, to such a degree that she felt if someone would only get a sharp knife and cut the contracted muscles so that she could stretch the drawn limb down, they would be doing her a kindness. But the bright days were most frequent, and the blessedness of those happy intervals was like the blessedness from Siloam's healing pool.

It was during one of these times of restoration that they removed to Footscray, and here joined the Church of England, the Church to which they both nominally belonged, and here it was that she began to take an interest in Church affairs. Having been reared

where there was no church, she, of course, did not know anything about Church work, and her painful diffidence formed a barrier too great to pass through, to offer herself as a worker. But soon the Master had need of her, and sent a messenger in the shape of a dear little Sunday-school teacher to call her to service. The minister had been pleading one Sunday morning for more teachers for the school, and she had sat with eager, sympathetic heart drinking in his entreaties, and lashing herself unmercifully for being one of the most useless, helpless, worthless creatures that ever cumbered the earth. They returned from church, she with a heavy heart, her husband apparently as unconcerned as though there wasn't a big school near by with little lambs to be fed, and not half enough workers to supply the need. After dinner, while her husband buried himself in a pleasant book, she went back to the old childish custom of having a talk with herself.

"Now, Bessie, what's the matter?"

"The little children," answered the other Bessie pitifully.

"Well, you can't do anything," sternly. "If only you weren't such an ignorant creature you might go and take a class. But supposing you went," and the little nose curled scornfully at the idea, "you wouldn't know what to do, or where to begin, or how to behave, or anything, so you can just settle down, and admire yourself as the most useless creature I ever knew; you're not like anybody else in the world."

But the other self drooped her head disconsolately, and didn't appear to admire herself in any degree at all. And still she sat there trying to swallow a lump in her throat, and fiercely blinking away some drops of rain, or something else that got into her eyes.

"Oh! if only Harry would go," she ruefully thought, looking at her partner; "he would know something

about Sunday Schools, and might be a help." But one glance at the absorbed face, bending over the book, made her abandon that plan with a sigh, and so she sat on and heard the school bells ring, and wished and wished in vain, and then tried another plan.

"It won't matter a bit," she said consolingly to her other self, "there will be more teachers there to-day than Mr. Scott will know what to do with." This view cheered the other self amazingly, and she went on to explain, "You see, everybody who goes to church, hears how God loves them, and, of course, they couldn't help loving Him in return, and they learn what a lot He has done for them, and as soon as they see a chance to do something for Him in return, why, they will jump for joy at the opportunity. There will be more teachers than scholars to-day. It was just because the dear people didn't know they were wanted that they stayed away." This was such a pleasant view of the subject that the other self had almost got to the point of singing "The sweet fields of Eden," when a tiny, silk-robed figure appeared, and little Miss Pierce, with her school books and Bible, stood before her.

"Are you going to take a class to-day, Mrs. Lee?" she asked simply.

Mrs. Lee gave an astonished gasp, which could not have been greater had she been asked if she were going to visit the man in the moon.

"Do come," pleaded Miss Pierce; "we are so short of teachers."

"Oh! I couldn't," replied Mrs. Lee, in distressed tones, "I need teaching myself."

"Oh! we need you so much," ventured the little school teacher.

But Mrs. Lee rallied, and brightly said, "You won't need me to-day, you'll have more volunteers than you will know what to do with."

The little lady shook her head, and made one more effort. "Don't you think you could mind a class, Mrs. Lee?"

Oh! the blessed difference of that one word. Yes, perhaps she could *mind* a class, where she could make no attempt to *teach* one. She looked at her husband for his sanction, and, receiving it, in an instant was up from her seat, and had fastened her hat and donned her gloves, and started with a trembling heart to the Sunday School. When they reached the door, she looked around for the surging crowd of new teachers her vivid imagination had so pleasantly conjured up, but alas! they were painfully conspicuous by their absence.

As they entered the door the poor worried minister met them, and seized the frightened woman as though she were a great prize the moment Miss Pierce introduced her as a "new teacher." She tried to explain, but he was too busy to listen, and just hurried her off to a class, and set a chair for her, and hastened to the platform, leaving her with eighteen little boys, as merry and mischievous as ever were created. Self-control was second nature to her, so she crushed down her panting heart, and steadied her trembling limbs, and watched with intensity of interest, the actions of the teacher of the next class, that for once "she might behave like anybody else."

"And how did you get on, Mrs. Lee, with your class?"

"Well, after the hymn and prayer, the bell rang for lessons. I had resolved that come what might, I wouldn't attempt to teach the children. Imagination saw the great Judgment Throne, and gathered there all the nations of the earth, among the number, a class of Sunday school boys, rising in witness against a trembling, guilty woman, declaring, as they pointed fingers of hatred at the cowering creature, 'You

taught us wrong, you set us astray, that Sabbath day long ago in Footscray.' No, as I valued my own soul and the souls of these boys, I would not attempt to teach them anything, lest I should teach them error. So I sat in my chair, intending to mind them; that is, I thought all that I would have to do would be to sit there and look very grave, and the boys, overawed by my presence, would sit as still as little mice until closing time. But whether my presence was not very awesome, or whether the boys had not cultivated the bump of reverence, I cannot say; I only know that the amount of noise, and confusion and disorder in that class reduced me to a state of abject misery. One boy was filling his mouth with great egg lollies, till I feared his cheeks would burst; another was busy shelling peanuts, and devouring them; another had a nail on the end of a piece of string, with which he dexterously flicked every other boy within reach, and from every corner of that awful class came such ejaculations as, 'Please, teacher, he's pinching me;' 'Please, Miss, he's sticking pins into me,' till I was in despair. In the dense darkness fast settling upon me appeared a sudden gleam of light. I had as a child a talent for story-telling, and had many a time held my little mates enthralled as I related some marvellous or beautiful story within play hours, during the brief months I attended school. Could I, oh, could I reach and charm these turbulent little urchins by the same power. 'Boys,' I tremblingly said, 'would you like me to tell you a story?' Instantly eighteen little heads were popped over towards me, and a chorus of eighteen voices promptly responded, 'Yes, please, teacher.' And so I told them a story, and surely the King of kings was at hand to help, for the eager eyes of the boys never wavered, and their attention never flagged till the story ended, and there was a clamorous chorus again, 'Please tell us another, teacher.' I

had to obey the imperative command of my small tyrants and tell another, and before the hour ended I learned that instead of the boys being in my charge, I was in theirs, and had simply to do what I was told if I wanted to keep peace.

"When the school was dismissed, with friendly nods the boys took leave of me; some bolting out of the door, others vaulting over the seats in their endeavours to be out first, and I sat and waited for Miss Pierce with a heavy heart. Here I had a golden opportunity of feeding Christ's lambs, and through sheer ignorance had had to let the chance slip past, and what would my Lord say by-and-by? How tender and wise our Master is! While I sat there, working myself into a state of real unhappiness, Mr. Scott came down, and warmly shaking my hand, said,

" 'Well done, Mrs. Lee, you managed those boys admirably to-day.'

"I looked in utter astonishment at his face to see if he were sarcastic. Evidently he was not, so marvelling much, and beginning to have a wee glimmer of hope that perhaps God had used me, I turned homeward. The next Sunday I went again, and the moment I appeared in the doorway eighteen boys on tiptoes, with eager faces and impatiently beckoning hands, vociferated, 'Come and tell us another tale, teacher.' And I obediently went forward, and gave myself into the care of my imperious little masters, and tried to 'mind them' again."

That began my work. I never attempted to teach. I heard them their lessons when they were good enough to learn any, and read bits of the Bible with them, and told them beautiful stories about different passages and I loved my boys and they loved me with ardent affection, and some of my boys are Christ's workers themselves now. Praise to His wonderful Name! And the dear little creature who proved to be

God's beckoning hand to me, twelve years afterward passed to the Better Land, and I stood with her as she trembled on the dark edge of the valley, and became to her God's voice lovingly whispering, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," and I myself learned

> "Whate'er may die, and be forgot,
> Work done for God, it dieth not."

CHAPTER XI.

LEARNING.

THEY again returned to Richmond, but this time she came with warm recommendations from the Church and Sunday school at Footscray, and was accorded hearty welcome to church work in the parish of St. Matthias. When health permitted there was ample opportunity for service. Her husband was away at work the whole day. Always an early riser, she would have her house spic and span by nine o'clock, even to the polishing of her scissors. Everything shineable had to shine, whether the tins on the kitchen shelf or the nozzle of the bellows; while her beautiful white fireplace was her object of special pride.

But even the scouring of saucepan lids and the excessive scrubbing of the kitchen floor couldn't be made to last the whole day, so she would don her outdoor apparel, and sally forth to visit the poor and sick in the neighbourhood. Not to preach or pray. O dear no! But to sew, or darn, or cook, or sweep for them, and to rejoice with great joy when any of them permitted her to do any little extra thing for them. She was so superlatively happy, and felt it such a great condescension on their part to allow her to work for them, that it was no wonder the old-time words began to find an echo again.

"You are so different from anybody else, Mrs. Lee; there isn't anyone else like you in the world."

But somehow the words didn't sting, and though she could neither preach nor pray with the sad-hearted ones, they were helped by her shyly proffered services and her brimming sympathy, and she would

work on to the last minute she dared give, and then hurry home for her husband to have a good tea, a bright fire and a smiling wife ready for him. There could not fail to come to her at this time many perplexities and bewilderments in her spiritual life, reared as she had been with the Bible as her sole teacher. She was utterly confounded by sectarian strife and dissension. To her it did not matter a jot whether one belonged to the Baptists, another to the Wesleyans, another to the Episcopals, and so forth, so long as they all served God, and were able to stand the one test of discipleship Christ had laid down for all time: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

The intense warmth with which one denomination pushed against another, surprised and puzzled her, and she found herself once or twice on stormy seas of theological dispute. But her anchor held fast and firm. She knew only two things in the religious world: Love to God and love to man, and could take no side with the disputants, feeling herself too profoundly ignorant of the roots of the matter to know who was right or who was wrong, and name or creed could never do away with the fact

"That a man's a man for a' that."

If a man, then a brother. If a brother, then to be loved and helped as the Lord Christ loved and helped all. It all seemed so simple to her, that she used to privately marvel where the difficulties came in religion. She would take the Bible and have long talks with the other self, something after this style:—

"Love your enemies; bless them which curse you; pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"Isn't that grand?"

"It is sublime."

"Well, see that you live up to it."

"But everybody doesn't."

"Never mind, that's none of your business; you won't have to give an account of anybody else. Whatever they do or leave undone they are responsible for. Another's wrong or neglect of duty can never excuse yours."

"Why doesn't everybody love God? Shall I tell you? It is because they don't know Him? The poor South Sea Islanders build images and call them gods; they fear and dread these gods, and try to buy their favour by offerings and immolations and oblations. We, in a Christian land, are no better than our poor heathen brethren. We build up a distorted, horrible image of God, and we fear and hate the creation of our own minds, and daily try to either buy its favour or to drag down and destroy this hellish monster we have fashioned for ourselves and dubbed with the name of God. Some people think the great Father has sent sickness, sorrow, suffering, and death into the world, and that He takes a fiend's pleasure in the torture of His helpless children. Let us see if such is the case from His own words and act.

First, as to sickness. Did Jesus make anybody sick while He was on earth? No, "He healed all that were afflicted." Then it is not from Him that sickness comes.

What about sorrow? "When we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers, the Lord heard our voice, and looked on our affliction, and our labour, and our oppression, and the Lord brought us forth" (Deut. xxvi. 7). "Surely He hath borne our sorrows and carried our sicknesses."

Does He send us suffering? No, "He gives the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness."

"What of death?" "God is the author of Life, and Christ has conquered death for every man. There is

no death now to them that are in Christ Jesus, and the last enemy—Death—shall be conquered by the Eternal Life from God."

"Well, what is the end of the whole matter?"

Just this. Men have set up Satan, with all his cruelty, oppression, and tyranny, on the throne of their imaginations and called him God, and then with despairing hatred have tried to dethrone the monster, preferring to have no God rather than a God of cruelty. Yet though men deny the great Father, He cannot deny Himself. The sun still shines on the just and on the unjust, and the rain falls upon the evil and upon the good. The field of the infidel is made as fruitful as the field of the Christian. For though the man may hate God, God by His very nature can only love the man. "O, it is wonderful!" and she would close her Bible with an overpowering sense of that infinite love, and soar away to mountain heights to worship the King who had revealed Himself in such transcendent beauty to His servant.

It was at St. Matthias' she really began to teach; and to fit herself for this, she attended the weekly Bible class and absorbed all the knowledge that could be gained from that source. One night the minister was giving the lesson for the following Sunday, on the Crucifixion. He described the different crosses; the one, St. Andrew's, shaped like an X; the other the Latin Cross, with sticks athwart, which we know best as Christ's cross. He spoke of how the nails were driven through the quivering palms, and the body suspended thereby, how the feet were crushed together and nailed, how—but one of his auditors could bear no more; she was away at Calvary by the side of her dying Lord, feeling the agony of hands and feet and side, watching the blood drops falling to the ground, and a suffocating cry broke from her lips.

"Oh, Mr. Sharp, don't say another word, I can't bear it."

She buried her face in her hands, and tried hard to control her sobs, and subdue the quivering of her whole frame, while the minister and teachers, stricken dumb at such behaviour, could only look helplessly on, and wonder whether the new teacher had suddenly taken leave of her senses. Control was not to be gained, so she left the meeting, her heart welling over with the pity and pain which was almost unendurable, saying over and over again, "O! my Lord, my dear Lord, I never knew You suffered like that. O! those cruel men; how could they, those nails, those awful nails, O my Lord, my Lord." It was strange she had never suffered with Christ before, but until that night she had never really grasped the real agony and horror of the Crucifixion, and it completely overpowered her. Imagination vividly filled up any blanks which the minister had left, and she saw with awful clearness, Creation's God dying for sins not His own. Covering her face to shut out the sight, she cried all the way home, and the burden of her cry was, "My Brother, my gentle, tender, pitiful Brother, is hanging on a cross, and *no one near to help Him.*"

Among the many friends made at this time there was a saintly old soul whose character Mrs. Lee has drawn in her serial story "Tempted and Tried," which first appeared in the *Australian Journal.* Mrs. Nelson was a woman of simple faith and great sweetness of disposition. She was also a woman of marvellous resource and industry. She was poor in this world's goods, and had to work hard at her trade as a furrier to earn a living for herself and her helpless husband. It was Mrs. Lee's delight to go to her house, and work with might and main to help her complete an order, or to get the dinner ready while the old lady worked, and talked of the hidden things of God, till

the heart of her hearer was drawn nearer to the great Father-heart of the world than ever it had been before, and much of the fear she had always had, began to be lost in the great trusting love that kindled in her soul. Mrs. Nelson talked *of* God as a little child would talk of a tender father, and she talked *to* Him in the same sweet simple way, till many almost looked to see the Visible Presence in that little garret in Collingwood. It was by her side Mrs. Lee first heard her own voice in prayer. It was a very confused and trembling prayer that was uttered, but the dumb lips were unsealed, and from that day she was able to voice her own and others' needs aloud.

Among some of the incidents in the first years of her life in the great city, must be mentioned the meeting with her elder sister whom she had not met since their mother's death. A very wee little creature it was that stepped from the train at the Spencer Street Station that cold May morning. Bessie looked at her with swelling heart, eager to see if Mary resembled the dear, sweet-faced mother enshrined in sacred memory, but the resemblance was very faint. Her bright dark eyes, black hair, rich complexion, and haughty little figure delighted her sister, while her delicious arrogance and self-assurance amazed and amused her immensely. Though the younger sister had always been reckoned of small dimensions herself, the elder scarcely reached above her shoulder, while the dignified carriage of the *petite* little woman would have done for a body of six feet high.

Friendly to every living creature, she was not held back by the timidity that was her sister's bane, and wherever she went her frank fearless friendliness made her a great favourite. Bessie was very proud of her pretty sister, the more so, when she found that she was a Sunday-school teacher, a worker in the Band of Hope, and a visitor among the sick in Dayles-

ford. Mary, in turn, was equally proud of her sister as a writer, and used to copy every scrap of poetry and send the copies to all her friends with a dignified conceit quite irresistible.

Her father, too, came on a visit from New South Wales, where his home had been for fifteen years, bringing the youngest child, Emily, with him, and about this time came also the dark Angel of Death to the family, taking away the eldest brother, Tom. Tom had always been the dearest of all to Bessie, for he was the only one she had seen at Enoch's Point, and although they had not met during later years, she felt sore bereft when the strong, loving heart ceased to beat, and her brother was laid to rest in the little far-off graveyard in the mountains of New South Wales. Amelia, the other sister, who had been married when only eighteen, also visited her sister in Victoria, and so the girls, who had been parted at their mother's grave, met again, in God's providence, and learned from each other how that mother's God had kept every promise made on behalf of the children left in His sacred care.

It was, I think, in the year 1883, that there came to Australia Mrs. Hampson, the marvellous woman whose eloquence shook the land from end to end. In Sydney special trains had to be run to convey the vast congregations to her meetings; in Melbourne the largest buildings were crowded to excess long before the service began, and patient thousands waited in the streets in hopes of the second meeting, which often had to be held by this queen of speakers to gratify the eager crowds. Her name was on every lip, her fame was spread far and wide, ministers of every denomination gathered to her aid, and in trains and buses her magnificent discourses formed the one theme of conversation.

For a time Mrs. Lee hesitated to go to hear Mrs. Hampson, for she had imbibed all the old prejudices against women speakers, or, rather, had read her Bible and formed opinions strongly antagonistic to women's public work for God. But in her nature was a strong desire to do justice to everyone, and she felt she had no right to say one word against this woman or her work, until she had actually seen and heard her; even then it would have been impossible for Mrs. Lee to pronounce an adverse judgment, for had she not read too often such words as "Judge not, lest ye be judged," "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," "Who art thou, O man, that judgest another?" to dare to utter one word of condemnation against any one, least of all against one who was, however mistakenly, trying to advance Christ's kingdom?

So she went to hear the lady preacher at last, and looked and listened with eager, dispassionate interest. Mrs. Hampson's eloquence had not been overrated, and she was so womanly withal, so tender in her pleadings, so motherly in her manner, that she won affection for herself at once, and her hearer came away with judgment suspended.

Paul and his epistles could not be put on one side, for the Bible was Alpha and Omega to Mrs. Lee. Yet could she not believe that this spirit-filled woman was working in direct opposition to the Spirit's commands, so, as usual, she ended by condemning herself unsparingly for being stupid and ignorant, and not understanding anything she should understand, and the matter was laid aside till further light should come.

How the light came had better here be related, although it was really a time of deeper darkness than had been experienced since her conversion.

A morning service for children had been arranged

for the Sunday School, and all the teachers were expected to take turns in giving the addresses to the scholars. She loved this particular work, and many of the other teachers did not, so more often than not Mrs. Lee was the children's preacher. Her whole heart went out to the little ones, and in the joy of leading them to Christ she lost her shyness and timidity, and was a new creature. She never dreamed that she was either preaching or teaching. It was simply talking to the children of the One she loved best, and showing them how grand and heroic, and noble and good He was, and putting the glorious theme before them in every possible way, that they might long to be like that Splendid Example.

Occasionally the other teachers would remain and listen too, sometimes looking on with wondering eyes and puzzled faces as the eager, burning words fell from heart and lips, and teachers and scholars often melted into tears, and were led to kneel and send up to Heaven's throne McCheyne's beautiful prayer, "Lord, make me as good as a pardoned sinner can be made."

Once in a while she also attended the Y.W.C.A. Bible Class, for she longed to learn everything possible of the only thing worth learning—"How to live, and how to help others to live." She was not content to simply *exist*. Life was what she craved for. Every day seemed a wonderful glorious possibility of rising to Heaven's highest heights by stooping to earth's lowest depths, and raising someone up. Often the quotation came to her mind, "A life is but a day repeated, and every day is a little life." She had begun to find that there were sorrows and troubles and woes most piteous in God's beautiful, sunlit world, and she longed to stand with one hand clasped in the Father's strong right hand, and the other stretched out to some poor stricken soul who was sinking beneath

burdens too heavy to be borne. She found that rich dresses sometimes covered weary hearts; and rags and dirt hid many a crushed spirit, so, looking beyond the outer garments, she saw in every human being a soul; and by this time our readers are beginning to understand a little of what that meant to her. She had been blessed in being reared in a place where none were rich and none were poor, where the song had never been sung—

> "God bless the Squire and his relations,
> And keep us in our proper stations;"

but where the words of Bobbie Burns,

> "Then let us pray that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That man to man the world o'er,
> Shall brithers be for a' that,"

found a deep echo in her soul. All were equal at Enoch's Point, and she had early learned that there was no difference in souls, let the covering be what it might. Old and ugly, poor and dirty, she loved them all alike, and would gladly have laid herself down as a bridge over which they might walk to a brighter life. The intense affection for her kind made her anxious to qualify herself to serve them, and whenever there was a chance to learn more about God's plan of redeeming His people, it was seized upon.

It was a surprise, one day to be asked to speak at a meeting for the Young Women's Association, but she accepted the invitation simply, and began to prepare a Bible reading for the young members. The subject chosen was "Building on a Rock," and she laid down the foundation—Christ Jesus, and took the corner stones of Faith and Love and Prayer and Hope, and gathered Good Works as the building materials, and the cement to bind all together, the Love of God; and she intended to plead with each member to copy the wise man's example spoken of in Matthew vii.

With her little Bible in hand she sallied forth on the appointed evening, and duly reached the building. She entered, blissfully happy, expecting to find about a dozen young ladies there, but the bliss turned suddenly to unutterable dismay as she beheld about 300 ladies present, and learned it was not an ordinary meeting of the members, but the Anniversary of the Young Women's Christian Association. Her aunt's training stood her in good stead again. With quiet face, though throbbing heart, she mounted the platform, and took the proffered chair till her turn came to speak.

"And how did you get on, Mrs. Lee?"

"My turn came all too soon, and I lifted up my limp, trembling form by an immense effort of will and faced that audience. There was a faint clapping of gloved hands, and a mass of faces all turned toward the platform, then they blurred, my head swam, my knees shook, my voice stuck in my throat, and I leaned heavily on the table to keep myself from falling over the platform. It could only have been for a moment, but it seemed an age. I tried to think, but thinking power had gone. I stood alone in an awful wilderness, and wished that an earthquake would kindly come along to my relief. No earthquake was at hand, but the helpless sinner's Friend was. And there came a sudden question: "Bessie Lee, what are you here for, to speak of yourself or of Christ?"

"Of Christ," I answered.

"Then speak," sternly said the voice. And with a new power thrilling my whole being, and taking entire possession of soul and body, I stepped forward and spoke. No need of the table for support now. God's strong arm was there, and instead of a shrinking woman there stood a messenger from the King. I don't know what I said, nor how I said it, but that very week a minister called upon me to ask, "Would

I preach for him on Sunday?" Of course I unhesitatingly refused, and asked him how could he, a clergyman, ask a woman to do what Paul had forbidden.

"But you spoke on Wednesday night, to women."

"Ah! but they were women. Paul suffers us not to usurp authority over the man."

"Suppose you do not usurp, but simply accept the authority offered you by the man?"

I shook my head decidedly.

"Have you ever read the parable of the talents, Mrs. Lee?"

"Yes, many times."

"What excuse will you give to God for neglecting the talent He has evidently endowed you with?"

I stared bewilderedly. He continued—

"You speak to mixed audiences of boys and girls at the Sunday School, you have spoken to a large audience of women, now why will you not speak to men in a church? Do you think they are not in as much need of salvation as women and children?"

Always at a loss in argument, my perplexity grew deeper as the minister reasoned in a way I had never heard before, and at last utterly vanquished, I consented to go to his church and preach for him on the Sunday.

The little wooden church in Burnley, where I preached my first sermon, stood exactly opposite the girlhood's home of Australia's famous nightingale, Madame Melba—then Nellie Mitchell—whose rich voice was often heard ringing out on the evening air in Burnley. My sermon was on "Prayer." I crept up into the pulpit, a frightened, perplexed woman, with a dark cloud over me heavily, that I was doing wrong by daring to stand upon such holy ground; but the moment I stood up to speak, the fear fell off like a wet cloak, and I spoke as the Spirit gave me utter-

ance. Then I came down, and the damp, cold cloak settled on me again, and I went home to wonder if I had for ever shut Heaven's gates against myself.

All the week I prayed and pored over Paul's words, to see if light would come in my darkness, but none came, and I determined never again to be entrapped by specious reasoning to disobey the command, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

In a little while I was put to the test. Another clergyman came to ask me to preach anniversary sermons at his church in Carlton. Very, very humbly, but firmly, I told him I dared not court such mental suffering and perplexity again as I had endured since preaching that first sermon. But with a persistency I was not prepared for, the gentleman said,—

"Do women keep silence in the churches? Do they not sing hymns, anthems, and even solos in the churches, as well as joining in the responses?"

"Yes," I answered, somewhat staggered at this new view. "But they are not to teach in the church."

"But they do teach. What is the Sunday school, but a miniature church? And are there not lady teachers there training up the future men of the colony; aye, and in some cases actually teaching the coming ministers. They *do not* keep silence. They *do* teach, and where is the difference between teaching little children, and children of larger growth?"

I prudently held my peace, and he continued:

"When the woman of Samaria brought the whole village to Jesus, did He rebuke her?"

"No."

"Wouldn't you like to bring the whole village to Christ, Mrs. Lee?"

The question thrilled me, and at the very thought of such a thing I nodded emphatically.

"Jesus sent Mary as a Messenger specially to men

after His resurrection. Will you not go when He bids you, and tell the people He is risen?"

I could stand no more. All power of resistance was fast melting away. I jumped up and ran to the outer room, and dropping on my knees, cried, "O Lord! I don't know what to do. Are You calling me to preach, or is this a temptation from the Evil One? Tell me, O tell me, for I cannot see the way. Now, Lord, like Gideon, I will put Thee to the test. I will go back and tell this man I will *not* preach. If You really want me he will urge again, and then all my responsibility in accepting will cease. If You don't want me then he will say no more, and I will know I must never again open my lips in a church."

Back I went and firmly said, "I will not preach for you, Mr. Pickering."

"Oh! Mrs. Lee, when God has given you the gift, why will you not use it?" he pleaded.

I was satisfied God wanted me, so I said, "I will be with you on the Sunday, and may God bless the people."

CHAPTER XII.

LESSONS IN DRINK'S DOINGS.

As a district visitor and church worker, she could not fail to note drink's share in the poverty and degradation of the people around, but was too accustomed to the sight of drink and drunkenness to do more than deplore its dire consequences. She never thought of asking the victims to give up drink's use, but ventured once or twice to urge—moderation. That was as far as she dared go, and even that was a failure, so she sighed over the poor people, and, leaving the cause untouched, did all she could to minimize its effects.

One day, passing down Bridge Road, in Richmond, she saw a little crowd of people gathered around an object on the ground. Peeping through, she saw the object was a tattered, besotted woman. In a moment she was beside her, trying to lift up the helpless ragged form. No one offered to help, but she succeeded at last in her efforts, and steadied the woman against a lamp post; then, brimming over with pity, she stood by her side, and when the poor Magdalene asked to be helped across the street, God's child was only too willing to be her servant. It was no easy task to get the drunken woman to the other side. They lurched and staggered and reeled, till at every step it appeared as though they would both go down. Too well taught by the spirit of Christ to have any shame of the position she was placed in, she yet felt shame and sorrow for the poor fallen woman.

