PHILIP MUSGRAVE;

OR

MEMOIRS

OF A

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONARY

IN THE

NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

EDITED BY

THE REV. J. ABBOTT, A.M.

"Then fearless walk we forth,
Yet full of trembling; messengers of God.
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our worth."
KEBLE'S *Christian Year.*

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1846.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PHILIP MUSGRAVE,

&c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

It has ever been a matter of astonishment to me, that, easy of access as the utmost limits of this vast and all but boundless colonial empire have become, and constant and unintermitting as our intercourse now is with the mother country, so little should be known there of our social, political, or religious condition. And yet the wonder vanishes when we consider that people in England cannot help judging of us by the customs and habits and feelings which prevail in their own country; so that when even the best-informed immigrant first lands upon the shores of this mighty continent, he finds it totally different from what he had been led to expect. The first distant view of the wild interminable forest which clothes, with so forbidding an aspect, that land of promise which he had pictured to his imagination as the very garden of Eden, wakes him at once from his long and fondly cherished fantasies to all the sad realities of life; and when he extends his gaze over the whole face of the country, he sees that the original curse of his nature has reached it; and he reads, in characters which can neither be mistaken nor unfelt, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

So it is also with those matters which relate to our religious and ecclesiastical condition. When a poor missionary's name and appointment in a far off land are found in the alphabetical list of preferments in the 'Ecclesiastical Gazette,' the impression produced upon the mind of the reader, if he should haply give it a passing thought, would be that it *was* a preferment in the common acceptation of the term.

And here the question naturally presents itself to our consideration, How comes it to pass, under the general prevalency of such mistaken and erroneous ideas concerning our real case and circumstances, that the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts should have been enabled to make such gigantic and successful efforts for nearly a century and a half to plant and establish the Church of Christ, by means of their missionaries, throughout the whole of these colonies, and that they should have been so nobly and so generously supported by the public in this their labour of love?

The simple reply to this question would naturally be—The blessing of the Lord, our Redeemer and great Head of the Church, has been upon them and their servants, according to his last promise while here on earth, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

But who shall presume to say what would have been the extent of the pious and charitable benevolence of our fellow-churchmen at home, great and praiseworthy as it already is, had they been made fully acquainted with all our labours and perils, our toils, and difficulties, and privations?

I am quite aware that at home, as well as here in the colonies, there is an impression upon the public mind that we missionaries are only so in name, not in reality, as the term is now understood. "It is," says the Bishop of Nova Scotia, "an unhappy mistake, but prevalent in England, and one which doubtless has diminished the resources of the Society, to suppose that the labours of our clergy are not of a missionary character. In the neighbourhood of the towns there are settlements which cannot be visited with effect, unless the missionary is ready to endure all the toils and privations to which primitive professors were subject. Those whom he visits are often as much without God in the world, as the remote tribes who have never heard the sounds of salvation."*

Now my object is to disabuse the mind of the English reader on this point; and, to do so, I shall have recourse to no other means, because I know of none more likely to be effectual, than

* Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for the year 1836.

to give him a simple memoir of missionary life in these colonies. This, isolated as I am, and away so far from all my brethren, must necessarily be confined to the history of that portion of my own life which has been devoted to missionary labour, and which comprises a period of more than a quarter of a century.

Although much which may seem extraordinary or romantic will be found in my narrative, I can assure the reader that a similar tale of toil, suffering, and strange adventure could be told by a great many other missionaries in this country.

There will doubtless be many literary errors in the following pages: living, as I have done, for the last twenty-five years, in the backwoods of this wild country, shut out from the world, it would be extraordinary if there were not. I do not, however, anticipate the severity of criticism, and shall make no attempt to soften it. I have a true and plain tale to tell; and I tell it in simplicity, and in the confident hope and expectation of a blessing upon my work.

Should I succeed in exciting in the minds of my readers any additional interest in missionary *exertions*, even although I may fail to convey a correct idea of missionary life, I shall feel amply rewarded for my trouble.

