

John Knox McEwen AND **Pioneer Work in the Maritimes**



BY JOHN T. DICKSON

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To
MISS ISABELLE SIMPSON
*who encouraged the writing of this
book and gave valuable assistance in
gathering information, this volume is
gratefully dedicated.*

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The author wishes to express his appreciation to all those who have helped in the writing of this book by supplying information and recounting incidents in the life of Mr. John Knox McEwen. He is especially indebted to Mr. Charles McEwen who submitted personal articles and memoirs of his father.

It is the sincere desire of the author that this book may prove a blessing to all who read it, and that the life of this man of God may be an inspiration and an example to many.

J. T. DICKSON

FOREWORD

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Thus wrote the famous poet, Longfellow, towards the middle of the last century. But it has required the pen of the biographer to trace the *footsteps* of this great man of God—John Knox McEwen—in the service of his Lord and Master. This the author has done in his own heart-warming and inimitable style. The life story of this honored servant of Christ will bring an inner glow of sanctified admiration as you read what God has wrought through him.

Footprints—of God's unfailing care under every circumstance.

Footprints—of the emancipating power of the Gospel of Christ.

Footprints—of the Holy Spirit's guidance in the establishing of New Testament churches at home and abroad.

All—a signal honor to the memory of John Knox McEwen.

“Whose faith follow,” Hebrews 13:7.

W. HERBERT MARSHALL

CHAPTER 1

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

One bitterly cold morning in the winter of 1883, a stranger alighted from a train in Amherst, Nova Scotia. Upon arriving, the burden of his prayer was that God would make his coming a blessing to many. Little did he realize that his name was to become a household word throughout the province of "New Scotland." This stranger, John Knox McEwen, had left the land of his forebears to bring the message of God's great salvation to the vast country across the sea. In tracing his past, we find much in his godly heritage to lead to his present path of service for the Lord.

Early in the nineteenth century, a family named McEwen lived in Dromore, County Down, Northern Ireland. These were honorable people with high ideals as to conduct of life. They were by persuasion "Covenanters," a denomination which in earlier times had suffered bitter persecution because of their loyalty to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. The truth of being born again was preached by them with no uncertainty as was Godly living.

At that time there was at least one son in the McEwen family in Dromore. His parents had taken the solemn vows that were required when they presented him to be chris-

tened, to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Being serious and devout, they sought to fulfill their obligation to the best of their ability. His given name was John and early in life he manifested the same honest and devout characteristics as his forebears.

The Lord's Day, mostly called "the Sabbath Day," was held in high esteem among the Covenanters. Children were taught early in life to refrain from all games on that day. Likewise the adults were to abstain from manual labor, except work of necessity and mercy. Even conversation about business was eliminated by those who were in Christ. In place of this, the Scriptures were read in the family circle, Psalms were sung, and the Catechism was expounded. All this as well as attendance at the regular church services gave them a full day in a religious atmosphere. Truly in these days of great laxity regarding the Lord's Day, when it is being used by the world as a day of pleasure and riotous living, and when some christians at times seem to have little regard for the resurrection day, there ought to be exercise of heart in this respect. The law of the land has made it a day of freedom from the usual employment and our opportunities are great for serving the Lord in the Gospel and in ministering the Word to fellow-believers. But especially is it the day when believers assemble together to show forth the Lord's death till He come. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it," Psalm 118:24.

John grew up to young manhood in such surroundings, was evidently of a serious mind and subject to parental authority. He was gifted above many as a singer and acquired an education in music. He rejoiced greatly when the elders of the congregation asked him to sing in the choir.

His father sent him to a tailor shop to become an apprentice and after some years he started a business of his own. John McEwen was very honest and conscientious in deal-

ing with the public. One of his relatives said, "John would walk for miles if he owed a man a penny to pay that debt," and was just as exacting the other way.

It was to him a day of high honor when he was chosen to become Precentor in the choir, a position which he held for many years. He also gave singing lessons in the area.

John married Anne Graham, and she was at one with her young husband in his religious convictions and also in his business undertakings. He inherited much of the strict and religious training of his forebears. This was seen in the discipline he established in his own home. He held the outstanding, early preachers of Scotland in high esteem and more than one of his sons bore the name of some distinguished divine.

The long line bearing the family name who were Covenanters gave him no little pleasure as he and his wife presented their first born to be christened in the church according to the usual custom. He was named William Renwick and, like their forefathers, Mr. and Mrs. McEwen took the vows that were required at such a time, and they earnestly desired to fulfill the solemn obligations they had taken that day.

In 1853 another son was born in the McEwen family and the usual baptismal service was performed. He was given the name John Knox. If this name had been given by prophecy it could not have been more appropriate because, in the long years that followed his conversion, John Knox McEwen bore many marks of his illustrious namesake—bold and fearless in his testimony for God.

The family circle consisted of seven sons and two daughters, but John Knox was the close companion of his oldest brother. Mr. McEwen was very exacting and his word of authority was felt in the household. William seemed to have had wayward inclinations and often disobeyed his father's rigorous rule. The drums had a special charm for

him. When a procession went down the village street in the summer evenings making that familiar sound, crowds gathered from all directions. William, like many other boys, forgot all about the lectures he had received and the threats of severe punishment if found disobeying the parental command to stay away from such gatherings. William was off at the first sound and John Knox followed, fully enjoying all that was to be heard and seen with the fife and drum. But when the excitement was over and the two boys started for home knowing well what was in store, gloom would spread over their hilarious adventure.

CHAPTER 2

THE STORY OF HIS CONVERSION

As a boy John Knox was quick and impulsive with a sense of humor that made him a favorite with his companions. Parental restraint kept him in bounds and his religious training had its effect. The Sunday School and church services occupied his time on the Lord's day. No whistling or amusement of any kind was allowed.

John Knox was made a Sunday School teacher and he felt it quite a responsibility to be an instructor of the young. He had an examination before the minister and elders, and passed as a fit person to take the communion and, with much reverence, he sat down with others and partook of the bread and wine.

This religious devotion increased for he began to visit the sick. He read the Scriptures to them and then got down on his knees and prayed for them. No doubt to many he appeared a very promising young man and one who might shine some day as a minister of their church.

The religious part was only one side of the life of John Knox McEwen. He was still in the world and enjoyed its pleasures. Like his father, he was very musical and used his talent not only in the church but in many social gather-

ings which made him very popular. His brother, William R., said to me one day, "John Knox delighted to walk before the Orange procession on the Twelfth of July morning playing his fife for the Orangemen." At twenty-one years of age he was pretty well satisfied with his religious attainments but was still a stranger to God.

The year 1874 was marked by a special visitation of God in the city of Belfast. Through the American evangelists, Moody and Sankey, many souls were saved and the interest spread to towns and villages around. Messrs. James Campbell and James W. Smith had also seen the power of God manifested in several places for over a year. The preachers opened up a work in Dromore. Very bitter opposition marked the meetings from the start until, as Mr. McEwen described it, "an uproar was heard all over the village, stones and mud flew in all directions." Just as in the city of Ephesus long ago, when the Gospel was preached and many believed and confessed Christ, the evil books were publicly burned and "so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed," Acts 19:20. But when the devil raged and the multitude came together, we read in the thirty-second verse, "Some therefore cried one thing and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together."

Confusion also was seen in Dromore but there were many trophies of grace. The great change wrought in many lives was so convincing that many proclaimed, "We never saw it on this fashion." The Word of God proclaimed by these two Scotsmen was clothed with power. As someone said, "Their preaching made the stoutest heart to tremble," and many believed and turned to the Lord.

John Knox McEwen attended the meetings and was moved by the Holy Ghost—he had a terrible awakening. His religious activities looked to him now as "filthy rags." He often said, "I was nothing but a Christless sinner on the way

down to hell.” This startling discovery was a surprise to all who knew him but a greater surprise to himself. A young man who was a companion of his and a skeptic was awakened and saved at the meetings. His life before conversion was well known to John Knox, but the marvelous change wrought in his friend made McEwen even more sure that he was building on the sand.

However, the happy day dawned upon him. Using his own words again, “I began to examine the foundation on which I was resting my soul for eternity and found it nothing but sinking, shifting sand. The Word of God took every prop from me and I was left without a shred to hide me from a sin-hating God. Standing on the brink of an eternal hell, with nothing but the thread of life to keep me out of it, not knowing what to do or where to turn I was pointed to that verse which has given many a poor sinner rest to their weary soul—John 3:16, ‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.’ Blessed words, yes! Those who are saved alone know the blessedness of such a message.”

It was in a cottage meeting the great transaction took place. The words of John 3 had fallen as balm upon his guilty conscience. The newborn soul arose and, walking around that farmer’s kitchen, his tongue seemed loosed as he sang:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

The peace and joy that filled his heart was boundless. It was truly to him the beginning of days and the first month of a new year.

When he entered the barn where James W. Smith was holding forth the Word of Life on the following night, a

large crowd was listening to the wonderful story of grace. The preacher stopped, called out to the young man who had just come in, "John, are you saved yet?" He was rather startled by such a question in such a public manner. He replied, "Yes, Mr. Smith, thank God I am saved." "Come up here and tell us about it." The newborn soul ascended the platform and, with shaking body and trembling voice, he told how God saved him.

The inward change wrought in the heart of this young man was wonderful. Peace with God was to him like heaven already begun. There was a hunger now for the Word of God, a thirst for things unseen. This became like the manna that fell on the desert sand for Israel and the water from the great depths. Nourished and refreshed by God's great provision, he felt a constraining power to testify boldly to relatives, friends, and neighbors as to what the Lord had done for him.

Although his family circle were by profession members of a church that had light from God in the past and had suffered persecution, yet this living manifestation of Christ seen in this newborn soul drew forth bitter opposition. He was censured for what they called presumption in being sure he was saved and ready for heaven.

Believer's baptism was taught as the command from the risen Lord in Matthew 28. This caused further opposition and made the Covenanters and Presbyterians resent such teaching, calling it utterly false. But many who had been saved during the great revival in 1859 and subsequent years, were being greatly revived in soul and enlightened as the Scriptures of truth were opened up by these servants of Christ.

These people declared openly that infant sprinkling was not found in the Bible and that many were being deceived by that doctrine. One evening in the open river many were "baptized, both men and women." James W. Smith stood

in the water and one after another went down and were baptized. It came to John Knox McEwen's turn. Mr. Smith addressed him, "John, you have died with Christ and this is the day of your burial: buried to the world, its sins, its pleasures, its ambitions, and its politics, but raised to serve Him in newness of life."

There are few we have ever known who so literally fulfilled what was shown forth in figure in his baptism. A clean cut from the world in all its forms and ways and a living union with Christ in glory. This continued with unabated zeal for seventy years until the earthly tabernacle was taken down.

CHAPTER 3

EARLY CHRISTIAN LIFE

In Hebrews chapter three the apostle speaks of the saints as “partakers of the heavenly calling” and exhorts them to consider the Apostle and High Priest of their confession, Christ Jesus. It is truly a deep well, and saints down the ages have drunk deeply at this life-sustaining fountain. Our calling is heavenly; therefore, our walk in the world should correspond with such a position while we are daily sustained by the ministry of our Great High Priest, the One who has passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.

The young man whose life and labors we are seeking to trace was a living example of this high calling. Not only separated by the cross of Christ from the deception of this age, but as a heavenly man, Christ was magnified in his body. He sought the fellowship of a little company who were gathering in the Name of our Lord Jesus. He was coming in and out among them in harmony with what was believed and taught.

True conversion is always tested and this young believer whose heart was aglow for Christ was soon to find himself in the devil’s sieve. His conversion, baptism, and gathering in the Name of the Lord in assembly testimony drew forth

bitter opposition in his home. His parents felt that they were disgraced.

He was a tailor like his father and had opened a business of his own in Dromore. Failure seemed to mark this effort and he found himself in deep waters. Unable to pay his debts, he felt the terrible strain as he was well known by all in the town. He became afraid to tell anyone he was saved. Taking down the sign, he left town but he cried nightly unto God, and worked day and night until every penny of his debt was paid in full.

The heart of brother McEwen was filled with joy and praise to God. His first bit of service then was to hang a Scripture text outside his landlady's door which was read by passers-by. He then sent for a bundle of stirring gospel tracts and went from door to door for two days until every house in town had received a silent messenger.

The following Christmas morning, while out walking with a friend, he met a Presbyterian elder and felt a desire to give him a tract but was rather timid. However, he gave the gentleman a tract who thanked him heartily and this gave him much encouragement. He said afterwards that from that time on he looked upon it as a special service for the Lord to distribute tracts.

Soon after this brother McEwen went to Belfast to take up a special course that would make him more proficient in his calling. He desired then to go to London for the same purpose. In speaking with an aged disciple, he told him what he had before him. The aged brother merely asked, "Did you ever read Jeremiah 45:5?" Looking up the Scripture he found, "And seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." These words together with a hymn sung by a colored man from St. Helena, "Go work today in my vineyard," changed the whole course of our brother's life. The Lord's vineyard became his only concern. Sometimes all alone and again with others, he would take his stand in

the market square or on the village green and sing a gospel hymn that seldom failed to gather a crowd, and then preach the glorious gospel of Christ.

His first attempt to take a meeting alone indoors was in a barn owned by a widow and it was situated next to a saloon. Our brother described these meetings and two things that marked them from the very first night—first, the presence of God, and second, the fierce opposition of the devil. But God was with him and there were triumphs for Christ.

He then rented a kitchen on the main road and it was crowded every night. He preached with a co-laborer and God gave them the joy of seeing not a few souls saved. One Lord's Day morning in the open air he baptized thirteen believers and an assembly was formed.

The baptisms were the climax and the fury of the religious element was very manifest. Orangemen and Romanists for the time being sunk their differences in order to oppose what they looked upon as heresy. Some of the more vile members stormed the meeting one Saturday night, ordered Mr. McEwen to put on his coat for the last time and come out. Two friends carried him safely into another room. The only window in the room where the saints remembered the Lord was pulled out that night and, as described by brother McEwen, "We celebrated the glorious triumphs of Christ without a window and there were few dry eyes at the table." Amid much persecution the little assembly grew in grace. A fervent spirit with wholehearted devotion to Christ was seen among them.

Another barn was secured and once more a great interest was seen and the hand of God was stretched out in saving power. Precious souls were saved so that as of old, "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

CHAPTER 4

GOING FORTH IN THE LORD'S SERVICE

Mr. McEwen found it impossible to continue preaching every night, visiting daily, and carrying on his own business at the same time. In the few short years since his conversion he had commended himself to the Lord's people generally, and to the Lord's servants who were used in his salvation. Moreover, he had to his account souls born again, whose lives were transformed, and at least one assembly planted.

He received the hearty commendation of brethren Campbell and Smith in his purpose. He went forth as he often said, "not on faith lines, but on the faithfulness of God." "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" was often a stay to this busy worker who had cast his all at Jesus' feet and was giving God a full day.

Writing of those early experiences he said, "Few assemblies in the country were exercised about having fellowship in the gospel with younger preachers. Indeed, we were looked upon with suspicion even by christians."

With bodily ailments weighing him down, his menu at

times not elaborate, and often not knowing where to lay his head at night, he was severely tested. All this was involved in treading the path of faith, and cast him much upon the Lord in those early days. In the years that followed as Mr. McEwen journeyed from one country to another, he bore in his measure the marks of a minister of Christ enumerated by the Apostle Paul in II Corinthians 6:4-10, "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses. In stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, . . . By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; As unknown, and yet well known: . . . as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'"

Young brethren exercised before God about being fully engaged in the Lord's work at home or abroad might ponder earnestly that high standard and also reflect on how it was manifested by esteemed brethren now at home with the Lord.

Amid all the tumults Mr. McEwen was exceedingly joyful, aglow for Christ and for His sake counting all things but dung and dross. One night he had preached with his usual zeal and at the close he had no place to go. An old man who was a hand-loom weaver asked him, "Where are you going?" "I have not decided yet," said the preacher. "You can share my bed," was the hearty reply, and he gladly accepted. Next morning he started off to walk seventeen miles. The aged saint left him along the way and, from an old clasp purse, he took out half a crown (thirty cents) and said with tears, "I am giving this to God." After leaving him the servant of Christ wept and sang along the way for joy.

Securing a place to preach among Unitarians, he found fierce opposition from the start and he was handled roughly—even having hands laid upon him on Lord's day after the

meeting. A widow invited him to preach in her kitchen on Monday night. The place was filled with people who appeared anxious to listen. While he was praying at the beginning, the door opened and a few rotten eggs went "splash" on his head. Some old women wiped him off with a cloth and, after getting the audience quiet again, once more he lifted up his heart in prayer to God. He prayed especially for the disturbers and that God might manifest His power when, once more, he was covered with rotten eggs. The lady who had invited him begged him not to go out as they might kill him. He remained in the kitchen all night, and the next morning the son of the widow asked him to leave quietly because of the attitude of the people.

A walk of five miles brought him to the railway station and once more the faithful worker was busy passing out tracts to the passengers on the train. One woman, when she saw what was handed her, became furious and pounded him with her fists so that his face began to swell and all in the coach laughed and cheered loudly. Mr. McEwen said long afterwards, "The words of Christ had a meaning to me that morning I never felt before. 'I gave my back to the smiters and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair,' Isaiah 50:6."

CHAPTER 5

BELFAST

The city of Belfast continued to be a very fruitful field for gospel activity, and Mr. McEwen became much exercised about getting the Word of God before the multitudes in the streets. He pitched a tent in a populous section and adopted the method of Mr. John Hambleton in getting large bills made up like those for a theater. He went to different stores, some of which were saloons, and asked the merchants as politely as he could to give the notices a place in the window. Many stopped to read the strange messages such as "The great and terrible Day of the Lord" in such a strange place beside the whiskey bottles in the show case. These bills served a twofold purpose: first, getting the word of God before the public and secondly, advertising his meetings.

Next to open air work, Mr. McEwen most enjoyed preaching in a canvas tent. This was a novelty in those days. One young woman, while passing, called it "that Calico Church." Interest increased as he told forth the gospel each night, and his next move was to get large texts of Scripture printed on sheets of paper. Then a board with a round pole at either end was prepared to carry it. When this device was

finished and the paper neatly pasted on either side of the board, it gave him much joy. But when he and another brother began to carry it through the streets and the crowd gathered to read the startling words, "Flee from the wrath to come" and "Christ died for the ungodly," his joy was boundless. However, the cross was evidently too much for his helper for as many were passing they cast slighting remarks, and when they reached the tent with it Mr. McEwen was left alone.

Just then young William Matthews, who afterwards became a well known evangelist and fellow-labourer of Mr. James Campbell, came along. As he read the text, his face beamed and he said, "Praise the Lord, John, this is splendid!" "Yes," was the reply, "but I have no one to take the other end." Matthews said with delight, "I'll help you, come along." They started off with their silent but soul-searching message. These brethren, being excellent singers, marched at a slow pace, singing:

God loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the fall,
Salvation full at highest cost
He offers free to all!

In a very short time about one thousand people were following. Seeing a vacant lot on the main street they planted their banner there and the people listened with rapt attention while our brethren preached the glorious gospel.

The next day Mr. McEwen went to a christian merchant to see if he had a donkey cart. He had just what he wanted. Striking texts were soon pasted all over the cart and he wheeled it into the street. Again he had difficulty in finding a helper to pull it along. One brother volunteered and once more the crowds grew and increased. They pulled the moveable pulpit into another vacant lot. The merchant, who had followed with the crowd, took off his silk hat, climbed into the cart, and preached the gospel to a most

attentive audience. The power of God was manifested and on the streets and in the tent many sinners were melted under the preaching and were won for Christ.