"Why do you drink that horrid beer, Sister?" she asked, as they swayed from side to side.

"I haven't had a drop to-day," hiccoughed the woman, with a face of such virtuous indignation that her questioner was completely taken aback.

"Well, how did you come to be lying on the pavement?" was the surprised inquiry.

"Well, you see, my dear, I have got an impediment in my legs which makes me fall down occasionally," replied this most exemplary victim of circumstances. Her helper said no more, but as she left her on the opposite side, she looked for the first time with honest indignation at the open hotels, and said, "Well, somebody ought to do something. It's bad enough to have men turned into drunkards, but it's a thousand times worse to have our women destroyed."

Soon after this experience came another. Hurrying home one night alone, she took care to keep in the middle of the road, and make all possible speed, but suddenly turning a dark corner she went stumbling over an obstruction in the way, and this time found that it was a man who had "got an impediment," and had fallen in the way of danger. Gathering herself together, she ran with a beating heart up Burnley Street, but suddenly a voice spoke to her inner consciousness, and her flying feet stood still.

"Bessie Lee, your brother is in danger."

"Well, Lord, I didn't put him there."

"Go back," said the voice. "If he is killed, his blood will I require at thy hand."

She groaned in trepidation of spirit. How she wished she didn't know the man was there. How she wished she had turned some other corner. How she wished she could pretend to God that the man was not in absolute peril, and therefore did not need her help. She knew better. The man was lying just where the 'buses and cabs turned, and at any moment a passing vehicle might go over him, and then in the morning paper she would see an account of a man run over and

killed while drunk, at the corner of Simpson's Road. "While drunk!" that was enough.

A little child's voice came wailing down through twelve intervening years, "Bill's dead, and he died drunk!" She turned to go back, but just then, to her joy, she saw a man approaching in the darkness. Ah! help was at hand, and how glad we are to get some one else to do the work for us. How ready we all are to do good by proxy. The world would be reformed from beginning to end if only somebody else would do something. Eagerly she accosted the newcomer to explain about the poor man at the corner, and to beseech his aid in removing the man from his perilous position. But, alas! it was a Chinaman, who shook a stolid head, and hurried past, saying, "Me no savee." There was no help for it, God had given her the work to do, and would permit no one else to do it.

* * * * * * *

Have you ever heard of one of the Iron Duke's aides-de-camp who was sent with a message away across the deadly battlefield. Some one noticed his blanched face and said, "Are you frightened?" "No," said the young man, "but I am frightfully nervous." The kindly questioner went to tell the Duke that his aide-de-camp was unable to carry out his orders, but the great general bent his brows upon the man and said, "Go back, you will find him half-way across the field by this." And so he was.

Well might a little woman on this dark night have reached out her hand in spirit from Victoria to Waterloo, and claimed comradeship with that young man, for she felt exactly like him—willing to face a cannon's mouth if duty demanded, but frightfully nervous all the time.

Returning, she searched round for a little while, till she found a stick, and then went and poked the man. In return for this kindness there was such a volley of

oaths that the startled woman ran away, but the man only woke up long enough to swear, and then settled back again to sleep. With her heart throbbing with apprehension, and her skirts gathered up in her hand ready to run at full speed if need arose, she returned again and again to the charge, until at last the man staggered up and went lurching on to the footpath and finally got deposited in a cactus hedge, and then she went home feeling she had had a hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of drinkdom.

Another experience of drink's doings was very pitiful, and this time the victim was a helpless baby. God surely meant to show His worker that through the legalised evil in the land, suffering fell alike on women, men, and children.

The minister arrived one evening to ask if his district visitor would take up the case of a dying baby near by. Of course she agreed to go at once, and as her husband was going off for an evening's fishing, she was at liberty to go immediately after tea. Reaching the house she had been directed to, she knocked several times, but receiving no reply, opened the door and entered. The faint, feeble wails of a little baby guided her to a back room, and she stood for a moment to take in the scene. A room destitute of furniture, a tall gaunt woman holding in her arms a pillow on which was a little skeleton frame unlike anything human. The visitor went forward, and lifted the child on the pillow from the woman's arms and cried,

"Get the child some food, it is starving."

"There is none in the house," the woman answered, staring with dull vacant eyes at the new arrival.

"Haven't you any bread?"

"No."

"Nor milk?"

"No."

"Haven't you anything at all?"

"Nothing at all."

She laid the pillow and the little form back in the woman's arms, and sped home to fill a basket with provisions. Returning, she tenderly took the little object and put a cup of milk to its lips. With ravenous hunger the child swallowed the milk, and pitifully moaned for more. It was hard to refuse the starving little thing, but it would have been mistaken kindness to have given it too much at once, so she shook her head and nestled the child up to her breast, and tried to croon it to sleep.

The woman's movements presently attracted her attention. She had possessed herself of a large carving-knife, and the cunning stealthy actions, coupled with the look on her face, revealed the awful fact that she was a mad woman. As the terrible truth dawned on the visitor, she reviewed like a flash the situation. She was small and weak physically, and cumbered with a dying baby. Two little girls were asleep in an adjoining room, and a son was somewhere out in the streets. There was no one near to help her but the ever-present One. As the demented woman caught her visitor's eye, she held the knife awkwardly in her hand for a moment, and then said,

"Did you ever see anyone cut their throat?" and the knife was just being drawn across her throat, when rising, Mrs. Lee said in a tone so firm that it could hardly be recognized as hers.

"Put that knife down this instant."

The woman looked astonished, hesitated, and then obeyed, and laying the baby back in her arms, her visitor seized the knife, left the house, and started for home. The re-action was dreadful, and so overwrought were her nerves when she reached the house, that she could not enter, but waited outside till her husband returned from his fishing excursion.

Each day she went and cared for the baby, and learned the unfortunate mother's sad history. She had been a wealthy lady in England, but, like so many society ladies, she had been accustomed to take a glass of wine occasionally. In time the occasional glass became a daily necessity, till the poor woman sank into open drunkenness. Her husband, to save his shame, sold their possessions and brought his unfortunate wife to Victoria, hoping that change of scene might mean change of life; but removed from all home restraints, the woman sank deeper and deeper, till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the despairing husband deserted her. Then bit by bit the furniture was disposed of, until no more remained to be sold, after which, the woman had to go out to work, and she would actually lock the three elder children out in the street to pick up what they could get, and the poor, helpless baby in the house for twelve and fourteen hours a day without a bite of bread or even a drink of water.

How the heart of the worker bled as she learned the pitiful results of drink. She fought for the baby's life for a week, but on the Saturday, when she laid it in its tiny coffin, she thanked God that He had taken the child to where they "hunger no more, neither thirst any more, but where God Himself doth carry the lambs in His bosom."

As soon as the baby was buried, the woman disappeared, taking with her the two little girls. That same night Mr. Lee again went fishing, down the river Yarra. His wife had retired to rest very early, weary with the strain of the previous week. At 12 o'clock a loud knock at the front door startled her from sleep. Glancing at the clock, and seeing her husband was not back, she at once surmised that something had happened. Quick as her trembling limbs

would carry her, she reached the door and faintly asked,

"What is it?"

"Can you tell me where my mother is, Mrs. Lee?" asked a voice which she at once knew to be the voice of the woman's son.

"No, I cannot tell you, I do not know where she has gone."

A pause.

"I am so hungry," pathetically said the voice again. "I have had nothing to eat to-day."

Behind the security of the locked door the little woman thought what she should do. The poor lad was known as one of the worst characters, it was midnight, and she was alone in the house. But softly floated to her a whisper in the darkness, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it indeed to Me." That was enough. Quaking at the very thought of what lay before her, yet nerved by the unseen Power, she went back, put on her dress and slippers, and soon had the door unlocked and her undesirable visitor welcomed to a roast of beef and loaf of bread in the kitchen. The famished man ate ravenously, and his hostess waited with the calmness of utter helplessness for whatever might follow. All the stories she had ever read of robberies, murders and other crimes happening in the great sinful city, floated through her mind; and she was alone and defenseless. "Why had she let him in at all?" Simply because she could not do otherwise. Her literal interpretation of the Scriptures utterly forbade the turning of any poor man away. To hand him the provisions out into the street to eat, never once dawned on her mind, and if it had, she would have utterly scouted such a suggestion, for she looked upon every needy one as a possible representative of Jesus, and could not treat her Lord or His children with anything but truest

courtesy. Even had she known beforehand that her life would have had to pay the forfeit for her hospitality she yet would have acted exactly the same. She did her part with a quailing heart; but did it nevertheless.

When the man had finished his repast he arose and gratefully said—

"Thank you, Mrs. Lee, for all your kindness," adding simply, "I have nowhere to sleep to-night."

The tone put every fear to flight, and she discovered that her vivid imagination had again been her tormentor. A shilling was handed to him to get a place of shelter for the night, and away he went with thanks upon his lips, and she never saw him again.

But the lesson of this ruined family remained with her. A debased mother, a shame-stricken father, a starved baby, a criminal son, all through drink. Oh the pity of it! The woeful pity of it!

About this time too she formed the acquaintance of Victoria's grand old philanthropist, Dr. Singleton. At his request she began to visit the Refuges and Shelters and Mission Halls, to speak to the poor Magdalenes he was constantly gathering in. It was all so new to her, so sad, so utterly incomprehensible. She would take a basket of fruit to the poor creatures at the Home, and look at them with a melting heart and brimming eyes, and a pity and love beyond all power of expression. The words of Richard Baxter when he saw a drunken man reeling down the street came often to her mind, "There goes Richard Baxter, but for the grace of God." Never once did she dare to judge or condemn these unfortunates. Their self-inflicted misery was so great that not by word or look could she add one tittle to it. The sentiments of Bobbie Burns were part of her very nature.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it.
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

. . . . .

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it,
What's done, we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

And yet the horror of their awful condition led her in after years to do what nothing else could have nerved her to do—write in the public press an *expose* of the fearful conditions of society, and what she believed to be in a large measure the cause of these conditions—degraded marriage. The lessons were not in vain, though they were learned in anguish of spirit many a time. The price paid in the shape of tears and heart-groans and sleepless hours was a high one, but the knowledge gained was worth it all, for she found herself better able to help her fellow creatures, when she really knew their circumstances and surroundings.

One fact continually perplexed and puzzled her. She was told by the good old Doctor, by the Matron, and by the girls themselves, that drink was largely responsible for their lost condition; then why did legislators—good, wise, thoughtful men—elected to make laws for the uplifting and ennobling of the nation, why did they permit this awful cause of demoralization to continue in the land; "Because there's money in it," sadly said the Doctor, when she timidly ventured to ask him the question. But to her such an answer was utterly inadequate. With her naive ideas of the value of money, she could not for an instant conceive that even *millions* of revenue would outweigh one immortal soul. Hadn't Jesus shown the

pricelessness of a soul by putting it and the world on the scales, and proving that earth with all its teeming wealth was not of as much worth as that one soul? So the idea of money was dismissed as being utterly unworthy of a moment's belief.

But some reason had to be found to account for the continued existence of the liquor traffic and all its train of evils, and after long pondering she came to the conclusion that the law-makers really did not know what the drink was doing, and so they could not be blamed for the misery everywhere resulting from its continuance. If then, the legislators did not know, the people were plainly being "destroyed for lack of knowledge," and there came looming up the responsibility of giving them the knowledge which she possessed and they lacked; but at the thought of going to the Members of Parliament to begin their education on this point she shrank back with all the old-time timidity, and failed ignominiously.

Every Saturday afternoon it was Doctor Singleton's custom to hold a religious service among the female prisoners in the Melbourne gaol, and soon he decided to draw his new worker into this branch of service.

An owerfu' cup is hard to carry, and sure to spill over, and so the first time he took her to the prison she quite lost sight of the fact that these women were all branded criminals by the laws of the land, and could only see in them souls so precious that a King had died to redeem them. And she spoke till Christ reached their poor hearts, and every head was bowed in tears, while sobs sounded from all parts of the corridor. At the close of the little service she moved among the women to speak to them individually, and learned that almost every woman there was a prisoner either directly or indirectly through drink. As they turned to leave the prison, she cried—

"Doctor, why don't you tell our legislators that drink is filling our gaols with ruined womanhood?"

The Doctor looked thoughtfully through his glasses at the eager, earnest face, and answered, "They know it, my dear child."

"They don't; oh, I know they don't. Good men would never legalise the drink if they knew it ruined poor women."

But the Doctor, with his experience of nearly three quarters of a century, shook his head sadly as he drew her arm through his to take her away. And it began to dawn on her that perhaps—perhaps, though it seemed too terrible to believe—men really held a human soul of less account than customs returns and excise duties. She was stunned with the awful thought, and tried to put it away, tried not to believe it, tried to forget it, but there it was, taking shape and growing more dreadful every hour—"Men knew what drink was doing, yet for the sake of revenue, willingly allowed it to do its deadly work."

Six weeks illness and nervous prostration followed that visit to the Melbourne gaol, and many a curtain lecture had she to submit to from her perplexed husband.

"What do you want to take on like that for, Bessie?" he would say. "It is true the women are in gaol, but you have been to them, trying to do them all the good you can. What's the good of crying and fretting night and day like this over them? You only make yourself ill, and it won't do them a bit of good, they'll all get drunk again as soon as they come out."

But this very practical view of the matter, instead of consoling the wife, only caused her fresh trouble.

"Yes, they *would* get drunk again, the poor, poor creatures! Because at every street corner, licensed pitfalls awaited their stumbling feet." Sitting up in

bed and fixing her heavy eyes upon her husband she would say, "It isn't right, Harry."

"No, of course it isn't right," he would say comfortingly, "but it can't be helped. Drink's bound to be licensed to the end of the world, so cheer up, and don't fret your life out. There's sure to be drink and drunkards while time lasts."

But utterly unconsoled by this chain of reasoning, she would sink back among the pillows and begin to cry again, as the ruined souls of Victoria's daughters rose before her, and her own pitiful weakness and helplessness seemed to prove that she could do nothing to save them.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUNGS IN THE LADDER.

In 1883 Australia was visited by the world-famed Temperance lecturers, R. T. Booth and W. Glover. Enormous audiences attended their gatherings, and the bit of blue ribbon became conspicuous in every street. At the Exhibition Building, in Carlton Gardens, a vast Mission was inaugurated. A choir of 500 voices, under Mr. Broadbent's able leadership, sang Temperance songs, and convinced many, while the eloquent lecturers won to the Temperance Cause hundreds of converts nightly. Enthusiasm—always contagius—reached from the mansion to the hut, and all creeds and classes were enrolled as members of the Blue Ribbon Army.

When Mrs. Lee first heard of these great gatherings she was disinclined to go, thinking that Temperance meetings were for drunkards only, but, referring to her Book of Laws, she learned that she must "prove all things," and then "hold fast that which is good." She went, and that very first night there came God's message to her to "bind herself that others might be free." She signed the Temperance pledge, donned the "bonny bit of blue," and started on quite a new track "to bring light to them that sat in darkness."

Enthusiastic to an extreme, she did not allow the grass to grow under her feet in proclaiming the wonderful new plan of curing drunkenness by stopping the drink. She was here, there, and everywhere, and instead of the zeal abating with time, it increased and intensified till she became a terror to the drink-sellers

in the vicinity. Toward them, personally, she held only the most benevolent feelings, and visited them, and talked to them, and gave them tracts industriously, and had boundless faith that as soon as they saw it was wrong to ruin men by drink, they would break their bottles and barrels, and turn their places into houses of accommodation only.

Blythe and bright and happy at this easy solution to a big difficulty, she worked on with never-flagging hope, and saw others catch the glad infection and become workers too, and she looked with happy eyes on the people, and with clear, undoubting vision beheld the Saviour of sinners bringing the world's redemption very nigh, and, joy above joy, she was actually going to have a share in the glorious work. It was a pleasure to help on the Temperance Cause in every possible way, and she was content to fill water-pots till the end of her days, if by so doing Jesus was to be helped to work miracles, and miracles she expected with unquestioning trust. But one of the first miracles came as a surprise, when it was no less than transforming her from a follower into a leader.

Following on the great awakening in the Temperance Cause in Victoria, branches of the world-famed Women's Christian Temperance Union were formed to bring the women into line in waging war against woman's deadliest enemy. At the close of the Temperance Mission held in Mrs. Lee's district, a branch of the W.C.T.U. was formed and she was unanimously elected President.

"And how did you enjoy your new honours?"

"When I first heard my name called from all corners of the room, I protested and expostulated. But the ladies would take no refusal, and there was I, totally ignorant of rules, and laws, and points of order, promoted to a position I was sure I could only

disgrace. But they seemed so sure of exactly the opposite, and laughed so heartily at my undisguised dismay, that I gathered my scattered wits together and comforted myself by thinking that what I didn't know would have to be learned. I believe with the poet, that, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' My new crown was a most uncomfortable fit, and I would gladly have transferred it from my brow to any other that would have accepted it.

"And what a fortnight my husband had before the next meeting took place. How I plied him with questions about 'notices of motions,' 'resolutions,' 'amendments,' etc., etc. And, man-like, how he compassionated my blank ignorance, and graciously instructed me morning, noon, and night in the art of conducting a meeting. I was determined to get all the knowledge I could, well knowing that knowledge would be power.

"So I set out to learn exactly how to carry a meeting through, how to general my forces, how to do everything, from the largest down to the smallest item, in just the way to bring the greatest honour to God, and happiness to my workers. Parliamentary rules were pored over, lodge books well studied, and everything else I could lay hands upon, bearing on the matter. And then I went, for the first time in my life, to wield the sceptre of authority. Those women were splendid; our meetings grew in size and enjoyment. The capacity for work they developed was admirable, and as experience brought confidence, we attempted great things for God, and expected greater things from God."

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When the first W.C.T.U. Convention was held in Melbourne, to the joy of the devoted little band, many honours were laid upon their President. She was appointed editor of the W.C.T.U. page in the *Alliance Record*, Colonial Superintendent of Litera-

ture, and one of the public speakers of the Union. Of course, she meant to shake the world, and hadn't a doubt that Faith was the lever, resting on the platform of God's power, which was to make true the assertion of Archimedes; but, alas for the vanity of human hopes, her health utterly failed, and she was laid aside from all active service.

Some time before the above events took place, there attended the Sunday school a poor, friendless orphan girl. The world had dealt hardly with Marion, and she had begun to grow indifferent to the world and reckless in manner. Her loneliness won the heart of the Sabbath-school teacher, and she took charge of the poor girl, and Marion became an occasional inmate of the little home. Soon the recklessness gave way to loving thoughtfulness, the indifference to intense devotion, and Marion became so much the willing slave of her friend that she earned the name of Mrs. Lee's "Sam Weller," and not even the famous Pickwick himself ever had in his immortal "Sam" a more loyal subject than Mrs. Lee had in her "Mally."

Everyone had to give way before her on her mistress's behalf. The best seat in the house, the best side of the road, the daintiest flower was ever picked for her charge, while wraps and umbrella and handbag were Marion's special care, and the loyalty and devotion deepened and sweetened as month succeeded month, and Mrs. Lee became at last a chronic invalid. When her mistress was a little better, Marion would take a situation for higher wages; when health again failed, the devoted girl would unhesitatingly give up everything and return to take charge of her treasured friend. Her faith in her "little mother," her profound conviction that she was destined for great things, her loyalty and affection were among the brightest glints in a very cloudy sky at this time.

When strength permitted, the invalid would take

her pen and write, for during this time a serial story was begun, and every evening when work was over, Mallie with a shade of authority in her voice, but with far more than a shade of affection in her manner, would say, "Now, little mother, read me what you have written to-day." And the invalid would read to one of the most appreciative audiences ever reader had. One moment Mallie would wipe her streaming eyes and sob, "Oh! that's lovely," and the next minute, with peals of laughter, would say, "Oh, little mother, that's delightful. How can you think of such things?" and then she would weave bright visions of the day when her loved one would go to England and have the book published, and become famous in a day, and return to Victoria to see triumphal arches erected on the pier, and "Welcome back" gleaming on every side.

Blessed, loving, devoted Mallie. What a God-sent boon she was in those dark days! What matter that the castles built were all in Spain, what matter that the fond dreams of love could never turn into actual facts? It was sweet to be believed in, and loved, and trusted, and reverenced, and the dreams, though only dreams, helped them better to bear at times life's painful realities.

* * * * *

From doctor to doctor Mrs. Lee went in the vain search for health. One after another of the medical men failed to effect a cure, and at last she was told that nothing but change and rest would be of any service. If she could go away for twelve months or two years and gather strength, then they could perform an operation on her spine which might effect a cure or might—she knew the alternative.

To New South Wales she journeyed in easy stages to her father's home in Tumberumba, the queerly-titled place in the mountains where her father had

resided for over twenty years. Here, too, her sister Amelia lived, with her little family of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked bairnies. Not far away was the quiet grave, shadowed by waving wattles and aromatic gums where slept the one dear brother. Far off could be seen the snowy mountains, with Mount Kosciusko rearing its majestic heights to the sky; around and about were nature's beauties, and in the little town were hearts as kind as ever beat in God's great throbbing world of humanity.

Weak and ill though she was, she had strength and courage sufficient for the King's service in a small measure and tried to do her part. The weak efforts were wonderfully blessed of God by numbers signing the pledge, several becoming converted, and the formation of a Bible Class and Band of Hope. Kindness was showered upon her by the people of Tumberumba, but weaker and more pain-racked she became, till in three months time it was deemed imperative for her to return to Melbourne lest the death-angel's call might come to her away from home and husband.

She returned to Victoria a worn, weary white-faced woman, with nothing but God's great love to keep her from sinking into utter despair. The future was all darkness. Night or day saw no abatement of suffering. When evening closed in, she longed for the morning light; when morning dawned she prayed for night to bring rest, yet through all that time of pain the spirit of Christ never forsook her, and many a time a loving kiss would be pressed upon her cheek and one and another would whisper, "You have helped me so much, thank God I ever knew you."

At words such as these, the triumphant song of praise would rise above the groans. "To be of use to others, to cheer sad hearts, to brighten other lives was worth living on for; to be a blessing to others was ample compensation for every pain."

One day a letter came from her father urging his wish that she should consult the very best physician in Victoria. She obeyed, and went to one who was considered to be at the very top of the medical profession. And from him the verdict came, after a careful diagnosis of the case.

"I will try to cure you, but it will be a long, tedious case. I shall need to see you every second day for three months, and by that time I shall be able to know whether a cure is possible."

"And your charge, Doctor?"

He named a sum surprisingly moderate for one of his rank, but small as it was, it was more than she could manage. She knew she had a faithful father, ready and willing to help to the utmost, but the uncertainty of a cure made her put away entirely any thought of drawing upon his generosity. Her long illness with all its attendant expenses, and her husband's occasional periods of non-employment prevented them amassing even a small sum of money, and her proud spirit could not brook any obligation to a friend. She could lend, but could not borrow.

The doctor stood looking at her with quiet, kindly interest as these thoughts crowded into her mind. She could not speak. The disappointment was too great for words, for she had built her all upon this doctor. She could only sternly force back the tears and try to smile, as she shook her head, and then like a drowning man from whom the last straw has been wrenched, she left the surgery and reached the sunlit pathway. She stood on the pavement conscious that the sun was warm and bright, conscious of the presence of people hurrying along, conscious of every little thing transpiring in front of her, yet with a great dumb despair, separating her from everything and everybody in the happy world.

The fiat had gone forth, "an invalid for life," and

life might be long, for she was only twenty-eight, and friends might grow weary. Ay! in that was the real sting. She really did not mind what pain was to be endured, for grace to suffer would be given each hour. But the thought that those she loved might get weary of her, and secretly wish her away was unendurable. In after years she understood what a cruel injustice such thoughts were to all the loving hearts around, but at that time this was the one overwhelming dread. So she stood there in Collins Street that bright August day and looked back over nearly eight years of suffering, and looked forward to perhaps another twenty of even greater pain, and groaned in spirit.

* * * * *

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity!" From the days of Moses down to the present century it has been so. When Israel's Deliverer halted by the billows of the Red Sea, he was a helpless, powerless man. When God said "Go forward," he was omnipotent, and had the whole world had to divide and make a passage for him, instead of simply the bounding waves, Moses had power to level the way. The God of Israel is an unchanging God; He is able to divide every Red Sea of difficulty before us, and delights ever to link His omnipotence to our human helplessness. The suffering woman knew this, had known it long, yet never before dared to put Him to the test. Now, with a sudden launching out into the deep, she cried, "Lord, You know all about it; if You want me to work for You, just heal me Yourself, and if not, do take me home for I am so tired."

She heard no voice in response to her cry, she felt no hand laid upon her physical frame, there was no miracle outwardly, but the cry from Victoria's daughter reached the ear of the Great Physician as surely and certainly as the voice of Sarepta's daugh-

ter; and from that moment—SHE WAS HEALED. Returning to Footscray, she said very quietly to her husband—

"I think I am going to get better, dear."

"Does the Doctor give you hope?" he eagerly asked.

"No," she replied, "but I think I am going to get better."

Her husband had grown too wise to question her. Though at times mystified, he had learned to wait till she could frankly tell him the motives for speech or action, so now he accepted simply what was said, and they began that very week to look for a house in Richmond, whither they could remove their goods and chattels, which were at present stored at her sister's. Mary was now a married woman with two little olive branches, and her husband, as well as Bessie's, was employed on the railways.

It was at the beginning of the great land boom period, when houses were scarcely to be got for love or money, rents were fabulously high, and even a woodshed in a backyard has been known to be rented to a poor family for the extraordinary sum of nine shillings per week. The task of securing a house in the desired locality close to the station, and of moderate rental, was therefore no easy one, and at last they were compelled to take a habitation hidden away in a little back street. It wasn't at all a desirable neighbourhood and they had a difficulty to fancy their surroundings. But it was Hobson's choice, so they made the best of a very one-sided bargain and opened house once more.

Her health improved daily, she gave up medicines of every kind, and clung with steady faith to God's power and love, happy as a humming-bird, and ready with worshipful devotion to do anything the Lord might direct. When fairly settled, her first question was, "Now, Lord, what wilt Thou have me

to do?" She well knew that she had to help bring the answer to her question, so looked around to see what there seemed to be in need of doing. Soon she found that they were dwelling among people who never went to church, whose children never entered a Sunday school, and to whom life was largely made up of getting drunk, and getting sober again. Thinking and praying finally turned to resolving and acting.

Armed with picture tracts, and pretty cards, she visited every house in the lane, and asked permission to take the children to the Sabbath school. Suave and polite were the refusals, but they *were* refusals; "Johnnie hasn't a coat, so he can't go, Mrs. Lee." "I like my children to look as nice as another's, and until he has a new suit of clothes I couldn't think of letting him go." But when the new suit was to arrive was not mentioned. "If only Mary had Sunday boots, I'd be delighted for you to take her, but my old man didn't bring home any wages on Saturday night, and the child is barefoot." And so with variations it went on till she realised she was not to be a truant officer for the Sunday School.

Nothing daunted, however, she made another effort. Her first visit had got her acquainted with the women, so emboldened to try again, she went straight for the mothers.