Grenville Abbey, Canada East,
July 1, 1845.

CHAPTER I.

A Curacy—The Mission—Disappointments.

WHO or what I am—my birth, my parentage, and education—are questions of little or no interest to the general reader. Suffice it therefore to say that I was not a needy adventurer, nor without a fair and reasonable prospect of preferment at home.

The first rudiments of geographical knowledge which I received were mingled with some romantic ideas concerning America, in consequence of some near connexions of my mother's having emigrated to that country. This gave a bent to my inclinations, which led me to make many inquiries concerning that country; the result of which was, that I resolved to leave my native land and become a settler in what I was then inclined to consider an earthly paradise. But at this period I was very young, very thoughtless, and I fear I must add very vacillating; so that this resolution was never carried into effect.

I was not intended for the church, nor did I myself ever entertain the idea of entering into holy orders until within a couple of years of my becoming old enough to do so, when a circumstance occurred, involving in its consequences so much of sorrow and misery, as led me to form a more true and correct estimate of the comparative value of the things of heaven and of earth than I had ever done before. This naturally gave a serious turn to my mind and a new complexion to my destiny. Within two years of this time I found myself the curate of a large and populous parish, the whole duties of which devolved upon myself, the incumbent having been suspended by the bishop for immoral conduct.

These duties were extremely heavy; and it was fortunate for my youth and inexperience that they required so regular a routine, that I could hardly have deviated from it without subjecting myself to the imputation of wilful and criminal negligence.

I have always kept a journal, and in the course of this narrative I shall have frequent occasion to refer to it. The following extract, containing an account of my occupations during a Saturday and a Sunday, will in some measure confirm the truth of my assertion concerning the laborious nature of my duties.

"Saturday, June 15.—Visited five sick persons. Gave written prescriptions for medicines to two of them, who were too poor to employ a doctor.—Two o'clock, one of my principal parishioners called upon me—stayed an hour—no particular business.—At 4, rode out three miles to dine with D—— B——, Esq., in order to consult with him about the collection to be made the following day in aid of our Sunday-school fund.—Home at 9.—Read over my sermon for the next morning, and studied the arrangement I had made for the extempore one for the afternoon.

"Sunday, June 16.—Nine o'clock, went to my Sunday-school. Service at 11. Three marriages after the second lesson—six churchings, seventeen christenings, and two funerals after the sermon.—Took a biscuit and a glass of wine, and, without doffing my surplice, commenced the evening service, consisting of prayers and a sermon.—Three more funerals afterwards."

Scarcely a Sunday passed without my having to perform all the services I have mentioned. I had also to administer the sacrament once a month to a large number of communicants. It will thus be seen that I knew something of the life of a hard-working curate at home, and my narrative will prove that I am still more familiarly acquainted with that of a missionary abroad.

Before I entered upon my missionary career, I did certainly sit down and count the cost; but I had no certain grounds upon which to form anything like a correct estimate.

In the year 18— I was appointed, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the township of W—— in one of our North American colonies. I succeeded a missionary who had been stationed there several years; so that, in my ignorance, I took it for granted that I should find a church, a parsonage-house, and a glebe, and everything else in the mission in regular order—the same, in short, as in a parish in

England. In all these expectations I was doomed to be sadly disappointed.

Such having been my ideas, it would be absurd for me to say that I was influenced in the important step I had taken by anything like that zealous and devoted missionary spirit which so often induces men to go forth into heathen lands to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation amid toil and privation. Not but that I rejoiced to find myself placed in a much wider and more extensive sphere of usefulness than I had anticipated. Indeed, it was this circumstance which took away from my otherwise sad disappointments all their bitterness; and, with a thankful heart, I could bless God that so glorious a prospect was before me. If I did not then see all the troubles and difficulties I should have to encounter (if I had, my heart would have failed me), I saw enough to spur me on to exertion. I was young, healthy, and habitually active in mind and body. The reward was before me, and "I pressed forward towards the prize of my high calling," in faith and hope, with diligent and zealous perseverance. But God forbid that I should boast! Alas, when I look back upon the long, long years of my past labours, my failings and deficiencies rise up before me in such fearful array, that I ought rather "to lay my hand upon my mouth, and to hide my face in the dust, and cry guilty before God;" while I humbly pray that He will not be "extreme to mark what I have done amiss."