The businessmen of the Exchange became a burden upon his heart and he wondered how he could get the Word of God before them. His good friend, William Matthews, being somewhat of an artist gladly painted some texts on his large umbrella. He covered it with such messages as "The wages of sin is death" and "Peace through the blood." Then he walked up and down before the building so that his texts might be read by the men whom he longed to reach with the gospel.

This umbrella became a novel sight all over the city. The evening paper had a long editorial about it and this helped to create a deeper interest. In crowded places of the city, at the trains and trolley car junctions, Mr. McEwen appeared with his umbrella or gospel banner displaying the Holy Scriptures that are able to make men wise unto salvation. Often on such occasions he would lift up his trumpet-like voice and sing a verse of some well-known gospel hymn. This always attracted attention and was often followed by a word of testimony. Once he went on the top of the double decker trolley and displayed his large texts so that people on the street below might read them. At the terminal the conductor ordered him off. He left the trolley and started down the sidewalk but a policeman ordered him onto the road. Mr. Charles Inglis, a well-known preacher at that time, crossed the road and gave his younger brother words of encouragement exhorting him to continue in the grace of God.

One day our brother met a young christian on the street who was getting cold in heart. Mr. McEwen asked him to hold his umbrella while he went into a store. He left him standing there a long time and the umbrella drew the attention of many who knew the young man. He could not take

it down so he had to keep it up until brother McEwen returned. His object was the young man's restoration.

Few men were better known in Belfast and for miles around than John Knox McEwen. He was absorbed with love for Christ and with a passion to win souls from the devil's grasp. In season and out of season he persuaded men concerning the Kingdom of God. His zeal provoked many young men in those days to godly sincerity and to give themselves to prayer and to the ministry of the Word.

CHAPTER 6

SCOTLAND

Early in 1878 Mr. McEwen spent a short time laboring with Mr. James Campbell. He was exercised about going to Scotland and Mr. Campbell commended him to God and gave him Joshua, chapter one, to strengthen and encourage him.

He crossed the Irish Sea to Stranraer on the coast of Scotland, only a few hours sail from Belfast. He was well supplied with tracts, a lamp, and gospel texts. He soon began to work for the Lord in what was to him a new country.

Going from door to door with tracts, the evangelist met a hairdresser who was a christian. While in conversation with him, a doctor crossed the street to speak with the hairdresser. After being introduced, Mr. McEwen said, "Whither bound, doctor, to heaven or hell?" These words found a place in the doctor's heart, and he and his daughter were saved shortly afterwards. These were the first fruits of his labors in Scotland. Not long after, the doctor died triumphantly.

John Mc. invited the preacher to his home. He was a rough looking man and a boat builder. While Mr. McEwen sang:

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore.
Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
Safe at home within the veil.

tears rolled down the cheeks of the boat builder and he professed faith in Christ.

Looking over the boat house one day, Mr. McEwen said, "We could have meetings here." John gave it heartily and seats were placed in order. They hired a bellman to go through the town and announce the services. The place was filled every night and he was joined by another brother in the work. Many souls were saved in that humble boat house.

A school house was secured a few miles from the town and again there was a work of grace. Mr. McEwen remarked of those days, "God did not see fit to give us much money. It was a usual thing, therefore, to take our bag in hand and walk from one town to another."

One Saturday he arrived in Gatehouse. He had the address of a colporteur who lived there. Calling at his home, the door was opened by a tall lady with a sorrowful expression. The evangelist introduced himself and said, "I have come to preach the gospel in this town." "My husband is dying upstairs," said the lady. "Won't you come in?" He was introduced to her daughter, Helen, and the usual question was asked, "Are you saved?" She answered, "No."

A hall was secured and on Saturday the meeting for the Lord's Day was announced all over the town. The hall was well filled and Helen sat in the audience. The preacher could discern the movings of the Spirit of God with her, and after the meeting, Mr. McEwen had the joy of pointing Helen to Christ as she sat in the kitchen beside her mother. She ran upstairs and fell across her dying father telling him the good news. They wept together and Mr. McEwen heard her father say, "Oh, Helen, I am so glad I have had

this joy ere departing to be with Christ." Ten years later, while on a visit to Scotland, the preacher again met Helen. She was a happy christian seeking to please God.

The town of Wishaw was visited next and the Lord wrought wonderfully. The preacher was entertained by an old friend from Ireland. There were marvelous cases of conversion in Wishaw and in Coalteridge district. Nathaniel Dunn, a drunken miner who pawned his family Bible to get liquor, was awakened and saved. William Hindman, the terror of the place when he got drunk, crawled up the stairs of the hall. While Mr. McEwen was preaching the gospel, William passed from death unto life. These, with others, were trophies of grace and their lives witnessed to the saving and keeping power of God. William became a good open air preacher. His wife was saved and their home was opened for God, and blessing to saint and sinner resulted from the Word spoken in that house. Thirty years afterwards while Mr. McEwen was preaching on the street in Coalteridge, a man who had listened attentively came up to him and asked his name. "I thought you were the man," he said. "My father and mother were saved in that hall over thirty years ago when you were preaching in it." Nathaniel Dunn immigrated to America and was also a soul winner.

While in Wishaw, a brother invited Mr. McEwen to accompany him to Glasgow. By mistake they boarded the express for Edinburgh. When the train reached West Calder they got off and began to distribute tracts. A signal man looked over the tract that was handed to him and said, "We don't see much of this kind of literature distributed here." "Do you ever have gospel meetings?" asked the evangelist. "No," was the reply. "Well, I am coming to preach if you can get me a hall, school room, or cottage." The friend went on his journey and Mr. McEwen began meetings in a school room. In a few nights he was turned out. However, an

aged widow opened her house and souls were saved and were taught the truth of believer's baptism. Mr. McEwen baptized a number and one Lord's Day morning he spread the Lord's table in that humble room. With the converts he remembered the Lord and the assembly in West Calder was planted.

This messenger of the Cross was much like Philip of old whose steps were guided by the Holy Spirit to fruitful fields, and was even turned aside from the multitude to reach one soul in the desert. The burning passion that consumed this servant of God to win souls for Christ caused him at all times and under all circumstances to take every opportunity to reach men. Indeed he was counted in the eyes of the world a fool, and he was content to be a fool for Christ.

CHAPTER 7

ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ISLANDS

The beautiful city of Edinburgh has been a great attraction to tourists from every country. The guide in that ancient castle holds the attention of old and young as he gives an outline of its history. Kings, queens, and nobles of other days are set forth in their order. Some harrowing tales are told but there is much that charms the hearers. The crown that was worn by the monarchs of Scotland is also to be seen with the many jewels of bygone days.

Mr. McEwen arrived in this city one day, but his whole interest centered in preaching Christ. He found a small assembly in Blackfrier Street and arranged to begin meetings on the next Lord's Day. On Saturday morning an ad appeared in the newspaper that a redeemed slave from Ireland would tell how he was liberated. An Irish woman happened to read it and with her husband was present on Sunday night and she was saved. Years afterward when Mr. McEwen met them, both were rejoicing in Christ.

While in Edinburgh, Mr. John H., who became a true friend of Mr. McEwen, invited him to visit Orkney. These two groups of small islands, Orkney and Shetland, are in the far north of Scotland. The rugged hills are bleak, the

inhabitants hardy and well suited to endure the rigors of the long winter months. The sweet story of the gospel has been welcomed there and many living stones have been hewn from the quarry of nature in that land. These have become stones in that great spiritual building.

He first preached in Kirkwall but found the soil very hard and very little ear for the Word. He then went to one of the small islands where an effectual door was opened and Mr. McEwen describes those days as, "Wonderful times when the power of God was displayed night after night. The very remembrance of those meetings gives me joy." The Lord cheered His servant greatly as he went on to one of the other islands, sowing the incorruptible seed of the Word of God. The power of God was felt and also the power of the devil in opposition. However, in one night a big blacksmith and a farmer's son and daughter were saved. On the mainland the Lord also gave His servant to see many sheaves gathered in, though some places were barren and hard.

In Evie there was a small assembly gathering in His Name and they received the Lord's servant heartily. They were mostly old people and Mr. McEwen spoke of them as, "the choicest saints I ever met." They had built a little hall but it was unfinished. However, he began meetings there and from the first God's presence was felt and there were tokens of blessing.

Among the many attending the services were two very intelligent looking young ladies who became interesting cases of conversion. One was saved shortly after the meetings began while the other became an enemy for some time. But the experience of one who penned the hymn, "The gospel of Thy grace, My stubborn heart has won" was hers, and there was great joy over her conversion. Mr. McEwen visited the elder one when she was dying and he described it as a foretaste of heaven.

When the preacher left Evie he went on to Shetland. On reaching Lerwick he found three preachers there and he asked them if they had an open air meeting. They replied, "No." "Well," he said, "I am going to the square tomorrow afternoon." There was an assembly in Lerwick and in the morning he made known his intention and soon the news went all over the town. As the hour arrived crowds from every direction were going to the square. There was only one policeman in the place and he was unable to cope with the multitude of people. The Gospel went forth in power that afternoon to an attentive audience. They formed a line, Mr. McEwen heading the procession, and started the well-known hymn, "We're going to walk the plains of light, will you go?" The hymn was sung with all their heart.

While preaching in the hall, he noticed a man with a silk hat on his knee paying good attention. At the close the preacher asked him, "Are you saved?" "I hope so," was the rather vague reply. The preacher with his characteristic searching look said, "Beware that your hope does not carry you to hell." The meetings continued on, and on Tuesday night this dear man was saved and his wife accepted Christ a few days later.

During the day some very devoted aged brethren accompanied the preacher from place to place and he learned to ride a Shetland pony which was a help in visiting. On Mr. McEwen's next visit to Lerwick a few years later, he arrived at midnight after a fearful storm. A man and his wife were standing on the pier to meet him and her first words were, "Man, am aye keepin' saved, praise the Lord!"

One day while his meetings were still going on, Mr. McEwen felt a strong desire to visit a preacher in the town. He was very graciously received and taken upstairs where he related the story of his conversion. Then Mr. McEwen suggested to the parson that he likewise tell his conversion and, having none to tell, the evangelist used great plainness

of speech on the vital subject. The parson sprang at Mr. McEwen, took him by the throat, dragged him down the stairs and threw him outside. When Mr. McEwen recovered, he looked at the man he had tried to help and said, "If you believe I am wrong this is a strange way to put me right," and he went on his way rejoicing.

Our brother visited Aberdeen on the Queen's birthday and took part with others in holding up the banner of the Cross in the open air but the crowd handled them roughly that day.

Mr. McEwen returned to Ireland encouraged by the work he had seen in Scotland. He was much exercised in heart, and spent time in prayer to God that he might be guided in his service in the great harvest field.

CHAPTER 8

AMERICA

When the Lord Jesus arose from the dead He gave “commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen: to whom He shewed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.” He instructed them to wait for “the promise of the Father” after which they were to be witnesses unto Him, and in all Judea, in Jerusalem, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.”

The promise was made good at Pentecost, and their witnessing began in Jerusalem. This was their home town, while Judea took them further away, and Samaria more distant still. Their testimony for Christ went out into every land. In the days of the Apostle Paul, he could say, “be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel . . . which was preached to every creature which is under heaven,” Colossians 1:23. In those few short years the fame of Jesus had found its way not only to every land but to every creature under heaven.

John Knox McEwen was only five years saved. He had labored abundantly to win souls for Christ, first in his home-

town, next in many places in Ireland, then to the far north of Scotland. He began to be exercised about the United States and Canada. To many in those days the USA appeared as it did to Wesley when he wrote from Georgia, "What have I discovered *at the ends of the earth,*" and then related his conversion.

Few young men ever left their native land more devoted to Christ, more courageous, or with more energy and zeal in the work of the Lord. The Lord's people and his fellow-laborers commended him to God and to the work of His grace. He set sail for New York on May 31, 1879, on board the S.S. Pennsylvania. The vessel was small and it took fourteen days for the trip. Our brother had the feelings of Psalm 107 where seasickness is fully described—"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." So he passed through this harrowing experience. The fifth day he was better and ready for his usual work. The captain granted his permission to preach in the saloon morning and evening of the second Lord's Day. He went through every part of the ship from stem to stern and gave crew and passengers gospel tracts.

His bags were so well covered with Scripture texts that he had little trouble with the custom officers. They merely asked if he had anything dutiable.

He arrived in New York City and his brother William Renwick, who had preceded him to the west by a few years, was on hand to meet him. Anxious to attack the strongholds of the devil in that large city, he showed William an address that a christian had given him of an unsaved relative who lived in New York. William and he set off to find the street and they discovered the address was upstairs over a barroom. William remained outside while he paid the visit. After walking around the block, he returned to the saloon door and heard loud talking inside. He thought it was a drunken brawl, but going near the door he beheld

the big saloon keeper in the middle of the floor in a very threatening attitude with a pitcher over his brother's head, and John Knox was telling him, "Man, if you die in your sins, you will be in hell." His elder brother thought it would be better to give him some wise counsel seeing he was a stranger in New York. When he came out William R. said, "John, this is a different country from Ireland and you can't do these things here." He listened until the lecture was finished and merely replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

He was entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Owens. There was only one assembly in the city at that time which he felt was very formal. He rented a store on a corner and also sixty chairs. He began nightly meetings which grew in numbers and interest. Two young men attended who were also young in the faith. They got a great lift spiritually from the stirring Bible messages every night. These two men were Alex Virtue and W. P. Douglas. The former was taken to heaven early in life and his deep piety had an influence on Mr. McEwen. The latter, of whom Mr. McEwen often said, "his open beaming face was a great encouragement," went forth the next year to preach the gospel and in that glorious work he continued winning many souls to Christ for seventy years. He was called home to heaven in 1946, and was mourned for as a father.

Leaving New York, Mr. McEwen went to the state of Indiana and on the invitation of Mrs. Simpson he paid a visit to Valparaiso. She told him of the deep need in that part where there were no Gospel preachers. The first meeting he attended was a Bible reading on Ephesians, chapter one. Judge Gillith and Dr. Sayles (both in the little assembly) were present. When the hour had come to leave, the doctor sighed and said, "What a pity we have to leave this." His visit was short but fruitful.

He had a pressing invitation to join Mr. T. D. W. Muir

in Toronto, Canada in tent work. The English Christians had bought a Gospel tent for the Canadian assemblies, which were few in number at that time. This was the first tent pitched by the assemblies on the continent. The Lord gave blessing with His work and they baptized the converts in Lake Ontario. It was the beginning of a great work that was carried on later by Mr. Donald Munro. The work flourished in Toronto and today there are many large assemblies carrying on a very aggressive work in that city.

When the tent season was over, Mr. McEwen was exercised about visiting some of the small assemblies. There were only ten in the Dominion and they sorely needed help. Mr. John Smith encouraged him to visit one place where the brethren were not all of one mind. He felt this to be an important work. When he arrived he found two leaders were very much estranged. He began to cry to God in private as he felt that if these brethren were restored it would be an easy matter for the other members to become reconciled to one another.

Mr. McEwen spent some hours in prayer one Saturday night and in the morning he felt constrained to visit brother G. N. As he approached the house he saw G. coming to meet him with such a strange look in his eye and, putting his arm around the preacher, he said, "John, I have seen the face of God. I thought I was the best man in the meeting but I have discovered that I am the worst. I am going now to see Jimmy B. Come with me." Together that Lord's Day morning they went to Jimmy's and found him at home. Mr. McEwen described that scene of G. pouring out such a confession that must have given joy to the heart of God, and of the readiness on Jimmy's part to do likewise. They went from one to another, and then they gathered around the Lord's table where tears of contrition poured down their faces. The Lord must have smelled a sweet savour that day as from broken hearts, melted under the subduing power

of God, they had gotten right with God and with one another. Now the praise and worship mingled with tears had gone up to God. In the evening time of life, Mr. McEwen spoke of the sweet memory of that morning as something cherished by him all those long years.

We who live only half a century later and with added light from the Holy Scriptures might all reflect over that reconciliation and the blessing that followed. Was this broken spirit God's way of healing that breach among His own? If so, why is this same tenderness of heart and yearning for restored fellowship not in evidence today? How many heart-rending scenes which have led to the spiritual destruction of individuals, of families, yea, at times of assemblies, could have been averted. That root of bitterness, so deadly, has worked the will of the flesh; whereas, if the Holy Spirit had been allowed to work unhindered what triumphs for God might have been seen instead of the pitiable sight of weakness and division.

He remained around that district for some time and saw the good hand of God. As usual there was much opposition. On one occasion the school chimney was filled with sods and smoke filled the room so that all had to leave. Then another time cayenne pods were put into the stove with a more severe effect. Nevertheless, souls were won for Christ.

In Ontario a Union Church was opened to him. After a few nights this door was closed but there were tokens of blessing and, moving to another part, an effectual door was opened. A brother joined him there who was a fine preacher. Mr. McEwen said of him, "His thundering tones of judgment made many a sinner to tremble."

The preachers boarded with an old English family whose children were very ungodly. On Saturday night before retiring, the preachers sang a number of hymns. This seemed to annoy the oldest boy very much. Mr. McEwen placed his foot on the last step of the stairs and, putting his hand

on the boy's shoulder, said, "Willie, if you are found dead tomorrow in your present state your soul will be in hell." To his surprise, the boy's mother, a professing christian, resented his message and passing through the room, she never even said good night. On retiring, Mr. McEwen said to his companion, "If God does not come in and display His power here, we may be put out of the house."

The next morning the preachers were down early and sat in the front room reading their Bibles. Their hostess came downstairs and passed through the room in silence. Presently they heard Willie's footsteps on the stairs, and then noticed the marks of tears on his cheek. Holding out his hand, Mr. McEwen said, "How are you this morning?" With trembling voice Willie said, "Thank God, I am well. God saved me at two o'clock this morning." His mother happened to open the door at that moment and she began to weep. Indeed they all wept for joy.

A horse and buggy appeared in the yard and Willie said, "That is my brother and we were not expecting him." However, the purposes of God are wonderful; yea, His ways are past finding out. That evening that young man listened to the gospel. In deep soul trouble after the meeting, he literally pulled Mr. McEwen to the back of the building saying, "I want to get saved." Taking out his Bible and reading John 3:36, Mr. McEwen had the joy of pointing another soul to Christ.

Several other towns were visited and one in particular where there was an assembly. Evidently a number of young men and maidens were reasoned into profession and were in the assembly but had no evidence of divine life. Three leading brethren were deeply exercised about conditions and together they sought to lay hold on God in prayer. At the end of a few weeks God came in, broke down quite a number, and gave the Lord's servant much joy as he saw the grace of God manifested in them. Some gave up their

professions and went back into the world. One young man died wailing out, "I'm dying and I'm not prepared."

Bay City, Michigan was upon his heart in 1882 and he pitched a large tent for nightly meetings. The opposition became very intense and at times the preacher was handled roughly by some of the rowdies. During that series of meetings a child in the neighborhood died and Mr. McEwen was asked to take the service. As he ministered the Word he could see his audience did not relish it (as Spurgeon called it, "the unpalatable gospel"), for there is something about God's Gospel that the natural man hates. Mr. McEwen's allotted place was beside the hearse driver as the procession began. In his usual manner he began to speak to the driver about his soul and he resented it very much. He got angry and said, "If you don't stop preaching to me, I'll pull up the horses and stop the procession." Mr. McEwen replied, "Whether you pull up the horses or not, it won't alter it. If you die as you are, you will be in hell." True to his word, he pulled up the horses and Mr. McEwen had to walk the rest of the way.