"Will you come to a little afternoon meeting at my house, on Wednesday, at three o'clock? We will have a little Bible reading, some friends will come and sing for you, and we'll wind up with a cup of tea."

She was so lovingly persistent that one after another promised to come, and exulting over her success she got some singers to come, prepared the tea, and sat and waited for her guests. Alas! only one woman and a little girl arrived, so the Bible meeting was added to the list of failures. By this time she was quite aroused. Every disappointment served only to

make her more in earnest, and she was determined that those precious people should learn of their great Redeemer if there was any possible way of managing it.

One Sunday afternoon she sat on the doorstep, and watched the bootless, ragged children trundling hoops and playing imaginary cricket in the narrow lane. Was it an inspiration? She began to sing the hymn so dear to little children, "Jesus loves me," and the children gathered around curiously, and very warily she began to talk to them. The old art of story telling stood her in good stead, and quite a little crowd soon assembled to listen to the story. It was with great reluctance they at last dispersed, and she was filled with gratitude at the success of the little ruse.

The next Sunday she was prepared for them, the said preparations taking the shape, not of a beautiful blackboard lesson, but a plum pudding of fine dimensions. Singing first, to gather her congregation together, she then told them a story, and finally invited them into the parlour to have a piece of pudding. They came, half shyly, half boldly, and that honest pudding rapidly disappeared. Then another hymn was sung, the Benediction was pronounced and the children were dismissed.

From that day there was no trouble in gathering a Sunday school; all the little waifs and strays they could cram into the room were there, and often respectable neatly dressed little ones from round about. The blessings of God rested richly upon the work. Nine little boys were converted one afternoon, and seven little girls another day. The mothers were gratified at the interest taken in their children, and began to send them in better clothes. A point of honour was made that no child should come with dirty face and hands, and uncombed hair. This led to fur-

ther improvements in their personal appearance, till at last the children could compare favourably, a few excepted, with many of the children around. Their behaviour and manners grew excellent, and their little hearts turned up to God, as flowers grow up to the sun.

One Sunday she showed them one of Doctor Barnardo's books, and explained to them about the poor little perishing children in London. Their tender hearts were melted, and tears were on many cheeks as she showed them picture after picture, but it was left to the poorest and raggedest of them all to do something more than weep for others' woes. With tears coursing down his face, little Joe rifled his tattered garments, then held out his hand, in which a small coin was lying, and with broken voice, sobbed—

"Here, Mrs. Lee, take this ha'penny and send it to Doctor 'Bananna' to buy bread for his poor little children."

His teacher looked at the little lad, and knew that the Christ in him had suddenly sprung into life, and her own eyes filled with tears as she saw that little Joe was no longer a colonial street arab, but a messenger of love and mercy to suffering humanity. Taking the halfpenny, she said—

"Joe, this is very good of you, dear, but a ha'penny won't buy much bread. What do you say, children, to all of us going without lollies and marbles and stickjaw for a whole week, and bringing the money so saved, next Sunday to send to Doctor Barnardo."

The appeal was an electric current from God's great heart of love to each of those little dormant souls. When the next Sunday arrived an eager crowd gathered around the door, waiting for their teacher's advent. The instant the door was opened, a forest of little hands was thrust forward, and the shining faces and excited tongues told, though not in words,

the beautiful tale of self-sacrifice and its reward. Possessed with a spirit of self-denial, the children saved their pennies until a pound could be sent to England; then they united to prepare a Christmas tree, and from the sale of their handiwork, the munificent sum of two pounds was raised, and sent with great rejoicing to the noble-hearted little Irish doctor at Stepney.

For ten months God permitted Mrs. Lee to live in that lane, and it was a time of great happiness. Then they learned of a better house in a street near by, and another chapter in her life work ended. Seven years later an invitation from a Church of England clergyman reached Mrs. Lee to help in a Mission in that same locality, and picture her joy to find among the choir singers, and Sunday-school teachers, and Christian Endeavourers, many of those children who during that ten months had given their lives to God. They were walking in white, with garments undefiled, and learning to help others up to the Kingdom they had themselves reached in that little lane in Richmond.

CHAPTER XIV.

PUBLIC WORK.

In November the W.C.T.U. Annual Convention came round again. Delegates, timid, retiring, home-loving women most of them, gathered from every part of the colony for spiritual up-building and grace for service. The first Colonial President was one of God's stars of the earth, Mrs. M. M. Love, a Virginian lady, and a woman of saintly character. She had also been one of the early Crusaders in America. Under her loving guidance the Women's work had prospered greatly in Victoria, and calls were daily coming from all parts for an organizer to visit and band the women together, in each town and village, under their banner, with its beautiful motto, "For God, and Home, and Humanity."

Unfortunately there was no fund for this pressing and expensive work, neither had the Union a woman, except Mrs. Love herself, capable of taking up such a very important department as organizing and evangelistic work. It was the first meeting after the Convention that the women sat around the Council table with prayerful anxious hearts and besought God to send them the right woman. The qualifications required were so many and varied, that they were puzzled to find anyone to come even near the mark.

For instance, she would have to be physically strong, for long, difficult journeys by rail, boat, coach, and horseback lay before her; she must be a Christian of highest character in whom ministers and others could have perfect confidence; she would need

to have a thorough knowledge of Temperance work, else she would fail in the very objects of her journeys; she would need to be tactful, wise, discreet, brave, quick, and bright, and last of all she must ask no salary from the Colonial Executive, for there was not a pound in the exchequer to give her. In fact, she would have to go on faith without purse or scrip, expecting the manna to be provided each day, as God saw best.

The women looked from one to another in silence as all these special qualifications loomed before them, and all sighed at the hopelessness of getting the right woman for that vacant position. Mrs. Love looked through her glasses, and her gentle voice broke the painful silence.

"Mrs. Lee, will you take up the work?"

The lady addressed nearly capsized from her chair, and looked in astonishment at the sweet, spiritual face of the president, to see if her ears had deceived her. But no; gentle, quiet and serene, Mrs. Love waited, looking with those kind eyes at the perturbed face before her.

"My husband would never consent," was the reply, at last.

"Is that the only hindrance in the way?"

Mrs. Lee stared, feeling that Mrs. Love did not know her strong-willed partner, for surely that would be hindrance enough. Well did she know that if her husband gave one of his decided negatives, it would be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, Mrs. Love notwithstanding. She simply bowed, finding no words with which to reply.

"Go home, my dear," the quiet voice said, "and before you reach there an angel will have rolled away the stone."

It was hard to believe that anything on earth would make her husband consent to give his wife up to a

public life. But she went home, resolving to lay the matter before him, and leave results with God, confident that if the Father really needed her in the great harvest field, He would indeed send His angels to prepare the road before her; while, if He did not need her, then the more obstacles in the way the better. In the evening, as they sat at tea, the afternoon's conversation was recounted, and quietly the wife awaited the verdict. The husband was very thoughtful for a little while, and like a wise woman she did not hurry him. When he did speak, she found the angel had indeed rolled away the stone.

"My dear, I think you had better accept the position; you love the work, the frequent changes will do your health good. Try it for a time, and see how you like it."

There was a companion for John Wesley that night in Victoria. Talk of all the world being her parish! Why, she felt a heaven-crowned Queen of the Universe, and would not have changed places with an empress on her throne.

At the next executive meeting, her appointment as Colonial Evangelist and organiser of the W.C.T.U. of Victoria, was unanimously ratified, and here is a condensed report of the first year's work as presented to the Convention of the following year:—

"COLONIAL EVANGELIST'S REPORT, 1889.

"DEAR PRESIDENT AND SISTERS,

"A year ago you conferred upon me the high honour of selecting me as the bearer of Holiness and Temperance to the women of our colony. I trembled at the time at the responsibility placed upon me, but felt that through your unanimous decision the voice of God was calling me to His service, so in His strength I could but answer, 'Here am I, Lord, send me.' I am glad to have been able to prove that sordid

motives had no influence in my acceptance of this office. At my own request the monetary recompense from each district visited was placed at the very lowest possible figure, but God's blessing, has been abundant recompense, and I am very thankful that we adopted the system we did, as it has entirely removed from the minds of the outside people the idea that missions were only meant for making money. They have learned that we seek their salvation, both in this world and the next, and that we are willing to sacrifice all of self for their greater good.

"Before leaving this subject I must record the fact that every Mission proved financially successful, leaving the unions or churches with a balance in every case, and in three instances, the unions, in kindly recognition of the fact, exceeded the modest sum stipulated as the amount to be received by your evangelist, for which I here beg leave to thank them. I find eight shillings per week is the average amount I have received through the year. Our first mission was held in Warrnambool, beginning February 5th. The programme followed in this and every other mission was as follows:—

"Morning	...	Visiting.
12-30	...	Mid-day Prayer Meeting.
3 p.m.	...	Bible, Cottage, or Drawing-room Meeting.
8 p.m.	...	Public Meeting.

Preaching in churches on the Sabbath, holding united Sunday-school services, meetings for women and girls, wives and mothers, and special meetings for men only.

"During some of our Missions we held four meetings a day, besides visiting the hotels, hospitals, sick people, and special cases, and through it all, a strength more than human has been given, and carried your Evangelist through every difficulty and trial. The number of pledges taken and members

gained, we are not able to state accurately, as strict account was not kept, but we estimate the former at 500, the latter 100. New Unions have been formed in different parts, and Bands of Hope in three districts. The amount of money received in collections, and by lectures can be given you by the local Secretaries. The distances travelled on country journeys is over 3,000 miles. The number of meetings held—320. Have circulated a quantity of literature; and regularly every fortnight dispatched our official organ, the *Alliance Record* to people in remote country districts.

"What more can I say, dear sisters, than that the sweetest promise ever made to mortal, has been abundantly fulfilled, 'I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing.' In watering desert soil I have myself been refreshed from the life-giving streams, and in conveying to darkened or despondent souls, the sunshine of God's love, a double portion has been given to my own soul. It has been a busy blessed year, and my whole heart fills with gratitude to Him who has led from 'victory unto victory,' and while He lends me life, it shall be lent back again. Miss Havergal's words may fitly express my own feelings in closing, which I do with assurances of deep affection for the many dear sisters, who laboured hard in every place, to make our Missions a success, and to whose loving prayers and earnest efforts under God, the results must be largely ascribed.

"Another year of patient toil,
A few sheaves won from rocky soil
May seem not much to thee,
But all thy work is with the Lord,
And thine exceeding great reward
Thy Lord Himself shall be.

. . . . . .

"Another year of service,
How can I wish for you
A greater joy or blessing,
O, fellow-workers true,
Eternity with Jesus
Will be long enough for rest.
Thank God that we are spared to work
For Him whom we love best.

"Signed BESSIE LEE (Evangelist)."

Predictions were not wanting that if she worked at such a rate she would be speedily back on a sick-bed, especially as household duties kept her very busy during the intervals between Missions. But service was such a joy she could not slacken off.

In 1889, greatly to her sorrow, her happy relations with the W.C.T.U. received an unexpected blow in this wise. In 1888, the Melbourne papers made merry over the questions, "Why don't the men propose?" and "Is marriage a failure?" To one accustomed to look upon such subjects in the light of eternal responsibility, the absurd articles and utterly unworthy answers proved distressing, and realising that these subjects were of grave, national importance, she took up the pen which was to be mightier than the sword, and entered the arena to do battle for the right. The sensation caused by her first and succeeding letters was so great, that the astonished little woman felt as though the world was tumbling about her ears. For my readers to clearly understand the ground taken, I will here reproduce the first of a series of articles written for *The Herald*, and one article appearing in the *Southern Cross*. The book itself printed under the title of *Marriage and Heredity*, from which these extracts are culled, has since run through editions of several thousands, and is steadily winning acceptance for the views therein contained.

"MRS. HARRISON LEE ON IDEAL MARRIAGE.

"To the Editor of 'The Herald.'

"Sir,—My letter on the above question, appearing in *The Herald* of the 8th, has caused such a sensation that, in justice to myself and to those who condemn my views without fully understanding them, I am bound to explain myself more fully. To do so I shall have to take up fresh ground, and of necessity deal with social evils and social purity. My letter of the 8th was addressed simply to those of *The Herald* correspondents who avoided marriage as entailing expense, discomfort and other troubles, as typified by large families. And my advice to them was not to deny themselves the love and companionship of a wife, but to take a wife and do without the family; *not for all time*, but until by mutual help and perseverance they should be in a proper position to support one or more children. To those who longed for, and wished in the first years of wedded life to have little olive branches, my letter did not in the least apply. Let this be clearly understood, as I find my views have been taken up and answered in *The Herald* and suburban papers, not by those to whom they refer, but by happy parents. Now to address myself to the purpose of this present paper, asking all who read it, to read as it is written—quietly, thoughtfully and earnestly, in the hope of doing good. Marriage is so holy, so exalted a state, that Christ, the pure and sinless One, compares it with His own union with the Church—His bride—the blending of a strong, protecting love with submissive, confiding trust. Our Saviour is the leader, the protector, the sustainer of His bride. The Church, in fullest confidence, and with responsive affection, gives herself unreservedly to the love and care that will purify and exalt, and the

issue of that holy union is purity, piety, peace—every virtue and every happiness. And such should be the union of man and maid—a union of all that is strong, and brave, and noble, with all that is gentle, sweet and pure. Marriage makes the man the protector and leader; it makes the woman the gentle, loving helpmate. Unholy desires, impure affections, degrading appetites have no place here. Their marriage has been made in Heaven, where sin cannot enter. In course of time, if they be rightly constituted, they will wish to have children,—heirs of the promise; and one or more children born, not of unholy lusts, but of purest desire, will bless them. From their desire for one child till their desire for another, their lives will be pure and continent. And if they be in poverty or ill-health, years may elapse before they will bring heirs of sorrow into a frowning world. And so not only worldly prudence, but higher motives will check the large family coming to burden rather than bless. Not for one moment would I say that it is wrong to have children, for such an assertion would be utterly preposterous in the face of God's laws and Nature's dictates; but with unflinching courage do I assert it is wrong, aye, weakly, wickedly wrong, to have them come unwished for and undesired—the result rather of perverted passion than any holy desire to people the earth with noble children. Those who have carefully and thoughtfully considered the matter, and desire to have, and feel equal to training ten or even twenty little blossoms for their rightful positions on earth and in Heaven, God bless them and give to them the desires of their hearts; for such men and women having children simply in obedience to the Divine command, 'Increase, etc.,' and not as an unpleasant consequence of animal gratification, are the right ones to people the earth. To those who look upon children as so much expense, who only have

them because they can't help it—to these I say again, *don't have them*, for the issue of such Godless unions would be children impure in body and soul—a worry and burden to the unfortunate parents, and bearing through life the burden of a sin that they have inherited, and which is eating out the very life of purity in every city, and filling our streets and our graveyards with the victims of the fearful social evil of the day. I am told that in England alone there are 150,000 poor fallen women; in Victoria, 5,000. Where do they come from? We stand aghast at the fearful numbers, knowing as we do that the length of life of these poor creatures is but three or four years, in some cases only ten months, before they fill unholy, dishonoured graves. Where do they come from? Fathers, mothers, they come from your homes, from your hearts. The seed of their downfall was sown in their conception, and the sin of the parents has truly been visited upon the poor off-spring in after years. And parents in bitter anguish bewail the fearful fate of their loved child, utterly unconscious that they themselves are solely responsible for that child's having unholy desires and perverted passions. Fearlessly do I declare that what is a sin before marriage, is still a sin after Christ's words have bound a man and maid together, and that the Divine command, 'Increase and multiply,' should be divinely regarded and obeyed, but not made the excuse for marital sin. It is utterly out of all human or divine reasoning to believe that a man and woman must be spotless and pure up to the day of their marriage, and that then the words so grand and beautiful, binding them together in holy comradeship for mutual help and love, at once open the way for unbridled liberty. Impossible! Increase and multiply; but the seventh commandment is as emphatic between man and woman after marriage as before. That this is little understood I well

know, for again and again have poor burdened mothers said to me, 'I did not want another.' And I have gently answered, 'Well, why have one?' The look of surprise has generally been followed by the question, 'Do you believe in remedies?' 'No,' has been my indignant reply; 'live as God intended you to, and do not degrade the temples of His Holy Spirit below the level of brute creation.' I know the astonishment that will be caused by this letter, for so few have thought the subject out, simply accepting what is, as what must ever be. But now that the key-note has been sounded, if the public wish me, I will explain my firm, deep convictions from time to time. Not rashly and thoughtlessly have I dared to come forward in this vast, world-wide subject, but after years of patient thought and study. And I am ready to stand or fall alone, if others do not see as I do. My ideal marriage is perhaps too lofty a standard to be reached by all; but will those who are longing to live their lives for God, those who deplore the fearful social evils of the age, those who are battling against sin and crime without being able to diminish its ever-filling ranks, will those lay what I have written to heart, and as far as they can, do what they feel convinced is right in their own homes and their own lives, and obey the Scriptural injunction, 'Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God.' I am ready and willing to carry on the matter, should any desire, with the kind permission of the friend of the public—our Editor. In the meantime,

"I remain,

"Faithfully yours,

"BESSIE LEE."

"A MIDNIGHT MISSION.

Living, labouring, loving, I'll go
In the pathways Jesus trod,
Brightening the world for all below
And leading men up to God.

"During six years of visiting among the sick and poor, in densely populated suburbs, I imagined I had learned all that there was to learn of sin and suffering and poverty. So many heartrending cases had been brought before me, so many tales of horror been told me, that again and again I had said, 'Surely nothing can surpass this.'

"When I first (very timidly and very humbly) put forth my hand to try to help stem the tide of iniquity, that was bearing so many precious souls down to destruction, I made many blunders; but God, who was very patient with His ignorant servant, taught me, and led me step by step along the way, and showed me what I should have to do to be of real service to Him. The first thing I learned was that self must be completely sacrificed—heart and life, soul and strength must be entirely given up. I must throw aside everything on which I had before relied, and take nothing but Christ with me into the work. The courage that is born of faith would be given. The great love for souls which had brought the King to earth would possess me, and make all labour joy. So, as a broken and empty vessel, I at last stood ready for the Master's use, and He who is ever calling for labourers took me into His service. In a short paper like this I could not even begin to tell you of the sins and sorrows revealed to me, but I want to bring before you a glimpse of Melbourne after midnight, as shown to me on a midnight mission, when we went out to seek and save the lost. And here I was taught how little I knew, as a district visitor, of the depth of iniquity in our city. The appalling horrors of that

night! The loathsome vices, the diabolical sins, proved to me that I had before only skimmed the surface, while here were depths of evil of which I had never even dreamed; and it is with the fervent hope of reaching and rousing the people of our colony, and getting them to rise up and fight against these awful iniquities that I have ventured to take my pen and attempt, with cautious hand, to bring before you the picture of a portion of our beautiful Queen City of the South after dark.

"A supper had been prepared in the Temperance Hall, and I, with a lady friend and a constable, was appointed to visit the dens of the city to invite the poor, fallen girls to attend. We started out at half-past seven, and ended at half-past three next morning; and in that time was laid bare to me a state of things that I never could have believed existed outside of 'The Bitter Cry of Outcast London.'

"We started along Little Lonsdale Street, turned down a narrow lane, passed through some back yards, around dilapidated buildings, and at last stopped at a door, where a Chinaman stood with a bottle of beer in his hand. We asked for his wife, but he said she was too ill to be seen. The constable pushed him aside, and we entered a low-roofed, smoke-begrimed, filthy room. Its only occupant was a Chinaman sitting at the end of what looked like a long, broad shelf or table, on which was an opium-tray containing pipes, lamp and other appurtenances of opium-smokers. The same question was put to him, and the same answer received—'The missis was very ill upstairs.' Up a steep ladder in one corner we went, till we reached a garret above. A light was produced, and we looked around the reeking, dirty room for a woman. At first we could not discern her, but as we made a noise, what I had taken for a bundle of bed-clothes rolled up at one end of the long, low shelf, moved, and I saw it

was a girl. I went and lifted her up, and as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the opium lamp, I saw she was about sixteen years of age, with the stamp of death on her white, thin face and in her hollow eyes. Lovingly we pleaded with the poor girl to come with us, but the old Chinaman had followed us up, and her looks and tones expressed her fear, as she tremblingly told us, 'she would not be allowed.' But at last, moved by our entreaties, she promised 'to come if she could.' Down the rickety ladder again, but just as we reached the floor we heard angry words, then a blow and a scream, and we knew that the villain was thrashing the poor dying girl because she had promised to come to our supper. My whole heart swelled with indignation, and I said, 'She shall not be punished by that monster. I'll go back and bring her away at once,' and I turned to do so. But the constable laid a detaining hand on my shoulder, and quietly said, 'No use, Mrs. Lee, you could do nothing now; and besides, we have no time to spare. We have hundreds yet to go to.'

" 'Hundreds!' I replied, in dismay. 'Oh, not so bad as that one?'

" 'Yes, and worse.'

"My heart turned sick. As we turned away Mrs. ——— said—

" 'To think, Mrs. Lee, that that poor girl should be there at the mercy of two Chinamen!"

" 'Two,' said the constable, significantly; 'why a dozen live there.'

"Oh, what a depth of degradation, what horrible sin, what nameless suffering was brought to light by that one brief sentence. And yet this was a Christian land, boasting of its advanced civilisation, ruled by what are called just laws, and governed by a people whose proudest boast is liberty. God help us when

it is a liberty that encourages wrong-doing, and the destruction of the weak.

"In the next den we visited we found nine Chinamen and four European girls all smoking. The fumes of the opium almost stifled us, and we could not distinguish the faces of any of them; but we urged and implored the girls to come to our supper, and they consented. From place to place we went. I would not dare to tell you the sights we saw, and the language we heard that night. One place comes before me as I write. A long narrow room, containing two of the shelves such as I have described, on which, in all conceivable postures, were the forms of men and women, European, half-caste, and Chinese. One young girl had just come in, and finding no room on the shelves, had formed for herself a pillow with two gin bottles and a sheet of paper, on a bench, and had just taken up the pipe to inhale its fumes. I went up to one woman, and lifted her from among the prostrate bodies, and with my heart fairly breaking with sorrow, I cried—

" 'Oh, my dear sister, come away from this horrible place. Do come away with us.'

" 'I can't,' she said, 'I must go home to my children soon.'

" 'What!' I cried. 'Are you a mother and you here? Oh, what a shame.'

" 'We are past all shame when we get here,' replied the poor creature, in tones of hopeless misery.

"But she was not, for the very words revealed the womanliness still existing, though buried, perhaps, under a mountain of sin. And oh! how I thanked God that she was not yet passed a Saviour's redeeming love. The mercy that pardoned a dying thief, and the power that could save a Magdalene, was still as great as in days gone by; and though the wages of sin is death, still the free gift of God is everlasting life.

And it was of just such as these our Saviour spoke when He said—'I have come not to call the *righteous*, but *sinners* to repentance.' 'They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick.' 'The Son of Man is come to *seek* and *save* that which is lost.'

"And to you, dear brother and sister, who have been saved from a fate so fearful, I cry—'Will you come and help us in our work—"for God, and Home, and Native Land"—by consecrating yourselves, your time, your talents, your money, to the great work of overthrowing the strongholds of sin, and winning souls for Jesus?'

" 'Oh, come, let us go and find them,
In the paths of death they roam,
At the close of the day 'twill be sweet to say,
I have brought some lost one home.'

"You all can do something, and when our prayers and labours are offered up as a sacrifice to the Lord for the sins of the people, we have surely done what we could and the Lord will repay.

"Where are the reapers to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of love must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the Harvest Home.

"After leaving the stifling opium dens we paused to draw breath and consult for a moment. Said our guardian, 'Would you like to visit the grand houses? I cannot say that you will gain admittance, but I will take you to them, and you can try if you wish.'

" 'Certainly we will try, and what is more, succeed; for the Lord will open the doors to us when we are on His business.'

"Away we went at a brisk pace, finally stopping before a large two-story brick house. We rang the bell, and presently a very neatly dressed servant girl opened the door.

" 'We want to see your young ladies,' I said.

" 'Oh, you can't to-night,' replied the girl respectfully, 'they are nearly all away at the opera with the mistress. Only a few are at home.'

" 'We *must* see them, my girl,' I answered, gently pushing her aside and stepping into the hall. What a scene! Soft carpets under foot, plush curtains draping the hall, full-length mirrors and choice paintings; everything that wealth could buy on every side. Down the hall we went without a moment's hesitation, and opening a door on our right, stepped into a luxuriously furnished boudoir. The bed was draped with satin curtains, a crimson satin quilt covered it. The furniture was of the most elegant description, and two beautiful girls stood before the marble dressing-table, attiring themselves in costly clothing. I felt too sick at heart to speak, for here was gilded iniquity. The same horrible sin as we had just left in its naked shamelessness, here veneered and covered over with gold, yet just as revolting and hateful in its thin disguise as in its open boldness. My brave little friend went forward, and with eloquent appeals tried to get the girls to come away with us from their loathesome life. Their polite manners and cultivated tones showed their delicate rearing. They were evidently young girls of high education, and possessed of great beauty of face and form; but though grateful to us for our loving interest, and evincing the deepest hatred of the horrible life and the abominable woman they called 'the mistress,' they yet had neither courage, nor will, to break through their fetters.

"A young girl, small, but exceedingly pretty, came into the room. She was dressed in lavender plush, with the train caught up and thrown over her arm; valuable bracelets, necklace and rings decked her. Something in the expression of her weary eyes made me put my arms around her and say—

" 'Oh, my dear girl! what is this life going to end in?'

"Never shall I forget her answer, given as it was in one word, and in such a tone of hopeless misery as wrung my very heart, for that one word was 'Death.'

"Ah, poor girl! well did she know that the wages of sin is death and death in its most loathesome form.

"How we pleaded with those poor creatures to come away from certain death, and accept the life Christ so freely offers. All they answered was—'They could not;' and soon we found out why. *They were nothing but slaves.* The very clothes they had on did not belong to them; the jewelry they wore was not theirs; everything they had, belonged to the mistress, of whom they spoke with the most deadly hatred. Spies were always on the watch to prevent their escaping, and threats of law if they did go out with any of their mistress's property kept them in a bondage as horrible as any Mrs. Beecher Stowe was called upon to depict to an astonished nation.

"We came away unsuccessful, but with the warm thanks of the girls for our efforts to rescue them, and from place to place we again went. As one house describes all, I will not weary my readers with repetition. At twelve o'clock, weary, footsore, and heartsick, we repaired to the Hall, and there found between sixty and seventy girls who had accepted our invitation.

"After the supper, earnest, loving addresses were given by several friends, and a warm invitation offered to everyone to enter the Home provided in Brunswick for the poor straying ones. A few accepted, but the greater number, to our intense sorrow, returned to their awful life. And what was the reason? Why would these girls deliberately reject the holier life, a peaceful, happy home, to go back to suffering, insult, shame and degradation? Simply

because inborn sin and the love of strong drink conquered every better feeling.

"Oh, that all-destroying drink! How it fetters and slays its victims. Can any good thing be said of it, when we count its slain every year by thousands; when we are hampered and hindered in our work of reclamation on all sides by its fatal influence; when the educated and high-born, alike with the ignorant and sensual, are dragged down to destruction by its cruel talons? Again and again have I cried out in passionate sorrow and grieved amazement, 'How can a Christian country legalise a traffic so awful in its effects, so ruinous to our young people, so destructive to purity, piety and morality, so impoverishing to the country at large, so injurious in any and every way you look at it?'