CHAPTER II.

The Voyage—The Journey—The Arrival—A Cemetery—A Contretemps —The Explanation—A Coincidence.

ALTHOUGH a voyage across the great Atlantic, a quarter of a century ago, was a much more important affair than it is at the present day;—and although, to a landsman like myself, it exhibited, in a most striking point of view, "the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep;" yet as such voyages have been so often described, I shall only say of mine, that it comprised all the usual incidents, but they were moderate in their extent. The gale we encountered, after clearing the chops of the Channel, only obliged us to take in our studding-sails;—the iceberg we saw, off Cape Kay, was too distant to frighten us; the fog on the banks was not so thick but that we could see the poor fishermen before we were aboard of them; and, during the storm in the Gulf, we escaped being driven ashore either on the Bird Rocks or on Dead-Man's Island. In short, our voyage was, altogether, a happy and a prosperous one;—nevertheless, in the language of the sweet singer of Israel, "We were glad when He brought us to the haven where we would be."

Early on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of July, 18—, I set out for the interior of the country, in search of the field of my future labours, which lay about fifty miles from the port at which I had landed.

A sluggish craft, without a deck, called a Durham boat, of about twenty tons burden, and loaded down to the water's edge, was my wearisome conveyance up one of those majestic rivers which abound on this continent, and which would float on their wide waste of waters the whole of the proud navy of England.

The first day we made about half the distance: we then put

ashore, and fastening our bark to the stump of a tree, we remained there all night.

I selected a dry knoll for my couch, a little apart from the other passengers; where, after commending myself to the parental care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, I lay down under the clear open canopy of a North American sky, sparkling with myriads of stars which I had never seen in Europe; and enjoyed the most tranquil repose. I awoke not till the dawn of day, when I arose, and shaking the heavy dew from my cloak, again went on board the boat.

I had for fellow-passengers a country judge of the Court of Requests, a magistrate, and a colonel and major of militia, all belonging to and residing in my intended mission. Through the indefatigable exertions of some or all of these *titled gentry*, in examining the partially defaced directions on my trunks, and questioning not only my servant, but myself also, my name and purpose had been successfully made out before I had been an hour in their company. I was far from being sorry for this, as I received from them the most marked and flattering attentions.

There are circumstances under which the slightest act of kindness will soothe and cheer us; and mine were certainly such at the moment. Therefore, after I had somewhat recovered my equanimity of temper, which had been a little disturbed by their pertinacious and, as appeared to me at the time, somewhat impertinent curiosity, I felt cheered and pleased.

I thought at first, that, as far as good society was concerned, I had "fallen on my feet;" but, alas! my judge turned out to be a petty shopkeeper, a doler out of drams to the drunken raftsmen; the magistrate, an old rebel soldier of the United States, living upon a pension of 20*l.* a year from that government, as the reward of his treason, and, at the same time, holding a commission of the peace under the one against which he had successfully fought. The colonel, the most respectable of my *dignified companions*, had been a serjeant in the — regiment, and was now living upon his pension of a shilling a day. And, to complete my catalogue, the major was the jolly landlord of a paltry village tavern.

These circumstances may appear as trifling to my readers as

they do now to myself; but they made a very different impression upon my mind at the time, coupled as they were with the sad disappointment which befel me on reaching my destination.