Ten years later Mr. McEwen attended a conference and while there he met two sisters from Bay City. One of them said, "Mr. McEwen, I know you! Do you remember the man who put you off the hearse at the funeral in Bay City?" "Yes," was the reply. "I am his daughter and we are all saved now, praise God." That day this young sister met James Kay, a faithful servant of God, and in course of time they were married. On another visit Mr. McEwen had the joy of pointing one of their sons, Harold Kay, to Christ.

Mr. McEwen took down his tent in Bay City, having a great desire to pitch it in the New England States. He packed seats, poles, canvas, and ropes into a trunk and then sent them by rail to Massachusetts. He pitched it in a town where the noted George Whitfield had preached long years before.

A woman drove in a buggy six miles every night to these meetings. She always seemed restless and disinterested so that Mr. McEwen was often upset while preaching. One night as he watched her come along he said to himself, "How shall I preach with that woman in the tent?" While he was preaching she turned to her uncle beside her and, laying hold of his shoulder, she called out loud, "Oh, Uncle, I'm saved just now." Her uncle, who had passed through the Civil War, wept like a child. As Mr. McEwen spoke of her long afterwards, he said, "She developed into a lovely christian." Later on some of her family were saved and her son, Joseph S. Pearson, became a well-known Gospel preacher in United States and Canada.

When the tent was taken down he secured an upper room some miles from there. There was an unusual stir and the soul-searching preaching of the Lord's servant was felt by all classes, and more especially when a religious leader was awakened and saved. He baptized the young converts and taught them the New Testament order of church truth.

The opposition grew and the religious opponents knew no bounds. A minister, who was an aged man, preached from Isaiah 50:10, and sought to prove through it that there were many saved and did not know it. Mr. McEwen had a friend who could write well with a wooden pen and he got him to print in large letters that he would preach from the same verse. This was displayed in the Post Office with the result that the place was packed that night. Feelings for and against ran high, but the truth proclaimed in fellowship with God by His servant found its way into many hearts and there was joy in heaven over sinners being saved.

A strong plot like some in olden times was planned against the preacher. He was to be tarred, feathered, and put on a rail out of town on a certain night. The sisters as well as the brethren stood nobly by the messenger of God and even unsaved men resolved to defend him. The night

came for the attack and special police were sworn in for duty. The crowd began to march up and down the street outside the hall making an awful noise by blowing ram's horns and beating a big drum. One special policeman put his foot through the drum saying, "This man has as good a right to be heard as you have." He did not preach that night but they sang hymns all the time.

It was getting late and he thought he ought to leave for his lodgings and, although several begged him not to go, he started off. The night was dark and just as he left the hall he could see the forms of about thirty men standing around the door. A tall man, whom he could discern as the leader, stepped up to him and, looking into his face, said, "Is that you, Mr. McEwen?" Trembling, he replied, "Yes." "Fall in, men," he cried. Every man seemed to know his allotted place and the preacher found himself in the center. The policemen marched him to his lodging and said heartily, "Good night." God had protected his servant as he had done many others on similar occasions and, by having such a harrowing experience, fitted him to be a more fully devoted soldier of Jesus Christ.

Reflecting on that night's experience in later years, Mr. McEwen said, "The memory of the love and courage manifested by God's people that night shall never be effaced," and he added, "We shall meet again in the land of fadeless day."

The assembly in Boston was small in those days but he paid them a visit and found some stalwarts who had a real heart for the Gospel and were real students of the Word. One night he took up Job 11:12, but the Boston audience did not appreciate being likened to a donkey. As soon as he finished, John Gill, a very noted character and open air preacher on Boston Common, rose up and said, "I see, dear friends, you don't like to be put on par with a donkey but

if we put out the “D” and put in an “M”—born like a monkey—you will receive it.”

He went on to Philadelphia to visit his brother William who had moved there from New York. He found one small meeting there—cold, formal, and doing no aggressive work. This itinerating preacher seemed to possess more than many the gift of discernment. He knew the voice of God and he despised any sham imitation.

His brother had opened a tailor shop and there was a large room above it that he did not require. He said, “John, why not have some meetings here? You can have the room upstairs.” He began there and soon got to know quite a number from England, Ireland, and Scotland who knew the Lord and who longed for better things. He wrote to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Matthews often for three years telling of that large city and that he was sure there was an open door. In 1884 Mr. Campbell pitched a tent in the city. A great work was done and an assembly was formed according to New Testament order.

The first conference in Philadelphia was over a blacksmith’s shop. Messrs. McEwen, Campbell, and Matthews were present and God gave them a wonderful time. Faces beamed and tears were shed in abundance under the ministry of God’s Word. The conference lasted three days. All were freely entertained, no mention was made of money, no pre-arrangements as regards ministry, and there was no chairman. He adds, “Surely if God was enough in primitive times, He is enough now.”

He met one of his oldest friends in Philadelphia, John Greer, who later lived in New York. Although Mr. Greer was a hard working man with a large family, Mr. McEwen was heartily entertained in his home and many servants of Christ enjoyed the hospitality of that home in the years that followed. The work flourished and now there are quite a number of assemblies in that city.

There was a small assembly in the city of Harrisburg and our brother paid them a visit and then went on to the Hamilton, Ontario conference which was one of the largest centers at that time. It was like a family re-union as the preachers were mostly brethren who had known and esteemed each other highly in the old land, including D. Ross, J. Smith, J. Campbell, Alexander Marshall, John Martin, and John Grimason.

The first two days of ministry, brother McEwen described as heart-searching and humbling, but this was God's way of preparing for blessing. On Lord's Day morning as they sat around the Lord's table, hearts were bowed and broken under a sense of their own failure and of His love and faithfulness. Men and women sobbed and wept as the bread was passing from one to the other. The ministry was not only searching but it was Christ exalting. Building up, stirring up, and comforting the hearts of the people of God, and the gospel, which had a large share also, produced precious fruit in salvation.

CHAPTER 9

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

Nova Scotia, lying on the seaboard and lashed by the waves of the North Atlantic Ocean, with New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, form the Maritime Provinces of Eastern Canada. When first discovered, it was called Acadia by the French, and also known later as "The Land of Evangeline." It has the distinction of being one of the first white settlements in North America. Many emigrants sailed from France and settled in that territory.

Grand-Pré, meaning great meadow, has an important place in the history of the Acadians, situated beside the Minas Basin on the Bay of Fundy. The surrounding country proved to be very fertile land and homesteads were erected by the new settlers.

The far-famed poem of Longfellow, looked upon as classic, has given the public a vivid word-picture of Grand-Pré and the landscape around the Minas Basin. With graphic style he describes its picturesque appearance in that day.

In the Acadian land,
On the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still,
The little village of Grand-Pre

Lay in the fruitful valley.
Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name,
And pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers
Had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides;
But at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea
To wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields
Of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced
O'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests
Old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents,
And mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley,
But ne'er from their station descended.

Corn and vegetation grew there in abundance so that the barns of the Acadians in harvest time were pressed down and running over. Cattle and flocks of sheep covered the plains. The apple tree was introduced and, with climate and soil so suitable, this fruit excelled. Apple orchards have grown to wonderful proportions in quantity and quality.

A motor trip from Grand Pre through the Annapolis Valley in May is like being on enchanted ground. Can you visualize driving over one hundred miles through a solid orchard, and as far as the eye can see on either side, stretched for miles, only apple trees to be seen, with their beautiful white bloom filling the air with sweet perfume? The beauty and the fragrance throughout the valley in early spring surpasses any description that could be given and tourists flock there to enjoy it.

But in that early day many battles were fought in Acadia

between the French and the British and the marks of fierce struggles are there still. Wells of water still fed by hidden springs are there, and from these the soldiers of the French and British armies quenched their thirst in ancient days.

In 1732 Acadia was ceded to the British, but the Acadians refused to swear allegiance to the Crown. Longfellow speaks of them as quiet and peaceful peasants with the priest moving among his flock as an example of what is godly. However, other historians gave a different view of the people and the French priests.

September 10, 1755, was the fateful day that made history for the Acadians. Some ships lay at anchor in the Basin. The men were called to St. Charles Church to hear a message from the king. It resulted in the sad story of their lands being confiscated and the people forced into the ships. They were expelled and deported to the colonies in New England that were still under the British rule.

History records that Evangeline was the fair young daughter of a prosperous farmer, Benedict Bellefontaine, and Gabriel was the son of Basil the blacksmith in Grand Pre. According to the poem, Gabriel was taken on board a ship and afterwards, Evangeline began that long search for her lost lover. At times hope rose high as she traced him from one place to another, but was always doomed to disappointment. Many years rolled by. Finally, while serving as a nurse in a hospital in Philadelphia, the faithful searcher was rewarded as she found him one day among the patients, aged and worn. She had both joy and sorrow but she nursed and comforted Gabriel in his last days. Multitudes have been thrilled with that interesting story and it has been immortalized.

The name was changed from Acadia to Nova Scotia (New Scotland) when a large number of emigrants sailed from Scotland to the more eastern parts of the province. Here the scenery was different from that previously described.

Large forests of timberland covered the rolling country so that much labor and privation were the lot of those who cleared land to establish homesteads.

While the French were Catholic, these Scottish settlers were mostly Presbyterian, very hospitable, and devoted to their religion. In Cumberland County there was much activity. Farmers cleared much land and were prospering. Towns sprang up, many schools were built in towns and in rural districts for the education of the young, and when Canada became a Dominion, Nova Scotia had its place in the Commonwealth.

A Presbyterian minister, known as Reverend James Stirling, had a congregation in Pictou. He was noted for godliness and was an ardent preacher of the gospel. Mr. Stirling visited Cumberland County and preached in Port Howe school house. He lodged with a farmer named Kennedy who had a large family.

Dan was the oldest son and the sincerity and prayers of Mr. Stirling impressed him very much. He attended the meetings and became alarmed about his lost condition. One day, while working in the field, the light of the glorious gospel shone into his heart. He stood there and praised God for His great salvation. Some others were saved at the same time, but Mr. Stirling went back to Pictou and there was little spiritual ministry to nourish these young christians. The churches that then existed were cold and formal.

Some years later, about 1882, it was reported around Port Howe that a young Irishman who worked for a farmer was conducting services in the school house each Lord's Day afternoon. Dan Kennedy was attracted by the plain earnest preaching and sought to encourage others to attend.

The King's were prosperous farmers who lived beside the Kennedy's. They had six daughters and one son. Fanny King with some other girls set off one afternoon to hear the preacher who was not "ordained" and who took no collec-

tions. On the way, two men came out of a side road and went before the girls in the same direction. One of the men was known to them but the other was a stranger. His tall and awkward gait, with a suit evidently too small for him, attracted their attention. However, the men stopped at the school house also. A Sunday School was in progress and when it was dismissed, a crowd of people filled the room. The girls were much surprised to find that the stranger whose appearance had amused them on the way was the preacher they had come to hear. A hymn was sung, he prayed, and then opened his Bible and read a passage from it. Fanny King was most attentive. The peculiarities about this stranger that she thought she saw in him on the way, all faded as she listened to the wonderful story of salvation. When the meeting ended, Fanny thought, "This man has a message from God for the people of this community." Truly he had a message for her for in a short time Fanny was saved and she became a bright and shining light.

Samuel Wallace was born in Keady, County Armagh, Northern Ireland, and during a revival in 1877 was among those who were born again. He became exercised about believer's baptism, after which he gathered with the assembly in Keady.

Samuel was brought up on a farm and he immigrated to Canada, landing in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was very energetic in passing out gospel tracts and dealing with people in a personal way about salvation. He worked with a farmer who said to him one day, "Samuel, do you ever preach?" "Oh, yes, I do at times," he said. "Well, I shall get the school in Port Howe for you."

Samuel was the preacher Fanny King went to hear that Lord's Day afternoon. The interest in the meetings deepened. Mrs. Hume had a family who all died at the same time with diphtheria, but she went to hear brother Wallace and became much disturbed about her soul, resulting in her

accepting Christ. She was early left a widow but she became a true worker and a soul winner, a deep student of the Word even to a very old age. Samuel worked for Mr. Lowther in Leicester, preached at times, and kept up personal work for the Lord.

CHAPTER 10

MR. McEWEN ARRIVES IN NOVA SCOTIA

One bitterly cold morning in the winter of 1883 the train from Ontario arrived in Amherst, Nova Scotia at six o'clock. Passengers hurried off, each going in his own direction. Among them was a young man weary from the long journey and sickened by the odor of smoke that he had to endure since he left Hamilton, Ontario. There was no one to meet this stranger, but walking slowly from the station he saw an old disused stable to the left and, crossing over to it, he entered. Though the snow that lay on the floor was frozen as hard as a rock, he got down on his knees that early morning and poured out his heart to God in prayer. The burden of his prayer was that God would make his coming to Nova Scotia a blessing to many.

The stranger was John Knox McEwen, whose voice was soon to be heard preaching in the power of God to the people of Nova Scotia. His name became a household word, loved by many, hated by others, esteemed and despised. Companies of believers gathered through his ministry to the peerless name of Jesus were to bear reproach for Christ, and were called in derision "McEwenites."

He had come to labor for the Lord in Nova Scotia and his work began at once. He gave out a few tracts on the street. One man looked it over and then said, "There was a man here last week giving similar papers away." Mr. McEwen was quite interested and asked where this man lived. "In Leicester, twelve miles from here," the man replied. He added, "The postman drives up there tomorrow."

He made arrangements for a seat and found he was the only passenger leaving Amherst. A snow storm during the night had filled the road with drifts. The horse plunged from side to side and more than once the sleigh turned over pitching the driver and passenger as well as the mail bags into the drifts of snow. The driver got angry and swore at the horses. He said to his passenger, "I shall go back," but our brother prayed that they might continue. Eventually that journey was over and the preacher was standing outside the door of the farm house on the road side. The wind was frosty and biting but, knocking at the door, a quiet looking woman opened it. "Is Samuel Wallace here?" "Yes," the lady replied and Samuel came to the door. Holding out his hand, Mr. McEwen said, "I am going to heaven." "Praise God," said Wallace heartily as he grasped the hand of his brother in Christ, "I am going there also."

Brother Wallace made arrangements with Mrs. Lowther for board and lodgings for the newcomer and to share his room. They had a meeting that night and Mr. McEwen preached the gospel. His plain searching ministry seemed to shake the foundation of Mr. and Mrs. Lowther who were church members.

One night when retiring, Mr. McEwen said to Mr. Wallace, "How many do you think are saved in this house?" He replied, "I think Mr. and Mrs. Lowther, Josephine, and Milford." "Well," he answered, "I don't believe there is one of them born again." He did not know that a very thin partition separated them from other members of the household

so that their words were conveyed to the family. Next morning Mr. McEwen could see their attitude was not the same toward him as formerly. Mr. Lowther had evidently made up his mind to let the new preacher see that he had religion also. After breakfast, he took his hymn book and began to sing but no one joined him. This enraged him and he pitched the hymn book against the wall, saying, "Why can't we praise God as we used to do?" Mr. McEwen looked across at his much disturbed host and solemnly replied, "Mr. Lowther, I for one would indeed praise God if you found out you were a lost sinner and only fit for hell." He became more irritated and added, "I respect Wallace, but for you I have no respect."

Day after day in their own room the two brethren cried to God for that family, naming each member before the Lord. Meetings continued and they kept watching for a move. One morning brother Wallace went down for water, but soon returned. His face beaming, he said, "Mrs. Lowther says she is lost and going to hell." Mr. McEwen hurried down and found her standing at the door of the dining room with God's arrows in her soul. Josephine was trying to sweep the floor but could not get the broom to go. Opening the Bible, Mr. McEwen read John 3:36. He had the joy of pointing her to Christ. As the light dawned upon her darkened heart, she grasped his Bible with both hands and opened it, saying, "Is it there, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.?'?" At the same moment through the same verse Josephine passed from death unto life. Mrs. Lowther looking at her daughter said, "Why have the ministers not told us this? Why? Why?"

About half a mile away, an old Highland Scotch woman and her son lived on a farm. The Spirit of God was dealing with Mrs. Duncan and tears rained down her face that morning as Mr. McEwen read from Isaiah, fifty-three, and she often repeated, "I dinna see it!" Her son, Tom, who was

also in soul trouble, said with feeling, "Mother, don't you see it! Why, I'm saved! With Jesus' stripes I am healed."

Three souls saved by grace gave the preachers great joy but when they returned, much to the sorrow of Mrs. Lowther and Josephine, Mr. Lowther had decided Mr. McEwen must leave. Both packed their bags which was easily done. They left, undecided as to their movements. They walked to Duncan's and the newborn soul said, "We'll give you the best room in the house." With only the old lady in the home, Mr. McEwen decided to cook for themselves. Going to the barn, he filled a saucepan with wheat, washed it well, and boiled it for eight hours, and they got along fine.

They hired a man one day to drive them to Port Philip and when they came out of the woods into the main road and saw the telephone poles, Mr. McEwen said, "I think there was a tear in my eye." Calling at Kings, Mr. McEwen sat in the sleigh while Mr. Wallace went in to see if they would give Mr. McEwen lodgings. Mrs. King came out to see him and said, "Yes, we will take you." She was an Episcopalian and her husband a Universalist. Fanny's life in the home was a real testimony for Christ.

CHAPTER 11

PORT HOWE

Mr. McEwen began meetings in Port Howe school house and the work took a real hold as the place was packed nightly. The community was divided. Many said as of old, "He is a good man." "Nay," others said, "but he deceiveth the people." The presence of God was so felt that hard and prejudiced sinners were broken down under the power of the gospel and they trusted Christ.

Mr. McEwen left Port Howe, but returned later on. Dan Kennedy was growing in grace but could find no christian fellowship in the church and he sat at home on Lord's Days reading the Word. He was much helped through Mr. McEwen and he went to Oxford with his horse and buggy to meet him when he returned. On the way Mr. McEwen enquired about his mother who was then bitterly opposed, as were other members of the family. Dan said, "My sister, Mary (Mrs. Marshall), is home on a visit from Boston, but," he added, "she is too proud to be converted." Mr. McEwen exclaimed, "God has sent her here that she may get saved," and taking off his hat he prayed to God for this soul especially.

When they arrived at Kennedy's, Mrs. Marshall was in-

roduced to the preacher whom she had heard so much about, and was prejudiced against him. He looked at her and said, "Mrs. Marshall, if you were to die today, are you sure you would be in heaven?" She felt very uncomfortable and made an excuse to leave the room.

Meetings began in the school again, and Mrs. Marshall was there the first night. Mr. McEwen read Romans 10:1, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be *saved*." The word "saved" took hold of her as never before and, as the preacher went on to exalt Christ as the only Saviour of men, the heart of that proud fashionable young woman of the world was melted. She accepted Christ as her own Saviour, and from the start of her christian life, Mrs. Marshall broke with every tie she held dear that would hinder her from walking with God.

The whole community was moved on this second visit. All kinds of slanderous reports were circulated in the press and from the pulpits. These evil sayings were believed and told all over the country. But the work was spreading and many people were added unto the Lord.