"Oh, Christian men and women, brothers with power, and sisters with love, come and join us in our efforts to slay this cruel slayer. Help us to overthrow the enemy of holiness and happiness; unite with us to pull down the strongholds built on broken hearts and blighted homes, on ruined reputations and sin-wrecked souls; and by united efforts, by fervent prayer, by the power of the most High God, we will conquer the foe of our country, and the scenes now nightly witnessed on our Midnight Missions will vanish for ever. The righteousness that exalteth a nation shall be seen on every side, and the sin that is a shame to any people shall be no longer known.

"Can you wonder that again and again we cry aloud in anguish of heart, 'Lord send more light, and remove the pall of intense darkness hanging over the people?' Can you wonder that a woman, filled with love to God and man, has dared to take up her pen and reveal the depths of hidden sin, when the end in view is the glory of God, and the uplifting of

our fellow creatures? Oh, men and women, come, I beseech you, and help us redeem the world for Christ.

"*Southern Cross*, February, 1890.

"AUSTRALIA'S WATCHWORD:—

" 'One People, One Destiny.' 'Prohibition and God's glory.' "

At the Convention of the W.C.T.U. many of the ladies objected to the advanced views put forward by Mrs. Lee in these articles, and pleaded with her to utterly abjure such astounding theories. But she took her stand on the sentiment expressed so ably by Herbert Spencer, "Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die." She could not lightly take up such a solemn matter, nor lightly lay it aside; she believed that God had called her to do a work others shrank from, and though her own nature recoiled from dabbling in dirt, she could not be one of God's good housekeepers and allow the dirt to remain. The broom and pan must be used to clear as much of it away as possible, even if so great a dust were raised in the process, that many would see only that and not the cleansing that would follow. It was no wonder that some of the women condemned unsparingly this work for purity. They could not be blamed, for Mrs. Lee's views to them were truly startling.

"You are injuring your own usefulness, Mrs. Lee, by such advanced writings," said one excited lady. (The writer winced, but bowed gravely.) "Give up such a work and keep to the Temperance Cause alone."

"If I were to give up a work God has called me to, in deference to your wishes, you would be one of the first to despise me," she answered, "and I should feel forever a coward cringing to the fear or favour of those I love. No, I will never give up the work till God tells me to. When He speaks, there will be no need for anyone else to say a word."

"Mrs. Lee was born a century before her time," was the Hon. Mr. Campbell's verdict, very kindly given.

"Well, then," she retorted, "God needed me just 100 years before the world did, and I am willing to live and work and suffer just when and where He wills."

"You are bringing discredit on the whole union," said one lady bitterly.

This was more than loyal flesh and blood could stand. While willing to suffer any opprobrium herself, she was jealous of the good name and fame of the W.C.T.U., and eager for the progress of the whole Temperance Cause. To be a hindrance to the work so dear to her soul, was not to be allowed, so after many a sleepless night and troubled day, a way out of the difficulty presented itself.

Only those who knew how very dear to her the Temperance Cause had grown could have any idea of what it cost to send to the W.C.T.U. Executive her resignation of the various offices with which they had honoured her. It was like cutting herself off from a glorious work, and from the comradeship of the noblest women she had ever known. It appeared to her as though her career had suddenly ended, when just begun, that henceforth she would be a woman with a life spoiled, by what many would call a "fad," a "caprice," and yet between God and her own heart at this time was such a oneness, that she could trust even the shattered hopes, the disappointed longings,

the crushed desires entirely to Him, knowing that the life apparently spoiled by perversity was still clay for the potter, and even if she never again appeared on a public platform to fight for a sober nation and an uplifted humanity, He yet could make of her some use somewhere in His great work of Redemption. The resignation was accepted by women who really loved her, but who honestly believed that she was mistaken and wayward in the work she was doing. The following lines written at the time may convey some idea of how she felt in this hour of severe trial.

"How far is it to Calvary, my Lord?"
My heart is crushed, my strength is gone:
I stumble blindly on.

When first I started out to run the race,
My hopes were high, my vigour strong. My heart rejoiced to know
That I was worthy deemed to tread the way to Calvary.

A little while:
I found the road all set with thorns that tore my flesh,
And caused the blinding tears to start;
And made the groans burst forth from riven heart,
But faith bound up the wounds, and on I went.
The way grew steeper still, and rocks and stumbling stones
Were set to keep me back.
Kindness, mistaken kindness, tried to draw me down to earth.
Clouds and thick mist hid heaven from view.
Yet, still faith clung with voiceless prayer,
To One unseen.

Onward. How bleak the way, how rough the road, how sharp the thorns,
Friends far behind. For all alone I tread the way to Calvary.
Forsaken and bereft, I stand with heart crying aloud
For human love and sympathy.

With hands weakened and pierced by those who loved me;
With brow circled by thorns, placed there by those who had not felt the sting,
Nor knew how deep they sunk.

My flagging feet move slowly;
Eyes blind with vain search for tender mercy,
Soul sick with yearning for some kindred soul in sympathy to understand, I cry—
"My Lord, my Lord, how far is it to Calvary?"

Onward! still onward! My strength is waning. Great drops of blood
And tears wrung out by sore oppression;
Mark, step by step, the upward way.
Black night around. No ray of light to guide;
No human voice to cheer.
Sinking beneath the cross,
Crushed down by hands that meant to light the load,
How dark the road and drear to Calvary!

"My Lord, I told Thee I would follow on
Through good report and ill. Through smiles and frowns,
But oh! this human heart cries out for rest and love,
For Friendship sweet, and tender human ties,
And to be understood.
How far, O Saviour dear—how far is it to Calvary?"

I faint, I sink, yet struggle dumbly on.
The world, a floating bubble, soon to burst, left far below;
Hands loose their hold that sought to draw me down;
Voices once dearly loved are heard no more,
And I on Calvary's Mount am all alone.

. . . . . .

A Cross shines through the blackness high above,
And on that Cross I see the face of One whose Name is Love,
Tender compassion beams in every glance;
Pity and mercy shine upon that brow;
Those hands outstretched give help and strength anew;
Those gentle lips speak only words to heal.
"Saviour! Sweet Saviour! Am I at Calvary?"

My blunders, failures, imperfections, sins,
Have made the journey very long, I know;
But tell me, "May I yet the victory win,
And triumph over every inward foe?
Or must I backward turn, and heed the lips
That told me all the bitter road I trod
Was but one huge mistake,
And could not tend to lead me nearer Heaven, or God?"

"Are these my judges, Lord? These mortal friends,
Who've made the journey bitter to my soul,
And many a stone have hurled?"
Yet, 'twas in love, I know, meant to heal, not hurt,
Though bleeding wounds proclaim how true the aim.
"Are they all right and I all wrong?"
O Lord, my King, my Judge, I cry to Thee,
Is this the way, my road to Calvary?

Or have I missed, through earth-born fog and cloud,
Through pride, vain-glory, folly, selfishness,
The track by blood-drops marked from Olivet?
Speak, speak, my Lord, that I may find it yet:
The Christ-paved way to Calvary.

. . . . . .

"This is the way, My child, through good and ill report,
Through shame and sorrow still the pathway trends,
Fear thou no frown; pause not for love or hate;
Heed thou no foe, nor yet the voice of friends.

This is the way, through tempest, storm, and fog,
Turning not either to the left or right.
Heeding not crushing scorn, or well-meant prayers,
But upward ever through the darksome night.

To lose thy friends, if needs be, for my sake;
To have thy heart pierced through with poisoned spear;
Be crowned with thorns of doubt, and hate, and wrath,
And count all loss for My sake dear.

It is the way that I for thee have gone
It leads to glory, home, and love, and God;
How far the road thy friends and foes decide;
Still, all the bitter way My feet first trod.
And through the deepest darkness of the awful night,
And through the stormiest woes and misery,
When love, and charity, and human judgment fail,
I walk thy side to Calvary.

And though imperfect mortals, like thyself,
In judgment sit, then cast at thee the stone;
Yet I, who sinned not, do not condemn,
But bid thee welcome to a Conqueror's throne.

Press forward, then. The way to Heaven and Me,
Can ne'er be lost by those who tread the long rough route
Of Calvary."

CHAPTER XV.

NEW AVENUES.

SHE knew that she was a sore perplexity at this time to her beloved co-workers. They could not understand why the work she was so happy and successful in should be given up, to go on with what could only bring pain and suffering; nor could she understand it herself. She only knew that she had to do just what she was doing, or be forever condemned by God and her inner self. Why such a gigantic task should have been laid upon one so utterly incapable she did not know. Naturally timid and sensitive, she quailed from every sharp word, or disdainful look, and these were plentiful now. Averse to paining others, lo, she was causing pain to those she so dearly loved. Hating coarse words and writings, and everything that in the faintest degree savoured of impurity, she was now spoken of all over the colony as one who was advocating Malthusian doctrines, and injuring the young and innocent by pretending to fight against sensuality in its most subtle form. Was it any wonder that under this accumulation of perplexities, the frail body gave way, and she was again on a bed of sickness?

Angels came and ministered unto Christ, after His terrible time of temptation in the wilderness. Angels came again and ministered unto Him in Gethsemane's garden. God, ever mindful of them that are tempted, sent a ministering angel to His suffering disciple in the form of a little Scotch woman. Quaint, eccentric, and unlearned, the little woman was, nevertheless, an angel of light in this dark time. Her rugged Scotch

tongue, her queer sayings were music sweet as any seraph's song to that tried soul.

"Cheer up, dear," she would say, twinkling loving glances through her spectacles at the weak woman on the bed. "We'll thrash the devil yet." The one addressed didn't feel like thrashing any being so powerful as his Satanic Majesty just then, but the confident tones and the cheery words were like balm of Gilead.

Soon came an additional blessing in the shape of a deputation from one of the most powerful Temperance bodies in Melbourne, asking her to accept the position of lecturer for them at a very good salary. Deeply touched, she thanked them gratefully, but firmly declined the honour.

"You see," she explained, "I get peculiar views and must express them; no matter how I try to keep myself in proper form, I angle out, and the angles rub roughly against others. I can't bear to hurt individuals or organizations, so had better stand or fall alone."

"We are willing to take you just as you are," replied the kindly spokesman.

"Consider the 'screw,' " suggested his companion.

It was such a surprise that anyone should imagine that money could weigh with her, that she was quite silent for a while, not knowing just how to explain without hurting their feelings. Then she gently said—

"If God directed me to take the position you so generously offer, I would take it if needs be for nothing, but ten pounds a week would not induce me to take up a work He has not called me to."

She felt herself sinking in their estimation as she spoke, and, as the offer was never renewed, she concluded they thought such an unbusinesslike woman was really no great gain to their Society. As a matter of fact they did not try again, because they felt

themselves powerless to influence one with such unworldly ways.

Next came the hearty invitation of Victoria's most powerful political body, the Victorian Alliance, but while willingly agreeing to help this organization, she utterly refused to become their lecturer and organizer.

Then came invitations from ministers and others in country districts, and after a very short interval she started out entirely free from any Society. For a year work crowded on her, and as day by day the mists cleared away, she found God's unerring Hand was guiding into avenues of greater usefulness than any before passed through. Great encouragement cheered her, too, in regard to her stand for purity, as the following will show—

"Mrs. Lee, you must gather all your letters and articles together, and have them printed in book form," said a lady one day.

"I cannot, I have not the money," she replied.

"Get the book printed," said her friend, laying her gloved hand kindly on Mrs. Lee's, "and call on me for anything up to £300."

Mrs. Lee looked at the lady, and took at once God's bidding through her lips. The book was printed, and commanded such a ready sale that she was able to pay the printer for the whole of the first edition within three months, without needing to call on the lady for a penny.

* * * * *

About this time came her first experience of Local Option work, and her first actual conflict with King Alcohol on the battle-field. It was at Mentone, a pretty little seaside resort, that a petition had been circulated for a poll to procure a liquor license, and there seemed every possibility of the poll being successful unless some means could be devised of turning public opinion into the right channel. There were

no ladies opposing the enemy, and only a few earnest-hearted Alliance workers. Mrs. Lee heard how the matter stood, and consulted her husband on the matter, but manlike, he would take no responsibility for her actions, magnanimously saying as so often before—

"Do just what you like, my dear. Please yourself and you please me."

There wasn't a fragment of self-pleasing in the matter. Indeed, it was rather with groanings of spirit, that she sallied forth on a Saturday evening to the task before her. Armed with Local Option literature, she visited all the business people in the one main street, and pleaded with them to refuse their votes to drinkdom. The opposing parties soon got scent of her mission, and mustered in force outside of a grocer's shop to await her coming. As she stepped out of the shop, she found herself surrounded by a little crowd of men and boys. One aggressive individual threateningly accosted her, and delivered an oration on woman's duties. His victim was not in any heroic mood at the moment, so meekly listened to all he had to say, gently answered him, and went into the next shop. A still larger crowd had assembled when she returned to the street, and she found herself hemmed in, and her tyrannical friend still more aggressive.

She stood in the middle of the crowd, and listened to the fiery torrent of his speech, at first, with her woman's nature quailing, then with all the soldier spirit rising steady and strong. Soon the one had risen above the other, and she faced the man with a look on her face that compelled silence, and began to speak. The tables were completely turned on the aggressor, and he was glad to let her escape, amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

A third time she was mobbed as she came out of

a bootmaker's shop; she could not lower her dignity by either calling for help, or attempting to push through the assemblage; so again stood and spoke, until the crowd in respectful silence made way for her to pass. It was quite dark when the visiting was finished, and she had yet to see the ministers to ask them to preach against the license on the morrow. Not a chance must be lost in influencing a vote, for on the Monday the Poll would take place, and the salvation or destruction of the people might depend on one vote.

She entered a little shop to ask the way to the Wesleyan Parsonage, and found there a young man with slouched hat, red handkerchief knotted round his neck, little coat, bell-bottomed trousers, and all the usual "get-up" of a thorough larrikin. She recognised him as one of the opposing force, who had been interjecting and cross-questioning among the crowd up the street. As she asked for directions to the Parsonage, he turned sharply and said—

"It's a long way from here, Mrs. Lee, and the road is dark and lonely. It wouldn't do for a woman to go down there to-night."

She felt solemn, but didn't once dream of wavering, so answered, "I *must* go."

He looked at her from under that slouched brim with evident perplexity, and suddenly making up his mind, said, "Very well, then I'll take you down myself."

She fairly gasped as the situation flashed upon her. A dark, lonely road, a defenseless woman, an acknowledged foe; then she thanked him gratefully, and trustfully placed herself under his protecting care. Talk of a gentleman in disguise! he proved to be one. As he helped her over the rough places, and talked in gentle, respectful tones, she recognized in the rough attire, not the town larrikin, but "a true

brother of girls," as the Arabs quaintly say. And that night's experience gave her, ever after, increased trust in men's chivalry and true nobility. When they reached the gate he politely opened it and stood back to let her pass.

"Shall I see you on Monday?" she asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Lee," he pleaded, "don't come down on Monday."

"I shall have to, it is the Polling Day."

"Oh! but there's to be free beer and whisky all day. The men will be drunk and you'll get insulted."

She ruefully admitted the fact, but unswervingly answered, "I *must* come."

"Very well," he said, straightening himself up with sudden resolve, "you come, Mrs. Lee, and if any man dares to insult you" (clenching his fist), "I'll knock him down."

The woman looked at her strange champion with humid eyes, and inwardly thanked God for the Christ-germ that had suddenly sprung into life in that sin-blurred soul.

Monday morning came. Her husband was to be away with his train the whole day. She got through her household duties, lingering over them a bit while nerving herself for what lay before her, and then went off to Mentone. Of course she was expected, and the contemptuous glances, and still more contemptuous words which greeted her set her whole soul a-quiver. Woman-like she wanted to cry, but Spartan-like would rather have died than shed a tear. She wanted to rush away and hide her head in the darkest corner of the land, but a thousand bayonets would not have made her move one inch from her post. The men scowled, abused, scolded, and ridiculed her to their heart's content, and there she stood at the Polling booth, with nerves tingling, yet upborne by the consciousness that she was doing her duty. Had she

been a strong-minded, courageous woman, the ordeal might not have been so great. But timid to the heart's core, she had to flog her fainting soul up to duty, and sort of "nail it there."

"What good do you think you are doing?" fiercely demanded an old gentleman.

Looking into his irate countenance, she felt she could truthfully answer, "None at all."

"Then what on earth are you here for?"

"As a woman I am here to fight against woman's enemy," promptly handing a voter a leaflet as he neared the gate.

"You ought to be home mending your husband's socks."

"They are all mended," in mild surprise.

"Well, you ought to be cooking his dinner."

"It would be spoiled, he won't be home till ten to-night."

"Well, then, you should be looking after the poor in Richmond, where you live."

"I'm trying to prevent poverty in Mentone, where you live," industriously handing literature all the time to the voters as they came up.

He growlingly retreated, and another tormentor took his place.

"Look here, Mrs. Lee, you had better go home. We are sure to win the Poll, you know."

"Yes," she assented sadly.

"It isn't right for you to be here alone among a lot of rough men."

She winced, but humbly explained—

"I couldn't get anyone to help me."

A policeman approached from the booth with a chair.

"If you're going to stay here all day you had better sit down," he said ungraciously. But his kind face belied his tones, and she sank into the chair, glad

that her trembling limbs were saved from ignominiously collapsing. Her old antagonist curled his nose in the air, and scornfully moved off. Half an hour later he reappeared with a manservant bearing a cup of tea and a plate of daintily-cut bread and butter.

"You'll be fainting," he said crossly, "if you don't eat something."

Concealing her amazement she drank the tea, and did justice to the bread and butter, and felt so friendly to everybody, that before they were aware of it, they were all chatting about the great questions of the day most amicably.

Five o'clock came, and the door of the polling-booth closed. Stiff, weary, nervous, she waited for the verdict. Grudgingly it was given her.

"Not enough votes to gain the poll."

She leaped up with a great joyful surprise and would have liked to ask the assemblage to help her sing the Doxology, but they didn't look kind of ready, so she sang it in her own heart over and over again instead. The editor of the local paper took possession of the little woman for dinner, and expressed in quiet terms his admiration for the courage shown that day. Her old tormentor brought her a glorious bunch of rosebuds containing over one hundred of his choicest varieties, and with very kind good-byes from her late enemies, she returned in triumph home to get her husband's dinner ready.

One night there were grave faces gathered around the council table of the Victorian Alliance. News had been received that in South Gippsland polls for increase of licenses were to be taken all through that vast district. The question before the executive was—could they oppose these Polls. There were apparently insurmountable difficulties in the way; the country was densely timbered and partly trackless; the journey would have to be by coach, train, boat,

and—this chiefly—horseback. There were few friends, if any, to provide accommodation or means of transit. The population was scattered, and indifferent to the views of the Victorian Alliance; the expense would necessarily be great, and there was no probability of any returns. But these were not the only difficulties. The Alliance workers were busy men, unable to spare the necessary weeks from business on unprofitable and thankless service; the secretary was away in England, all the lecturers were already over-burdened. There were not workers enough for the cities, let alone an over-plus for such a district as South Gippsland.

One after another of the executive officers sighed and shook their heads. The three women at the Council table looked equally grave, but one felt a purpose rising in her breast, a purpose so great that she did not dare to mention it till everybody else had had a chance. Her voice was rarely heard in the Council chamber, for it must be confessed that she stood in great awe of these thoughtful, earnest men, but when the chairman reluctantly laid aside the subject, saying—

"I am very, very sorry that we can make no opposition to these licenses, but it seems we cannot, so must let them go on," she found stength to utter the audacious proposal, "If no one else can go, I will; we must not let them gain the licenses without a protest."

The chairman's surprise was reflected on every face in the room, and chivalry was quick to protest.

"Why, Mrs. Lee, the difficulties would daunt the strongest men; are you not afraid?"

She smilingly shook her head.

"What about riding through the forests, over roads that have earned the name of glue-pots?"

"I can ride," was all she trusted herself to say.

The men at last gave a pleased assent, finding she

was determined, and sent her forth commissioned to do just anything she could, in whatever way opened before her.

She was delighted beyond measure, but had one painful fact to counterbalance the joy—she had no money to pay the expenses of the expedition, and those dear stupid men had not dreamed of asking her about financial resources.

The map of South Gippsland was studied with intense interest during the next few days, while her home was being set in order for a lengthened absence. The Parliamentary Member for the district was written to, asking for names of teetotalers or sympathizers if he knew any, and one or two names were received in reply. To these she wrote at once, and on the following Friday started on her mission with just half-a-crown in her purse when her railway ticket was paid for. But the Father was within call, so not a fear ruffled the surface of her mind. With happy faith she repeated to herself the words:—

"I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
My life is of little value
But there's One who cares for me.
I fly through the thickest forest,
And alight on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way."

Mirboo North was her destination, and this was reached in the afternoon by rail. There she discovered a coffee palace, and went to it. Soon she found the place was *en fete*. It was an annual sports day, and the people had gathered from far and near. It was a golden opportunity, which she was not slow to seize, so she moved among the people distributing

Alliance literature and Temperance tracts bearing on the subject of Local Option in general, and the South Gippsland Polls in particular. She was looked upon as quite a curiosity, and the news rapidly circulated that "a *woman* had come to oppose the liquor interest in the forests of Gippsland."

In the evening a man sought her out, and, with great pride, announced as he couldn't claim to be a teetotaler himself, he had gone some miles to find the only Temperance man he knew of in the district. The latter proved a real help. He hired the public hall for a meeting, wrote out notices for shop windows, and offered to lend the lecturer a horse, saddle, and other necessaries, for wherever she wanted to go. This was a fine beginning. The next day she visited every house within reach, speaking to the voters and their wives, and working up interest in her cause.

On the Sabbath day, service was held in the public hall, and on Monday night a lecture given to a splendid audience. Forty-five pledges were taken that night, and such interest aroused, that when the poll took place, the effort to get a license was defeated, and she found when expenses of hall hire, board and lodging, and train fare were paid, she had over two pounds in hand.

On Tuesday she returned to Melbourne to reach Port Albert, another part of the South Gippsland Province, only reachable by boat. With faith and courage, strengthened by God's evident blessing on the work, the next stage was begun. The tiny little coasting vessel trading to Port Albert proved eminently conducive to *mal-de-mer*. But she survived, and the next day reached the Port. Here a fisherman's wife met her and took her to a little hut on the rough beach, and treated her visitor to the best she had; while her many bare-footed bairns shyly inter-

viewed the guest at first and finally adopted her as their Auntie.

Among Mrs. Lee's valued treasures now is a dirty little Christmas card, on which is written, "Dear Ant, I am sorrow that you are going away." This was Carrie's parting gift to one who valued the priceless-ness of a little child's love in that time of lonely conflict. The fisherman's wife being an utter stranger to Mrs. Lee, it was natural that the latter's first enquiry should be, "How the former knew of her intended visit." The answer showed again a Hand directing—though unseen—the affairs of life. A minister had heard of the projected tour and had telegraphed to this woman, who had once been one of his parishioners, to meet and kindly care for Mrs. Lee.

As she had to leave in three hours for Foster, meetings were rapidly arranged for. Two or three friends were found who promised to do all they could before her return, and then off she went in a still tinier vessel to Stockyard Creek, expecting to reach the Creek that night, but a heavy fog settled down on land and sea, and anchor had to be cast in the channel. This was something of a predicament, as there was no other lady on board, and only two gentlemen passengers. No accommodation was provided for either sex, and it seemed a case of sitting on deck all night; but the engineer, with rough kindness, placed his berth at the lady's disposal, and she at last retired—not to sleep. Insects of different kinds made that impossible, but to lie listening to the lap—lap—swish, swish of the water against the little vessel until daybreak appeared. Even then the fog did not lift, and the poor captain tacked about the dangerous channel trying to sight beacons, till his passengers were afraid he would swear. But he didn't. A bit of Christian fortitude, for which he deserves, and here receives honourable mention. It was nine a.m. when they reached

the landing, and then there were three miles to go before reaching the town. The only mode of transit was by a lorry drawn over rails by a strong horse, through the densely timbered country. The passengers clambered on the lorry, and the lady was seated on a bag of sugar between two barrels of beer, and so situated made her entry into Foster, feeling that if extremes had never met before, they met on that lorry most ludicrously.

Immediately on arriving at Foster she sought the Church of England minister, and found in him a sympathizer. A welcome cup of tea and an hour's sleep prepared her for the day's work, which consisted of first engaging a hall, then visiting every house in the place to work up interest, by which time she had only five minutes to spare in which to swallow a cup of tea and hurry away to hold the meeting. She sang in the street until her audience gathered, and then gave a strong Temperance address to a capital audience. The results were excellent in the shape of pledges, collection, and interest gained against the desired increase of licenses.

Then had to be faced the worst part of the day's toil—the walk back to the landing through the dense bush at ten o'clock at night, to return to Port Albert by the little boat next morning. A Mr. Mansell, who had come up from the landing, kindly offered to escort the weary lecturer back, as the lorry did not go down at night. It was Hobson's choice; so accepting her new friend's kind offer she started, but oh, the road down that tram-line! She stumbled over the sleepers and tripped into the ruts, until exhausted nature gave way, and she stopped in despair, saying, "I am too tired to go another step, Mr. Mansell." As she sank on the tram rail the man looked at her sympathetically, but with only the glimmer of the stars above the tall tree tops to light up the intense

darkness, expressions were not visible, but his voice was very kind as he said—

"You cannot turn back, Mrs. Lee, the boat will leave with the tide, which may rise at four o'clock in the morning. Take my hand, and try to walk on the rails."

Three miles on narrow rails! She felt as though she had not an ounce of energy left to make the attempt, but could not stay in the forest all night, and dared not turn back to run the risk of losing the boat, so breathing a prayer for help, she gathered her tired body up and started again. As a girl she had often walked the rails of tram-lines leading to the shafts and crushing mills, and been innocently proud of her ability to walk a mile or more without slipping. Little did she dream that the childish play was to stand her in such good stead in after years. As she balanced herself on the rail she felt her old buoyancy of spirit and skill of step returning, and much cheered by this feeling resumed the journey; then a second blessing came in the shape of a man with a lantern, who walked before them, showing the light for the rest of the way. At twelve o'clock the landing was reached, and early next morning the *Nell*, with its tired but cheery little passenger, started for the port.

At Port Albert interest had been awakened, and several good meetings were held, and a large number of friends gained. There were other places to be visited though, and an opening was earnestly sought, but three days passed and none appeared, and the worker had begun to feel as though she had reached a full stop. No one could advise her what to do, and her own mind was a blank. In this dilemma, help came from a most unexpected source; from indeed none other than a Mr. Yeomans, one of the would-be licensees whom she was opposing.

At Toora he was busy erecting the intended hotel,

and sent an invitation to her to put up at his establishment. She promptly accepted his invitation, though well aware there must be some ulterior object in the apparent kindness, and started the next day by coach through the forest. On the way a bush fire was raging, and fearing the horses might be unmanageable through the flames, the coach-driver asked the passengers if they would get down and walk—or rather run—through the fire. All got safely through and resumed their journey, admiring, when at a safe distance, the awful grandeur of a forest fire.