On arriving at the landing-place nearest the little village I was in search of, I left the boat; and, not being able to obtain any sort of conveyance for my luggage, or even for myself, I left my servant to look after it, until I could send some one for it. On foot, and alone, I set out for the village, five miles off. I never considered it a hardship to walk five miles on a good road, but on this occasion, tired and exhausted as I was, it proved a formidable undertaking. I had eaten nothing during the day but a piece of hard sea-biscuit of the coarsest description, which I begged from one of the boat's crew; the sun was still high in the heavens, and fiercely hot; the road was an arid, burning sand, and almost scorched my feet through my thin shoes. The houses I passed were naked and bare; not a tree within a mile of them. Hedge-rows there were none,—not a shrub nor bush, nor even a weed, to hide the bare poles of which the fences were made. The grass on the road side had a brown and scorched look, as if a fire had passed over it. Everything, in short, even to the unceasing chirping of the crickets, told me I was in a strange land. What my reflections were, during that weary walk, may more easily be imagined than described. A thought of home was naturally the first that occurred to me in my loneliness. And mournful though it was, it soothed me, and beguiled the way. But, alas! that home was desolate. All I had ever associated with that dear word had left me, and gone to a brighter and a happier home.

I knew not how far I had walked, when I came to an old pine-tree, beneath whose shade I laid me down, and wept and prayed as if my heart would break. And soon I thought I felt a strange calm come creeping over me, but I knew not whether it was real or imaginary. I thought too that I heard the sound of friendly voices which had once been familiar to my ear. I raised my head and looked around, but I could see nothing except the dwellings of the dead. Some of them were marked out by neatly painted railings round a rude and simple wooden monument, fresh and new, and probably not more evanescent than the memory of the kindly feeling of affection that

erected them. So, at least, I judged from the ruinous and dilapidated condition of their companions, which had stood perhaps a dozen winters.

Many a nameless grave was there, besides the one which I had unconsciously made my pillow. I was, in fact, in the midst of a burying-ground,—not a churchyard; for there was no church within fifty miles of the place, nor any human habitation within sight of it.

It was, in truth, a dreary and a solitary spot, far from the haunts of men, in which they bury their dead out of their sight, and out of their remembrance too, it seemed, from the careless negligence with which this lonely cemetery must have been regarded, or it would at least have had a fence, however rude, around it.

Exhausted with fatigue and the oppressive heat, for the thermometer could not have been lower than 120° in the sun;—worn out, and faint from want of food and natural rest;—excited, besides, to an extraordinary degree, by my over-wrought feelings; a hopeless and lonely exile in a strange land, with the wild interminable wilderness of woods around me;—no wonder if my reason for a moment tottered on her throne, nor if my imagination wandered into the unknown regions of another world.

In such a state of mind, and under the singular circumstances in which I had accidentally placed myself, no wonder, I say, that the peculiar and soothing sound produced by the slightest breath of air through a pine-grove, should have been listened to by me with the deepest interest, and that, in my dreaming fancy, I should have half mistaken it for the whispering voices of the dead.

The slight noise of wheels in the sandy road restored me, although not entirely and at once, to a proper frame of mind; but not, indeed, until the person passing by had stopped, and kindly told me he had heard of my arrival, and had gone to the landing-place to meet me and convey me to the village.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at once when he saw me, "you are the minister come out to us from England?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am."

"Then I am right glad to see you, sir," he said as he got out of his rude carriage, and offered me his hand, which I cor-

dially shook: and, oh! what a relief it was to me to meet with even this slight mark of friendship. Fortunately for my comfort then, I did not know how valueless it was.

He asked me where I had been, and wondered how he could have missed me. He told me, too, that several hours had elapsed since the boat that brought me had reached the landing-place. Indeed, I now perceived that the sun had set, and night was coming on apace; already were the tiny flashes of the firefly seen in myriads among the pine-trees. I began to think I certainly must have slept; and I do not know but that I had been dreaming too.

"Your name is Johnstone?" said my friend, requesting me at the same time to get into his waggon.

"No," I replied, as I paused with my foot upon the step, in the act of acceding to his kind request, "My name is Musgrave."

"That's very strange!" he said; and after hesitating for a moment, he added, "Never mind! Get in."

I did so; and he drove me to the village tavern, as I declined going to a private house, where he wished most anxiously to take me.