The evangelist got notice to leave his lodgings and on his way to the meeting that evening he felt so happy that the words seemed to ring as he walked along, singing:

Redeemed! Redeemed! Oh joyful strain.
Give Praise! Give Praise! And glory to His Name,
Who gave His blood our souls to save
And purchased freedom for the slave.

That evening God helped His servant wonderfully and at the close he walked to the post office for his mail.

Mr. Kennedy, although not saved, was more favorable to the gospel than his wife. He asked his daughter, "Where is the preacher staying tonight?" "He doesn't know, father," was the reply. They took him in and as Mr. McEwen describes it, "God kept me there for three weeks." Many souls in those days were weeping their way to the cross.

The King family had a wonderful visitation. Annie had been saved while listening to Mr. Wallace speaking to an anxious soul. Louise, who was a nurse and away from home, was saved while reading a sermon by Mr. D. L. Moody. Margaret was a teacher, and one morning as she was leaving for school with her books on her arm, Mr. McEwen had the joy of pointing her to Christ. All these with their sister Fanny took a decided stand for the Lord and became companions of those who were bearing reproach for Christ.

Miss Emma Copp, a school teacher in Oxford, became troubled about her soul through listening to Miss Margaret King's testimony. One day while waiting for a train Mr. McEwen called to see her and as a result she trusted Christ.

Again he had to leave his lodging and Mrs. Marshall secured a place for him with her brother Levi Kennedy, and the first night God saved his new landlady who also became a witness for Christ. One Saturday night their joy was greatly increased by the conversion of Ada King. The testimony of this young believer became a sweet savor of Christ. Later she became Mrs. Silver Allan and she was a receiver of many, a lover of hospitality, until she was called to higher service.

Mr. McEwen felt his responsibility to obey his risen Lord's command in Matthew 28:18, 19, and 20. "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen'."

He taught these believers the foundation truths of the faith, and when believer's baptism was opened up from the Word, it caused no small stir among the people. However,

there were some who took in the truth and were prepared at all costs to obey what God had taught them.

At the end of the bridge separating Port Philip from Port Howe, there is a beautiful little spot in the river within view of the open sea. Mr. McEwen baptized thirteen believers there one Lord's Day morning. This was the first baptism and there was much disputing about it in the neighborhood after it was over. The first one baptized that morning was Mrs. Hume, who became a true mother in Israel and a deep student of the Word. Mr. McEwen often said of Mrs. Hume, "I owe much to her prayers and tears." Her trust in God during her long life was very evident. When over ninety, a brother appealed to the assembly one Lord's Day morning on behalf of a missionary who was in poor health. An offering was taken for that purpose and Mrs. Hume had only one dollar that she needed very much for medicine, but her last dollar went into the offering. At the close of the meeting a sister put a little envelope in her hand and it contained two dollars. This is only one of her many experiences of her confidence in the living God.

Mrs. Hume was known to her many friends all over as "Aunt Barbara" and, on the occasion of her one hundredth birthday, the christians in the Boston assembly had a celebration in her honor. I had the privilege of being one of the guests. A large decorated cake was made and sent from the Pile family in Cleveland, Ohio, with their love. Aunt Barbara came into the hall on the arm of Mr. W. H. Marshall, and marched up to the front with the alertness of a young girl.

A very happy time was spent, enjoyed by young and old, and a purse containing one hundred dollars, the loving gift of the saints, was presented to her with a hearty wish for more years to come. Her heart seemed filled with joy and she repeated twelve verses of a poem that she had written many years before, without missing a word. She

was beloved and esteemed by all who knew her as that happy occasion indicated. Her end soon after was peace.

Alexandrina McKay, a girl of eighteen (afterwards Mrs. Hunter), was another of those baptized. After the baptism Mr. McEwen had a large meeting in the school house. Feeling was running high. A special officer in civilian clothes came up to Mr. McEwen and said, "Consider yourself under arrest." His sister, Alexandrina, held up her Bible and said, "Jimmy, I am going by this book no matter what you do." The arrest was not made, but he and a few others, one of them a Presbyterian minister, went to the Magistrate to see if this practice could not be stopped. Alexandrina kept her word. She was among the first in the Port Howe assembly and had the joy of seeing two of her sons and one daughter take active parts in three assemblies and also saw some of her grandchildren baptized and received into the assembly.

CHAPTER 12

MORE TROPHIES OF GRACE

Soon after the first baptism another one was announced to take place at the same spot. Crowds came from far and near filling the bridge and all around that part of the river. Wild rumors and threats of violence against Mr. McEwen if he dared to baptize any more went around, but Miss Margaret King, Miss Emma Copp, and others obeyed the Lord and were full of joy. The minister who opposed the baptism came along in his buggy and had to sit on the bridge because of the throng while the service was conducted and nothing violent happened. Miss Copp afterwards went to Boston and trained as a nurse. She became the wife of the well known evangelist, William Matthews, whose labors for the Lord in Ireland and in America bore much fruit. This was the beginning of the work of God in the Copp family.

Dr. James Kennedy from Boston, younger brother of Dan and Levi, paid a visit to his home and he turned Levi so much against Mr. McEwen that he went home full of wrath intending to turn him out at once. Mr. McEwen was sitting reading his Bible and the serene look on his face disarmed him and he said nothing. Years later Dr. Kennedy

was saved through Mr. McEwen and was faithful in Boston and Cambridge assemblies until he was called home to heaven in 1933.

Mr. McEwen desired greatly to preach the Gospel in Mount Pleasant, ten miles from Port Howe. One day as he was distributing tracts a man overtook him with a fine horse and buggy. In a gruff voice he said, "Jump up, sir, and I'll give you a lift." Mr. McEwen saw that he had been drinking and his wild-looking appearance made him nervous. However, he gave him a tract and asked him to read it. "I can only spell," was the reply. "Well, spell out John 3:16 and God can save you."

A number of men were in a blacksmith's forge one morning after a heavy snowfall. The current news of the day seemed to center around this terrible preacher called McEwen and how he was telling everyone they were going to hell. James Mattinson (a pugilist and moose hunter), who had given Mr. McEwen a lift in the buggy, was there, and after listening to what had been said, clenched his big fist and said, "If he ever tells me I'm going to hell, I'll fell him like an ox." One man looked out and saw Mr. McEwen coming up the road through the snow. Jim went out to meet him and said, "You have not come to Mt. Pleasant yet." "No," Mr. McEwen said, "but I am ready any time." "Well," he said, "I'm one of the trustees of the school and you can have it." He arranged to have a meeting on Lord's Day evening.

Jim went back to the rather disappointed company in the forge who had expected to see a row, and said, "That is a fine man and I am going to get Mt. Pleasant school for him." Moreover, when he went home he saddled a horse and rode through the country announcing the meeting.

When Mr. McEwen arrived on Lord's Day he found that nearly all the young men in the community were present, evidently for the purpose of having a good time. But the

power of God fell on the meeting and they were unable to move.

The next meeting was on the following Sunday and Mr. McEwen tells us, "It was a pleasure to preach. Souls were weeping as I depicted Christ in the love of His heart dying for the ungodly." Jim Mattinson, the former pugilist, was saved the following week in his own field. His conversion caused many to say, "We have seen strange things today."

In 1922 at a morning meeting in Port Howe, Mr. McEwen was present and Jim Mattinson, old and feeble, came in and sat down beside his old friend. They remembered the Lord together for the last time, for soon brother Mattinson, at a good old age, went to be with the Lord.

It was in 1885 in the home of the widow, Mrs. Hume, that the Lord's table was spread and the assembly planted in Port Howe. Many were the sweet scenes those saints enjoyed as they came together for worship and praise while bearing reproach for Christ. The number increased as during that fall Sandy Dunbar, Joseph O'Brien, Alex Cameron and some others were saved and added to the assembly. They became exercised about building a hall but it seemed impossible. However, Mr. McEwen and Mrs. Hume with other saints prayed much about it. One sister working in a mill in the United States, hearing of their purpose, sent him fifty dollars. Another sister sent fifty dollars and soon he had quite a little money on hand. A comfortable hall was built that has been the birthplace of many souls in the years that have followed.

The work was established in Port Howe and many outlying districts were visited resulting in souls being saved. When Joseph O'Brien was a year in Christ he gave Mr. McEwen one hundred dollars as fellowship in the Gospel. Mr. McEwen told him that was likely more than he could afford. "Take it, Mr. McEwen," said his wife. "If you had not come here he might have been a drunkard."

Mrs. Kennedy was still bitterly opposed to the Gospel. She seemed to hate Mr. McEwen especially. Her son, Dan, witnessed a good confession. He and Fanny King were married and a christian home was established. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kennedy were among the first who were baptized and, when the assembly was planted, they took their place at the Lord's table. They had an open door for the Lord's people for many years. Many servants of Christ, including the writer, shared the loving hospitality and the godly sincerity of that home.

When Mrs. Kennedy was about eighty years old, a telegram was sent to Mrs. Marshall in Boston, Massachusetts asking her to come and see her dying mother. From the time she received the wire she never ceased praying until she knelt at her mother's bedside. When she arrived she was told of the doctor's orders that her mother must be kept perfectly quiet as any excitement might prove fatal. Mrs. Marshall brushed them all aside and said, "My darling mother is not saved, and I'm going to speak to her about her soul."

She entered the chamber and found the minister there who was speaking to her mother. Mrs. Marshall listened until he was finished and then addressed him, "Mr. M , I have often wished to ask you if you were born again but I do not need to do so now, as I heard you speak to my darling mother and you are deceiving her." This aroused him greatly and Mrs. Kennedy was also angry. However, Mrs. Marshall continued to cry to God and to preach to her mother. One day with broken heart and weeping eyes her mother said, "Oh, Mary, what am I to do to be saved?" Mrs. Marshall had the joy of pointing her dear mother to the loving Saviour, dying on the tree and now living on the throne. She was gloriously saved. Mrs. Marshall's joy knew no bounds and she ran to the field with the good news to Dan.

They all rejoiced together and a message was sent to Mr. McEwen who sent word that he was coming to see her. This was surely a test. The man she despised so much coming to see her, but she watched through the window and often said, "Oh, I hope he'll come." When he arrived they all sang and wept for joy. She requested him to sing, "Christ Is All." As he sang the whole piece, the newborn soul sat and wept. Also her son, John, who had bitterly opposed the gospel, sat there while tears ran down his face.

One day shortly after this Dan came in from the barn and found his mother and John in each others arms, weeping for joy. John had just received Christ. Both were baptized together in the open sea and took their place at the Lord's table in the assembly in Port Howe.

In 1910 I met Mrs. Kennedy and, although four score and ten years lay behind her, she was still joyful in the Lord and interested in the salvation of souls.

Over sixty years of faithful testimony, and tests by the way did not dim the great joy of Mrs. Marshall's salvation. Loved by all the saints who knew her, esteemed by the unsaved, beloved Mrs. Marshall (mother of the well known Mr. Lawrence Marshall, inventor and founder of "Raytheon" in Boston) continued with unabated zeal in her own motherly way to speak to old and young of the wonderful Saviour she found on her vacation in Nova Scotia in 1884. She passed into the presence of her Lord in 1960 at the age of one hundred and two.



Mr. and Mrs. John Knox McEwen





John Knox McEwen and William Renwick McEwen



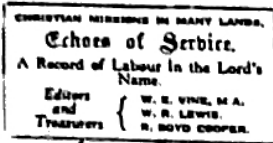
(Front) W. J. McClure, Ben Bradford, (Rear) Hugh McEwen, W. G. Smith, Sam McEwen.



Charles McEwen, Exeter, England, at the grave of his father and mother.



Raymond Zander, grand-nephew of John Knox McEwen



1, WIDCOMBE CRESCENT,
BATH, England.

Telegrams—Echoes, Bath
Telephone—3093 Bath.

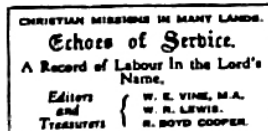
25th Nov. 1944.

Dear Mrs Vine,

We have just heard from Charley of the home call of your dear one, & I am enclosing this note with one to him, to express our united sympathy with you in your bereavement. Your loss is your beloved husband's gain. He has been a long course of consistent and faithful witnessing for the Lord whom you have together loved to serve. How good it is to think of those many years of his running with patience, & fighting the good fight, & finishing his course! May younger men who have known him be stimulated to similar fidelity by the memory of his faithful testimony.

We have not ceased to pray daily for Jack. Oh that his heart may be moved by what has taken place. Prayer will be answered in the Lord's time & way.

—May He who is "the Husband of the widow" grant you the constant comfort of His "encompassing arms," & the sustaining power of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. Mrs Vine sends you her love & sympathy & in this I join. "The night is far spent, the Day is at hand." Yours in Christ and Saviour and Hope, — (E. Vine)



1, WIDCOMBE CRESCENT,
BATH, England.

Telegrams—Echoes, Bath
Telephone—3093 Bath.

25th November, 1944.

My dear Charley,

Thank you for your letter. I heard only yesterday that your dear father had fallen asleep, and I now write to express our sympathy with you and your dear mother. Please find a letter to her enclosed herewith from Mrs. Vine and me. We can understand that a large number would attend the burial last Monday. Your father was so well-known and has spent a long course of faithful testimony for Christ in many parts. The Lord has his reward in store in the coming day. Meanwhile, it is good to think of a warrior at rest. The Lord will bless you for caring for him and your mother during all these months. Thank you for your kind enquiry; we are much blessed in health through God's mercy.

With very hearty greetings and every good wish,
Yours in Christ,

CHAPTER 13

GEORGE SIMPSON

One winter day in 1868, a young commercial traveller on his way to London, Ontario, Canada, stopped off at Galt. He had come from England and was a stranger in a strange land. The wares for sale that he displayed to the merchants of the town were only part of the reason for the visit.

The noted George Whitfield, about a century before, stood up to address a large open air meeting in Philadelphia. This celebrated preacher read from Isaiah 55, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Commenting on the text, he said, "I am going to become a merchant as I have something to offer you. But I'm not like the merchants of Philadelphia who offer their wares to the highest bidder—I offer mine to the lowest bidder." His gospel message reached many hearts and thirsty sinners drank fully of the living waters.

This young Englishman was Douglas Russell, and he too had become an ambassador for Christ, and was using his spare time to proclaim the gospel of Christ. He began meetings at the Queen's Square in Galt. Numbers and inter-

est increased until the whole city was moved by the power of God and multitudes professed faith in Christ. An aged brother once told me that at that time you could not walk down Main Street at any hour of the day without someone laying a hand on your shouder and inquiring, "Are you saved?" The revival spread to many outlying villages and rural districts. It had many marks of a similar visitation in the British Isles some nine years earlier.

In 1875 Mr. Donald Munro and Mr. John Smith, both from Scotland, visited Galt and preached on the street on Saturday nights. Afterwards they rented a hall on Ainslie Street and continued with nightly meetings. Mr. William McPherson (who with his brother, Dan, and other members of the family, was saved during Mr. Russell's meetings) attended the services during the first week. He was stirred in soul by the plain searching ministry and he invited the preachers out to Clyde, some miles distant. Mr. Smith took sick and Mr. John Carnie, also of Scotland, took his place in Galt while Mr. Munro went out to Clyde.

During the second week of his meetings there was a wonderful moving of the Spirit of God and Mr. James Goodfellow, who became a well known preacher, and many others were awakened and saved. Opposition became very strong and the school house was denied them. However, God was with His servant, and as of old a great door and effectual was opened to them. Mr. Thomas Elliott made room in his "Wagon Shop" for the meetings to continue. In five weeks over fifty precious souls had passed from death unto life and like Samaria, "there was great joy in that city."

Mr. Munro was a true evangelist and also an expositor of the Scriptures. He suggested Bible readings. The first one was held in Mr. McPherson's home on a Lord's Day evening. George Renwick suggested as the subject "Law and Grace." The following Sunday the Bible reading was on "Believer's Baptism," and the third subject was "Sanctification." These

young believers, with others who were in Christ before them, took in these precious truths ministered to them. They desired to put into effect what they had seen from the Scriptures of Truth. One Saturday evening over fifty believers were baptized and the next day seven others followed the Lord in this ordinance. A week later there were eight more baptized.

In the very primitive building where many of these young converts were born again, the Lord's table was spread for the first time. They had only planks for seats, and one Lord's Day morning in November, 1875, they sat down to remember the Lord. It was a foretaste of heaven to old and young as they kept the feast in loving remembrance of Him who died and rose again. An assembly was formed in Galt at the same time in 1875. Many dear saints bought the truth at a good price in those days. They cherished it and continued steadfastly in what had been revealed to them of the doctrines of Christ.

George Simpson, Sr. was a farmer living a few miles from Galt. He and his family were brought under the power of the gospel and were saved. His son, Allen, often said, "I was the middle one of the family, and I was saved one day in the middle field of my father's farm." George, Jr., also saved when young, was a quiet and studious young man. He was baptized and took his place in the Galt assembly where he was instructed in the ways of the Lord.

This seems to have been God's order from olden days that young men get their training in the assembly and from there go forth to witness for Christ. George was a very sincere young man with a passion to win souls and labored to this end among his relatives and neighbors.

Mr. John Knox McEwen was well known among the saints in Galt and his ministry was esteemed. His godly life and zeal for the perishing had a deep influence over young George Simpson. He became much exercised about the

Lord's work and his burden was especially the need in Nova Scotia. In this purpose he was encouraged by Mr. McEwen. He counted the cost as to what such a path might mean, not only in earthly loss, but in suffering reproach for Christ. When he was fully persuaded in his own mind, he left home with the prayers and fellowship of fellow saints to join Mr. McEwen in Nova Scotia.

The Maritime provinces were fallow ground. Only one assembly had been established and Mr. McEwen was encountering bitter opposition. However, this new laborer was prepared to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ and to share the persecution as well as the blessings with his beloved brother in Christ, Mr. McEwen.

Mr. McEwen was laboring alone in and around Port Howe. The town of Pugwash, about six miles away, was upon his heart. There were two Baptists who enjoyed the gospel messages and begged Mr. McEwen to give them a sermon in their church. He consented to go one night. The bell tolled for fifteen minutes and the people gathered until the building was filled. The minister arrived and was introduced to Mr. McEwen and said, "I wish to say a few words." He addressed the audience as follows: "Our Baptist Churches are well known throughout the land and I am always glad to receive any minister who recognizes them." Mr. McEwen sang a hymn and after prayer he read I Corinthians 2:22. Addressing the large audience, he said, "I came here not as the representative of any sect under heaven, but in the same way the Apostle Paul went to Corinth—as a servant of Christ and to honor Christ." The presence of God pervaded the meeting as he proclaimed the gospel that Paul preached at Corinth so long ago, and with similar results. Miss McLeod (later Mrs. Campbell), a nurse, was saved while he preached. A doctor sat in the audience who was bitterly opposed but he was saved years later.

The meetings continued in a school room, and the last

night Mr. McEwen spoke to Mr. S. at the close of the meeting and said, "You may die before twelve o'clock and, if in your present state, your soul would be in hell." Thirty minutes later the man died in his chair causing a solemnity over the whole community.

There were many trophies of grace during those meetings and one of the outstanding conversions was that of Mrs. Silas Wacome. She became such a testimony for the Lord that her family followed and also embraced their mother's Saviour and Lord. Mrs. Wacome and her family were well known to the writer and it was always her delight to converse over the Scriptures and to speak of her Coming Lord Jesus. The following chapter gives the remarkable story of her conversion as told by her son, George.