Hot and smoky and dusty, they approached Toora, and had some difficulty in finding the hotel in the dense scrub. Over fallen logs, through trees and stumps the track wound, which brought them at last to the newly-erected building. A lady opened the door and invited the tired woman in, but the latter felt she must understand her position before she "walked into the parlour," so she began—

"I am Mrs. Lee."

"Yes, Mr. Yeomans is expecting you."

"Before going in I would like to know if Mr. Yeomans quite understands that I am here to oppose his license."

"Yes."

"Does he know that I am a prohibitionist out and out?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, I will go in. I could not until sure that I was not sailing under false colours."

Mr. Yeomans greeted her with the cordiality of a spider towards the fly he means to make a meal of, but fear was flung to the winds now that she was fairly in the enemy's territory, and she began business promptly by asking him if he would lend her his billiard-room for a meeting. This granted, she requested him to make some seats of planks on barrels.

He obliged, and she then honoured him by electing him to preside over the meeting, an honour which he accepted with great gratification.

Then she sallied forth to gather an audience by personal invitation. It was hard work, for settlers were few and far between. Snakes and bush fires were about, and the forest was almost trackless. However, in the evening, about thirty men and four women assembled. The chairman, though he occupied a chair, left the lecturer to open the proceedings, which she did, by singing, "Rescue the perishing," and then offering prayer.

In very fulsome language, Mr. Yeomans then introduced the lady to the audience, and she sat buckling on the armour while he did so. To flinch or leave the truth half untold, must not be thought of, however unpalatable or unpopular that truth might prove. Drink must be shown in all its hideousness, and, if possible, the license must be prevented in the very face of the licensee. So she rose and spoke; finishing up with Sankey's beautiful solo, "There are lonely hearts to cherish."

Then up rose the chairman, feeling master of the situation; he began by compliments again, which his hearer took for what they were worth, then made an impassioned speech about his honour and integrity being concerned in the keeping of an hotel, of only the highest character, how he for one would never sell adulterated liquors or poisoned beers, how he would never allow a drunken man to remain on his premises, neither would he serve youths with drink which was not good for them. "No," waxing more and more eloquent, "rather than do a dishonourable action under the cloak of a license, or permit one to be done, he would take a brand and set fire to the place, and burn it to the ground." As he stuck his hands in his pockets and glared fiercely around after

this magnificent oration, the audience applauded vociferously. (Poor things, many were receiving money from him for building, carting, and other work, and could not quarrel with their bread and butter.) Satisfied with the effect his frothy words had upon the audience, he then turned to heap coals of wrath on the lecturer's diminished head, but by the law of contraries, instead of feeling a bit diminished, she was rather intensely aroused.

"Mrs. Lee," he solemnly said, "you are making a serious mistake in the work you are doing. Go back to the city where there is need of your efforts, and try to save the poor drunkards there who are hourly going to destruction. Try to lessen the number of low hotels there, try to get good beer for people to drink, set the law at work on those who break the Sabbath, and sell after hours and give intoxicated men liquor that drives them to the Lunatic Asylum; (then piously) follow in your Master's footsteps and Christianize men, don't try to make them teetotal fanatics. Your Master didn't come to earth with a pledge-book and bit of blue ribbon. He came to *save* men and you should do likewise;" and quite overcome by this view of the subject, he sank into his chair amid the applause of thirty men.

She looked at the man and said coolly—

"Do you think the people need saving?"

"Why, yes," he said, in a startled tone.

"Then," said the lady, rising with flashing eyes, "why don't you go and do it? If you see souls perishing, why don't you reach out your hand to them? I am doing what I can when in the city to save souls, but I find, as hundreds of other workers find in all parts of the world, that every effort is hindered and hampered by the accursed drink. You tell me to Christianize men without the pledge-book and a bit of blue ribbon. Are you going to Christianize men by

means of a barrel of beer and a bottle of brandy?"

Much more she said, for the scathing words would find utterance, and the man writhed in anger under the lash.

Then, feeling she could do no more, she closed the meeting with the Benediction and an appeal for pledges, but not one dared to sign.

Mr. Yeomans departed instantly the meeting ended, and the lady retired, knowing his maledictions were being heaped upon her head. Had she been a man, he would have bundled her out of his house; being a woman he could do nothing, so she remained till the coach reached Toora again and then started on another stage. The rest of the work had to be done almost entirely on horseback, and as she was somewhat out of practice through living so long in town, the fearful roads proved rather an ordeal.

"Are you afraid, Mrs. Lee?" kindly asked the missionary who escorted her down a precipitous mountain side.

"Not a bit," she cheerily answered, "seeing we are on the King's business, but a pension wouldn't induce me to ride down this hill on any other account."

Heavy rains had made the tracks so slippery that the horse could scarcely keep its footing, but slipped and slid down to the creek, there to be confronted by a formidable obstacle in the shape of a great tree lying right across the stream. To turn to the right or left was an impossibility. The tree must be got over somehow. Gripping the bridle more tightly, and pressing firm in the stirrup the rider leaped her horse not over,—the tree was too broad for that,—but on to it, and then the gallant little nag sprang to the opposite side, and they had conquered. Her breath came back, her heart resumed its regular beating, and she felt able to sing the war-song of sweet jubilee origin—

"Gwine to write to Massa' Jesus,
To send some valiant soldier
To turn back Pharaoh's army. Hallelujah!"

To tell more about the Gippsland trip might be tedious, suffice it to say she rode seventy-two miles on horseback, literally through flood and fire, holding meetings wherever possible; many pledges were taken; many hearts were won for Christ, and several of the attempts to secure licenses defeated. One of the meetings had to be held at a navvies' encampment in the pouring rain. A minister of the Presbyterian church, a Wesleyan missionary, and a Gippsland selector formed her body-guard. Her church was the open air, her pulpit the saddle, her congregation some 600 navvies, who had been keeping up St. Patrick's Day in something stronger than aqua pura. She sang and prayed and preached from horseback, with the rain pouring down in torrents till preacher and audience alike were wet from head to foot, and then rode till she was dry again.

After three weeks of incessant work, she returned to hand a cash balance to the Treasurer of the Alliance, and, best of all, able to report that the God of Israel had not failed in one word of all His good promise.

Three years later, Mirboo North, where a teetotaler had been a *rara avis*, was revisited. The platform was beautifully decorated, rows of white-collared Rechabites, women with the white ribbon, and men, women and children with the badge of blue on their breasts filled the building. It was for Mrs. Lee a memorable moment, when one man in Rechabite regalia spoke with deep feeling of the first visit of an unknown friendless woman three years before to their district, and then with a sweep of his hand indicating the many teetotalers present, said:—

"Mrs. Lee, you sowed the seed, here is your harvest to rejoice over."

And rejoice she did with a joy akin to tears.

"Are there any other places, Mrs. Lee, that you had such a reason for rejoicing over?"

"Yes, two other places stand out distinctly in my memory for God's marvellous dealing. One was a little town in Gippsland where we had an audience comprised mainly of teetotalers. There were only nine non-abstainers with us that night, and *every one* of the nine signed the pledge at the close of the meeting, so that an audience of teetotalers, without a single exception, left the building that night. The other place was Macorna, away on the Kerang Plains. I had to hold a meeting in a tiny church there one very wet night. The roads, if roads such quagmires could be called, were almost impassable. No one could attend on foot, and not many by vehicle, so our audience was limited. It has always seemed to me to be a duty to give the brightest, happiest meeting possible to the few brave souls who dare to venture out on trying nights, so I told my merriest stories, and gave my brightest illustrations to the small audience present. Among the illustrations was the merry one about the man who walked miles around his wooden leg, which had got stuck in the mud. The roars of laughter greeting this little story were so prolonged, that I guessed there was some local application, and sure enough there happened to be a man with a wooden leg in the audience. With irresistible good humour the dear man stepped into the aisle, stuck his wooden leg firmly down, and began to walk around it, to illustrate my story. The cheers and fun and merriment increased, but astonishment was added, when the old man turned, and stumped up to the table, and heroically signed the pledge. Three of his big farmer sons followed, four others joined, and a de-

lightful meeting ended splendidly. Ended, did I say? No, it really began a wonderful work. A Rechabite tent was formed from that little nucleus, 92 members have passed through the Society; 72 are still on its books, and in a letter I received a year ago there was this pregnant sentence, 'There isn't a man in the district who doesn't wear the blue ribbon.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

AGAIN the Victorian Alliance urged her to accept the position of lecturer and organizer for them, and so persistent and earnest were their entreaties that she at last yielded, and began to work under their auspices. They were just in the thick of many battles in the colony, excitement was at white heat, success was crowning their efforts, and licenses were being reduced in different localities. But everywhere the cry was for more public speakers. The secretary, Mr. John Vale, had returned from his trip to England, and was in the thick of the fight, as well as every other available lecturer, and still the call was—send us more labourers.

In the Alliance Secretary she found a warm personal friend, and a man of incalculable value to the whole colony. At first she felt very much in awe of him; his face was so impassive, his words so few, but gradually she learned to admire in him the "dignity of silence" and the "strength of repose," and to understand that behind that inscrutable face was a mind as busy, a heart as true, and a will as dauntless as could be found in the land. He was a felt power by friend and foe; his generalship was admired by every section of the Temperance Army. Incapable of taking a mean advantage even of an enemy he yet knew how to seize every inch of vantage ground and turn it to splendid account.

Under his skilful management, the Victorian Alli-

ance had risen to be the mightiest political power in the colony, with friends in every grade of society, with an income of several thousands a year, an official organ of its own, and a vast circulation of literature. In many a stormy Local Option conflict Mr. Vale's foresight, tact, and coolness proved of immense value to his less skilled fellow-workers. His manner of turning awkward or vexatious subjects into other channels was admirable. He never reproved, never implied that anyone was wrong, but by setting matters in a new light in that tactful way of his, disputants were often led to frankly acknowledge that they *were* wrong. He was a born leader, yet never hesitated to do the most arduous and disagreeable duty, and was worthy of the high place he ever held in the esteem of the Temperance community. A motor accident in 1926 cut short this splendid life, and left Australia bereaved.

Maryborough was chosen as Mrs. Lee's first place of actual attack. In all previous conflicts she had been simply a resister; here she was to be an aggressor. On three previous occasions in this town attempts had been made to reduce the existing number of hotels—22, down to the statutory number—10, but each time unsuccessfully. A fourth effort was now to be made, and Mrs. Lee was to be on the battlefield a fortnight before the polling day. What a busy fortnight that was; visiting all day long, distributing literature, writing to the papers, organizing the forces and holding public meetings every night. The workers who rallied round her were true as steel, while as local secretary, they had one of John Bull's lineal descendants, a man with such dogged determination and will and pluck, that he galvanized weak knees and strengthened limp backs, and made them strong for service. Willie Robinson's name stands to many as a type of the real true Britisher who knows no such

word as defeat, and who, in battle would carry the flag in his teeth if his arms were cut off. Thank God for such men! They are an inspiration wherever met with. May their numbers be ever multiplied.

The publicans were greatly incensed at the effort to reduce the number of licenses, and fought the Local Optionists at every turn. The salve of Compensation made no difference; the liquor dealers could not possibly have worked harder, had there been no Compensation, or had they been going to lose everything they possessed in addition to the government license. Many had asserted that compensation would make the publicans willing to yield their licenses, and that the better class of hotel-keepers would work with the Temperance party to close up low-grade public-houses. But these theories received a rude shock, as the Temperance party had always prophesied they would, by actual experience, and it was found that many votes were lost through this objectionable clause in the Licensing Act.

The excitement was intense, and grew greater every day; wordy war was carried on at every street corner; discussions loud and long were at every meal table; sermons were preached in almost every church, and hopes rose and fell on either side daily. The open-air meetings were attended by vast numbers, and the interjections and cross-firing kept things lively. The publicans were invited every night on to the lorry to state their views, and in a few cases the invitations were accepted. But their speeches provoked such derision, even from their own followers, that they at last refused to mount the Temperance lorry, and decided to have a meeting all their own. For this purpose they hired the Town Hall, and the Temperance party obligingly announced that they would hold no meeting on that night, but honour the publicans with their presence. The commodious building was packed

to the doors long before the time of beginning, and the little snatches of conversation and repartee on all sides made things merry. For good humour, an Australian crowd cannot be excelled.

"What'll they start with?" asked someone.

"Will they sing, 'Rescue the perishing,' or 'A drunkard reached his cheerless home'?"

"Will they open the proceedings with prayer?"

"Who'll they pray to?" interjected a scornful voice.

"Mrs. Lee, you ought to offer to read that chapter, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink.'"

And so went round the badinage. Although enjoying the fun, Mrs. Lee was too much in earnest to take part in it. She felt that this meeting would turn the scale one way or the other, and she settled down with almost painful interest to listen to the speeches of their opponents. The leading lights of the Licensed Victuallers' Association had been brought from all parts of the Colony for this important meeting, and she expected at last to hear some really weighty arguments from the liquor party. There was no opening hymn, prayer, or Bible reading.

The chairman, looking pitifully uncomfortable, in stereotyped language expressed his pleasure at the presence of such a large and intelligent audience, and as there were so many able speakers he would not occupy their valuable time, but at once call upon Mr. F—— to address the meeting. Mr. F—— began a rambling speech by a denunciation of teetotalers, and pathetically asked, "Would they rob a poor man of his beer?" To which enquiry a deep voice answered solemnly, "No, lay it on in taps." The answer somewhat flustered the speaker, and he tried another theme.

"The British Army and Navy had been built up on rum, and where could be found grander men than—"

"Havelock's saints," interjected the voice again.

Once more thrown off his track, the poor fellow hurriedly tried to pick himself and his subject up on a new line.

"The rich man has his cellar, where he can go and get his wines and his spirits as he wants them; the public-house is the poor man's cellar, to which he should have free access."

"Alright, hand over the keys," shouted someone, amid roars of laughter.

The poor speaker tried no more, but sat down utterly disconcerted.

The next speaker tried the caustic style, but the single word "Bosh" from that deep voice in the audience spoiled the whole effect. After this, interjections, laughter and sallies assailed the unfortunate speakers from every corner of the room. One of the speakers indulging in personal invective, said—

"The Temperance men of Maryborough have tried three times to reduce the number of licenses here; they have failed each time, and at last have called to their aid, a woman who for years has been Harrassin' Lee, and now comes Harrassin' us."

For a moment everyone's breath was taken away at this audacious attempt at wit, then a voice rang lustily out, "Three cheers for Mrs. Harrison Lee!" and such a cheer went up from a thousand strong-throated men that the platform orator completely collapsed.

The chairman, with angry face, then arose, and read out a resolution to the effect that there were not too many licenses for the requirements of the public in Maryborough, and that a Local Option Poll was both mischievous and unnecessary, and he pathetically appealed to all right-thinking men present to hold up their hands in favour of the resolution. Four hands were raised. The astonished chairman cleared his throat and cried—

"You evidently do not understand the resolution, I will read it again."

It was read again, more clearly and distinctly than before, but again with a like result.

Then good old Mr. Carlyon, one of the Temperance heroes, sprang to his feet, and shouted, "Now all in favour of the reduction show hands." In an instant up went a forest of hands, and as the women in the balcony looked down, a thousand smiling faces were upturned for the approval of one pair of tear-dimmed eyes. Leaning over the balcony, she responded to the faces and voices with the simple words, "God bless you, my men," and they were satisfied. The publicans, utterly discomfited, fled from the platform, and the grand old Doxology rose and swelled, and this remarkable meeting was closed.

The Polling day arrived hot and dusty, both parties were early on the battlefield, and no stone was left unturned to secure votes. The women provided refreshments free for all comers, and worked zealously the whole day long: praying bands were organized, and the voice of pleading ceased not during all the long hours of the strife; others stood at the doors of the booth, and worked as only consecrated women can, for the putting away of temptations from their midst. The leader of them all stood on a little improvised platform, surrounded the whole day with a constantly growing crowd.

From eight in the morning till seven at night she preached and sang, and prayed and pleaded unceasingly. How her voice stood the strain was marvellous, but she seemed to feel no weariness, no heat, no fatigue. As one divinely sustained, she proclaimed the Gospel of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and sought to win not only the votes of the people for the Local Option Poll, but souls for her Master.

At four o'clock hopes rose high that the Temper-

ance party might on this occasion prove victorious (although all that money and falsehood could do had been done to defeat their ends), when a sudden check was given them by a line of cabs coming up from the lowest quarter of the town. The vehicles belonging to each party were known by the mottoes adorning them. On the teetotalers' vehicles were such as "Vote for 10, and save the boys," "Righteousness before Revenue," "Vote for God and Country," etc., etc. The other side took their stand on "Vote for 22 and British Liberty." The women looked to see who was coming to vote for British Liberty! and lo, thirty-six Chinamen tumbled out of the vehicles, and shambled up the steps of the booth. One of the women, intensely in earnest, ran forward to intercept the first man, and imploringly cried, "Vote 10, John." But John looked blankly at the eager face, and stolidly replied, "No savee 10, savee 22."

With flashing eyes and burning cheeks the woman on the platform viewed the scene and turned with bitter sorrow away. If British Liberty (?) could only be built up by the votes and support of aliens such as these, then perish British Liberty forever! If white men cared so little for their homes and children, as to seek the aid of these unintellectual foreigners to vote for, or against them, then perish homes and children; and let the charter of the Englishmen forever be merged in the slavish servility of the refuse of other lands. She would not move an inch to plead for one of those thirty-six votes, though she knew that each one would weigh as heavily in the scale as the vote recorded by the man of highest intelligence in the town. And for the first time there swept over her a sense of the injustice meted out to her sex in this respect.

There were women who dearly loved their families, whose interests were entirely bound up in the town,

whose whole influence was on the side of right and progress; women of noble character and superior education, yet these women were denied a vote on the score of mental inferiority, while here were men of another race, men whose one desire was to gain money and return and spend it in their native land, men who could not possibly comprehend the vital issues at stake in that Local Option contest, men with entire lack of education, and total absence of interest in the affairs of the Colony to whom a vote meant, not a power to uplift a whole community but a something out of which they could make a little more money, entrusted with the sacred right. At once, and forever, her prejudices against womanhood suffrage took flight, and she resolved to add another item to her programme and fight strenuously from that day for the enfranchisement of her sex.

She began to understand that a vote really meant power to express an opinion on the burning questions of the day where it would carry most weight and do most good. She saw that women were fitting their boys for the world, but she also saw that they were not fitting the world for their boys. Oh! how she wished her noble band of women could have marched in after those Chinamen and counterbalanced the thirty-six votes by an avalanche of little ballot papers for "God, and home, and children." But St. George to the rescue.

Rushing from the railway shops, the moment work was done—dirty, greasy, coal-begrimed—came a grand reinforcement of the Local Optionists. Cheer after cheer greeted the men as they poured into the polling booth and hopes again rose. At five o'clock the doors were shut and working gave place to anxious waiting. For two hours the combatants were kept in suspense, but the singing and praying continued the whole time, then came the glorious news,

"We've won the Poll." God, and His people had triumphed!

Crowned with honour, and enriched by the warm love of her fellow-workers, Mrs. Lee went from Maryborough to other fields of battle. At Ballarat East a splendid campaign resulted in the closing of forty-eight hotels in one day. Ballarat West, the model city of the colony, followed by closing twenty-six. Other places followed with varying success; then came a repulse at Bendigo, caused mainly by the obnoxious Compensation clause. The Arbitration Court was awarding compensation at the average rate of one thousand pounds for each of the cancelled licenses. When it is remembered that only the lowest and poorest hotels were being closed, the effect of the Arbitration Courts on the minds of the ratepayers can be imagined. They bitterly resented the payment of these heavy awards to men whose business was parasitical, even though the money to be paid was first drawn from the liquor traffic itself. So hostile was the feeling all over the colony that the Victorian Alliance had at last to counsel entire abandonment of Polls for decrease until the Compensation clause should be repealed by law.

The suspension of Poll work did not, however, mean cessation of work for Mrs. Lee. From every part of the colony invitations poured, and work as hard as she might, she could not keep pace with her engagements. A desire to spread her wings for longer flight also took possession of her, and she crossed to New South Wales for a three months' Mission. Success crowned her efforts, and the next year she went still further afield, Queensland this time being the scene of her labours. Her whole tour along the coast was a triumphal procession. In many places the largest theatres and other buildings proved too small for her audiences.

Three thousand pledges and 500 new members for the W.C.T.U. were among the visible results of her three months' work, while every Christian organization shared in the benefits accruing from her visit. Her capacity for work seemed limitless, and her health improved with all the demands made upon it. Her cheerfulness, faith, and warmly affectionate nature won friends for her everywhere. Her industry appalled everyone brought in contact with her. In trains, 'buses, and trams she was never without her pen, and many an article for the Colonial papers took shape and form in a swift-speeding conveyance. Her nights were all filled with meetings, many a time having to take two and even three engagements on the same evening in different buildings. Her days were crowded with multifarious duties, and yet she always had time for one thing more. Of her Master it has been said—

"He always seemed at leisure;
For everyone who came,
However tired or busy,
They found Him just the same."

Knowing that God's servants are also to be Christ's mirrors clearly reflecting His beauty, she ever tried to lay claim to that verse, and to follow Goethe's counsel, "Without haste, without rest."

On June 10th, 1895, she completed half of the allotted span of life, and, looking back, saw, as in a panorama, a little baby nestling in a mother's loving arms in a home at the foot of snow-crowned Wombat Hill. A little terrified child flying from the mad wrath of a drink-frenzied woman. A little plain-faced, brown-skinned girl meekly enduring reproaches for not "being like anyone else in the world." A young girl looking up and away beyond the towering heights

of Mount Terrible in a vague but passionate longing for a life that should be divinely great, because divinely good. A pain-racked woman resolutely resolving to shine for God, even in the dark corners of perpetual invalidism. A timid but eager worker, daring to do and die if needs be, if thereby others might be blessed. A victim to scorn and jeers and derision, standing out alone for Holy Marriage and life-long Purity. A woman crowned with the affection of thousands in every colony, honoured, loved, and trusted by all classes, welcomed to every church, invited to every society, with newspapers inviting articles from her pen, and the philanthropists of every class claiming her as co-worker in their task of rescue and prevention.

Memory awakens tender sentiments as the writer thinks of all the unexpected honours paid her as representative of the Great Cause of Temperance. In one City, a florist sent as his gift toward the decorations, a marvellous Aloe flower which only blossoms once in fifty years. A livery stable proprietor placed the whole of his plant at her disposal, and cabs, char-a-bancs, etc., were freely used for her and her workers during the mission. A whole city was hung with flags and banners to greet her arrival, and the Mayor and his Councillors, and the Dean and Clergy were on the railway station to welcome her, while carriages were lined up outside, with coachmen, all wearing white ribbons, and whips tied with the same. In Wales the girls of the tin plate works formed a guard of honour and sang as the Missioner passed through the line of loving hearts—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee." In India the bullocks in the drays that met the party were hung with flowers; fences, sheds, workrooms, all were lovely with affectionate tokens. In Geneva, Switzerland, she was made a World's W.C.T.U. Missionary, a position renewed by each

convention since 1903. But why proceed—"In the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life," and all along the 50 years of public service, the chant has swelled to heavenly anthem—"I took thee from the sheepfold, from following after the sheep and made thee a name like the name of the great men that are in the earth"—1 Chron., 17, 8.

The song of the Panama Canal Builders can be echoed by every Christian.

"Haven't you got a job in our line
Doing the Impossible,
We've broken a Continent's shivering spine
Crossed the uncrossable.

Haven't you got a river unbridgeable,
We'll span it for you;
Haven't you got a mountain unscalable,
We'll tunnel it through.

We're linked on to God for Time and Eternity,
Filled with all power,
Give us our job and let us get on with it,
We were born for this hour."

Her years had been years of steady progress, but she had had to struggle for every inch of ground gained. To her beloved friend and confidant, Alice Macdonald, she summed the whole matter up as follows:—

"I am so glad I was ever born. I am so glad I have had to fight, and wrestle, and agonize, and dumbly suffer, often with a smiling face as a veil to a bleeding heart. I thank God for every pain He has permitted to fall to my lot, for every difficulty and hindrance He has allowed in my way. Pains have been ladders up which I have climbed to celestial heights; difficulties have shaped into wings on which I have soared to glory's gates; hindrances have proved stepping-stones to a grander existence; and now, looking

back over the part of my life that is spent, I can truly say I would not have it different in any one particular, for I believe it will be a help to many a girl who shall live after me. God has proved that a girl without education, money, influence, position, or friends can, by taking Christ's hand, and trusting her all to Him, rise to any eminence. I do not speak as one who has yet fully attained to Olivet, but I follow on, longing to reach the sun-crowned summit, where I can say with all truth, 'I am dead, and my life is hid with Christ in God. I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!' I may not live to see all the reforms I am working for brought to pass, but God fills Eternity, and if by my life I shall have hastened by a single hour the glad day of redemption a million years hence, I shall have attained the highest honour a mortal can possibly rise to—the honour of being a co-worker together with God for the salvation of men. 'He buries His workers, but His work goes on.' and I dare to hope that the life of happy service and implicit faith God has allowed me to live, may touch some other life and make it sweeter and braver than it would have otherwise been. I look forward into the future, not of many years, but simply of the coming moment, for that is all I have to do with, and trust for grace to so live that atom of time that men will be better and Eternity richer for it. I have been so happy in the past, am so happy in the present, and expect aways to be so happy in the future, that I say again, as I said in the beginning of this letter, I am so glad, Alice, that ever I was born."

My heart is full of rapture,
My lips are thrilled with song,
My soul is rippling over,
To Jesus I belong.
O gladsome music swelling
Through every nerve and vein,
Praise, praise to my Redeemer,
He comes to rule and reign.

Mrs. Harrison Lee, Geneva, Switzerland, appointed World's W.C.T.U. Missionary.

One of Australia's Daughters

and

One of New Zealand's

Citizens.

SECOND PART

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Call for the mourning women, that they may come."—
Jeremiah ix. 17

By Mrs. Harrison Lee.

She stood at the threshold shyly, and longingly looked within;
She carried a sad heart's burden of poverty, want and sin,
The moans and cries of the children came wailing up to her ears,
And she knocked with timid boldness, and pleaded with hopes and fears.

In the stately hall he is sitting—her brother, her partner, king,
And he looks at the gentle woman, as though 'twere a wondrous thing—
"What brings you here, little sister? Home is a woman's place,
And the halls of legislature no woman's form may grace.
Go back to the parlour, sister, and live at your ease, I pray,
And rock the tiny cradle in which your fond hopes lay."

"Home is my place, O my brother, and ever my kingdom shall be,
But homeless, and friendless, and helpless, have brought their burdens to me;
Parlours have crumbled and vanished, cradles are coffins now,
And the needs of my people have given a crown of thorns to my brow.
I cannot go back to sit idle, the call of my God I have heard,
And woman no longer can linger when she by that call is stirred."

"Come hither, my little sister, thy God hath wisely done,
He made thee for me for my helpmeet, the twain shall now be one."
Into the stately palace, up to his side she goes,
Tenderness breathes from her presence, Love from the pure face glows.
Womanly, sweet and gentle; God's greatest gift of all,
Shut too long by error, out of the nation's hall,
She gathers the scattered fragments, smoothes out the tangled skeins,
Sweetens the pitter potions, banishes all the pains.