During our drive he several times adverted to my name being Musgrave instead of Johnstone, as it evidently ought to have been, in his opinion. He clung to this idea with such extraordinary pertinacity, that I at length, probably from my confused state of mind, began—I must not say, to doubt my own identity,—but to reflect whether or not I was really in my right senses.

He seemed to read my thoughts, at least he saw some hesitation, and triumphantly exclaimed—

"Why, Colonel K——"—this was the colonel I have mentioned as my fellow-passenger—"said that your servant told him your name was Johnstone."

"His own he must have meant," I said; for it so happened that my servant's name was Johnson, and perhaps he might have said, in answer to some question, which he did not see they had any right to ask, that mine was Johnson too; or they might have mistaken his trunk for one of mine, and seen his name upon it. However this might be, on arriving at the inn,

when the landlord came to the door, my pertinacious guide introduced me, by saying, "Here 's the Reverend Mr. Johnstone, the minister *we* sent for, and have been expecting up by this day's boat."

This somewhat annoyed me, and I immediately declared, with some warmth, that my name was not Johnstone.

"Then you 're not the minister appointed to this place."

"Yes, I am."

"Then your name *is* Johnstone—must be Johnstone."

"Well," I said, beginning to feel more amused than vexed, "my name *was* Musgrave before I left England, and I am certainly appointed as minister in this village and neighbourhood by the Bishop."

My guide gave a loud, contemptuous, and long-continued whistle, and then drawled out the first syllable of the word *Bishop*, at the same time laying an absurd accent upon the last—"Be-e-*shopp!*" adding with a derisive laugh, "We are Bishoped indeed, and the milk's burnt with a vengeance"!*

My landlord seemed to feel more reverence for the title, and a contest commenced between them, which was too intricate for me to understand, and soon became too hot for me prudently to witness; I therefore lost no time in making my way into the house. I had no sooner entered than I encountered a comfortable and portly looking dame, whom I was sure must be the mistress of the inn, and I was not mistaken. I begged her to give me something to eat, with as little delay as possible, as I was nearly starved. This she set about with the more zealous alacrity, in consequence of having got a hint, from what she had overheard of the squabble at the door, as to my now no longer doubtful identity.

"Well, well," I heard my quondam friendly guide exclaim, as if deprecating his own want of penetration, "that I, so long a ruling elder in the church, should have mistaken a prelatical and papistical ——" *something*, but I did not hear what, as the door was just then closed behind me.

* To the uninitiated in such matters it may be necessary to explain, that when milk is boiled it is very apt to adhere to the bottom of the vessel and be scorched, thereby communicating a burnt taste to the whole; it is then said to be *bishoped*.

I mention this trifling incident, not only to show the bitterness of that hostility which for years continued to annoy me, but to enable the reader to understand the cause of the virulent persecution which I had to endure.

My predecessor had been dead nearly two years. The measures taken for the appointment of his successor had of course been confined to the Bishop and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, without the knowledge or concurrence of the people in the place. There were no steamers crossing the Atlantic then; it therefore took a much longer period to complete the arrangements than it would do now. Besides, some months elapsed before I could relinquish my curacy. During all this time the Presbyterians, who were the most numerous among the various sects of which the mixed population consisted, were by no means idle. They had sent home a petition to the Secretary of State for the Colonies for a salary of 100*l.* a year for a Presbyterian minister. To this petition they had received a favourable answer, and by getting the other dissenters, as well as most of our own people, who had begun to despair of obtaining another clergyman of their own, to unite with them, they managed to make up this salary to a very respectable amount. They then applied to some leading man in the Kirk of Scotland for a minister, when this Mr. Johnstone, from a small town on the English side of the Scottish border, was recommended and accepted; and by one of those extraordinary coincidences, which happen so often as to induce one to wonder at their being called extraordinary, this minister was expected up from the port on the very day that I arrived, and he actually did reach his destination the day after.

CHAPTER III.

A Disappointment—A Cottage—A Tent—The Glebe—The Parsonage—The Bishop—A Confirmation—The Schoolhouse.