CHAPTER 14

MRS. SILAS WACOME'S CONVERSION BY HER SON, GEORGE

My mother was brought up in Bass River, New Brunswick, was married and moved to Pugwash, Nova Scotia, where she brought up her family, joined the Presbyterian Church, and became quite a worker in it. There she was taught, and did teach, that all you had to do was do the best you can and, at the end of life, God would weigh your good deeds and your bad deeds and, if your good deeds outweighed your bad ones, you would be saved.

In the year of 1888 a man by the name of John Knox McEwen came to Pugwash and got a school house and began to preach the Gospel. My mother heard about him and decided to go and hear for herself, so she started out this night with a baby in her arms. It was about a mile walk, and when she arrived at the school house the elders of the church were standing outside of the door. They said, "Mrs. Wacome, you're not going in to hear that man, are you? They have the seats painted red on one side of the school house for the blood-washed ones and on the other side they have them painted black for the sinners. Don't you go in to

hear him!" She answered, "I have come a long way and I want to hear what he has to say." So she went in but saw no red and black seats. She sat at the back of the school house. Mr. McEwen started to preach on the ruin of man and God's remedy. At the close of the meeting, Mr. McEwen stood at the door saying good night and asking each one if they were saved.

He shook hands with my mother and said, "Are you a christian?" She answered "Oh, I think so. I've joined the Church, I read the Bible, teach a Sunday School class, and give to the good cause. I guess I am all right." The only thing he said was, "Be sure you haven't missed Christ," and she left the school house with these words burning in her soul.

She wanted to hear him again but there was so much persecution she never got back to hear the gospel. But those words, "Be sure you haven't missed Christ" drove her to the Bible and she came to the place where it said, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." All her good deeds (as she thought) were only filthy rags in the sight of God. She found out she was only a religious sinner without Christ, and became in deep soul trouble but could find no one to tell her how to be saved. One day coming up from the field with a basket of potatoes in her hand, burdened about her soul, and not knowing how to be saved, she came into the house. That Scripture came to her mind, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," Matthew 18:3. She said, "What can a little child do? It can't pray, it can't teach a Sunday School class, it can't give to the good cause," and then that Scripture in Isaiah 45:42 came to her so clearly, "Look unto me and be ye saved." She said, "A little child can look!", and right there, standing on the kitchen floor with the basket of potatoes at her feet, she looked away by faith and saw that the Lord Jesus had died for her sins and

finished the work and there was nothing for her to do but to accept Him. And she did.

Some time later Mr. McEwen came back to Pugwash and she found out that the next step was to be baptized, and in her own words:

“We left the house and came down to the river and cut a hole in the ice and I was buried. The water looked black and cold, but I was so happy that neither one gave me a thought.”

She lived to see her father and mother, four sisters and a brother, and a number of others led to Christ.

My father and mother were living together in Pugwash at the time J. K. McEwen came to have meetings. My father became a bitter enemy of the gospel and when my mother got saved his hatred for the gospel and God's people grew to such an extent that my mother had to take the children and leave him. The day she was to be baptized, he picked up a stick of wood and, as Saul would have slain David to the ground, so he would have done. But she closed the door just in time to save herself, and the door was split from top to bottom.

My mother passed away before my father, and some years later, my brother Charlie was talking to my father before he died, and this is what he said, “Charlie, your mother was right and I was wrong. I have been reading in the Bible, and all that she said is true and I am saved now.”

There will be some happy reunions soon.

CHAPTER 15

PUGWASH JUNCTION

Doherty Creek, now called Pugwash Junction, only a few miles from Pugwash, became the center of great blessing and a rich ingathering of precious souls to Christ. It also became a time of bitter opposition. It was a rural district and the school house was opened for meetings. When the preacher arrived the place was in darkness, but in the distance he saw a light coming. Mrs. McLeod, a widow, brought a lamp and this was the only light during the first service.

Mr. Simpson arrived from Galt about this time and his coming was a cheer to the lonely worker. Mr. McEwen spoke of him many years later in highest terms, saying, "George Simpson was a true helper." For weeks they continued preaching the gospel with increasing interest and increasing opposition. Mr. Simpson was also a good singer, and together the evangelists sang night after night,

Would you know why I love Jesus,
Why He is so dear to me?

For miles around the people came—some walking and some by horse and buggy. It was usual to see thirty horses

tied to the fence. Later as they made their way home, their hearty singing was heard over the countryside and many came out to listen.

The Lord began to work in a wonderful way. Old and young were brought under deep conviction of sin as eternity with all its dread reality was brought before them. Hard hearts were broken as they heard the message in the burning power of the Holy Spirit, "How that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures and that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that, He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once," I Corinthians 15:5, 6. But Paul also added his own personal experience of that glorious sight, saying, "Last of all He was seen of me also." The fullness and spiritual wealth of Paul's gospel preaching stirred the very being of the preacher at Pugwash Junction and this precious truth was reflected in many newborn souls.

Among the first converts was the widow, Mrs. McLeod, who had brought the lamp to the first meeting. Mrs. Nelson Piers was also saved. She and Mrs. McLeod stood nobly by the work and God richly blessed them and their families. During a work of grace many years later in 1901, conducted by Mr. D. R. Scott, Hiram, Mrs. McLeod's son, was saved and also his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Piers. Hiram McLeod became the leading brother in the Pugwash Junction assembly and was a true shepherd. Their son, Oswald McLeod, is a well-known evangelist in the United States and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eaton, prominent residents of the Junction, attended the meetings and became greatly interested. One night Mr. McEwen was appealing solemnly to parents to come to Christ, and said, "That child that God took from you lately—you will be separated from him for all eternity." Although the preacher was unaware of it, the

Eatons had lost a little boy a short time before. Mrs. Eaton left the meeting in soul trouble. The next night Mr. Simpson whispered to Mr. McEwen, "I believe Mrs. Eaton is saved. She looks different." Just then she came over to Mr. McEwen and with deep emotion said, "You will never tell me again that I will never meet my boy," and opening her Bible at Romans 10:9, she said, "I was saved through that verse last night." Mr. McEwen went out and found Mr. Eaton weeping beside his buggy and pointed him to Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Eaton had an open door for years for the Lord's servants and gave a room where the assembly remembered the Lord. Mr. McEwen afterwards spoke highly of this worthy couple and appreciated much the untiring zeal in the things of the Lord by Mrs. Eaton. The Eatons were the parents of Cyrus Eaton, internationally known financier and philanthropist of Cleveland, Ohio.

Brother George Simpson remained in Nova Scotia preaching the Gospel for several years. In October, 1891 he and Miss Ada McPherson, a sister of Mrs. Eaton, were married in the bride's home in Pugwash River. She was the Ada to whom Miss Ada King (later Mrs. Silver Allen) wrote the spiritually fragrant letters reproduced in this issue. After their marriage they returned to Ontario and later moved to Detroit. Brother Simpson's health broke down and he was called home to be with the Lord when still a young man of thirty-nine. His life of service for the Lord was brief but many memories remain of his godly life and his love for his Risen Lord.

For some time before he died, Mr. Simpson was very short of breath and one of his last remarks to his wife was, "Oh, Ada, I'll soon be in heaven. I'll take one long breath of the fragrant air of heaven, and fall at His feet, and the story repeat, and the Lover of sinners adore." He passed away on January 23, 1902, and his funeral was conducted by

Mr. T. D. W. Muir. He left two daughters, Mrs. Gertrude Simpson Johannimgmeyer and Miss Isabelle Simpson, a well-known nurse in the Washington, D.C. area.

The following letter, written to Miss Isabelle Simpson by Mr. David Scott in 1947, gives a few reminiscences of his helping Mr. Simpson in pioneer work in Nova Scotia.

Dear Sister in Christ,

I wasn't very long with your father in Nova Scotia but I remember some things. I was very young when I first went to New Brunswick, and then I went up to Dalhousie Junction to your father. He had been there for quite some time before and a few nice souls got saved. . . . After a while we came to Jacket River and got a hall. The people came out well and it seemed as if God was working. The man who owned the hall had quite a large family and some of them were getting troubled. But the devil was surely busy, and one of the daughters became so bitter that she persuaded her father to shut the hall against us, and there was no other place for us so we reluctantly came away. The oldest boy in the family came to the station and he just cried. He said, "It's all very well with you men, you are going to heaven, but I'm going to hell."

This girl who had the door shut on us had the cheek to write me some time later to tell me that they had meetings and one night the hall was full and they had a glorious time. All that were in the hall were saved that night and the rejoicing was so great that they just walked up and down the aisle clapping their hands and praising the Lord. This boy that was so troubled was one that professed.

Some two or three years later I met three of these boys (brothers) on Boston Common and had a good talk with them. I asked the boy who cried at the station, "Was there any reality in that which his sister wrote me about when so many got saved?" "Oh, no," he said. "There was nothing to it." I asked him if he was saved. "No," he said, "I wasn't saved."

It was very cold and we came to Coatsville to Sher-

wards. We tramped twelve miles that day with cases, etc. . . . Your father had been quite a bit around Welford and had it rough there. They wouldn't give him lodging at the hotel, but Mr. Pride, a Baptist, took him in. His wife was a Catholic and they were very kind. Mr. Pride told me that after he had watched Mr. Simpson's life he said, "I felt I was a backslider, but after a while I came to the conclusion that I never was saved at all." . . . I had been having meetings some eight or nine miles from Welford. The weather was very wet and the roads very bad, but the people were coming out well and there was a good interest, but I took a bad cold or flu and I couldn't continue the meetings. I came up to Mr. Prides and your father had stayed there the night before. I don't remember where he was going, but he had a bad cold and Mrs. Pride said to me, "I made Mr. Simpson go up those stairs on his knees last night and I'll make you do the same tonight." I did not know what she meant but she got my feet into a bucket of hot water and mustard. Then she took a couple of those big Nova Scotia salt herrings and split them up and bound one tightly on the sole of each foot. "Now," she said, "Get up the stairs the best you can." Well, when I unwrapped them in the morning they were actually cooked, and the smell!!!! I think a crumb of that fish would have poisoned a dog! But I felt so much better.

With our united love in Christ,
Yours by grace,
David R. Scott

CHAPTER 16

RETURN TO ENGLAND

After the work was established in Port Howe and also in Doherty Creek, Mr. McEwen became exercised about paying a visit back to the British Isles to see some of the places where he had labored in the gospel years before and to meet some of the trophies of grace that he had seen brought to Christ. He crossed the ocean and visited many familiar places and also greeted many people with whom he had enjoyed hearty fellowship in the past.

While in England he visited a town called Crediton in Devonshire where there was an assembly of believers. There he met a young lady called Miss Alice Fowler. She was a young woman born into a family of social standing in the town. However, early in life eternal realities were brought before her. The Holy Spirit moving in her young heart wrought conviction of sin and her eyes were opened to see the Lord Jesus, God's only Son, dying on the cross for her sins. She received Him as her own personal Saviour. Joy and peace filled her heart and she could truly enjoy the words written by another young lady who had everything within her grasp that the world had to offer, but she too

had received that wonderful Saviour, and in answer to questions asked of her, wrote:

As I bid adieu to the world's fancied pleasures
You pity my weakness, alas! did you know
The joys of salvation, that best hidden treasure,
Would you have me forsake them? ah, never, ah no!

In the gay scenes of life I was happiness wooing,
But ah, in its stead I encountered but woe;
And found I was only a phantom pursuing,
I never once found it, ah, never, ah no.

How bright now the sunbeams of glory are shining
Around my sweet path as to heaven I go;
With Christ in my heart on His promise reclining,
Shall I yield up my treasure, ah never, ah no.

But now in the path which you call melancholy,
I drink of the joys that the world does not know;
Come taste them and try them, you'll own your past folly,
Nor again bid me flee them, ah never, ah no.

By the counsels of Jesus my feet are directed,
My faithful Companion, we intimate grow;
With His love I am blest, by His arm I'm protected;
Would you have me forsake them, ah never, ah no.

These verses fittingly express the testimony of this young woman who became the bride of Mr. McEwen. She became a Bible student and searched the Scriptures daily for light and understanding. She saw the truth of believer's baptism as given by the risen Lord in Matthew 28:18-20. Miss Fowler was happy to be baptized accordingly and was received into an assembly of believers who were practicing the precious truth she had just learned. Her consistent testimony was the means of bringing her mother and sister to the Lord in later years.

Mr. John Knox McEwen and Miss Alice Fowler were united in marriage on August 19, 1889 in Crediton, England, and soon afterwards they left England to establish a home

in Nova Scotia. Mr. McEwen often spoke with much appreciation of the real help and blessing Mrs. McEwen had been to him down through the years. She became to him a true helpmeet and was loved by all who knew her—a real Phoebe of ancient days.

Mr. and Mrs. McEwen arrived in Doherty Creek and together they sought to establish the young assembly begun in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. With the use of horse and buggy Mr. McEwen was able to keep in close touch with the assembly in Port Howe. He kept busy preaching in school houses and halls as the Lord opened doors near and far. Late at night his neighbors could hear the familiar voice singing the lovely Gospel hymns as they echoed through the woods on his way home after a happy day of service. A harvest of souls was reaped in those stirring days and the believers were taught the ways of the Lord.

A home was built for them in Doherty Creek where they lived for a few years. Because of health reasons and family care, it became necessary to return to England for a time. Preparations were made and the voyage was taken across the ocean. They arrived in South England and after a time established their home in Exeter.

Again with unabated zeal this busy worker, who soon became a familiar figure, was sounding out the Word of Life by the wayside, in trains, in halls, and in tents. This warm-hearted soul-winner was a busy man—in season, out of season, he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.

Devonshire and South Wales became fruitful fields and during the summer months he preached heaven's Good News in a canvas tent. Here, as in every place he went, this fearless outspoken messenger of the cross preached with such great plainness of speech that when some first heard him they were offended and turned away. However, God stood by His servant and many were brought under conviction of sin and were saved by His wonderful grace.

Moreover, some who so bitterly opposed his preaching at first were also broken under the nightly power of the Word and were born again and became his friends and helpers in Christ.

In 1901 Mr. Robert McCrory, an old-time fellow-laborer of the writer, returned to Ireland from missionary work in Spain, and went over to help Mr. McEwen in a tent in Wales. He often went over his experiences with Mr. McEwen to me, saying, "Mr. McEwen kept me on my knees praying a good part of the day and night." He was, to Mr. McCrory, the most remarkable man he ever met, one who had a burning zeal to win souls to Christ. His time was fully occupied in reading his Bible, praying, visiting, preaching, and going after anxious souls. This was the testimony of one of his fellow-laborers.

Mr. McEwen had a unique ministry that suited and met the spiritual need of the young in Christ and for such babes he manifested Godly care. For older believers his ministry was warm, heart-searching, and seasonable. He had a very piercing eye and many thought he could look them through and through. He could and did open up the truths applicable to all.

CHAPTER 17

THE BEGINNING OF ASSEMBLY TESTIMONY

There were a number of well-known godly and saintly brethren in England at that time such as R. C. Chapman, Anthony Groves and his son Henry, George Mueller, Henry Dyer, Mr. Hake and others whom Mr. McEwen got to know intimately. Their godly lives and knowledge of the Word had given confidence and guidance to assemblies in trying days when different circles of assemblies and divisions had brought sorrow among many of God's precious assemblies.

As was well known, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Hake kept bachelor's quarters as neither were married, but they entertained missionaries and other servants of the Lord freely. They invited Mr. McEwen as their guest. Knowing they were such outstanding men of God he was almost afraid to go into such an atmosphere, but he went and greatly enjoyed their company. The first day, however, when Mr. Chapman was alone with his guest, he said, "Mr. Hake is a very provoking brother. He has been provoking me all morning." Mr. McEwen was a bit startled after all he had heard about these two beloved brethren, and again Mr.

Chapman said, "Mr. Hake has been provoking me all morning to *love* and *good works*." "Ah, that is different," thought the guest. Each of them had wanted the honor of shining the shoes of their guest (an ancient British custom in the home).

These beloved brethren mentioned left behind them a sweet savor of Christ. Their godly sincerity in every department was well-known among the assemblies near and far and that sweet aroma has come down to the present time. These men and others before them had been used by the Lord in establishing assemblies of the Lord's people who met simply in the Name of Our Lord Jesus and sought to carry out the New Testament pattern of church order.

Early in the nineteenth century there was among many believers in Christ a definite movement of the Spirit of God. It is true that since the days of the renowned John Wickcliffe, who was spoken of by many as the morning star of the Reformation, God had raised up men at different times to bring forth the light of the Gospel. The spiritual darkness that had fallen upon the professing church in his day was appalling, but there were still men and women who cherished the words of Bernard of Clairvaux written in the twelfth century:

Lord Jesus Christ, the thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue no pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Saviour, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown shalt be;
Be Thou, O Lord, our glory now,
And through eternity.

Although the darkness of Rome was abounding, yet Wickcliffe, a priest, had a great interest in the gospel. He translated the Bible into English, and, with the coming of the printing press, he was able to distribute New Testaments to young men and encourage them to study the Word and go forth to preach the gospel.

Other shining lights such as Luther, Farel, Calvin, Knox, Whitfield, and the Wesleys were raised up by the Lord to shake the powers of darkness and to see many snatched as brands from the burning. Many of the converts in those dark days suffered much persecution for Christ's sake.

This movement referred to in the beginning of the nineteenth century differed in part from these movements of earlier days. Added to a burning zeal in the gospel was the tremendous desire that filled so many hearts at the same time, and in so many lands—the desire to understand and practice the proper way of observing the Lord's Supper. So widespread was this movement that, unknown to one another, much exercise of heart concerning these precious truths was evident in different parts, and even on other continents. The Spirit of God was thus revealing to many these same truths, and small companies of believers were gathering together in the simplicity that is in Christ.

One of the first places that the effect of this desire was felt was in Dublin, Ireland. A group of godly men and women began to study the Scriptures pertaining to the Lord's Supper. In Matthew 26:26-28 they read, "And as

they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body.' And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.'" In Mark 14:22 to 24 almost the same words are used, while in John 13 another view of the same scene is given. They were *at the table*, verse 28, when the Lord was troubled in His spirit and said to the disciples in verse 21, "One of you shall betray me." The disciples were anxious to know, "Lord, who is it?" Jesus answered, 'He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it.' And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon," verses 26 and 27. Then it is written of Judas, "He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night." In this portion nothing more is said about Judas, but after he was gone Jesus spoke to the others freely, and it is very suggestive that it was then that He instituted the Lord's Supper as given in Matthew, Mark, and also in Luke 22:19, 20.

As these and also other Scriptures were examined, they learned how the Lord on that eventful night instituted and patterned the Lord's Supper. They could see that when saints thus came together to remember their Lord, no celebrated man or official office was required, but in utmost simplicity and humble dependence on the Holy Spirit to guide in worship, they should thus remember Him.

Then turning to I Corinthians 11 they were very interested in reading the account of the Apostle Paul. He had spent a year and six months among them preaching the gospel he had received, as he reminds them in chapter 15. Then he clearly informs them in verses 23 to 26 of chapter 11 that while he was with them he had instituted and taught them "That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: and when he had given thanks, he

brake it, and said, 'Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.' After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, 'This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.'"