Side by side they are standing—as God ever meant they should—
She so winning and loving; he so noble and good.
'Twas a glorious day for the nation when the door was opened wide,
And the man with wise affection called the woman up to his side;
And history soon shall tell us, as history only can,
How nobly woman aided her gallant partner man.
And God, who gave the helpmeet, smiled from His throne above,
For the nation's King was Wisdom, and the nation's Queen was Love.
Together the man and woman ruled wisely and well the world,
And the banner of peace and progress never again was furled.

ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S DAUGHTERS

and

ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S CITIZENS

I.

Fully forty years since the first edition of *One of Australia's Daughters* went forth on its journey. Now a supplementary volume is prepared to tell the story of "the rod and the staff." What a wonderful, glorious, happy experience mine has been.

"He's just the same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus—
He faileth not."

And now after another four decades I can joyfully sing—

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

In 1896 my strength went down under a great sorrow, and I was ordered a long sea voyage to recuperate. I might as well have been ordered a flight to the moon as far as finances were concerned, but in a wonderful way God helped by sending a thanksgiving checque from a lady who had received blessings at my Brisbane Mission, and then the great financial results of Charters Towers Mission supplied every need.

Miss Mather—bright and capable, accompanied me to England as my Secretary, and a new world of opportunity opened up to my astonished gaze.

Mr. James Hayes Raper adopted me, Mr. Frederic Smith became my faithful friend. Lady Battersea, Countess Errol, Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, and scores of the greatest souls in Britain welcomed me, and gave me a place in the front rank.

Truly David's message applied to one of Australia's daughters,—"I took thee from the sheep-fold, from following after the sheep, and made thee a name, like unto the names of the great men that are in the earth."

Mr. and Mrs. Beddow—rich in human kindness, Mrs. Shephard, beautiful and good, with door ever open by night or by day for Australia's daughter, and countless others. How I should like to place every name on record, but they are written on my heart for all eternity.

A year of incessant labour and triumph, chastened by terrific headaches, marked that first visit to England. Then back to Australia, and on to help New Zealand in their Local Option battles.

A second visit to Britain accompanied by dear Pa and Ma Mitchell in 1900, and another wonderful tour, with great crowds filling the largest halls, and precious souls soaring out of darkness into light. Shadows again. Pa Mitchell died, and my dear old housekeeper developed cancer. I had to return to New Zealand to help in the third triennial poll, and this time took out a missionary to the Maoris, who afterward became my niece's husband. Ethel went back with me to Britain, and nursed poor Ma Mitchell, while I went from mission to mission "seeking to save that which was lost." Oh, the weary body, the aching head, the heavy heart, I often had and yet—"the peace which passeth all understanding." Edwin and Ethel were married in Cardiff. Ma died after terrible suffering, and we again returned to Victoria to find a very sick husband awaiting me. I was will-

ing to devote all my time to wifely duty, and stay at home, but at his earnest request I went on with platform work, while Louie, his adopted daughter, and her husband, shared our home, and cared for him faithfully.

At this time dear Robert Powell, who had gone to China years before, returned, and became my loyal helper and herald. Mrs. Turnbull, too, constituted herself my Colporteur, and was the greatest seller of books I ever knew. That year of shadow and service was the greatest in money returns I ever had. £1,200 came in various ways, and I gladly employed four other workers, as I never felt I was anything but a steward of my Lord's wealth. Still I had £400, and I was considering getting a new worker for South Australia, when a dear girl approached me in great trouble. All the property left by her parents, and which was her one source of living, was involved, and likely to be lost through the cruel unscrupulousness of a relative.

"How much would redeem it?"

"£400."

I nearly toppled over, and inwardly protested against giving to any one person so large a sum. But the money was my Lord's; and after three days of arguing, I capitulated, and redeemed the land for one of God's little ones, so delivering the homestead and other property, free to the daughter of one who had been a true friend to me in her life. Surely a Christian can well leave her fatherless children to a faithful God.

It had long been my husband's wish that I should visit U.S.A., and now, with the perversity of a sick man, he persisted in urging me to go. Reluctantly I made preparations, and unwillingly started to the land of the stars and stripes. The journey was doomed to failure from the first, as I had no guiding from the

Lord. Our ship broke down in mid-ocean, then our train was snowed up in the Sierras, and by the time I reached Boston, the World's W.C.T.U. Convention—the ostensible reason for my journey—was over.

Weary, heavy-hearted, and bewildered, an utter stranger in a strange land, I reached Hartford, Conn., where the National W.C.T.U. were holding their annual gatherings. Shall I ever forget the sensation as I sat on the platform that night, when a pair of warm hands clasped me tight from behind, and a voice—sweeter than any angel's—rippling with tears and laughter, breathed my name. I twisted around with a joy and astonishment too great for words, and there was my dear Lydia Shephard, who had come from London to meet me.

If ever heaven can excel that moment I shall some day know, but I cannot think so now.

Three of the most perplexing months I ever had in my life, marked my stay in America. I don't know what I should have done but for dear Mrs. L. M. Stevens and Anna Gordon. They stood by me loyally, but nothing could alter the stern fact that I was not in the Lord's leading, and I knew it.

The dark clouds were flecked with silver, through meeting Bella Cook—the Angel of New York, and Mrs. Clark a musical composer, at Saratoga. To these dear souls, and perhaps to a few others, I was made a bridge, and helped the one till she went home after being fifty-six years bedridden, the other to get her sacred songs published and circulated throughout the world.

I visited Jerry McAuley's Mission in New York, and heard again with intense interest the miracle of his regeneration.

On January 16th I left for England determined to get back home as quickly as possible. Just a short period of missions in the Motherland, and then I

turned toward the land of the Southern Cross, with Mrs. Beddow's dear little daughter Mabel as my travelling secretary. I reached Melbourne in time to minister to my dying husband for six weeks before he passed on. Oh, the gratitude that I had not stayed longer in either America or Britain. The deep, deep thankfulness that my husband had been spared for me to kneel at his side in death, and pray him through the Valley. *God is good.*

A period of trouble, poverty, loneliness, and sorrow, chastened my soul at this time, then with a widow's bonnet on my head, and a widow's hurt in my heart, I tried to gather up the threads of living.

A few weeks of strenuous effort resulted in placing Temperance wall sheets in every school in Victoria, and this work proved my love for the beloved land of my birth.

It was sweet that child welfare and child protection should be the crowning task of nearly twenty years of Temperance activity, for all the world has learned that to save the nation we must save the child.

"O little child of Nazareth,
All childhood lives in Thee;
And we who love the little ones,
In them Thy beauty see."

Amethyst Hall, Invercargill, New Zealand,
residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cowie.

II.

On June 10th, with Mrs. Turnbull and Miss Beddow as helpers, I turned toward the land of "The Long White Cloud" (Aotea Roa), to help in the fight against Liquordom. Busy, well-filled days brought us up to August, when by some strange lapse of memory, it was found that the Alliance Secretary—dear Frank Isitt—had lost sight of the whole month, and had turned clamouring committees away with the positive assurance, "Not a single day left, every date for Mrs. Lee more than filled."

At once I wired to Frank Bevan, of Southland, who had made me promise to give him any vacant dates I might have, telling him I could give him four weeks. How marvellous are God's leadings, and on how small a peg may hang destiny. It was on this occasion I met Andrew Cowie—strong, and quiet, and good. Sixteen years a widower, he had seen me on the platform on previous visits, and felt he was one in all my ideals. When the newspapers had told of my widowhood, he set himself to definitely pray that God would send me to him. And lo, through a lapse in Frank Isitt's memory, his prayer was answered. We were married on polling day, and I left for Ceylon to fulfil engagements there. As soon as business matters could be arranged, Andrew followed, and we had a lovely trip to Egypt, Palestine, Rome, Pompeii, Britain, Switzerland, and France, returning via Australia. I know that all the world loves a love story; shall I give my friendly readers a wee little glimpse of the wooing and winning? To his first letter, I replied very coldly that I never intended to marry

again, I wished to be perfectly free to carry on my life work.

A.:—"I will never hinder you in your great work, only let me stand by you, and help you, financially and otherwise."

B.:—"It would not be fair to any man to marry, with my high ideals of Marital Purity, for he could only be unhappy, unless he held the same views."

A.:—"It shall be exactly as you wish, only let us be companions."

B.:—"I would be of no use as a farmer's wife. I know nothing about land, or stock, or sheep, or agriculture, so how could I be a companion to you?"

A.:—"I do not wish you to be a farmer's wife. I want to be a missionary's husband."

And so Andrew Cowie became a missionary's husband, and travelled with me for twenty years, bearing burdens, lightening loads, cheering, encouraging, supporting. I am writing this in a Santa Fe train, speeding toward Chicago, over a snow-covered world, and as I look back over the years, I thank God that I have been able to make one good man supremely happy, and now as he ends his four-score years, he still looks into my face with eyes of love, and says, "God brought you to me." Only a little glimpse of the sacred inner self of domestic happiness, and I drop the veil again.

MY FANNY.

We were holding a Maori Convention at Paku Paku, having a most original and surprising time. The Maoris, gracious, dignified, and hospitable, entertained their Pakeha sisters, and, through Rev. Munro as interpreter, showed us their intense desire to get rid of the deadly "Waipero" (stinking water). We

clasped hands with the brave, brown women, who suffered as we suffered, in the demoralization of husband, son, and brother, and who longed to be free from the "curse of nations." A little girl of eleven was given to me as a gift from God here. A bit of raw material was Pani Paku. She could hardly speak a word of English, but how we loved our little brown maid and sought to train her as a missionary for her own people. Music, singing, first aid, nursing, etc., etc., helped to equip my little princess for her future work. She was truly converted at a Bible Class camp held in Oamaru, and after that her life blossomed out with rare beauty. At nineteen years of age she returned to her people, a messenger of God, pure, and true, and good. In February, 1923, I stood by my Fanny's grave, with my whole being a fountain of tears, yet able to say with deepest gratitude, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Better an empty casket
Than jewels besmirched with sin;
And safer than those outside the fold
Are they that have entered in."

I look forward to the day when, surrounded by the little ones that came to me in this life, I shall stand before the throne and say, "Lord, here am I, and the children *Thou* didst give me."

* * * * *

We had settled in our big, beautiful home in Invercargill, expecting to help tired missionaries, and give a lift to every holy cause. Tilly came from Wales to keep house. How can I describe my God-given helper. Bright, sweet, capable to an extraordinary degree. Loving and beloved, there was only one such gem in

all the world, and God gave her to me as my right hand. Then came Susie from Wales. Pure as a crystal, with a soul as clear and bright as a star, and full of a love that joyed in giving.

Next came our Maori girlie, Pani Paku. How we all loved our black-eyed little princess. For eight happy years Fanny lent zest to our lives, then for two years she lived among her people, a blessing and a joy, and "she was not, for God took her."

The war came, and we allowed the Y.W.C.A. to have "Amethyst Hall" with its twenty-eight rooms, orchard, lawns, gardens, etc., to do its blessed work among the young women. We removed to Dunedin, where by the clear leading of our Heavenly Master, we bought a beautiful home, high on the hill, overlooking the harbour. Here I was laid low with the chest trouble that afterwards was called Spanish Influenza all over the world. How near I was to the Shadows, and how awful was the struggle to breathe, I can never tell. The one text that stood by me was:

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth."

"All the paths," yes, even this one along which I coughed, and gasped, and struggled for breath. "You must go to Honolulu," said Dr. Evans, "you can't live here." And as I gradually gained power to breathe, though woefully weak, I saw the gentle hand leading away from Dunedin. We had learned to love our beautiful home, and had made many friends, but the roots were gently loosened, and we decided to journey to Scotland to help in the first Local Option Poll in 1920, and then return to settle in the warmer climate of Auckland.

A pentecostal band had been holding meetings at City Road Hall during Christmas holidays. Passing our place, high and elevated in position, one of the band said, "We are to have that place one day." From January to August passed by without any sign

of the prophecy being fulfilled. Then came my notice that I wanted a Christian to have our place, and Miss Burnard rang me up to say—

"Mrs. Lee Cowie, we want to take your place."

"Well, you would like to see it first, wouldn't you?"

"No, God has told us to take it."

"But surely you would like to see the rooms and furnishings."

"Oh, no, that will be all right; we have God's guidance."

I must confess I was a little bewildered at anyone's taking a 14-roomed house without even seeing the inside of it; and when a week passed by, and no papers were signed, or deposit money paid, I was perplexed.

A ring on the telephone one day, and Miss Burnard's voice:

"Mrs. Lee Cowie, are you anxious about the money?"

"Well, dear, you know, according to law, no contract is binding unless a deposit is paid."

"How much would you like?"

"One hundred pounds."

"All right, we will take ourselves to prayer for it." In the afternoon another ring.

"Mrs. Lee Cowie, if you can come to us, we have the £100, and would also like to pay a year's rent in advance."

Now, how did they get the money? A friend of theirs had sold some land that day, and on the way home, suddenly realized that "The Chalet" had not been legally secured. Jumping out of the train, she went to a telephone bureau and got into touch with Miss Burnard, who was in earnest prayer, and so God honoured their faith, and for three years "The Cha-

let" was a training home for bright young souls, who are now going throughout the world as missionaries, and to His glory, be it said, the rent was paid to the last farthing, and now "The Chalet" is the lodge of "The Girls' Friendly Society," the property of the Anglican Church, and the rest place of scores of young girls. Praise the Lord, "All His paths are mercy and truth."

What a wonderful "ordering" of the Lord we had at the end of 1919 to turn northward, and help Scotland in her first Local Option Poll, and how matchlessly God cleared away every difficulty, and made it easy for Tilly and Susie to accompany us. To this day I am puzzled to know how we all were given first class tickets for second class fare, but we enjoyed the extra comforts gratefully, and gave thanks to our Father who had not withheld any good thing from us.

As usual I began work among the little ones, and soon had a fine gathering of children and parents every morning. We dubbed our school "Ocean College," and had as our motto the fine words, "Lifting others while we climb," and our school song was, "Count your blessings." What a power for good "Ocean College" became. How the whole tone of the boat was set by that daily gathering, and what precious talks we had with young and old about "the things that matter." I never count a voyage lost time, as there are "lonely hearts" everywhere, and Jesus comes to them "walking on the sea." We were eight weeks on the voyage, owing to bad coal, but they were very busy, blessed weeks. We saw that stupendous work of man, the Panama Canal, where prohibition had to rule, before it could be an accomplished fact. Mosquitos, sand flies and alcohol had defeated the greatest engineers of the past, but wisdom, prohibition, and science conquered in the end.

Kingston, Jamaica, was a delightful break, and

then Newport News and Norfolk City, where we saw prohibition in active operation. *Very active* for when Mr. Hammond asked one of the working men how they could afford to go to work in motor cars, and speed home in their own autos, the man gaily answered—

"Oh, that's Prohibition; we working men have learned that benzine is cheaper than booze."

In London we found dear Mrs. Shephard recovering from a terrible accident, caused by a gas explosion. I offered to give my own flesh for grafting into her poor neck, but the doctor decided to try massage and violet rays. It was a great hurt in my own heart, the whole time, to see her dreadful sufferings, and feel how powerless we were to help her bear her burden, although we loved her so.

In Scotland we had a busy time, through a wet, cold summer, seeking to overthrow drink's dominion. To our joy we found the apparently impregnable fortress of sin shaken at the ballot-box, and 446 licensed houses of evil were banished. A brief, happy mission in Wales, and then we began to plan the return journey to sunnier skies.

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Garroway reached us at this time, cordially asking us to return to Auckland and share with them the beautiful home they had just built at Takapuna. How divinely the Lord guides. With happy hearts we set sail from Tilbury Docks, and found again a big field of service on our crowded boat. 608 souls in the steerage gave me golden opportunity for school work, sick visiting, and other lines of service. Calls at Toulon, Port Said, Ceylon, and Australian ports, gave variety, and also —which I valued most of all—opportunity of meeting beloved fellow-workers and friends. A month of enforced delay in Sydney through a stewards' strike,

gave us a rich time of service in churches, open airs, etc. I just enjoyed every moment of that blessed month. Indeed God has given me such a tremendous capacity for enjoyment, I believe if He tossed me into a cactus field I could grow fat on the spikes. Praise His Name, He is the joy-giver to every soul.

Someone has said of Labour Unions, "United we strike, divided we work." So they must have divided among the stewards at last, and returned to normal conditions. An American, wanting to express his feelings, said he was as "happy as a fly in a candy factory." Well, so was I during that strike, but I was equally glad to get to Auckland after a year of roaming. We stayed with our generous friends in their lovely home for three months, and then, having bought a house of our own in a delightful part of Herne Bay, we settled down to solid work again. One of the most interesting branches of work I ever have had given me, has been the Sunday meetings on the Auckland Wharf. For two years—wet or dry—rain or shine, I stood to speak to hundreds of men of all ranks and degrees, all colours and creeds. If it was a blessing to my men, it was a great education to myself, for each Sunday they selected the subject for the following week. They were clever debaters, unsparing in their criticisms, and more than fearless in expressing their opinions about people and things. To have stood their fire for two years, and finish at New Year 1924 with their saying, "We only want you, Mrs. Cowie, we all love you," was a tribute more precious than all New Zealand's mines of gold. Perhaps a brief list of some of the subjects they chose for me may interest my readers. "Temperance and the Turk," "Is Heredity or Environment of most importance in the shaping of character?" "Prove that there are two classes of wine spoken of in the Bible,"

"Land Legislation," "Government by Monarchy or Democracy," "God," "Drink and Disease," "Woman," "Man in his three-fold nature—Spirit, Soul, and Body," "How can we prove a hereafter?"

Their questions were always keen and clever, sometimes deeply subtle, and the avowed Atheists hated me to bring in religious teaching, but on this point I was adamant.

"If you want me to speak to you, you must understand that everything circles around the Cross of Christ."

"We want you, but we don't want religion."

"I would as soon take the sun out of the sky, as religion out of my work."

So those dear, foolish men, who didn't realize they only loved me for as much of Jesus as they saw in me —capitulated, and I had perfect freedom, though I must admit it was *gained* and *kept* at the point of the sword.

I wish I could recall their clever questions. Here are just a few—

"Doesn't alcohol kill microbes?"

"I am not quite sure, but I know it kills men."

"Doesn't it clean silver?"

"Yes, it cleans the silver out of many a man's pocket."

"How can you prove a Trinity?"

"The whole world is a trinity—air, land, water; water itself is a trinity, frost, snow, rain. Man is a trinity—spirit, soul, body. The family is a trinity—husband, wife, child. God is a Trinity—Father, Son, and Paraclete."

Christmas 1923 dawned on a life full of happiness and blessed activity. President of the Band of Hope Union for Auckland Province, of the District

W.C.T.U., the Ponsonby Branch of W.C.T.U., the Haeramai Club, and various other movements, with a home full of loved and varied interests, I planned a big year of solid service for 1924, but the threads were gently loosened from my clinging hands; and the call came to cross the seas again.

Mr. and Mrs. Garroway were going to Scotland for the World's Sunday School Convention, so we resolved to journey together. Our S.S.U. appointed me an official delegate from New Zealand, and with a heart full of faith and trust, I followed the Pillar and the Cloud.

A voyage full of interest and opportunity for service began on February 12th. Twice in my life have I had thirty days in February (can any of the little folk tell me how that was possible?) We visited Suva, Honolulu, San Francisco, Los Angeles. And here I must pause a moment to speak of two great incidents that live in my memory. One was Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson in her beautiful Angelus Temple, preaching, praying, pleading with souls, winning them for Christ, and bringing healing to the sick. I saw the sick restored, and spoke personally to those who were healed that night, and others who had been healed and kept for months. We heard the dumb speak. The deaf could hear the voice of God's messenger. A woman who had not raised her arm for six years lifted it, and with tears of joy streaming down her sweet face, returned to her seat, in front of me, swinging it round and round. With holy awe I watched everything, and finally said, "It is the Lord, who changeth not."

The other incident was that stupendous play, "The Ten Commandments." As I never frequent theatres or picture plays, perhaps it came on me with a magnificence another would hardly understand, who may be more accustomed to the brilliance and splendour

of the world's entertainments, but none could fail to be impressed by the majesty and dignity of the great Bible story. The modern working out of the story is direfully up to date, and shows that "all who break God's laws shall be broken by them."

"A TEST AND TRIUMPH"

It was Monday evening and our train was due to leave at 11:30 to carry us to the Grand Canyon and on to Chicago from Los Angeles. I said, "Mrs. Garroway, if you will take the luggage, etc., to the station. I will go and pay my respects to Dr. Montgomery of the Anti-Saloon League, and be with you in ample time, as it is now only 9 a.m.

My friend agreed. She was our banker (carrying all our money), our willing, cheery helper, and unfailing chum, so I went quite comfortably to call on the Doctor.

He said, "There is a meeting of Presbyterian Divines this morning, come and talk to them."

"But my train," I objected.

"We will see to the train," he answered blithely.

I spoke at the meeting, and then sprang into a taxi, urging the driver to use all speed to catch my friends in time, Dr. Montgomery paying him handsomely in advance. Alas we were caught in a street block. My tongue went dry, my lips parched, and my whole being was in an agony of apprehension. What would the friends think if I did not get there in time. They would surely think I was killed. I prayed, and leaned hard on F. R. Havergal's lines—

"Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest,
Finding as He promised perfect peace and rest."

We got through the block and rushed along at far more than speed limit, only to be checked by the ominous wooden fingers coming down in front of the

railroad line, where a leisurely train shunted along. We got over that, and as the taxi reached the station, I flew along desperately hoping God would have held the train back for me. Not a sign of train, or friends, or luggage. The station master was coming along, and I said—"Has the Chicago train gone?"

"Yes, left five minutes ago."

I fairly reeled. Tickets, money, luggage, friends all gone, and I stranded in a big strange city, but more than all was the sense of utter bewilderment that God had not answered my prayer.

The courteous station-master stood waiting for me to recover myself.

I said—"When does the next train start for Chicago?" He said—"In a quarter of an hour, we had to divide up as the train was so heavy."

My heart took an upward leap of joy, I ran and found the train, and explained to the ticket collector that I had no ticket and no money, but my folk were just ahead (yes, and my Heavenly Father was just at hand). Bless that dear Conductor, he took my word for it.

In two hours we had overtaken the advance portion of the train, and if ever there was a joyful praise service on an American express it was when I saw dear Elizabeth's anxious face, and she saw me safe and sound.

Oh how I love those two lines of Miss Havergal's. They meant more to me that awful Monday morning than tongue can ever tell—

"Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest,
Finding as He promised perfect peace and rest."

Chicago meant for us a study of Prohibition in a big city, and a visit to "Rest Cottage," the home of Frances Willard, and a blessed time with White Ribbon workers, whose names are as ointment poured

forth. Next came Toronto, where I asked to see the slums, and was told there were "no slums" owing to Prohibition. Montreal followed in sleet, and snow and slush, and, alas, the slime of the Drink Serpent evident in every poor part of the city. Quebec is a province that has never abolished the drink trade, and suffers accordingly. There were robberies, bank hold-ups, and all sorts of evils during the few days we were there, and only the godly men and women in churches and societies hold the evil in check.

The contrast with the big American cities could leave no doubt in any unbiased mind of the value of prohibition for individuals, families, communities, and nations.

We stayed at St. John, New Brunswick, long enough to learn that a good law, badly enforced, is a shame to its citizens, and constitutes a challenge to the churches!

On arriving in England on April 12th, we found work awaiting on every side, and a very blessed six months quickly passed away. God's dealings were very wonderful all along the journey. Boats that were held up by strikes and maritime complications, sailed with us on exact dates. A train missed through a street block in Los Angeles was divided, and carried me without luggage, ticket, or money, safely to rejoin my perplexed friends along the way. When our money was exhausted, and no Banks open during the Christmas holidays, I sold as much Indian Mission lace as placed us out of reach of anxiety.

Never had I such a journey of God's ever real, ever loving, tender care, as in 1924. In India and Ceylon we visited 16 Missions and learned as never before the matchless beauty of Christ's gospel. No other religion brings such peace, or love, or joy. All heathendom is self torture, demon torture, and one great vain search for rest.

Ours is a singing religion—"The ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

No other worship in the world has such glorious hope and comfort, and to every Christian comes the command—"Tell it out, tell it out."

I remember Dr. Joseph Parker's message to our W.C.T.U. Convention in Edinburgh. "The liquor traffic would overthrow the church if it could, the church could overthrow the liquor traffic if it would." And, "It shall be done, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." This gigantic evil, that raises its unholy head in every land, that martyrs children, and crucifies women, shall yet be crushed under the heel of our conquering King, and you and I, dear comrade, must hasten the day.

"I'm on my journey up Zion's Hill,
All the way long it is Jesus!
The way grows brighter and brighter still,
For all the way long it is Jesus!
And oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot—
All the way long it is Jesus!—
He has a blessing the world has not—
All the way long it is Jesus!

"I'll follow the homeless Christ,
To the heights of a great soul quest,
Or silently suffer 'neath olive trees
To bring the crushed world—rest.
I'll follow the kingly Christ,
O'er the track of my bleeding heart,
It is His to give, it is His to take,
What matter the pain or the smart?

"I'll follow the conquering Christ,
He has conquered and reigns alone:
Oh, wonderful, homeless, Kingly Lord,
I am only and all Thine own."

What a strangely chequered thing life is. Just when I was so blessedly busy in Auckland, and working day and night for the great prohibition poll, I was stricken down with a most unusual nasal trouble.

Mrs. Lee Cowie giving model talk to Class in Honolulu.

For two months breathing was only possible through tubes; and I passed through a time of severe testing, physically and spiritually "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

The weeks of suffering led us to decide to leave New Zealand for the winter months, and try beautiful Honolulu.

As soon as we had learned our lesson I was healed by prayer, and went on long lecturing tours for the poll. I continued to improve in health, but knowing God had shaken up our nest to send me where He had need of us, we left N.Z. in May for the paradise of the Pacific.

We were met by Mr. and Mrs. Davis, those wonderful God-given friends, who seem only to live to make others happy. As they kissed us glad welcomes, and hung the lovely floral Leis around our necks, we felt their "Alohas" were indeed a welcome to the land of foliage and flowers.

A blessed four months quickly passed by. Tilly and Susie and my St. Andrew had a share in all the work, as well as in all the pleasures. We visited the gaols, hospitals and institutions for the aged and for children. We specially worked in the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. among the soldiers and sailors. I had services in almost every church in the City, and kept open house for missionaries and workers.

The glorious climate was a delight, while the flowers were a never-ending source of rapture. The coral gardens in the Bays, seen through glass bottomed boats, with fish like living flowers darting about, will ever remain in our memory, as well as the marvelous Aquarium. The modest oriental maidens, pretty and bright, won our admiration, while the prosperity and activity of this Prohibition City deepened in every

heart the desire to see like blessings in every part of the British Empire.

The four months were filled with happy service; only shadowed by the death of my true and trusted Australian comrade—John Vale.

When Mrs. Browning said to Charles Kingsley, "Tell me the secret of your beautiful life that I may make it mine," the dying man softly answered, "I had a Friend."

A rainbow spans the tears of thousands in Australia to-day who can say of our Beloved Comrade, "I had a Friend."

"The Spirit Clothed Himself With Gideon"

"And Gideon was nothing,
Was nothing in the fray,
But just a suit of working clothes
The Spirit wore that day."

A YEAR'S RECORD OF WORK AT

MRS. LEE COWIE'S HALL, EAST ST.,

AUCKLAND

MAY, 1926.