I FELT greatly disappointed and annoyed when I found that there was neither a church nor a parsonage-house. At first I was utterly confounded; I did not know what to do. One thing, however, I was determined *not to do*: I was determined not to stay there without both the one and the other; and I called the people together to tell them so. They met; and I informed them that the Bishop had directed me to ascertain what encouragement I was likely to meet with; and if it was not satisfactory to me, he would send me to some other settlement. I then proceeded to say what *would* be satisfactory.

As to building a church, they thought it was utterly beyond their power, but they would do their utmost. They would make any sacrifice, if I thought such an immense undertaking could be accomplished, although they themselves had no idea that it could be done. But they would willingly build me a house, and would set about it immediately.

No, I said, I must have my church first. But then there was that unfortunate subscription-list which I have mentioned, and which nearly all had signed. But was it right, under the present altered aspect of affairs, that they should fulfil engagements into which they had been led by the most insidious arts and erroneous representations? I did not see, nor indeed did they, how this could honestly be avoided; and I believe every farthing of it was honourably paid. As I perceived that this circumstance would detract materially from their contributions towards the erection of the church, I consented, though very unwillingly, to allow them to build the house first: and we patiently submitted, in faith and hope, to the mortifying necessity of uniting in our holy services, for a whole year, in a place where they

could not well be performed "decently and in order," namely, in a common village schoolhouse; and even this we could not have exclusively to ourselves, but only from half-past ten o'clock on the Sunday morning till one in the afternoon. Nay, an attempt was made to deprive us even of this privilege.

I was very much disappointed at the turn things had thus taken. I certainly wanted a house very much, but I had set my heart upon a church. However, I do not think I could have accomplished it then, nor even afterwards, had not an incident occurred which induced my people to exert themselves to the utmost. But I must not anticipate.

Until this meeting took place I had been staying at the inn where I first went on my arrival; but now that I had determined to remain in the settlement, it became necessary for me to look out for more private lodgings. But after searching and inquiring everywhere, I could find nothing of the kind. At length I literally pitched my tent—I happened, by great good luck, to have one in my possession—close by the door of a little cottage belonging to a labouring farmer. He gave me a small bed-room, which was all he could spare, in the then unfinished state of his house; my servant slept in the garret with his boy. I found my own provisions, and his wife cooked for me.

While the summer lasted, my tent did very well, especially after I had contrived to get rid of the pole in the centre, which was very much in my way, and to ward off the burning rays of the hot sun, which made the interior almost like a heated oven. The former I managed by putting up three poles in the form of a triangle; and the latter by covering the outside with maple and basswood branches; and as their thick and luxuriant foliage withered and dried up, I replaced them with others fresh and green.

By the time the winter set in, when living in a tent would have been impossible, my host had got a room for me so far finished as to be habitable and tolerably comfortable, not, however, sufficiently so to make me regret that the parsonage-house was to be built before the church. That winter was a very cold one; for a week together the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) was 50° below the freezing-point.

Immediately after the meeting of the people, which I have

mentioned, I set to work most industriously to get subscriptions for building the parsonage-house.

A glebe, consisting of about forty acres, chiefly of wild, uncleared land, was generously given by the principal person in the place, together with thirty pounds in money. Everybody, indeed, subscribed very liberally, and I therefore contracted for the work at once. During the winter the timber was cut down in the woods and brought, as well as all the other heavy materials, to the spot, and everything was got ready for commencing the work. The moment the frost was out of the ground the cellar was excavated and the foundation laid, and the succeeding summer saw the work so far completed that I was able to strike my tent and move into it, although not more than half of it was habitable, (it was at best but a small cottage,) and that half far from finished.

During the following winter I had a visit from the Bishop. His lordship spent the night in my new and half-finished dwelling: he slept in the bed-room of one of my servants; I put him there because it was better and more comfortable than my own. His servant, as well as my own, slept upon buffalo-hides on the floor by the kitchen fire.