These beloved brethren and sisters in studying all that was written could see that Paul used the very expressions and words used by the Lord when instituting the Lord's Supper. They saw no mention of any official office for any person to occupy at such a gathering. They decided to act accordingly, and on a Lord's Day morning, these beloved saints came together with deeply exercised hearts. A table was spread in a hired room and furnished with bread and wine. The sisters of course knew their place was to be silent according to the Word. That was a memorable meeting for all present! There was a deep-felt sense of the holy presence of the Lord, and as some brethren took a little part in praise or reading the Word and then giving thanks for the bread and the cup, tears in abundance flowed and there was a deep assurance that this is the thing that the Lord hath commanded.

Very soon others were added and the assembly became established. There was much simplicity and godly order among them. They were most anxious to continue in godly simplicity and the Lord's Supper was their delight although they felt as if they were the only little company gathering in His Name alone. However, it soon became known, to their great joy, that in many other places, mostly far apart, little companies and some larger ones, after passing through similar exercise of heart, were gathering likewise in simplicity and were remembering the Lord in the same way. The Lord raised up gift in their midst and the saints were fed

with ministry from the Word while the gospel also went forth with no uncertain sound.

There was very sweet fellowship between assemblies and they also grew in number. Many were gifted men who gave themselves to the ministry of the Word. Others were gospel preachers and were used of God in leading others to Christ. Mr. A. N. Groves of England led a missionary to Bagdad and later to India where a great work for God was begun. In England many assemblies were established and a number of saintly brethren were raised up to labor among them including Mr. Chapman, Mr. Groves and others who became a real help to brother McEwen as he continued to labor for the Lord in that area.

CHAPTER 18

OTHER PIONEERS IN THE MARITIMES

As years passed Mr. McEwen's field of labor extended to many others parts of England, also to Scotland and Ireland. He crossed the ocean many times visiting his friends in the United States and Canada, including Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where he always took a godly and practical interest in the work in these two provinces.

It was the writer's great pleasure in 1910 to see Nova Scotia for the first time. I had met beloved brother David Scott, a servant of the Lord, at the Toronto conference. Because of ill health he had just left Nova Scotia where he had labored for a number of years with much blessing from the Lord. He too had seen an ingathering of precious souls in Port Howe and also in Pugwash Junction (the name now given to Doherty Creek). Brother Scott encouraged me to go to Nova Scotia.

I arrived in Pugwash Junction for the conference on July 1, 1910, and there I met the much esteemed brethren, Ansley Goodwin and W. N. Brennan, whose fellowship through the years I greatly enjoyed. Since Mr. Scott had left Nova

Scotia these two brethren were the only laborers among the assemblies in that province while Mr. John Martin was the only one in the neighboring province of New Brunswick. At that same conference were Mr. R. McCrory, my fellow-laborer from Ireland, and Mr. Edwin Tharpe, on his first furlough from China.

The conference was small at that time but a sense of the presence of God was evident and the saints appreciated the ministry of the Word. I met many of the dear saints of God from Port Howe and Pugwash Junction and heard much from them about Mr. McEwen and his wonderful work for God in that area.

Mr. McCrory remained for over two years in Nova Scotia. He and Mr. Goodwin had a tent together and saw the hand of the Lord in blessing. Mr. and Mrs. David Sharp had come from Scotland to New Glasgow and a little assembly was begun there. Mr. Sharp, a sculptor of rare talent, was a real help and mainstay in the assembly for years until he went to be with the Lord in 1961.

Mr. Brennan and I spent the winter of 1910-1911 in Cape Breton. There was one assembly in Sydney Mines and at Christmas of 1910, they had a three-day conference. A number of believers came who had never heard of assemblies and were very interested. Quite a few were baptized and took their place in the assembly. The interest shown at the conference was such that the next week at New Year's the brethren decided to have another three-day conference. The Lord gave a precious season then also.

Among the believers who came into the assembly at that time were Mr. and Mrs. S. Batstone and their daughter, Nina, who was then just a young girl. She grew up with a real testimony for the Lord, became Mrs. Andrew Stenhouse, and with her husband has spent many years laboring for the Lord in Chile, South America.

Mr. McCrory remained for meetings and saw the Lord

working in salvation and a goodly number were brought into the assembly. Mr. Brennan and I went to the city of Sydney and hired a hall where we conducted meetings. That was the beginning of the work in Sydney and souls were reached and saved.

About 1914 a young Englishman called Robert Milnes, a godly and devout believer, was commended to the work by the assembly in Barrie, Ontario, Canada. He labored with Mr. Brennan around Moncton, New Brunswick. In several places they saw precious souls saved but there was no assembly as yet in Moncton. In 1919 these brethren with Mr. A. Goodwin pitched a tent in that city. There was a good interest and an ingathering of precious souls to Christ. A number of these were young men who became the foundation of the assembly begun in 1921 and continuing on to this day.

Early in 1921 a young Irishman, Isaac McMullen, who was among the first converts the writer saw led to Christ when first going forth in the gospel early in 1905, came to the Moncton area. He had given me appreciated help in a tent in Brookline, Massachusetts in the summer of 1920, and the brethren in the Boston area commended him heartily. He returned to Toronto, Canada, and his home assembly commended him to the work of the Lord. He was a stirring gospel preacher and was greatly used of the Lord in New Brunswick. I had encouraged this young brother to labor in the Maritimes and when brother McMullen arrived in Moncton early in 1921, he had a few meetings there with Mr. Milnes.

After the meetings in Moncton, brother McMullen secured a country schoolhouse in Bryants Corner and preached nightly to a crowded audience. After preaching for several weeks there still seemed no apparent blessing. He announced that Easter Sunday would be the last meeting and went to the schoolhouse that evening deeply moved in his

spirit. As usual the place was packed and the service began. It soon became evident that the power of God was very manifest. The audience sat spell-bound as this fiery young Irishman proclaimed the glorious gospel message. Two lighted kerosene lamps were on the desk before him and, in the course of his preaching, his hand struck one of the lamps. The light was immediately extinguished and the lamp went crashing to the floor. The preacher continued on and no one in the audience moved, but soon, as of old, anxious souls cried out in despair, "What must I do to be saved?" Strong men broke down and wept aloud and soon souls were being saved—young and old alike were rejoicing for they had found Christ as their Saviour. A grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, at least one son, and a daughter all in one family were saved that evening and later were all baptized together and received into assembly fellowship. For several weeks after that many more souls were led to Christ.

Mr. McMullen wrote me to come along and help him. Early in July, Mr. Brennan, Mr. McMullen, and I pitched a tent near Bryants Corner and the young converts drank in the Word. One lovely afternoon in August we held a baptism in a little river nearby. Long before the time announced people were gathering from every direction for miles around. We preached to the multitude and Mr. Brennan baptized twenty-two converts that day including the three generations of one family.

At that time we were having Bible readings on Lord's Day morning with the young believers in Moncton, a few miles from Bryants Corner, and one Sunday morning the Lord's Table was spread and we remembered our Lord's death. Thus the assembly in Moncton began.

CHAPTER 19

A MEMORABLE CONFERENCE

In 1922 the writer was living in Barrington, Rhode Island, but had spent much time since 1910 in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick preaching the gospel. I left home in the late summer to hold meetings near Moncton in a community hall that I had already secured. The hall was filled to capacity nightly and I continued until the time for the Port Howe Conference in October.

I left for the conference on a Friday morning. In the train I noticed a passenger who looked familiar and, going over to him, I discovered that he was an old friend, Mr. Hugh Thorpe, a missionary just home from the Barbados in the West Indies, and that he too was on his way to the Port Howe Conference.

The conference began with a prayer meeting that evening and the dear saints gave us a very hearty welcome. There was a real spirit of supplication as many sought the Lord in prayer. Saturday was a day of blessing as the Word of the Lord seemed to be speaking to every heart. Our dear brethren, Brennan and McMullen, were then pioneering in Newfoundland and they were remembered fervently in prayer that afternoon. Mr. Thorpe was a stranger in that

area and his ministry was fresh and appreciated. The gospel was preached faithfully that evening and a brother who had been a backslider for years was restored and his son saved. Also, Mr. Brennan's youngest daughter, Margaret, was saved and there was great joy among the saints.

The rest of the conference was a time to be remembered. Numbers increased and the Lord helped His servants to minister the Word. At the close of the meeting on Monday evening I said to Mr. Thorpe, "You can easily see that there is an interest here and I know the Lord's people would be very glad if you continued meetings here." He replied, "I would not like to stay alone as I am a stranger here but if you will decide to stay, I'll stay with you." Accordingly, I announced meetings for Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

That same Monday night in Newfoundland as our brethren Brennan and McMullen were about to open their gospel meeting, a telegraph messenger entered the hall and handed Mr. Brennan a telegram. He opened and read it, then went to the platform and read the message to a very interested audience. It was from Mrs. Brennan telling him of Margaret's conversion, and he added with deep emotion how much this telegram meant to him as she was the first one in his family to be saved.

Mr. Thorpe and I held the two meetings in Port Howe and the interest was so keen that we decided to continue. This was October and the roads were covered with mud, but night after night, in rain and mud roads, horses and buggies were driven to the meetings from all around. A moving picture company came in and began showing pictures in a building next to the Gospel Hall, but the people passed them by to attend the meetings and they had to close down.

These meetings continued almost until Christmas. Backsliders were restored and many were saved. In one family, whose parents had been saved in Mr. McEwen's first meet-

ings in Port Howe and who had gone to heaven many years before, there was a real awakening. The family was now grown up and all attended the meetings. Five brothers and one sister were saved during that memorable visitation and one of the brothers, Frank Elliott, became a gospel preacher and won many souls ere he was called Home. Three of the brothers were also baptized and in the assembly.

Frequently during those meetings we heard some of the dear saints say to one another, "This is wonderful! Just like when Mr. McEwen came here first." No one rejoiced more about this work of grace than Mr. McEwen and through his letters he was a liberal helper in the work as he always kept in touch with the laborers in Nova Scotia.

These meetings concluded just before Christmas and in the spring about twenty-five converts were baptized and received into the assembly in Port Howe.

CHAPTER 20

MR. McEWEN REVISITS NOVA SCOTIA

The following spring Mr. McEwen came out to the USA but was greatly exercised about visiting Port Howe. In view of going, I had just gotten my first car, a model-T Ford, and Mr. McEwen was most anxious to come with me to the yearly July Conference in Pugwash Junction.

It was a lovely summer morning in June 1923 when we started off. I drove from Barrington, Rhode Island to Boston where Mr. McEwen was awaiting me and also Mr. Thorpe and his two teen-age daughters. Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Marshall, also of Boston, were there as well and we started off in two cars for Pugwash Junction. We had arranged to go by steamer from Boston to St. John, New Brunswick, and then continue the journey by car.

Having put both cars on board the steamer, we all prepared for the long journey by sea and land. There were many passengers on board and it wasn't long before I noticed Mr. McEwen going among them and it was very evident that his message to one and all was about God's wonderful salvation in Christ.

Very early the next day the ship was tied up in the dock in St. John, New Brunswick, and by eleven o'clock we were

on our way again by car. We still had a few hundred miles to drive and the roads in that area were all gravel and quite primitive as were the direction signs. However, we had the tops of both cars back so had a good view of the beautiful countryside in every direction.

Since this was my first car, I was still rather a novice at driving and the roads were very narrow and difficult for a stranger to follow. Also, at that time, all cars kept to the left side of the road in Nova Scotia, and Mr. McEwen was rather apprehensive wanting to be sure that I was on the right road to Pugwash. I knew that at forks and crossroads the correct route was marked by a blue ring painted around a telephone pole, and I constantly watched for this sign.

At one point, however, we came to a fork in the road and both roads looked like country lanes. I kept to the left and I soon heard that very pronounced voice saying, "How do you know that this is the right way?" I explained about the painted pole but to no avail. "I take no stock in these things at all," was the reply and I had to stop, walk a good distance to a farm house, and ask the way to Pugwash. The farmer explained about that painted ring that blazed the way and thus my route to Pugwash was confirmed.

As we traveled along the way I noticed that in every little town we were passing through, about a dozen men would be standing at the crossroads merely watching the cars from the United States passing by. Mr. McEwen who sat beside me was evidently interested and as soon as we were approaching another crossroads he said to me, "Stop!" And again about a dozen men were standing. He got out and, although now in his seventieth year, he walked briskly over to these men and addressed them with, "How many people might there be in this town?" Very readily several replied, "Five hundred, sir." "Five hundred," he repeated slowly, and then came, "I wonder how many of these five hundred are on their way to heaven?" "Not many, sir,"

was the quick reply. It was easy to see that he had their attention as he continued, "Not many on the way to heaven, and that is just what the Bible teaches, 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it.'"

By this time quite a crowd had gathered at that corner and for ten minutes he set forth to them heaven's good news to sinners with warmth and power. Then he said, "Good-bye, men, think of Christ and salvation." "A hearty good-bye, sir, and come again." He was once more beside me with, "Drive on!" The same scene was often repeated that day and part of the next until we arrived safely in Pugwash Junction.

Once we entered Nova Scotia I noticed Mr. McEwen seemed to be on familiar ground. Seeing a man coming in a buggy, he again said, "Stop!" and put his hand up to the other driver to stop also. Mr. McEwen said to him, "Can you tell me are there any McEwenites around here?" "Yes, sir," the man replied and, pointing out a spot, said, "If you just go over that hill you will find a regular nest of them." With that the man, obviously friendly looking, drove on and so did we. Mr. McEwen laughed heartily, and, by the way, in areas of Nova Scotia, assemblies are known as McEwenites to this day. Mr. McEwen seemed greatly stirred as we travelled along the familiar roads pointing out various places and saying, "I saw the fury of the devil there," or "I saw the hand of the Lord in salvation there."

Our two car loads arrived in Pugwash Junction in time for the prayer meeting and a large number were present. All welcomed Mr. McEwen heartily including two aged men who had come a long distance to be there to greet him. The conference was a time of real refreshment and Mr. McEwen was listened to with rapt attention as he recounted many incidents of his early pioneer days in this land. His ministry was given in power and several were

saved during the conference. At the close a number were baptized and the saints went away spiritually refreshed.

The journey just described taught me much. As many younger preachers seem to seek after becoming teachers (and I do not object to young men giving themselves to opening up the Holy Scriptures) I feel the need to always bear in mind the precious examples we have in Scripture of Holy Ghost taught preachers. We read that "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere *preaching* the Word." No one was missed but to one and all it was Christ presented to meet the need of sinners. In a later day Paul reminded the elders of the Church at Ephesus how he had labored among them preaching repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. May God raise up young men among us to go forth as evangelists with the gospel preaching the good news of salvation.

A most lasting impression was made on me at that time as I saw Mr. McEwen, now a man of seventy, still alert and active for the Lord. Much that has been written in previous chapters has dealt with the man in his youth and his devotion to Christ in presenting Him to sinners. Now as a mature man, at an age when many would be taking it easy, he still had that same devotedness and burning desire to bring lost sinners to Christ. He lost no opportunity to meet people and to give them the good news of salvation with the same warmth and power that had been so evident in his younger days.

After the Pugwash Junction Conference we went to Port Howe where brother McEwen spoke to a large crowd who gathered for an all day meeting on Lord's Day. Many of his old friends of past years gathered that day to hear once again this faithful servant of the Lord bring a message from God's Word. It was indeed a touching sight that day to see Mr. McEwen sitting down at the Lord's table with an aged man who had come a long distance to be with him.

Mr. James Mattison, who as a young man was a bitter enemy but had been wonderfully saved, was now old and feeble. Through the years he had been a true friend to brother McEwen and, although he was now nearing the end of his journey, he had made the trip to be with this dear friend as they remembered the Lord together.

CHAPTER 21

DECLINING YEARS

Shortly after our trip together to Nova Scotia Mr. McEwen returned once again to England where he spent many more fruitful years preaching the gospel in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

When the Second World War broke out in Europe, many assemblies in the British Isles and individual believers gave themselves to prayer and took deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the boys in the armed forces. Mr. McEwen although in his eighty-sixth year was still very energetic. With his son Charles and two other brethren he became very busy giving out tracts and booklets especially to those in uniform. They also visited military camps and distributed many copies of the New Testament among the servicemen and witnessed faithfully to many.

In March 1944, in his ninety-first year, Mr. McEwen, whose zeal and love for souls was still very evident, took ill. The joy of knowing Christ stirred him even when in great weakness of body and he often exclaimed, "Until I saw the blood, 'Twas hell my soul was fearing," and as is recorded by his son, Charles, almost his last words were, "I shall be glad to see Him."

In November 1944, having passed his ninety-first year, weak in body and longing for the homeland, this noble witness and servant of Christ passed peacefully into the presence of the Lord whom he loved and served faithfully for seventy-one years. As the news of his death spread among the Lord's people in Exeter, there was deep sorrow in many hearts and homes, and as it spread throughout the British Isles many saints old and young were bowed in sorrow, as was also the case in the USA and Canada and especially in Nova Scotia where his name and memory was cherished.

His son gives the account of his death and funeral in the following chapter. The many letters of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. McEwen and their son was an evident token of the esteem in which he was held among the Lord's people.

I still greatly cherish the memory of Mr. John Knox McEwen. I also would not like to complete this memoir without a reference to the memory of Mr. McEwen's two nephews, beloved brother Sam McEwen and his younger brother, Hugh. Both at times were my fellow-laborers and very special friends. Both won many souls for the Lord and had very wholesome ministry for the Lord's people. I'm sure many will read with deep interest the brief accounts which follow of the lives of these much esteemed servants of Christ.

There is yet another generation of McEwens who are going on in the service of our Lord. Samuel and John, sons of Sam McEwen and grandsons of William Renwick McEwen, have been helpers in Matoaca, Virginia assembly for many years. And yet another one is Raymond Zander who is somewhat like John Mark whom Paul spoke of as a sister's son of Barnabas. His mother, Mrs. A. Zander, is a sister of brethren Sam and Hugh McEwen. The Lord has given Raymond to see precious souls won to Christ as he seeks to labor for the Lord in the Southland and in the Bahamas.

CHAPTER 22

AN ACCOUNT BY HIS SON CHARLES

Likely my grandparents little thought when they named their infant son John Knox that he would so bear the characteristics of the great Protestant Reformer. Someone has said that my father feared neither man nor devil.

Most of my father's friends have now been called Home, and out of six in our family circle (father, mother, and four children), I am the only one remaining.

My father was born in Dromore, County Down, Northern Ireland, on June 20th, 1853. He was saved during meetings conducted by Messrs. Smith and Campbell at the age of twenty-one. Soon after conversion my father commenced to preach the gospel, first of all in his home districts, then going later to Nova Scotia. He devoted himself to the work of the Lord for almost seventy years until he was called Home in his ninety-second year on November 15, 1944.

On his first visit home whilst labouring in the Gospel in Devonshire he met, in the town of Crediton, near Exeter, Miss Alice Mary Fowler. She earlier had at great cost taken a stand for Christ, associating herself with the christians gathering in the High Street Meeting Room in Crediton,

where she had been a communicant in the established church. God honoured her stand, and gave her the joy of seeing her mother and two sisters saved.

My father believed it to be the mind of God that this young lady should be his wife and their marriage took place at Crediton. The ceremony was conducted by Mr. Frederick Bannister who, some time previously, had given up a good living in the Church of England.

Soon after their marriage, father and mother left England for Nova Scotia, and laboured there with marked blessing until ill health necessitated their returning home with an invalid son, Charles, who was born in the backwoods and lived until he was about five years of age. A daughter, Alice Mary, only lived for two weeks. A second son, John, passed away in 1950, the same year that my mother was called Home. A third son, the writer, was also called Charles.