Dear Fellow Workers for Christ,—

I think you will be interested to hear how wonderfully God has blest the venture of faith at the above place.

When asked to take the Hall early in 1925, I had to face the facts of a serious epidemic among the young, our big Prohibition fight, the utter deadness of the hall, and my own multiplicity of duties. However, God said: "Certainly I will be with thee," and it was a glorious challenge to faith, so I launched out resolving there should never be a bazaar, a sale of work, or an appeal for money. Like George Muller's work, it should be a proof of the unchangeable faithfulness of our Omnipotent God. I knew I had to face an outlay of £6 a week; and no committee, or society, or organization, to be responsible for a penny.

We opened up a Mothers' Rest Room, a Ladies' Parlour, and a "Pick-Them-Up Brigade." Soon the hall became a hive of activity, with splendid workers drawn from gamblers, drinkers, thieves, and others, steadied and helped by beautiful Christians who came to gather lost ones in.

The visit of the American Fleet gave great scope for our work, and hundreds of dear boys were helped, and pointed to the Cross.

The Unemployed have been our special care, and we have given food, clothes and shelter to many, but

above and over all we have had workers to win them to the service of the best of Masters.

Immigrants have been welcomed on arrival and cared for till time for them to catch trains. Mothers with babies have found our rooms of incalculable benefit when just entering a new land. One man we gladly cared for for nine months, a despairing new arrival who hadn't a friend. We took in one sick girl for rest, and then found her permanent shelter.

One young mother with two babies who could not get accommodation at hotels, we cared for for ten days. We have had deserted wives in bitter trouble coming for counsel and advice; a mother whose son is in gaol; a young fellow was to be tried for manslaughter, but we prayed him through; a murderer who was in bondage to drink again. We have had men with over 200 convictions for drunkenness, others just beginning the slippery path.

My grandest workers have been a converted pugilist, a gambler, a spieler and a rogue. I don't know what I should have done without these glorious Comrades of the Cross. Snatched from the mire themselves they know no greater joy than to pull others out of the pit.

Back of all the tussle and fight and conflict, we have had beautiful, sympathetic, gracious women who have ministered to sick souls and bodies, who have prepared meals for 50 and 60 men on Saturdays, and prayed and wrestled as only the "mothers of men" can.

The conversions have been a joy every week, and we have watched with interest the growth of souls in our midst.

One young lady has married, and is now ready to go as a missionary to Central Africa. One young Maori has gone as a missionary to his own people.

At the Sunday evening services, we have had glori-

ous experiences of the purpose and power of God. We are in no sense a church, but every individual is expected to be a faithful worker for Jesus. We have no membership, but a praying band meets every Sunday, and brings the fire and fervour into our services.

We have sent quantities of goods to India for missions and missionaries.

Temperance bodies have held successful jumble sales. Our little Sunday School has divided up about £15 between Dr. Barnardo's, Cripple Girls, Work among the Blind, Indian Babies, Chinese Children, etc., while the Bible Class supports an Indian Bible woman.

Our Wednesday Bible readings, which were started for the new Converts, prove very attractive and blessedly helpful, with an attendance of about 30 learners.

A great treat was given by the Dominion Road Church of Christ friends to scores of Auckland's poorest children at Christmas time, using our Hall as a medium. Friends lent motor cars and gave the children a rare treat indeed.

It is a year's record of unique and happy service. The joyous fellowship, the absolute confidence, the true affection between the workers is a foretaste of Heaven.

The supply of food has been a marvel. Every meal is given free. Anyone choosing to donate a small gift is welcome to do so, but no one is asked for a penny. We often have from 20 to 35 for Sunday evening tea.

And what hath God wrought? With sweet and happy triumph we answer: "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise." Everything has been paid—rent, lighting, provisions, advertising—the year ends without one penny of debt. Workers have been developed. Christians have learned as never before what a wonderful Saviour is Jesus—our Jesus.

We do not try to draw crowds, but we are determined to get souls saved. We do not want people to come for any other purpose than to crown Christ Lord of all. We rejoice in the beautiful upbuilding work of all the churches in our city; but we are not here to do work on the same lines. Our hall is the Master's workshop, for the mending of broken men; and there are thousands in every city who are sick to death of sin, and cannot find a way out. In a very small way, and on a very small scale, we lift up the sign of the Shining Cross, and call the sinners to their seeking Saviour; but more than all we send out the challenge to Christians to live the royally simple life of men and women who believe in every word of the living God who is able to save, able to keep, able to supply every need.

"Challenge Thy people, Jehovah of hosts—
Speak as of old at this hour;
Silence alike their complainings and boasts;
Challenge Thy people with power.
Give them a task that shall drain their heart's blood;
Lead them a wilderness way;
Call them to conquest through fire and flood—
Challenge Thy people to-day."

God bless you Beloved Comrades and give you matchless might to wield the sword of the Spirit and prove "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Yours in His happy service,

BESSIE LEE COWIE.

In 1927 accompanied by Mrs. Garroway, Mrs. Middlemas and Bessie Lee King,—my Ethel's daughter, I ministered in Honolulu and Fiji. In each place we had a big blessed time, and God used us in these interesting harvest fields.

Then came fifteen months of watching by the side of my Beloved Partner as he passed through the Valley of Shadows. What a testing time it was, but how bravely my St. Andrew proved that "his Anchor held."

His last days were so full of joy and happiness we could not stop his singing. He was already spiritually in the land where "the ransomed return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads," while the dear worn-out body still held on after nearly 83 years of service. The last hymn he tried to sing was "Crown Him, Crown Him." It was a triumphant closing of a God-filled life, and the sweet precious memories of 20 years of happy comradeship remain a permanent legacy of blessing.

Then came a big campaign for Local Option in Victoria, and the meeting of hundreds of dear old friends and fellow workers. In June of 1930 with my faithful helpers—the Misses Pyle, I tore up the roots once more and migrated to Honolulu, where in beautiful surroundings God chose our inheritance for us, and gave us a home in which we could serve Him, and minister to His children. The dedication service of our lovely little home was a surprise to the friends who attended. We had prayer, scripture reading, beautiful hymns, and addresses, and a real dedication of every room to our Great Giver's service. We called the house—"The Amethyst" because that stone is the last in the foundation of the heavenly city and means—"Not a User of Strong Drink." Rev. 21.

What a blessed happy spot it has been for us all. Surrounded by giant palms, gorgeous flowering trees, beautiful shrubs, and tropical foliage, we have just gloried in God's gift of love to us. "Thy Maker is thy Husband," is a fact proved through all the years of trial and triumph, and His loving tender care has never been more exemplified than in providing us

such a home as this. And how the days have raced by with teaching in the Bible Training School, the Bible Vacation Schools, prayer meetings in homes, and chapels, radio services on Sunday evenings, sick visiting, working for China, Japan, and orphan homes. Helping our beloved W.C.T.U., keeping up a large correspondence, and entertaining friends near and afar. Surely life grows richer all the time.

At times I have been asked—"What do you get for all this?" And I have been dumb with astonishment to think anyone could imagine I was being paid in earthly coin for such blessed privileges. The answer comes to me when such a question is asked—

"What do you get for wearing that thing?" scornfully asked a brewer, of a young man in a railway train, who was wearing a blue ribbon.

"It costs me 30,000 a year," answered the young man, "for the right to wear the ribbon." The young man was Fred Charrington, who had given up his share in a vast concern, to help save the lost.

The other was Gipsy Smith at an open air meeting. "I expect you'll get half a crown for that," sneeringly scoffed a passerby.

"Oh no," brightly answered the Gipsy, "I'll get a whole crown. My Father never pays by halves."

Honolulu is called "The Crossroads of the Pacific." It is rightly named, for here we meet the missionaries and famous folk of every land as they travel to and fro. The population is a rare delight, an earthly reproduction of Rev. 9, "All kindred, tribes, and tongues." 40 percent are Japanese. Chinese, and Koreans, and Filipinos abound, as well as native Hawaiians, while the folk of fairer skin may be Russian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian, with just a smattering of English to carry them through. I love them all, and hold services in their churches, and visit them, and just feel like a mother enfolding

them in arms of truest affection, and trying to lift them up to God. They are His jewels—dear and precious, and He is not willing that one should be lost.

The National W.C.T.U. Convention in San Francisco in 1938 brought us in vital union with the earnest workers of our great organization. It was beautifully evident that our leaders were getting back to our crusade Psalm—the 146th—"Put not your trust in princes (or politicians) in whom is no help."

As I close this chapter of "One of Australia's Daughters," I lift mine eyes to the hills of Heaven and say—

"What have the years to bring
But greater floods of life and light, and sweeter songs to sing?"

Life is a rainbow of varying colors indeed. In 1938, my Ethel passed away in New Zealand, and dear Mrs.Garroway in Scotland. Friends both near and afar entered within the vale, and our hands of clinging love were loosened by The Higher Powers. We could but bow our heads, and say—

"He doeth all things well."

In 1939, marching orders came from our Captain, and although wars and signs of wars were around, I had no hesitation in stepping out on His Commands for Africa.

A cold rough voyage, facing a winter such as had not been known for some 40 or 50 years was experienced all along the way, but happy intervals at all the ports with receptions and meetings, and hand clasps of beloved old friends, made up for all discomforts.

Canon Hammond in Sydney, Robert Powell in Perth and countless others, left a track of golden

light in my memory. In Durban, Miss Garroway met me, and I had reached my fifth continent. The war was declared next day, but I had 7 splendid months in Natal and Zululand, with two, three, and even four meetings a day.

Jean was the only one I knew on landing; but when I left, it was with the realization that my life was enriched by the love of scores of faithful Christians.

At Cape Town 15 full busy days touched another circle, with Mrs. Maskew Miller as the center figure. God bless her.

Then the "Ascanius" and England in the distance, singing—

> "When the Farmer goes out to sow,
> It's one for the worm, and one for the crow,
> One to rot, and one to grow,
> And yet the harvest is sure we know."

Three weeks in London, then across to U. S. A. and finally—"Home, Sweet Home" on August 14, 1940—

"He led them forth by the right way."

III.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS, AND PUBLIC ADDRESSES.

LESSONS FOR LITTLE ONES

No. 1—HOW TO BUILD HOUSES.

Materials Needed.—Blackboard, building blocks, quickly-drying cement, slips of paper (on which the Scripture verses are plainly written, distributed to the elder members, who will read them as the passages are referred to.)

Boys, tell me what would be the most necessary thing in building a house.—[A foundation.]

Right, for if you had all kinds of material, but no place on which to erect it, you could not build a house. Will you turn to Matthew vii, and read verses 24 to 27? Here we find two kinds of foundations, one firm and strong, the other shifty and unsafe. Which would you like to build on?—[On the rock.]

Good. Well, now, every boy and girl born into the world is born a builder; and the house you build is to outlast time and eternity. Our central thought about the foundation shall be 1 Corinthians iii., 11, 12. (Write this on blackboard, and get the children to learn it.)

Now that we have fixed on a foundation what else do we need?—[Bricks and mortar.]

Yes; but first of all we must have corner stones. As Band of Hope children building up the Temperance Temple, we will take first the last stone mentioned by John, in Revelation xxi., 20—an Amethyst, which means "Not a user of strong drink;" or, as we would say, Total Abstinence. The second shall be Courage (Daniel iii., 17, 18.) We will not do wrong, no matter who asks us. The third is Knowledge. We read in Isaiah v., strong words against intoxicating drink, and verse 13 says: "The multitude are dried up with thirst, because they have no knowledge." The fourth shall be Faith (Hebrews xi., especially verse 25).

Now that our corner stones are in position we will get our bricks, and there is a splendid brickfield in 2 Peter i., 5—7. The Band of Hope boy and girl must be diligent, industrious, hard workers, doing with all their might the work they have on hand.

"Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for others the long day through."

"Work while you work, play while you play—
That's the way to be happy and gay."

An industrious boy, a handy girl, are always in demand, and the world has room for thousands more of the right sort. In the grand and glorious Temperance cause there is a great want of workers. Some folk seem to think that coming to meetings is enough, but the thorough worker will always try to bring someone else along to share the blessings. Every child should have a pocket pledge-book, and seek to get new pledges. I know one dear little girl in Australia, named Amy Coghlan, who has got her book full; and what she has done you can do. A boy in the wilds of Gippsland, Australia, visits every new-comer in the forest, and tries to get each one to sign the

pledge. He is a diligent boy; and "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings."

Virtue means all the Christian graces of purity, strength, integrity, honesty, truthfulness, goodness. What a lot of bricks for our beautiful building! How the walls are beginning to rise! Oh, here is a hole; well, we'll fill that with a brick of Love; and wherever we find any spaces, we can fit in that magic little cube under its different names of courtesy, kindness, gentleness, sweetness, consideration, etc. But, oh! dear, oh, dear! our bricks won't hold together; they are toppling over. Whatever is the reason?

Mortar; no mortar, you say? But what is mortar for?—[To cement the materials together.]

Well, tell me where we get the right kind of cement to hold all our bricks together in proper position. Oh yes, in Ephesians vi., 6, 7. Now we can get on splendidly. Good bricks and good cement following on the four firm corner stones, and the whole resting on the Rock of Ages, will make one of the many mansions in the Kingdom of God. Dear lads and lasses, ye are God's building (Ephesians ii. 20—22). Take heed how we build, for the Band of Hope members are the hope of the world's salvation from the curse of drink.

No. 2—BARGAINS.

(By B.L.C.)

Scripture: Genesis xxv., 29 to end.

Central Thought: Matthew xvi., 26.

"Great Bargains!" "Great Bargains!" How often do we see these words on shop windows, and at times we find them true? Just fancy a boy being able to buy a fine cricket bat worth ten shillings for the small

sum of sixpence, or a little girl able to buy a five shilling doll for threepence. Oh, what great bargains! Just imagine mother's getting a guinea bonnet for one shilling and sixpence, and father a frock coat for three shillings! Grand bargains, over which all the family would rejoice together. But there are bad bargains as well as good, and we have been reading of one in Genesis. It was a hot day, and the boy was tired, and felt faint and fagged. His brother had something that smelt nice, and looked tempting, and the boy longed for the stimulating effects of the pottage. He craved for relief from bodily weariness and fatigue, and unfortunately forgot to consider at how great a cost he was purchasing a temporary pleasure. Jacob took him at a great disadvantage, but we must never forget that Esau had his own free will, and could have refused the bargain, as Moses did in after years ("choosing rather to suffer affliction . . . than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."—Heb. xi., 25). His whole life after was a bitter regret for his bad bargain.—(Heb. xii., 16, 17). Boys, beware of copying Esau's example. There are thousands of boys to-day in all parts of the world who are selling their birth-rights of clear brains and healthy bodies and noble souls for a pint of beer. For the sake of a temporary pleasure, or for the stimulation of a brief moment, they sacrifice treasures untold.

Touch not the tempting liquid, no matter how faint and weak and exhausted you may feel. Do as Samson did when he was sinking with fatigue—drink water. It was God himself who gave the stimulating draught to His sinking servant (Judges xv., 18, 19), and we cannot do better than avoid Esau's terrible mistake, which we see repeated in every bar-room in the country.

Another awful bargain was that which Judas made when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. He

got the money, but it did him no good, and was the cause of his own destruction.

Children, you will one day take your place in the world as business men and women. No matter how profitable a transaction may seem, if it is to injure your fellow men, turn resolutely away from it. People who want to get rich by the liquor traffic are making awful bargains. They are selling their Lord again, for He says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Now we turn from the bad bargains to the good ones.

"You've signed away your liberty, Jack," said one man to another.

"Well, yes," replied Jack; "before I turned teetotal my toes had liberty to look through my boots, my elbows had liberty to look through my coat, and my knees had liberty to look through where they should not; I signed away my liberty, and made a splendid bargain of it, for I've got a new suit of clothes in exchange, and lots of other things in addition."

"How did you buy such a pretty home, Tom?" asked a man.

"Oh, I made a bargain with the publican, he was to keep his beer, and I was to buy bricks. It's been a grand bargain for me."

And last of all, though greatest of all, I must tell you of the grand bargain God is asking you to make with Him. He says, "Give me thine heart," and in return—"the gift of God is eternal life."

Give Him the filthy rags, and He will give you the beautiful robes of righteousness. Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before His throne with exceeding joy, be all honour and glory. Amen.

No. 3—RUNNING RACES.

(By B.L.C.)

Scripture: 1 Corinthians ix., 24—27; Hebrews xii., 1, 2.

A group of happy children on a playground in a park. Some are standing in a row—eager, excited, with every nerve tingling, with little hands clenched, with eyes shining. They are to run a race, and every little heart is beating with expectation of the prize to be won. The starters have placed them in position; the goal is fixed at the end of the green. Clear and thrilling a voice calls out: "One to be ready!"

Some of the wee feet are off, unable to await the starters' full formula. Back they have to be brought, and set in position again.

"One—to be ready!" Little bodies lurch forward, and pull themselves back spasmodically. "Two—to be steady!" One little bit of perpetual motion has sprung from the line. Admonished and shame-faced, the little culprit is fixed once more in place. Now—

"One—to be ready; Two—to be steady; Three—to—be—off!"

What a bound from the line, what flashing feet, what flying forms. What cheers from the watchers. What excited comments from friends and foes. What panting breath, what straining of nerve. What hurrahs, what shouts. What dropping off, as the pace begins to tell. What determination in the hearts of those who are in the lead. What disappointment in the hearts of the defeated. What surprise when a lad shoots forward unexpectedly from the rear, and gains on the fleet-footed ones in front; what a thrill through the spectators as he passes the foremost runner, and steadily, relentlessly, with eyes fixed on the line that is held just ahead, with beating heart,

with compressed lips, with hot and eager breathing, essays to grasp the prize. How the people shout and cheer; how the two or three lads who thought they had been within reach of victory put on a last spurt; how the boy seems to fly rather than to run, so lightly and swiftly do his springing feet touch the ground. What a light in his eye, what a flash on his cheek, as he sweeps past the goal, carrying the tape with him, and the cries of "Well done, well done," greet him on every side. It was a grand race. It was well run, and the happy victor turns homeward, a conqueror crowned.

Little people, you are all running a race, and the best thing about the race you are competing in is that everyone can win a prize.

You will need to observe three very important rules in this race.

You must be Ready, Steady, and Off.

1. READY.—Lay aside every *weight* as well as every sin. I have watched cricketers in the field, and have noticed that they never wore heavy top-coats or big boots, or carried portmanteaux. It wouldn't have been a sin to have weighted themselves with heavy loads, but it would have been a serious hinddrance in winning the match. So, like sensible men, they laid aside every weight, that they might run with greater ease and freedom.

In the great race that you are running, lay aside every dead weight of ignorance, of old tradition, of foolish custom, of fleshly appetite. Get ready for the race by learning all you can about the grand teetotal cause. Begin at the very beginning, and you will find, "In the beginning God," God creating a wonderful world in which the beverage was to be water.

Lay aside completely the ignorance that has destroyed thousands—the idea that God made alcohol

as a beverage for human beings. Alcohol has its uses in arts and mechanics. It is capital to burn, and, I am told, is splendid for motor cars. It is also of use in preserving dead bodies, as you see in museums.

Lay aside the ignorant assumption that a boy looks manly when he is drinking and smoking. No such thing. Drink utterly unmans a lad, and prevents his rising to heights of royal manhood. I heard a man once say, "Any weak fool can drink and get drunk, but it takes a man of strength to sign the pledge and keep it." Lads, be strong and win the race.

Laugh at the old tradition that drink keeps the cold out. Tell the people who talk like that, that they really must learn in the school of experience before you can accept their assertions. Adam Ayles was a Good Templar, and he was better able to endure the intense cold of the Arctic regions by being a Total Abstainer than any of his comrades who were drinkers.

Scout the idea that people cannot get on in business without treating. I read of a man who offered a Band of Hope boy a gold watch if he would drink a glass of beer. The brave fellow answered: "Sir, if I learn to drink beer, and continue to take it I may lose the watch, as I know lots of drinking men who have no watches. If I abstain, I shall soon have enough money to buy a watch of my own, and I shall very likely be able to keep it."

Keep clear of all the foolish customs that have grown around the drink traffic. This silly habit of treating is one of the most pernicious. Don't even accept the invitation to have a lemonade. If you are not thirsty, why should you drink? Remember the old axiom, "One man may lead a horse to water, but twenty can't make him drink." Why should boys be more foolish than the animals they control? And going into a public-house is dangerously like Peter,

when he warmed himself at the enemies' fire, and ended by denying his Lord. Those drinkers who drink the most are the thirstiest people. The poor drunkard is dried up with an agonising thirst that cannot be quenched.

Having thrown aside all the weights, you are standing *ready*. Now, laddies—

2. To be STEADY—Oh, the difficulty the world is finding in getting steady men to fill the ranks as the brave hearts pass onward.

It takes years of drill and and discipline to turn a cadet into a general. It takes a long time, and many a dearly-bought lesson, to make a boy into a noble, strong, brave-hearted man. It is imperative that every Band of Hope boy should have a good character for honesty, reliability, truthfulness, obedience, promptitude, industry and courtesy. A dependable boy can aspire to any position in the world, and people everywhere are glad to get them. Yes, it is—2.—To be STEADY.

Hold yourself in—your tongue, your will, your heart, your temper, your desires. You will need intense enthusiasm in the race, but you must have it applied properly. Steam is a grand thing to drive a train with, or to propel a boat, but steam in the wrong place will explode the machinery, and do serious damage. Be steady, strong, persistent, patient. Never mind what others do or leave undone. Keep your eyes on the goal. Have your ears keen to hear the word of command, and your every nerve and muscle ready to spring forward the instant the order is given, but *not* before.

Now you are ready, you are steady. Look, laddie, the prize is a crown and a kingdom. All heaven is watching with intense interest, hoping, praying that you may win. The goal is yonder. Do you see who is

holding the line? It is the Perfect Man, Jesus. Keep your eyes on Him, and now—

3. OFF!—Off. Yes, with winged feet. You are to outstrip all the powers of evil. You are to leave behind strong drink, and all its shames and sorrows. Past every temptation you must speed; like a flash you must shoot beyond all seductions, and snatch the prize of a healthy manhood, a beautiful noble spirit, a vigorous intellect. And as you kneel before the King, to be decorated with the order of the Blue Ribbon, we who love you crowd around with joyful pride, and bless God our hero has won the race.

No. 4—THE KING'S PALACE

(By B.L.C.)

Scripture: 1 Corinthians vi., 19, 20.

Once upon a time, and a long time ago, there was a good king, who ruled over a beautiful kingdom, and was greatly beloved by all his subjects. He had gold and silver in such abundance he just threw them in the dirt and left them there. He had diamonds and rubies in such profusion he did not even trouble to pick them up. He had flowers of every kind, fruits the rarest, singers the choicest; in fact, he had everything the heart could desire, except one thing. He wanted a house to live in, so one day he said: "I will build me a house." And he began to build the most wonderful house that ever was designed. No one else could build anything like it. It was exquisitely beautiful, it was marvellously compact, it was wonderfully convenient.

He built it three stories high, on two pillars or uprights. The lowest story was the kitchen, where all the cooking was done, for there were hundreds of little servants employed in the house, and they re-

quired a great deal of food, so the cooking had to go on all day long. But it was all done so quietly, and so methodically, that there was no confusion or disorder among the busy little servants. Everyone knew his work, and did it promptly and well.

The second story contained the machinery, and here, night and day, without stopping for a moment, the beautiful machinery worked merrily on, the steam power being supplied by those industrious little servants.

The whole house was fitted with hinges, and sometimes the house would tumble down; but it didn't hurt it a bit; for up it went again, three stories high, on two pillars.

The upper story was the most wonderful of all, although it was the smallest compartment.

Here the king put two beautiful windows of sparkling transparent crystal, and he draped them with silk-fringed curtains. Then he fashioned a marvellous pair of telephones, through which he could hear the whisper of the wind in the trees, the songs of the birds, the ripple of the water, the patter of the rain, the peels of thunder.

Next he affixed a ventilator to convey fresh air to every part of the building. Afterwards he put a thatched roof on the top of his house, and then he sat down to consider about the doorway.

In days gone by the cities of England were protected by massive stone walls to keep out the people who were eager to enter in to pillage. These walls and gateways had sentinels, and it was the duty of the sentinel to keep strict watch, and allow no one to approach who seemed at all suspicious. At times a traitor inside the gates would let the enemy in, and then there was terrible ruin wrought, and people were slain by the pitiless foe.

The good king who was building the beautiful house, knew that there was a cruel enemy in the land who hated him, and longed to make war upon him; so he had to think how to make a gateway that should let friends in and keep foes out. At last he decided to build firm outer walls, and then put a beautiful pair of solid white marble gates inside. Having done this, he put a little sentinel on duty, a little man in a red coat, who was always to be on duty, and never to open the gate to any dangerous-looking creature.

"Remember," said the king, "no one can unlock the gates from outside. You have sole charge over the entrance to my beautiful palace, so beware, I pray thee, and let not anyone in to hurt or injure the lovely building. Especially beware of the cruel giant who dwells over yonder. He can do no harm from *outside*, but if he once obtains an entrance he will wreck and ruin the home I have built with such loving care."

The sentinel proudly promised he would be true to his trust, and the king went away until the house should be ready to receive him.

While he was absent the enemy came, and a dreadful looking creature he was. He had lashes and scourges and bolts and bars with which to torture, and lead captive the victims he hoped to seize.

When he drew near to the lovely palace he stopped to reconnoitre. "It is a beautiful palace," he muttered, "but I am going to bring it to ruin. I've heard the king thinks more of his wonderful house than he thinks of the wealth of his kingdom, so it will break his heart if I can wreck this work of his hands, and I think I can. Where shall I begin?"

He found he could not get in through the hinges, or the windows, or the ventilators, or the roof; so he went off and disguised himself. Being a wizard, he

was able to dwarf himself, until he wasn't as big as your finger. Then he got into a crystal chariot, and attired in a pretty pink coat, he rode right up to the door and knocked. Cautiously the little sentinel peeped out, and there was a pretty, sparkling little creature in a beautiful carriage.

"If you please, sir," said the dwarf, "will you open the marble gates, that I may get into the king's house to repair a part that has got out of order?"

"No, thank you, sir! no, thank you!" replied the little sentinel, "I don't know who you are."

"Oh, I am one of the king's servants, one of his good creatures," replied the cunning dwarf, "and I am specially sent to mend a weak place in his building."

"The king, who built the house, is able to keep it in repair," replied the sentinel.

"He will be very angry if you don't let me in," persisted the dwarf. "See how pretty I am, and see how small I am; you needn't be afraid of me. If I were the big giant he warned you against, you would be doing right to keep me out, but such a little fellow as I could do no harm. Come, let me in, and if you find I am doing any damage, just turn me out again."

It was a dreadful mistake on the part of the sentinel to keep talking to the dwarf. He ought to have shut the gates, and locked them straight away. But as he parleyed, he began to be deceived; and,—oh, I am so sorry to tell you—he at last opened the gates, and actually invited the enemy to come in. The cruel creature entered at once, and ran down the passage into the kitchen, and began to kill the little servants. He went to the machinery, and put it all wrong. He went to the upper story, and worked such havoc that at last the beautiful house was in ruins on the ground. And the king came, and when he saw his

lovely house defiled in the dirt he wept over it, and said: "An enemy hath done this thing."