In reply to some apologetic observations which I made while conducting that holy and apostolic, and now sainted Christian shepherd, to his rude dormitory, he said, with his accustomed kindness and simplicity, "No, no, never mind; the accommodation which you are satisfied to put up with during a whole winter, is surely good enough for me for a single night." On the following day he confirmed twenty young people in the schoolhouse.

As his lordship shook hands with me and bade me adieu, he promised me a hundred pounds from the Society towards my church: the Society itself had promised me fifty pounds.

It may be asked why I so briefly pass over so important an occurrence as a Confirmation held in my parish, the more especially as it was the first. I can only say, that although on no subsequent occasion of a similar nature did I ever receive stronger or more encouraging proofs of my diocesan's approbation, yet I felt deeply mortified and annoyed at a Confirmation being held in a schoolhouse. In fact it was so humiliating to such of my people as had witnessed this solemn rite at home, as

well as to myself, that I do not like to dwell upon it; and it was evident that the fact of the Presbyterians having succeeded in erecting their chapel, added gall to the bitterness of our feelings on this occasion.

"We *must* have a church," one of my parishioners whispered to me at the door, after the service was over, "and I will give ten pounds more than I intended." I did not expect so much from him altogether. He gave twenty pounds.

Our good Bishop, as he was always called, for "his praise was in all the churches," I never saw afterwards, except for a moment to receive his blessing.

During the next summer the house was finished, except painting. The subscriptions were sadly deficient; that is to say, they were badly paid. Perhaps I did not press them with sufficient urgency; at any rate, the house cost me nearly a hundred pounds.

Discouraging as this might seem, it did not deter me from commencing a new subscription for building my church. I have already said my heart was set upon it, and I was determined to carry it into effect. I thought, indeed, from my past experience, that I could in future manage better; nor was I, as the event proved, entirely mistaken.

And now commenced the most anxious and the most perplexing year of my whole life. But a subject of such importance deserves a new chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The Church—Distressing Difficulties—The Subscription List—A Triumph—A Letter—The Spiritual Church.

ALL my disappointments, all my privations, and, what were worse than both, all my feelings of utter loneliness, were as nothing when compared with the trouble and anxiety, the positive and absolute distress, with which the building of this church overwhelmed me. Many were the sleepless nights I spent in ruminating upon the means of accomplishing it, or rather, upon the means of extricating myself from the pecuniary embarrassments in which it had involved me. The subscriptions came in so slowly and so irregularly, that I could not calculate upon them until they were actually paid; that is to say, I could not anticipate them, and, consequently, could not venture to make any engagements on the strength of them. But the worst part of the business was, that in the first instance I *had* done so, and this was the main source of all my perplexities. I had, too, some of Job's comforters to remind me, with an air of ill-concealed triumph, that "they had told me that I could not build a church;" and that "they knew how it would be;" and that "we had better give it up at once, or we should make ourselves a laughing-stock, if we had not done so already, to the whole neighbourhood." And then, when they saw that this annoyed me, they would suggest, by way of consolation, bitter though it was, some such excuses for my failure as that "I was young and inexperienced, and perhaps too enthusiastic, and quite a stranger to the ways and means of the people in this country." This was from my friends. The taunts and sneering jests of our enemies no way affected me: I could expect nothing less from them.

In the midst of all my difficulties a violent attack was made upon the tower of the church. It was strenuously urged that it was not absolutely necessary, and that what was built of it ought

to be pulled down, since it was better to have a church without a tower than no church at all. This I would by no means consent to; the whole should stand or fall together—"Aut Cæsar, aut nihil!" I could not bear the idea of a church without a tower. "Let us examine the subscription-list," I said, "and see what amount can be depended upon." This was done, the list divided into five equal portions, and five of my principal parishioners took each one to collect, and agreed to be answerable for the amount. They were all men of credit in the place, and well known; while I was as yet comparatively a stranger.