Owing to my mother's weak state of health, she was prevented from returning to Nova Scotia, and after a period of repeated changes of residence, my parents finally settled in Exeter, Devon. My father, however, who seemed to be possessed of extraordinary reserves of physical stamina, paid many visits to Canada and the United States as well as labouring in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, where he saw sinners saved and assemblies of believers formed. He also made a visit to Spain.

Looking over the very many letters received when my mother went to be with the Lord, I quote from two where reference is also made to my father.

An evangelist writes, "We can all look back with thanksgiving to God at the fragrant example Mrs. McEwen has left us and can now visualize an abundant entrance to a faithful servant. What a loyal helper she was to your loved Father."

A couple who frequently entertained my father wrote:

“Your father was a great man, but I believe your dear mother was greater, a noble, godly woman.”

My father acknowledged to me how much he owed to mother.

Although father may have at times appeared severe when on the platform, yet he had a truly sympathetic heart. Many a tale could be told of how he ministered to the needs of the poor and needy and to the Lord’s servants in various parts of the world.

In his personal life father imposed on himself a strict discipline both as to his diet and his habits. He usually rose about five A.M. and the early part of the day was spent in prayer and in the reading of the Scriptures.

I have often been told how he would burst into song early in the morning, one of his favourite hymns being:

“Saviour more than life to me
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee . . .”

Father was always witnessing to sinners and many experiences could be related in this connection.

One evening, having an impelling urge to witness to the saving power of the Lord Jesus, he opened the bedroom window where he was staying and called out into the night the words of I Timothy 1:15. The next morning a man called to enquire if a preacher was in the house. The man, standing on the verge of a pond, had been contemplating suicide, but hearing those life-giving words, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” was arrested in his tracks and was led to trust the Saviour.

During the early years of the Second World War, four of us (Mr. Harry Dawe, Mr. Henry Hitchman, father, and myself) were engaged in visiting military camps and barracks distributing copies of the Serviceman’s New Testament. Often Father would stop servicemen from the USA,

show them his watch which came from America, and ask them how old they thought he was (then not far off ninety), all with a view to introducing the Saviour.

Father took ill in March, 1944, in his ninety-first year, but recovered sufficiently to get out again and ministered from the Word of God in the four local assemblies.

In November of the same year, having passed his ninety-first birthday, he had a relapse. During his closing days he often quoted a hymn in the Gospel Hymn Book:

“Until I saw the blood
’Twas hell my soul was fearing.”

the verses of which he desired to be repeated at his funeral service. Two verses of this hymn are engraved on his tombstone.

Ten days before Father was called Home my only son, John, then eight years of age, was saved. Often had my father spoken to him about his soul, saying, “John, it’s time you were saved, my boy.” The following morning John told his grandfather who, after conducting an interrogation from his sick bed, declared his pleasure and satisfaction.

Even when very weak and nearing the end, he spoke of the Saviour he loved. Almost, if not his last words were “I shall be glad to see Him.”

Crowds gathered from all parts for the funeral service at Exeter. Two Devonshire brethren, Mr. Harold Ware and Mr. Thomas Prettejohn, who were long-standing friends, conducted the funeral service, Mr. Dawe and Mr. Hitchman took part at the grave, and one from each of the four local assemblies, acted as bearers. Thus was laid to rest a man who, with fearlessness and zeal and with strongly individualistic traits, had for many years borne a consistent and faithful witness to the Lord Jesus, and after he had served his own generation, by the will of God fell on sleep.

CHAPTER 23

SAM McEWEN

The home-call of Sam McEwen on February 5, 1944, in Petersburg, Virginia, caused widespread sorrow among the assemblies throughout the United States, Canada, and the British Isles.

An outstanding figure as an Evangelist for over thirty years, Mr. McEwen's heart-searching messages moved the most careless, while he portrayed the doom of the lost and lifted up a crucified, risen, and glorified Lord Jesus to the gaze of the perishing; and with tenderness and compassion he pleaded with sinners to be saved, and God gave him many souls.

Brother McEwen had a very unique ministry for the Lord's people, having very decided convictions regarding the path of separation from the world. His solemn warnings against the unequal yoke seldom failed to reach the heart and conscience, while edifying, exhorting and comforting old and young with messages and examples from the Scripture, they were established in the faith.

He was born in New York City in 1877, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Renwick McEwen, but was brought up in Petersburg, Virginia. Sam grew up to young manhood

without Christ. Early in 1890 William Beveridge and Alex Lamb, followed by Benjamin Bradford and James Hamilton, went to Virginia preaching the gospel of God's grace. The Lord used these young evangelists greatly, and they pitched a tent in Petersburg. The hand of God was stretched forth, and there were many trophies of grace. Some of the McEwen family were among the converts, but Sam had little interest in spiritual things.

Becoming more careless, Sam McEwen was bent on a life of pleasure, but in 1896 he was brought under conviction of sin, and a deep sense of his guilt and danger laid hold upon him, resulting in his receiving Christ. The change in his life was very manifest. Baptized and received into the assembly, he delighted in owning Christ as Lord.

Mr. John Monypenny visited Petersburg and brother Sam was greatly helped through his ministry. There was a clean cut from all worldly associations. His time was used in studying the Word and in happy service for the Lord.

Mr. McEwen soon developed a gift for preaching the gospel, travelling near and far after his day's work, to make known the gospel to the unsaved. God was preparing the vessel for future use in His blessed service, and gave him about fifteen years of a most useful education in the assembly and in gospel work.

I first met Mr. McEwen at Philadelphia Conference in 1912. He was deeply exercised about giving his full time to making known the gospel. He was married some years before to Miss Annie Johnson, and together they were burdened about their path, as such a step with a little family to support was a test. However, the way opened up and, with Hugh Horn of Richmond, our brother came to Central Falls, Rhode Island, for a series of gospel meetings. There are still those in the Pawtucket Assembly who were saved in those stirring days. In the years that followed, from Boston, New Bedford, Lawrence, Lowell, and Pawtucket, pre-

cious fruit was gathered in through the ministry of Sam McEwen.

Brother McEwen linked up in service with B. Bradford, and in 1916 they went to Florida as pioneers, laboring a few winters in Miami, which resulted in souls being saved and an assembly being planted there, as well as one in West Palm Beach.

They became deeply exercised about Washington, D.C. and after much difficulty they secured a site for the tent in that large city. The hand of the Lord was with them, and souls were saved and taught the truth of gathering in His Name.

In 1922 Sam McEwen and his brother, Hugh, were invited to preach in a large tent in Toronto, Canada, and it became a memorable season. The tent was filled nightly and crowds were outside on Lord's Days. Many passed from death unto life, and since then many more came to know the Lord through Mr. McEwen in Toronto.

For many years Brother McEwen cherished the hope of seeing the North of Ireland, the land of his forefathers, and in 1932 he left the United States to attend the Belfast Conference at Easter. His uncle, John Knox McEwen, met him there. His first address to the assembled company of about three thousand was II Corinthians 5:20, "We are Ambassadors for Christ." The Lord gave him real help and all during his visit his ministry was valued.

It was on the heart of Brother McEwen to visit California, and in 1941, when I was driving out with some of my family, he arranged to join me in the trip and in tent work. When we met him in Detroit he was well supplied with testaments and tracts. He enjoyed visiting a number of small assemblies on the way, and was always busy sowing the Seed.

The brethren in Jefferson Street, Los Angeles, had a large tent pitched, and we began gospel meetings. Brother Mc-

Ewen suggested having the Monday night meetings for believers. Those Monday night meetings grew in numbers and interest, and will be long remembered. When leaving, he had many invitations to return.

He was on his way to the conference in Jefferson Street Hall in January, 1944 when he was stricken in Seattle, Washington. Mr. Hector Alves undertook to accompany our brother across the continent, and when on the train, brother McEwen became very ill. Arriving in Petersburg, he was taken to the hospital in a very weak condition. He lingered a few days, and when able, testified to the grace of God. On Saturday, February 5, he passed peacefully into the presence of the Lord, leaving behind his widow, four sons, and three daughters to mourn his loss.

The funeral was held on Tuesday, February 8, from the Gospel Hall in Petersburg, where he had so long and faithfully ministered the Word, and which was only a short distance from the spot where he was saved in 1896. Mr. Bradford spoke in the crowded Hall from, "Mark the perfect man, behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," Psalm 37:37. Mr. Alves also took part, and Mr. Herbert Marshall of Boston, and the writer spoke at the grave. Thus was laid to rest to await the Resurrection Day our beloved brother who had so faithfully sought to win others for His Blessed Lord and Saviour.

CHAPTER 24

HUGH G. McEWEN

From ancient days God has raised up witnesses for Himself and fitted them for a special work. John Flavel, in the seventeenth century, described such as, "Stars which arose, shone, and set in death." This has been the order down through the ages.

Hugh G. McEwen, one of America's own sons, and an able minister of the Word of God, could be fittingly described by these words. Hugh was born in Petersburg, Virginia, on September 24, 1889, the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Renwick McEwen. His early years were spent in that city, and in 1896 when God caused an awakening there through the ministry of Messrs. Beveridge, Lamb, and Bradford, the McEwen family shared in the blessing so that in the home, Sunday School, and gospel meetings Hugh was ever reminded of his need of being born again.

In his early life the family moved to Philadelphia and were in fellowship in 20th and Dickinson Gospel Hall. Again Hugh was sent to the Sunday School and had Dr. Cameron (later editor of *Assembly Annals*) for his teacher. Thus the good seed was continually sown in his heart. But

he remained unsaved, and as he so often told, at New Year's time when the young believers from Virginia came to his father's house for the Philadelphia Conference and gathered around the organ, playing and singing the songs of Zion, their happy faces and the words sung and spoken by them were a continual rebuke as he knew they had something to which he was a stranger.

The Philadelphia Conference in 1907 was approaching, and he had a dread of again meeting these happy christians. On New Year's Eve, Hugh and two other companions (all three named Hugh) had arranged to go into the city to see the parade. Although in his eighteenth year, his mother said, "Hugh, you are going to the gospel meeting!", and all three boys went off to the Hall. At the close of the meeting, Mr. William Matthews of Boston rose up to pray. He broke down and wept as he prayed for souls on the way to hell in that gathering. As the meeting ended, saints and sinners alike were stirred. The mother of one of his companions threw her arms around her boy and said, "Oh, Hugh, are you not going to get saved?" Hugh McEwen, instead of going to the parade as planned, slipped home with the arrow of conviction deep in his heart.

Mr. Douglas and Mr. Telfer continued with a series of meetings in the Hall, and after a time of deep soul trouble, one night when all alone in his room, the light of the glorious gospel shone into his darkened heart. He ran to his father's room at midnight, calling out, "Father, I am saved!" The whole household arose and there was much rejoicing. Hugh was baptized with others, and received into the assembly, and very soon took an active part, especially in cottage meetings.

In 1913 Brother McEwen was united in marriage to Miss Jean Herron, and they became identified with Mascher Street Assembly where he was very active in gospel work. One evening in 1916 there was a tea meeting in the Hall,

and the assembly commended him to the work of the Lord. During the twenty-five years of his ministry, our brother travelled far in the United States and Canada, yet he labored faithfully around Philadelphia, Delaware, and New Jersey, and precious fruit was gathered in.

Brother McEwen first came to our home in New England in January 1917, and became a favorite in the family circle and continued ever after to hold that place. Sincerity, and a love for souls was very manifest and often long after all had retired, we could hear our brother in prayer and supplication, crying to God on behalf of the unsaved.

We began meetings in Manchester, Connecticut, and the first soul he pointed to Christ in New England was May Rainey from Bridgeport, who was visiting in our home. The joy that filled his heart when this dear girl was saved seemed to give him much encouragement. It was only a short time until May was taken home to heaven.

Later, brother McEwen went to Groton, Connecticut. The Lord gave blessing with His Word and a hearty little assembly was formed. During the summer of 1919 our brother toiled all alone in a tent in Westfield, New Jersey. A goodly number were saved and later were baptized, and an assembly started.

Early in 1920 we went to Virginia together and had a series of meetings in Petersburg, his own home town. There was a fine interest and precious souls were saved. We then began in Pawtucket, Rhode Island where the presence of God was felt, and a number were saved. One night he spoke from Hosea 6:4, especially the words, "Your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew, it goeth away." Many sat and wept as he portrayed the path of some who have professed to be saved, appearing bright and hearty, but alas how soon they lose the freshness and joy which passed away like the early dew. We also had fruit-

ful seasons together in New Bedford, Chelsea, Pittsburg, and Chicago.

Our brother grew in grace and developed a wonderful gift. He was splendid in speaking to children, and as a gospel preacher he excelled. He was a student of the Word, and was most acceptable in ministry to the saints. In those days he had a very youthful appearance. One Easter Monday at a conference in Manchester, he took up the unequal yoke. One special point was the unequal yoke in the assembly, illustrated from Nehemiah 13:4, 5, where Eliashib, the priest, being allied to Tobiah, prepared for him a great chamber in the house of God. Mr. John Gill, an aged veteran, sat and wept like many others that day. At the close he said to me, with much feeling, "That stripling amazed me."

In June 1921, Mr. W. Herbert Marshall drove brother McEwen from Boston to the Nova Scotia yearly conference at Pugwash Junction, a place where his uncle, John Knox, had labored many years before. The Lord gave a season of blessing. The gospel meeting on Lord's Day was a grand sight—the hall being too small, seats were arranged outside, and over five hundred were present. Brethren Hugh McEwen and I. McMullen preached the gospel with much power that summer evening, and it seemed to all present the voice of God was being heard, and fruit was reaped.

In 1922 he linked up with Mr. Bradford and was a true yokefellow. They pitched a tent in Midland Park, New Jersey, and labored faithfully in that vicinity for a few years, both publicly and from house to house, resulting in an assembly being formed.

The Toronto brethren invited the McEwen brothers, Sam and Hugh, to preach in a large tent in that city. They labored there for two or three seasons, and eternity alone will tell the full results of the Word of God proclaimed.

In 1941 brother McEwen seemed at the height of his usefulness. His knowledge of the Scriptures was very evident, and his expositions were helpful to old and young. While he travelled much, he was a "home man," a loving husband and a kind father, and always manifested great faith in God. In times when severely tested, he looked to God alone. It was most inspiring to hear him relate some instances of God's unfailing faithfulness in supplying his need.

The brethren in Kansas City, Missouri, invited brother McEwen and me to the conference that year, and to begin a series of Gospel-meetings afterward. We both looked forward to a season together again, but the Lord had it ordered otherwise. Brother Hugh took a stroke, and for a time was laid aside. He recovered so that once again he set out in the work that was dear to his heart, but another stroke followed resulting in the losing of his speech entirely. For about three years he rallied, tenderly nursed by his devoted wife, daughter, and mother-in-law. His family circle was greatly devoted to him. There was much prayer and sympathy by the Lord's people during his illness.

On September 5, when the news spread far and near that the weary worker was called home, many were in tears, and many tributes to his memory were sent to his loved ones. The funeral service was held in Philadelphia with an estimated six hundred present. Mr. Peter Pell and Mr. Harold Harper spoke fitting words, and Mr. Herbert Marshall gave a short word at the grave.

Another valiant soldier of the cross had laid down his sword and a large gap had been left in the ranks. God grant that young men may come forward, guided and directed by the Holy Spirit to fill the places left by these men of God who labored for their Lord so fervently and faithfully. The memory of beloved Hugh McEwen is held dear by all who knew him.

A FEW SHORT MESSAGES BY
MR. J. K. McEWEN

A Practical Word

There are four distinct things stated in the first Psalm as the result of meditating upon God's Word, apart from the blessing which the individual enjoys who is found so doing. See verse 1. Let me enumerate them.

1. Like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
2. Bringeth forth fruit in his season,
3. His leaf shall not wither (always green),
4. Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Dear child of God, how is it with you? On every hand in the days we live in, we see, and hear of, those who once lived for God and were used of Him, being tripped up by the devil, "the lust of the flesh," or the world. Backsliding both in heart and practice characterizes these last days; and beloved, what is the cause of it all? We verily believe the neglect of two things namely: closet prayer and reading and meditating upon God's blessed Word. Reader, let me ask you tenderly and lovingly, as you hold this paper in your hand, have you had a quiet time alone with God this morning, reading and meditating upon His own precious Word—

speaking to Him and He speaking to you? We do not mean, did you kneel down and go over a prayer, but have you seen the face of your Lord today and heard Him speaking to your heart? It may be you can sing "Oh, the pure delight of a single hour" but hold now, be honest with your soul, when did you spend an hour in His company?

How dishonoring it is to God and grieving to His Holy Spirit to sing about spending an hour with Him, when it is not true. Have we not all been guilty of spending too much time in company of one another, and too little time in the company of God? God in His Grace has made blessed provision for our every-day life while passing through the wilderness. We get it beautifully pictured in the history of Israel, passing on to Canaan. Morning by morning they gathered the manna, fresh down from heaven, and, no doubt, it took both trouble and time to gather it. Early in the morning, early in the morning, brethren, the Camp of Israel was astir. See them down on the ground gathering, every man with his omer filled; and this was all done before the sun was up.

How often it is the case, in these days, among the saints of God, that instead of being up in the morning early and getting alone with God, seeking to see His face and catch His voice, there is the lying in bed until the last possible moment and then a hurry to get away to work. No watching, no praying, no reading of the Word, no meditating, and, as a matter of course, no fruit borne, no greenness, no prosperity and when Satan comes along there is no power to resist his temptations. Oh, beloved children of God, let the time past of our lives suffice us to have wrought the will of the flesh, and in the future let us seek to walk in the blessed footsteps of Him, who rose a great while before day, so that He might have time to commune with His Father.

The days are getting darker and we feel it more difficult to get along every day we live. But He who has saved us

and brought us so far is willing, yea, it is His delight, to feed us with the finest of the wheat and satisfy us with honey out of the rock. "He openeth His hand and satisfieth every living thing," Psalm 145:16 and His word to us is, "open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Psalm 81:10.

May we then until the morning dawn remember His words, Matthew 26:41, "WATCH AND PRAY."

J. K. McEwen

The Good Cheer of Psalm 3

This short Psalm of eight verses has again and again cheered our hearts while passing through trials, and our object in writing a few words upon it is to endeavour to cheer and help any weary traveller passing through the wilderness—"the place of trial."

Sad to say, many of us have made our trials our *places of mourning* instead of our *places of worship*. There are many instances in God's blessed word where we find His children making their trials places of worship. Abraham, in chapter 22 of Genesis, when called upon by God to offer up Isaac, says to the young men, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad *will go yonder and worship*."—(verse 5). Yes, on the very spot where he expected to thrust the blade into his only son Isaac, he made his trial his place of worship.

Again, Moses, in the Book of Numbers, is found five times falling on his face before God, even when the whole congregation spake of stoning him. What a lesson for those who take the lead in the assemblies of God. Paul and Silas, too, with *bleeding backs and feet fast in the stocks*, could make the jail at Phillipi ring with praises to God. *They* made their trial a place of worship, and that prison was a Bethel to their souls. What a lesson for us, beloved. Every child of God

is called to pass through trial. (See John 17:23; Acts 14:22; Heb. 12:5, 11.) Let us, therefore, remember how God would have us act, whether it be in the assembly, in our homes, or in our business.