[Here take a boy, describe the house the king built —the human body; the enemy—strong drink; and then get all the children to solemnly repeat their pledge.]

TUG OF WAR BETWEEN TEMPERANCE AND STRONG DRINK

(By B. L. C.)

You have often played at tug-of-war, and I in my journeys around the world have watched with great interest the contests on board many ships I have travelled by; but there is a great tug-of-war going on in the world to-day between forces that make for good, and forces that make for evil, and I want to describe a vision I have had of the great struggle that is going on everywhere.

The Place.

Here is a mighty field, stretching far and wide. In the centre I see a great cross towering high. On either side of that cross are the Captains of the two teams.

The Contestants.

One, thorn-crowned, stands silent, strong, serene. He is watching, waiting vigilantly, steadfastly.

The other, flashing, glittering, dazzling, full of impatience and anxiety, frets and fumes and chafes, as the struggle proceeds.

"Who is on the right side?"

"I," trumpets the Elephant, crashing through jungle and forest.

"I," cries the Camel, padding swiftly across the desert."

"I," cries the shaggy Shetland Pony, trotting down the hill.

"I," cries the Monkey, swinging rapidly from branch to branch.

"I," sings the Bird from every forest, flying across space.

"I," say the Fish, swimming in every sea.

"I," say the Oak, the Maple, and the Pine.

"I," say the millions of beautiful flowers from every corner of the globe.

"I," rustles every shrub, and vine, and creeper.

"I," sweetly calls the fruit of every clime.

"I," says the grain in every field.

"I," peals the thunder-cloud, and "I," say all the Dews of Heaven.

"I," laughs the waterfall and the dancing rills.

And all creation shouts, and sings, and laughs, and trills in one great melodious chorus: "We are on the right side, and speed to join the tug-of-war."

When the Great Creator made the world of "land and water," He planned that the one great universal beverage should be beautiful water, and the whole vegetable world and animal world are true to God's decree with one exception, and that one exception is—Man.

Who Else is on Creation's Side?

Samson for physical strength, Daniel with intellectual power, John with spiritual courage, the Nazarites, the Rechabites, Godly men and women in all ages. Now an ever increasing number is gathering of every rank and degree, of creed and colour.

The statesman, the athlete, the doctor, the worker, the scientist, the thinker, are all laying hands on the rope. Temperance societies, churches, Sunday schools, hosts upon hosts, how they are flocking to the contest.

Who is on the other Side?

The enemy of mandkind is in command, and there

is the greedy lover of gain, the sensualist, ruled by appetite, the weak, the foolish, the ignorant, the base, the vile, with a sprinkling of men and women deceived and deceivers who know not what they do. Oh, what a multitude.

The Tug Begins.

"PULL," and every hand is laid on the rope.

"PULL," and the muscles begin to strain.

"PULL," and everyone is struggling, holding, hanging on.

"PULL," the Enemy is gaining.

"Why, oh why?"

Oh, he is not pulling fair. He has coiled his rope around the Hall of Legislature; he has hitched it to a pile of gold. "Stand clear!" "Pull off."

We'll have to bring every power to bear if victory is to be ours.

"PULL," O mother, father, friend, teacher, social worker, Pull, PULL, PULL. Little children, Temperance leaders, Bands of Hope, Scouts, Guides, Pull for God and right; but the enemy is gaining a fraction here, and a fragment there. Oh what shall we do—hands are bleeding, backs are breaking, feet are yielding. Help, help, help, all ye forces of mankind. All ye forces of righteousness—help.

A Hand is laid on our rope, the strain lessens; A Voice cries—"I have come to heal the broken-hearted —to set the captive free." A mighty grip on the rope, a stronger set of every nerve, a last tremendous effort, and the rope comes over.

A shout of rejoicing from all creation, the whirr of angels' wings in holy triumph, the songs of the Redeemed in Glory.

A faint and fagged, yet happy, band of victors circles round the cross, but lo a throne is there, and One

Who has made us more than conquerors is crowned in Majesty, and Love, and Power.

We sink at His feet, singing with all the myriad pulsing voices of a ransomed world—"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jehovah hath triumphed. His people are free."

The Tug of War is over, and the hosts of evil are flying back to the dark depths of perdition, and the Banner of Prohibition waves over a world at peace.

THE SUPPLIANT.

(By B. L. C.)

She came a Suppliant, bending low before the Throne,
Her tattered garments drawn around her shrinking form,
Her eyes downcast from Light that pierced her through,
Her heart one great appeal from judgment true.

"I come, O King, a thing of shame and blight,"
The sobbing voice was heard throughout those halls of light—
"I come defiled, and scorned, and spurned by men;
O King, I dare not touch Thy garment's hem.

"But, Oh! forgive, forgive, and I will go,
To mourn with countless tears my shame and woe.
No weak excuse I bring for sins so great,
But at Thy pierced feet a suppliant wait.

"Say only, Lord, that Thou wilt me forgive,
And I will deem it Heaven in Hell to live;
No punishment too great for one so vile,
No banishment too deep for all my guile;

"My body, that was meant as dwelling place
For all Thy purity, and power, and grace,
I sunk to depths of sin, and now, defiled,
I dare not hope to be Love's pardoned child.

"But if Thy matchless grace could whisper low,
'Forgiven,' O Lord, O Master, I would go
To earth's remotest bounds, far out of ken,
And, taught by shame and pain, sin not again."

Crouched low with penitence and anguish deep,
The broken heart in tears of blood did weep,
While all Heaven's choirs their wondrous music stilled
To hear the verdict that the Master willed.

THE IMPENITENT.

He came a conqueror proud, with martial tread,
With haughty soul and high uplifted head;
Ten thousand earthly trumpets pealed his fame;
On countless scrolls they blazoned forth his name.
Majestic, proud, imperious, near the Throne
The conqueror waited for rewards—his own.
But who this ragged one that blocked his way?
This shrinking form that, broken, prostrate lay?
With swift contempt he turned from one so stained,
A creature low that could but be disdained.

The Master said, "What mean those stains, where'er thy feet have trod,
Along thy earthly way, and on to courts of God?
Look back and say whose heart's blood marks the way
That thou hast trodden to these realms of day?"
The startled man looked down the streets so fair,
And, blanching, saw sin's awful witness there—
Red stains where he had stepped, the brightness marred
In shape and fashion as a woman's heart.
He looked upon the crushed one weeping near,
And saw again upon an earthly sphere
A trusting, loving, lovely one who gave
Her all to him the conqueror, she the slave;
But, quickly sated with excess of sin,
And she with now no power his love to win,
He tossed her down from one dark depth to worse,
Till holiness became her burning curse;
She, the defiled, sank swiftly out of ken,
While he arose a conqueror of men—
Forgotten she, as follies fade away,
But, horror, now confronting him this day.

The Master spoke—all Heaven the judgment heard,
And knew for both it was the final word:
"Arise, O woman, be thou not dismayed
To stand before him who thy trust betrayed;
Thy sin was great, for God did e'er design
Special protection from the courts Divine
To save the woman from the sins that blight,
And, through her, lift the race to realms of Light.
Temptation came in Love's seductive guise,
And blinded Wisdom's pure and piercing eyes,
But love is only love when from the heart of God it springs,
And lifts the lover and the loved above the taint of earth-born things.
You sinned;—for sin unwept no pardon lies
In Earth, or Hell, or Paradise;
But true repentance wins the power of Heaven.
Rise Magdalene, thy sins are all forgiven.

"And thou, O man, through time and through eternity,
Go back and let thy fruitless efforts be
To try and, unavailing, try again
To wash from off thy feet the awful stain.
Unclean, and haughty, proud, impenitent,
Thy endless, awful, self-inflicted punishment
To seek to cleanse the path thy feet have trod,
And know that thou canst never reach thy God.
No greater woe for unrepented sins than this:
Cast out, cast out, from Heaven's eternal bliss."

* * * * * *

"THOUGHTS FROM SERMONS and ADDRESSES"

"A Star guided the wise men to where the young child lay. May you be a star of Bethlehem to guide many to Christ. Remember your Mission is not to save, but to lead men to the Saviour. You must accept no offerings, no homage yourself, but show the People the One to whom the gold of Faith, the myrrh of Love, and the frankincense of holy deeds should be given."

"Don't have faith in faith, but have faith in God. Some seem to think that it is the greatness of their trust that is going to move the mountains. Not so. It is the greatness of their God that is going to do it. I like the story of the sweet old saint, who was asked, 'Are you the woman with the wonderful faith?' 'No,' she simply replied: but 'I am the woman with the wonderful Saviour.' "

"A great cable typifies the Women's Christian Temperance Union; every strand of which is a branch; every fibre an individual member. Woven together, weak women will form a cable strong enough to draw a whole world to the loving heart of God, one individual dropping out weakens the strand, a branch disbanding, takes away a whole strand, and the cable is proportionately injured."

"Yes, I should like to have money, for the sake of God's work, but I have learned not to make money-getting even a consideration of service. Satan is very subtle and cunning, and will at times deceive the very saints, by pretending to them they really only desire money for the sake of the good they might do with it. If money had been a necessity in spreading the Kingdom of Heaven, Jesus would have come to us, loaded with wealth. He came poor, to teach us that men and not money is the great need of every age. Seek first to spread the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; trust Him to keep the promise attached, but do not let the additions attached weigh with you in seeking to glorify your King."

"You are wearing a silk dress, Alice, and I like to see you in it, but have you ever given a thought to the little creature which spun that dress for you? Only a Caterpillar, a little silkworm dead long ago, living only long enough to help to make a covering for you. But its life though brief, was not in vain. You never saw the little creature, but you are the

richer for its short existence. I look down the ages yet to come, and I see nations clothed in the beautiful robe of purity and righteousness, and I look at myself and my beloved co-workers, and recognize that we are the caterpillars, weaving for them that glorious garment; our lives are so short, we shall die and be forgotten in a day, but the result of our lives shall be the beautifying and embellishing of greater lives to come. Can you say, then, that life is in vain? I tell you no, Beloved, life is a wonderful possession, and though on earth of short duration, can be made a glory for all time."

"You tell me not to work so hard. To do less that I may do more. Dear one, I cannot. I must work at full pressure if I work at all. Service is the very joy of my life, and the harder the work, the more I enjoy it. You say 'I will shorten my life at the rate I am going.' Amen! I had rather live well than live long. Angels count our lives, not by the years we spend, but by the good we do. May my life be measured divinely long, even if I die to-morrow."

"The more you forget self, the more will God remember you."

"Put yourself in a corner, if it will put someone else in the light."

"Prayer is not time lost, but power gained."

"There is nothing great and nothing small to our Father. He inspired the beloved disciple to write the wonderful Revelations showing the rise and fall of Empires, the overthrowing of Dynasties and the hidden things of Eternity. And He also directed the tender words, 'Salute the friends by name.' The loving consideration of others, the affectionate remembrance of absent friends was not to be overlooked in the greatness of the revelation given to John. The lesson comes home to us in these busy days when we are engaged in a great work. We must not be too busy

to remember the sweet little courtesies of life. A deed left undone may darken a day, a letter unwritten may shadow a life, a loving word unspoken may sadden a heart. 'Greet the friends by name.' Lord grant us Thy Holy Spirit to put us in continual remembrance of the little acts of love we owe to one another. If He who created the vast Universe could stoop to fringe the daisy, and paint the pansy, let no worker dare to think the greatness of his or her work a sufficient excuse for neglecting the tender little deeds that go to sweeten every day life" (3 John 14).

"For love is only love,
When from the heart of God it springs,
And lifts the lover and the loved,
Above the taint of earth-born things."

My tears are changed to rainbow glory in the sunlight of my Saviour's love.

" 'I cannot,' changes to 'I can'
When Jesus rules instead of man."

Money gained through trading on the vices or weaknesses of our people, will recoil with crushing force upon our own souls.

There is a glad day coming, as soon as we have learned that *God* and not *money* is the Supreme Power.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." O, faithless servant that I am, I am saying it by my life oftentimes.

Bring everything to the crucible of God's will. Sorrow not when the fire consumes the dross, the Refiner of *silver* is sitting near.

There will never be a better time to work for God than to-day.

It is so difficult to prevent one's self being influ-

enced by what everyone is saying. When the populace cried, "Crucify Him," there was no one brave enough to cry, "Crown Him."

Wells of joy have ever sprung up for me in the deserts of suffering.

I belong to God, and if He commands me to rule an empire I will do so; or if he bids me fill waterpots, I will cheerfully fill them to the end of my days.

The maid in the kitchen is as necessary as the mistress in the drawing-room; so scour pots, or receive guests, just as the King wishes.

Rules are made to help and guide societies, but there should be no slavish adherence to rules and regulations, when such would mean the hindrance of God's work. Generally, it will be found advisable to adhere to rules, but an occasion may arise when it would be infinitely better to set aside all rule and precedent and—strike out.

Be a lantern to light some wanderer, rather than an electric light to dazzle and blind.

Try to convince, never to confound.

I'll weave a ladder of love out of the thongs that have scourged me.

Stumbling blocks have ever proved to me mounting-steps to the Secret Place of the Most High.

God's measureless Might is only equalled by His limitless Love.

Keep very close to Jesus if you would bring sinners close to Him.

Talk much *with* God, if you want to speak *for* God.

Don't dazzle by your brilliancy, but enlighten by your clearness.

Enthusiasm is spiritual steam.

Pile on the coals of prayer, fill up with the water of love, couple on the trucks and carriages, get up

steam and go ahead, praising God you are an enthusiast.

When Leslie was thirteen years old, another little son came to Alice, and was named Eric Ian Allen Macdonald. We all felt that the little stranger was a very special gift from God, and I had a kind of feeling that this bonny boy belonged to me in a larger measure than did the other children. I claimed him for the mission field, and Alice concurred. When Eric was about one year old, the whole family left Victoria and settled in Auckland, where Edie became a school teacher, and the two boys farmers. The lad grew handsome in form, and gifted in mental endowments, with a modest, chivalrous manner that was most winning. He carried off high honours at school, and at a very early age was ready for university. With joy I invested some of my Lord's money in the lad, praying he might return it with multiplied interest in the mission field. Alice brought him to Dunedin, intending to take care of him till he had passed through his course as a medico. Alas, my dear little friend herself was stricken down with a fell disease a week after my reaching home. We cared for her with infinite love, but after a severe operation she had to be taken home by Edie, to Auckland. Again, again, and yet again the deadly sarcoma grew, until after the third operation she refused to go through any further torture with the surgeon's knife. Eric was finishing his last year, when there came the most heroic struggle for life I ever saw. Four months the dauntless mother fought with death, that no sorrow might interfere with her boy's final exams. Day after day we thought her frail little body must succumb. No food could be taken in any way, no drink of water even, just the moistening of her parched lips, thirty days passed by. "Can she hold out, doctor, till Eric gets through?" The doctor shook his head. "I have

known cases to go forty days, but she is already so weakened that it seems impossible." The forty days passed, fifty days, sixty days. We prayed that the few more days might come and go quickly. Eric passed every examination splendidly, and hastened to his mother's side. It was Saturday morning when he arrived. She had lived to see her dreams realized, Eric through his medical course, her two other boys most happily married, her daughter a successful teacher, and now she could go to rest. On the following Thursday, after the bravest battle that ever was fought, the gentlest, truest of my friends closed her eyes, and folded her weary hands in rest. On Christmas Eve she was cremated; and my soul sang glad songs of gratitude that Alice was with her beloved Lord on Christmas Day. Eric was called to the Auckland Hospital on January 1st, 1924, and only the One who holds the key of all unknown can tell what his future career will be.

"God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands had held the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad, I might be sad."

I was in Bannockburn holding a meeting, and seeing with great interest the land of Robert Bruce. The rain was falling heavily as the minister took me to the waiting vehicle, and I was amused at the grave, brief salutations on the way. A man stood in the low door-way of his small cottage, looking out upon the dripping skies and muddy streets.

"Saft, Tammas," said the minister.

"Aye, saft," replied Tammas.

I simmered with amusement, for I was realizing it was "saft" inches deep.

A woman came running after me with a fine sprig

of white heather for the "leddy from Australia." I gladly accepted it, and, too busy to write a letter, enclosed it in an envelope with the words, "From Bonnie Scotland to Scotland's bonnie daughter," and posted it at once to dear Isa Marwick at Sydney.

The acknowledgment came back in due time from "John Marwick." "The sprig of white heather from the land she loved the best, and the friend she loved the dearest, came the day after Isa's death, and was laid on her breast, and buried with her."

Through dripping tears, I thanked God for the inspiration that had led to that flower's being in time for my Isa's burial.

"BUILDERS WITH GOD"

The children of Israel had never seen a tabernacle, so they knew not how to build it. Its shape, fashion, materials, decorations, appointments, were all unknown to them, and God knew this. So He called a man of special ability, and endued him with wisdom from on high. He taught him and trained him, and placed the work in his hands, and Bezaleel was then able to teach others. The people brought willing offerings (Ex. xxxvi. 5-7), and the wise-hearted men wrought in the work, and the beautiful Tabernacle became an accomplished fact, a monument of God's wisdom, wrought out by men's hands. The women also had a share in the great work (xxxv. 22, 25, 26, 29), just as they had in after years in the repairing of the walls of Jerusalem (Nehem. iii., 12). To-day the children of God are called to do a great work for Him. We are ignorant and weak, but "He maketh wise the simple" and "to them that have no might He increaseth strength." The wise-hearted men are nobly responding to God's call; the women are coming forward, and soon the Tabernacle shall appear in the wilderness. Every soul we win from Drink's

slavery is a monument to God: every little child enrolled in the Temperance Army is on the way to being a Bezaleel—a builder for Jehovah. Have *you* heard the *call*, dear reader? Have you obeyed it? *Pray*, PRAY, PRAY. Let your Jacob's ladder rise wherever you are when reading this. Send up the angels of faith, of love, and hope, and yearning, to bring down the angels of joy and gladness and peace to those around you. Next you will be ready for work, and God will then tell you some things you can do. But remember to pray now, for without God you can do *nothing*, and He will be inquired of.

"My friends, the largest society in the world is the society of Do-nothings, their motto is, 'I mind my own business,' and their daily prayer, 'God bless me and my wife, Brother John and his wife, we four and no more. Amen!' As Miss Willard pithily puts it, they belong to the people of the past, who adopted as their maxim, 'Every man for himself and devil take the hindmost.' A new race is springing up with this more holy creed for daily life. 'Every man for his brother that there be no hindmost for the devil to take.' If you belong to the 'do-nothings,' leave them at once, and join the 'serve-one-anothers,' whose motto is, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business,' and whose daily prayer as exemplified by their daily lives, is 'Thy kingdom come.' "

"It's all very fine to sing, 'Rescue the perishing,' and then while the man is drowning in front of you, sit down and wait for someone else to throw the rope to him. 'To the work, to the work, let the hungry be fed,' is a beautiful hymn, but how are the hungry going to be fed, when you let the collection plate pass, without putting the price of a loaf of bread in it. 'To the fountain of life let the weary be led,' sounds sweet, but you must help to make roads for tired feet

to pass along. 'There are people so mean in this world,' says Mr. Cox, 'that they won't pay for the wood that they wear off the church seats.' A man will unmurmuringly spend a penny a day in smoke, one pound ten and five pence in twelve months, and look positively insulted if asked for ten shillings a year for Home or Foreign Missions. He will ungrudgingly stake five shillings on a horse he knows nothing about, and then piously talk of hard times, and the mysterious dealings of Providence, when asked to subscribe one shilling and sixpence towards a religious paper. He will ask if you think he is a millionaire when you appeal for half-a-crown for some struggling family, and read you a lecture an hour long, on the sinfulness of your expecting a man in his circumstances to look after any but number one, but he will spend five pounds in giving that number one an annual treat without a murmur."

I believe I am of such incalculable importance that with me God could shake the whole world, but I also believe that I am so utterly insignificant that God's work would not suffer a jot if I died to-day.

They are as well matched as a violet and a nettle would be in a nosegay. You cannot get the fragrance of the one, for the sting of the other.

I am not content to *be* good, I want also to *do* good, and that not a little, but the utmost God places in a sinner's power to do.

If there is a light in the room, it shines through the window. May the windows of your soul brightly shine with the light of Christ's love in your heart.

Our days fly by as a weaver's shuttle. Yes, but every time the shuttle flies across, it carries a thread with it. There are millions of threads in a roll of flannel or calico, so there are millions of lives in God's great world; each life indispensable in the weaving of His design. Some of the threads tangle, and so mar

the beauty and strength of the whole. May God give us grace to make our lives straight threads in the web and woof of His will.

Pass on at once every sweet thought and word you have opportunity for. Don't delay. Lemonade must be drunk while it sparkles; bread must be eaten while it is fresh; flat beverages and mouldy bread are not only distasteful but unwholesome.

It is far easier for an active mind to say, "Thy *work* be done" than "Thy *will* be done."

The Women's Christian Temperance Union is tying love knots round the world's great heart.

Some people excuse themselves for their lack of growth in spirituality, by saying, "A great deal depends on temperament." Now that is not so. The God who created the individual temperament, is equal to the individual requirement. I agree that different means may be necessary to fully develop the highest types of Christ in different people, but to make out that God is able to raise one person to a glorious position of bright happy trust, and not able to raise another because of that other's clouded temperament, is to lessen the *power*, as well as the *love* of God. Whatever your temperament, whatever your inborn or acquired propensities, "my God is able to supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Remember, not somebody else's need, but your need. That is a promise to each individual, no matter what the temperament may, or may not be.

"His yoke is easy, His burden is light."

If only we would take the Scriptures as they stand, instead of reading in our own interpretations, how much happier we should be. How often we read as our whole duty, "Thou shalt *work* for God, with thy whole heart and mind and strength," but the Scriptures stand, "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God," etc.,

We make of love's silken fetters, iron chains of bondage, and then chafe and fret at their weight. Oh, dear tired heart, give up the weary *working* and content thyself with *loving*, only loving, with all thy heart and soul, then shalt thou find that His yoke is easy, His burden is light.

I am so glad that when God gave the world to man He retained some power Himself. If He had entrusted the sun and the clouds to man's management we should have had syndicates for sunbeams, and limited liability companies for rain. Everybody would have to pay the price or go short. Praise God we have these blessings from Him without money and without price.

Self-conquest is a far grander platform to stand on than self-indulgence.

Remember you sink not your individuality when you join an organization. You, not your society, will be responsible to God for what you do, or leave undone. If God calls you to do a work, don't attempt to slip out of it by saying, "Our Society does not take up that department," or "Our Society does not care for that kind of work." *You* were called, not your *Society*, and you alone will stand before the Judgment bar.

This life is the first breath of Eternity.

Win people's hearts if you wish to win their souls.

When self is really dead, then, and not till then can Christ really live.

To take offence may please a little mind,
To stoop so low, a greater's not inclined.

Is your Christianity, Christ in active operation?

Growing old! Nay, growing fast towards perpetual youth. Grey hairs a sign of age and decay? Nay,

every silver streak has caught from Heaven a brighter ray.

Flowers.

God's thoughts of love to us, took shapes of beauty, and blossomed into flowers.

The *child* of God can never be the *victim* of circumstances.

I would like my heart to be God's phonograph into which He could continually whisper words of blessing. When the cylinder is set in motion by the hand of circumstances, may every tone of love, of cheer, of stimulus or warning be faithfully reproduced, and may every listener reverently say, "It is the Father's voice, we will hear and live."

IN GOD'S SCHOOL.

Some of us are dull scholars, and although we have been going to school a long time, we are only in the ABC class still. The ABC class is where we thoroughly learn that Christ is our Saviour. That is the very first lesson the young Christian learns; it is the root and ground-work of all that is to follow. Next we are put into the second class, where we shape letters into words, prayers into deeds; we spell out words of one syllable only, G-o-d i-s l-o-v-e. A child must always learn to spell before it begins to write, but having learned to spell the above three little words, we are then taught to shape them on the pages of our lives. We succeed in a measure, and find ourselves in the enviable position of being entrusted with a copy book. We are so proud that we are considered old enough, and clever enough to be able to write in a copy book, and we spell out the first beautiful head-line, written by an unerring hand, "Love your enemies."

We take up our pen, but feel frightened at the

great task before us. It is our heart's blood we are dipping the pen into, as we try to copy the beautiful clear headline; and we go over the line and under the line, we blot the page, we erase, we draw our pen through one word which has got so strangely twisted that it reads, "Love your *friends*," then we erase another word which seems only decipherable as "Hate your enemies." Oh! what a blotted, dirty page at last saddens us, as we look at the lesson marring the clean white copy book, so recently placed in our hands.

The next day, with new resolves, we turn the page. Ah, here is a pure, clean sheet, we will do better this time. What is the headline? "Pray for them that despitefully use you." There's a hard word in that copy, we have not learned to spell it correctly, so we make it up with other letters, and it reads, "Pray for them which kindly use you." Ah! but that's not the correct copy, so we try again. But what is this terribly illegible line marring the whole page. It's crooked letters really look like, "Lord, repay evil for evil to those who offend me." We lay down the pen in despair, for in front of us is a page all blotted and smeared and sullied. We wish we could tear the whole leaf out of the book, so that the Master's eye should never see the dreadful blunders and mistakes we have made in every line. But we cannot; the leaf is firmly fastened in our life's history by the wire of fate, we cannot get it out.

But the dear kind Teacher is bending over us; His gentle voice is saying, "Ah! that is a difficult lesson, my little child, I will help you with it." He takes our hand in His and guides the pen, and through the blinding tears we see the letters shaping, "Bless them which curse you." While He guides our wayward little fingers, all is well, but we tremble and weep again when He leaves us to manage the lesson

ourselves. It is His voice again, as we despairingly cry, "We can never do it." "Come here, my little child," He softly says, "I will set the lesson in another way. Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

We take up our pen and dip it in the ink-well of love, and say, "Oh! we must add just two little words, and then we shall be able to manage that lesson." With the additional words it reads, "Be not overcome of evil, but *try* to overcome evil with good." We are in real earnest now, to make our lesson presentable, but our Master comes and firmly draws His pen through our added words, and we have to begin all over again.

The third class we come to is where arithmetic is taught. Multiplication of good, addition of joys, subtraction of evil, division of sorrows. We make great errors in our calculations, and often have to go to the teacher with "Answers proved wrong." At times we have to be punished for our wilful stupidity, but the punishment causes us to learn and ever remember how to do the sum, and we forget the pain in the victory. On and on we go in God's school. He never keeps us in one class after we are ready for a higher.

At last we come to the highest class of all, the "Stand aside class." Over the door of our class-room we read the inscription, "He that would be greatest among you, let him be as the least." There are mottoes all over the walls. "In humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honour and life." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "By love serve one another," etc. We enter in, and by the time we have learned to stand aside that others may occupy foremost positions, the Master comes and says, "Your schooling days are over, Come now and I will make you ruler over many things."

ANYONE receiving this book is asked to pray that it may win souls for the Saviour's Kingdom, and workers for His Vineyard.

If you would like to help circulate copies, they are 4/0 each, ($1.) postage extra.

If you do not wish to pay for this copy, please read it, and pass it on to a Sunday school library, or circulate it where it will do good.

Yours in the Master's glorious service,

MRS. B. HARRISON LEE COWIE.

"THE AMETHYST"

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