This Psalm might be divided into three parts:—In verses 1 and 2 we get *trial*, 3 to 6, *trust*; and 7 and 8, *triumph*. The first word of the Psalm is very instructive. Take it away from verse 1 and we get the language of many a child of God, but David had found the Lord previous to this, and when *going into* he could say *Lord*, while *passing through* it he could say *Lord*; and *at the end* of his trial he could say *Lord*. Six times he uses the word “Lord.” Let us not forget it; let us keep on saying “Lord” in the trial. Let us resort only to Him, and He will bring us out shouting victoriously, “Salvation is of the Lord.” An aged brother in Christ used often to say, “Help Lord, is a good prayer.”

Do we not feel family trials most severe. Sometimes we are called to suffer from those we love, and we say, “I could bear it from anyone else, but it comes so hard from my own friends.” Well, we get such a case before us in this Psalm. Absalom had been stealing away the hearts of Israel for years, and now his proud, ambitious spirit seeks to take the kingdom from his father. Absalom and Ahithophel, David’s counsellors, conspire to put him off the throne. What a trial to a father’s heart; but he resorts to the Lord, and though enemies *increase*, though *many* rise up against him, though *many* say of his soul “there is no help for him.”

Ready!

Many years ago at a Conference in U.S.A., a ministering brother used a telling illustration when speaking on Romans 12:1, an illustration which I have never forgotten. The picture was that of a bullock standing between an altar and a

plough, and underneath were the words, "Ready for either," the application being that we should be ready for either service or sacrifice. The question which constantly faces christians is, "Are you ready?"

Some years after that conference I used the illustration in a meeting at the end of which a sister in the Lord came to me and said, "I am ready for either." She went abroad with the gospel—to serve; and in twelve months she departed to be with Christ. She was ready for the altar, as well as for the plough. Are you?

David's servants declared, "Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord, the king shall appoint" (2 Sam. 15:15), and a later warrior, the Apostle Paul, confessed in Rom. 1:18. "I am ready to preach the gospel." As an old servant, well over the allotted span now, and nearing the end of the pilgrimage, let me appeal to my younger brethren, Are you ready to preach the gospel? An old Shetland woman in bed as she held me by the hand said, "Dinna be afeard to tell them baith sides o' the gospel. Tell them of the glories of heaven. Tell them of the agonies of the lost." We must declare the whole counsel of God.

The apostle, too, was ready for sacrifice. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand" (2 Tim. 4:6). That had been his attitude through his entire christian experience, making it easy for him to exercise self-sacrifice, as he did when he wrote to the Corinthians, whose treatment of him was anything but commendable, "The third time I am ready to come to you." What overcoming grace! What noble spirit!

In the same way this great man was ready to suffer, saying, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart, for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts 21:13). We cannot do better than follow his example, ready for service, for sacrifice, for suffering.

ORIGINAL BIBLE OUTLINE

HIS FULNESS.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| THE REVEALER | Matt. 11:27 |
| THE RESTGIVER | Matt. 11:28 |
| THE RANSOMER | Matt. 20:28 |
| THE REDEEMER | Eph. 1:7; 1 Peter 1:18 |
| THE RECONCILER | Col. 1:21; 2 Cor. 5:19 |
| THE RESTORER | Psa. 23:6 |
| THE ROCK | Exod. 17:6 |
| THE RENEWER | Isa. 40:31 |

—*John Knox McEwen*

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| Innocent Blood | Matt. 27:4 |
| Precious Blood | 1 Peter 1:19 |
| Purchasing Blood | Acts 20:28 |
| Redeeming Blood | Eph. 1:7 |
| Speaking Blood | Heb. 12:24 |
| Atoning Blood | Lev. 17:11 |
| Cleansing Blood | 1 John 1:7 |
| Sanctifying Blood | Heb. 13:12 |
| Justifying Blood | Rom. 5:9 |

By His Blood, moreover, we have access to God (Heb. 10:19), liberty (Rev. 1:5), and victory (Rev. 12:11).—*John Knox McEwen*

The following letters were written by Ada King (who later became Mrs. Silver Allen) to Miss Ada McPherson who later married Mr. George Simpson. Their depth of spirituality and devotion to Christ make them worthy of being published so that they may be shared by others and become a blessing in the lives of the readers.

Doherty Creek
May 15th, 1887

My dear Sister in a Risen Christ:

The grandest intelligence I have to communicate to you today is that Christ has died and is risen again for my justification. Yes, I have been made His by His own precious blood. Dear Ada, how we should praise His Name for discovering to us our state in His presence and leading us to gaze by faith on Calvary's Cross. Yes—as the poet exclaims “There is life through a look at the Crucified One.” What a marvelous thing to be *born* of God—indwelt by the Holy Spirit.” Unto us who believe He is *most* precious. The dear unsaved know nothing of the preciousness of Christ. No—No.—He is still the rejected Nazarene. Now we see as through a glass darkly, but soon—Ah, soon we will see Him face to face. Oh! may the brief time we are left here be spent to His Honour and Glory.

I was reading yesterday “Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your body, which is His.” Yes, our filthy garments have been taken away and we have been clothed with the robes of righteousness. Ada dear, I hope you are enjoying much of His presence. You have His own word to go by and Oh, live for Him. He alone is worthy. We have no excuse for not living for Him. He has made every provisoin for us through the wilderness journey. He knows the different spheres in which we are placed and “His grace is sufficient for us at all times.” These words have spoken to me of late. “Ye must all appear before the Judgment Seat”—All will be revealed there what we have been doing for Jesus. Ours is a responsible position down here.

Well Ada dear, I am again located at Doherty Creek. I am feeling much better in body. My school is not very large at present. I am boarding at Mr. Stevens for a while. I expect to go to Mr. Eaton's after a while. I do enjoy them so much. They are just a dear couple. We have nice meetings up there, but Oh Dear, we miss you so much. I wish you were here now! Mrs. Eaton wished me to write that poetry for you titled, “Lines written to a Brother on the love of Christ,” as she has only one printed leaflet. I thought it would be so much nicer if I could get you one printed. So I am going to try and will send it to you. Sister Maggie is teaching about 3 miles from Truro. I

purpose going home tonight. I am always so pleased to get home.

Now dear Ada I must close this epistle for I am writing this at noon hour. Do write me as soon as you get this and all the news. I hope your dear sister with whom you are staying has Christ. We have not had any word from Bro. McEwen yet. *Live live* for Jesus dear. From your Sister in Christ.

Eph. V—11 to 17

Ps. 27—1, 2.

Ada M. King

Doherty Creek

May 31, 1887

Dearest Ada:

Your sweet letter to hand on Tuesday 24th. I was so delighted to hear from you, and that you are enjoying His Presence. How grand to know that whom He loveth He loves unto the end. His is unchangeable love. His love is never chilled by our coldness. No—No.— Oh! What a Friend we have on whom we can rely with full confidence at all times. It gratifies His loving heart to lavish blessings on His members. We are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones.

Dearest Ada, you have not the privilege of gathering with His dear redeemed ones, but you have the grand privilege of communicating with Our King Himself. We read in the Word, "They went and told Jesus." You have this source to repair to—Yes at all times.

"Looking off unto Jesus my spirit is blest. In the world I have turmoil, in Him I have rest." Oh the peace we have in Jesus, our Loving Saviour. Oh, what a comfort it is to my heart today, dearest sister, to know that my Father, who rideth upon the Heavens, is my helper and your helper. "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. 33, 26-27. Oh, what a blessed privilege to be permitted to make Him our refugel And what a comfort to know that underneath are His everlasting arms to support us and bear us safely through. Yes, he has brought us into a land flowing with milk and honey, and oh, we have many a battle to fight to take possession of our inheritance. If we desire to enjoy nearness of communion with Him, how often we feel there is a battle to be fought. So a dear Bro. remarked when contending with the foe, "The Devil cannot keep us outside the Veil, for the blood is carried inside there and the

blood is our title to go right into the Presence of God.”

I was reading this morning in Mark 13, verses 36, 37 spoke to me, “Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.” Dearest Ada, surely this is the dark midnight hour, and Oh, we need to be on the watch tower. He says, “Ye are my Witnesses.” He is on yonder Throne for us. We need the work He is doing there, as much as the work He finished on Calvary. Of course, not in order to be saved. No—that was a settled matter when we were led by faith to gaze on Calvary’s Cross. What a dear loving Saviour we have.

I was up to Mr. Eaton’s Lord’s Day. We had just a grand meeting. There was an all day meeting at the Hall on the 24th. I did not get out to it. Mr. M. had a letter from Mr. McEwen. He arrived at Liverpool safely. He purposes (D.V.) returning in July. Do you intend going to New Bedford? I am sending you that poetry. It is just sublime!

Now dear Ada do write me soon again. I am writing this at noon, so I shall have to close for it is school time. How I should like to see you. I may be in the States this winter. I think I shall go for a visit. I know it would do me good. With fondest love I am your Sister in a Coming Saviour.

Mat. 6:25 to end

Ps. 18:30 to 35—also verse 46

Ada M. King

Doherty Creek
Sept. 20th, 1887

My dear Ada:

Your long expected letter came duly to hand on Saturday last. Thought that you had almost given me up as a correspondent. I was so pleased to hear from you and that you are getting on so nicely. In a very brief time we will be done with the things of Earth and wholly taken up with the things of eternity. Dearest Ada it was just two years yesterday since I was led to behold that precious Saviour paying my debt on Calvary’s Tree. Ah! that is a period in our lives that we will never be able to forget. It does rejoice my heart to muse upon it. Oh! what a precious Saviour we have on whom we can fully rely at all times.

I was home last Friday. Mrs. Eaton took me over to D. Kennedy’s. We had a nice prayer meeting here on Friday evening.

Mr. McE. & Simpson were present. Oh what precious times we do have together waiting on our Father! We had a very nice meeting on Lord's Day morning. We were looking at the different Scriptures bearing on Christ being in the "Midst". John 19:18—Jesus in the midst of two thieves. Mat. 18:20—Jesus in the midst of the twos and threes gathered in His name—Rev. 5:6—"Midst of the throne." How grand!

In the afternoon we had a Bible reading from Exodus 15, 16 ch. What a vast difference between the beginning of ch. 15 and the end. They sang the song of redemption out of a full heart, no doubt, at the beginning, but ah! they soon began to murmur because of the bitter waters, but as soon as the tree was brought down into it, it was made sweet. Yes, dear Ada all of our difficulties and trials vanish away when we think of Calvary's *Tree*. Did you ever notice about the Manna in ch. 16? Every individual had to gather it for himself *every* morning before the sun was up. This is what we need, to get the Manna first from God every morning. In verse 13—dew all about it. It never touched the earth—representing Christ never coming in contact with earth. Verse 14, It was "small"—showing the humanity and meekness of Christ, "round" showing the completeness of Christ. Verse 31, "white"—the purity of Christ, and "sweet" to the taste as honey. I am sure Christ is sweet to our taste. In this ch. we get John 6—Christ the Manna—but notice—God did not give them the Sabbath until they had eaten of the Manna. We did not enter into the Sabbath until we had partaken of the Manna (Our precious Christ). Then we ceased from *our* labours and rested on *His finished* work for us.

How blessed dear Ada that we are clothed with the righteousness of God's Son. Oh! that the dear people would drop their self righteous garments and come and be sheltered by Christ from the coming Storm. It is fast approaching. How blessed to be on the Solid *Rock*, that can never be moved. I do love the lines of that hymn—"His love to the utmost was tried. But firmly endured as a *rock*." Yes—His love never wavered when God dealt with Him on account of our sins. Oh! should not this draw out our hearts to live for Him.

Now dear Ada I will have to close this dry scroll. Excuse this hastily written note. Now dear Ada write as soon as you get this. All the folks are real well here. The Saints appear to be happy. How do you like it there? Do tell me all about the place. Do

you meet with Miss B. Gray? Do you think of coming home? I think I shall stop asking so many questions. See Ps. 19:7 in connection with Luke 22:32. Do please write at once dear. With much love.

Ada King

Port Philip
Jan. 8th, 1888

Dearest Ada:

I am going to ask you in the beginning to excuse my negligence in not answering your letter ere this. But I heard of your changing your situation, and I always, when writing to Louise, forgot to ask her for your address. So you will see I am trying to excuse myself all that I can.

Well Ada dear, how grand—the beginning of this another year to know that “We are in Him,” 1 John 6:20, and that “He is in us.” What a contrast to what we get in the same chapter of John, 19th verse, “The whole world lieth in wickedness.” or (R.V.) in the wicked one. How blessed to be clothed in the “best robe,” which is Christ, our Robe of Righteousness—which makes us fit citizens for the “New Jerusalem.” Glorious thought! Ada dear. We have had some very searching meetings here Xmas and the New Year. Maggie, Annie and I were up to Mary Ville for two days meetings. Then all the Saints from the different places gathered together at Port Howe New Year’s day. It was really a searching time in God’s presence. Mr. McEwen spoke in one of the meetings from 2 Chron. 29. You will see in the previous ch. how Ahaz, the wicked King, polluted the House of God by not obeying God. Then in ch. 29 they began to cleanse the House of the Lord. Just read the chapter and you will see how long it took Him to get the rubbish out, verse 17. It is just a picture of God’s house today, which are our bodies. How much filth and rubbish there is to be cleansed out in order to let Jesus reign wholly in our hearts. How often Jesus needs to take the scourge of small cords and cleanse the Temple. Then he spoke from the different Scriptures bearing on the word “Covetousness”—Mark 7:22, Romans 1:29, Eph. 5:3, 2 Peter 2:3, 1 Cor. 6:10. “Covetousness” here means—“Wishing for more than we have.” I can only say I am *guilty, guilty*. Then in 2 Timothy 3:2—1 Timothy 6:10 means the “Love of money.” How God warns us against this. O, may our one object be to please God. Time is so brief.

Soon we shall all be gathered home and that for all Eternity.

I expect you heard of Johnnie Eaton getting his arm broken, but it is quite well again. I saw your dear Mother. I do like her so much. She knows Jesus. When do you expect to return again (D.V.) I do long to see you again. I am home for the winter. Miss Copp is home at present. We do hope to see her soon (D.V.). Now Ada I do want you to write me a long letter as soon as you get this and tell me how you are getting along, and how you like the place. I must now close for it is near dark and I purpose going to Pugwash. With much love from your Sister. Live for Jesus and look to Jesus.

Ada King

Port Philip
Sept. 7, 1888

My dear dear Ada:

Your long silence has almost led me to think that you have given up writing me altogether, but anyway I am going to try and pen you a few lines, this being noon hour. We have a faithful unchangeable friend in our Lord Jesus Christ; How precious! Well Ada dear some months have elapsed since you left N. Scotia and I have so often thought of how you were getting along—both spiritually and temporally. The Lord has done wonderful things for us who are redeemed. Saved with an “Everlasting Salvation,” and very soon we are going to enjoy the wonderous glories of Heaven. How it becomes us to spend the brief time here for Him. “We are not our own, we are bought with a price.” The blood of the Son of God.

We had special meetings at Port Howe on August 24 and 25th. The preachers we had with us were: Bro. Fraser from Phil., L. McEwen from England, Lennox and Simpson. The meetings were grand. They are godly men—speaking faithfully according to the Word. Mr. McEwen is very much like his brother. He knows very much of the Word. He thinks of going to Boston or Toronto, Canada. Mr. & Mrs. Eaton were down to the meetings. They seem happy in the Lord. There were about 50 of us who sat around the table of the Lord on the 25th. It was so nice dear Ada. I do long to see you. I hope you are enjoying very much of the sweet presence of the Lord. How easy it is for our minds to wander off of Him. This is Satan’s object to think

of anything but Jesus. Oh, to be enjoying the practical part of Matthew 17:8.

Well Ada winter is approaching again. It will only be 7 weeks before my school closes. It is much on my mind to go to some part of the States for the winter, if the Lord so guide. I have had a strong desire to go for the last two or three winters, but seems I have never made it out. I believe a change of climate would do me so much good. Do you think there is anything I could get into in the town where you are? What kind of work would I be likely to get into? I would like for you to write me and tell me all about it, if it would not be too much trouble.

Sister Louise was home a few weeks this summer. She is again in New Bedford with Miss Grey. (That is in her store.) I was up to Mr. Eaton's for a day in July. They have a nice little girl baby. The Scripture has spoken to me of late—"What is not of faith is sin." Oh, how little faith I have in the Living God. May God search me in His Presence.

Now dear I must bring this scrawl to a close, as it is time for school to be taken in. Do write very soon. With very much love, your Sister in a loving Saviour.

Ada M. King

Port Philip
Jan. 20th, 1889
Lord's Day afternoon

My darling Sister Ada:

Well may you ask—"Where art thou." Well my dear, I hardly know how to begin to apologize to you for my long silence, but I assure you my dear it was not because I did not think of you, therefore, I will have to refer you to Eph. 4:32—especially last stanza. I was really so glad to hear from you. Mrs. Eaton told me that you were still living with your sister. I do hope Ada dear that you are feasting on the roast Lamb. Ah, Jesus—Calvary's Lamb. The One who was slain, but is now the risen—glorified—exalted Lamb on the Throne of Glory. How grand to be hiding in Jesus. God has placed us in Him and taken possession of the key, so none is able to unlock the door. It is just the hungry—thirsty—soul sick—lost ones that are allowed to enter through that door. How good of God to discover to us individually—I am the ungodly one. It was then that we could

drink in that precious truth—Christ died for the ungodly. Romans 5:6. I have just been thinking how God has abundantly blessed us with all things, see Romans 8:32. Yes, he has given us everything with one exception—that is *ourselves* 1 Cor. 6:19 & 20. He took the worst gift and gave us the best. Think what a gift I am!—a rebellious, God-hating creature, with such a black heart—assenting with the rest of that mob, as they led Jesus away to Calvary, “Away with Him, Crucify Him.” What has not grace done for us.

Should not every moment of our lives be spent for Him? We, or rather I, do need to be kept ever in the dust, at the feet of the Lowly One: God alone knows the pride of my heart.

Well my dear, we had nice meetings at the opening of the D. Creek Hall. The Word was with Power. I expect Mrs. Eaton has written you all about it. Annie and I were up to the opening of the Hall at Bayside, N. B. Mr. McEwen told out the Gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost. The hall was crowded. The meetings were searching. Eternity alone will reveal the results. Mr. Simpson is preaching at Dalhousie, N. B. at the present. Some professed to be saved. Mr. McEwen is preaching at Oxford. The meetings are largely attended and good attention. May God save many souls! Pray for the meetings here. Did you get to the Boston or New Bedford meetings? Louise said they were searching. How I would love to have you with me today—talking face to face with you. Do you purpose coming to Nova Scotia next Summer (D.V.)? I gave up the idea of going to Mass. or other parts of U. S. Mother was so against me going, but if the Lord will, I may go next Autumn. I presume you know that Louise is with Miss Grey. I am not feeling very strong. I am not teaching this winter.

Now my dear, do write me very soon and forgive my negligence. I will try and do better in the future. Ann sends love to you. Are there many saved in the place you are? Give my love to your sister. I saw her at one of the meetings when in Nova Scotia. Is it hard to get a good situation there? Do write very soon again, my dear. Your Sister by the Precious Blood.

Ada M. King

Live for Jesus. He is worthy of all.
1 Peter 2:9



Mr. John T. Dickson, author of JOHN
KNOX McEWEN AND PIONEER WORK IN
THE MARITIMES.