Some brighter hopes began now to beam upon us, and under their cheering influence the work went on with renewed vigour. But, not to weary the reader with further details, it will be sufficient for me to say that, after six months of unceasing toil and exertion, I got the body of the church up, the roof on, the steeple up to the same height, and covered in with a temporary roof, to preserve it from the weather, until we should have time and means to carry it to its full height.

When we had got thus far, the whole of my funds, as well from the subscription-list as from my own private means, were exhausted; and I should have been at a hopeless stand-still, if it had not been for the munificent grant of one hundred and fifty pounds from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of which we could now, and not till now, avail ourselves, as the Society always, I believe, makes it a condition that such grants shall not be paid till the outer shell of the building is put up. This relieved me from all my difficulties, and was a source of joy and triumph to me.

It was indeed a bold undertaking, and one which, if my knowledge of mankind and my experience had been greater, I would not have ventured upon with such inadequate means as were then at my command. They were indeed inadequate. But I thought at the time that my parishioners *could* accomplish it, and I was determined they should do so, or I would leave them. They knew this, and manfully set their shoulders to the wheel, even while they despaired of success.

The people belonging to the church, although more numerous than those of any other single denomination, were still very few; and the first time I administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's

Supper I had only nine communicants. They were also very poor, as new settlers generally are, and this was comparatively, with the exception of the small village, a new settlement; and yet, strange as it may appear to a dweller in the old country, they were all well off in the world. They had all the necessaries and comforts of life at their command, and even some of the luxuries. Still they were poor, as far as the ability to pay money was concerned. They had it not, neither could they obtain it without great exertions, and still greater sacrifices; and nothing else would build the church. Some of the work, it is true, could be done by themselves, and they willingly and freely did it.

At length, by getting up some temporary windows and closing in the rest, by laying down loose planks for a floor, and by setting up some rude benches, with other similar preparations, I was enabled to open the church for divine service. And oh! what a triumphant day of rejoicing it was! And yet there were some who, like the Israelites in the days of the prophet Ezra, could not restrain their sorrow on comparing this new, and to them a second temple, dedicated to the worship of God, with those more splendid and magnificent ones in which they had been admitted into the mystical body of Christ's holy Catholic Church—temples which, alas! they never hoped to see again.

This feeling was but momentary, and confined to a very few, "the ancient men of the congregation;" while among the younger members all might have seen, in their joyous countenances, the cheering belief in the promise of the personal presence of Him to whom this more humble temple was now dedicated: "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them, and that to bless them."

The following Sunday was the one appointed for the celebration of the Advent of our Blessed Lord. At a rude altar, temporarily raised for the purpose, I had no fewer than thirty communicants. This was indeed encouraging, and strengthened me in my glorious work. During the winter, with a large stove in the church, if we were not quite so comfortable as we could have wished, we were much more so than we had ever been before. The schoolhouse, at best, was but a miserable substitute for a church; and the tenure by which we held our trifling occupation

of it, the whim and caprice of the mixed public, made it still more objectionable: but now our bare walls, with their sheltering roof—they could boast of little else—were our own, and we felt ourselves at home.

A few days after the opening of our church, on calling upon an intelligent and well-educated emigrant, who had lately arrived from England, I found him busily engaged in writing a letter to some of his friends, who were very desirous of following him to this country. He wished them, of course, to settle near him; and to induce them to do so, among other arguments he used the following:—

"We have a church and a clergyman—a regular Church of England clergyman—in the settlement. Not that every settlement has one. Far from it. I suppose, indeed, that there is not one for every twenty settlements, as we call them here, although each is much larger and more populous than many parishes at home. And I would advise you, as well as all other well-disposed emigrants, to be careful not to overlook this circumstance in deciding upon your location. Few there are, if any, who come to this country, having never before been so situated as to be unable to attend the public worship of God, however negligent they may have been in availing themselves of the privilege, that would not feel most poignantly if they were deprived of the opportunity. Nor would they observe, without some annoyance, the little respect that is paid to that day, set apart for relaxation and rest from the cares and labours of life, even admitting they should forget the nobler purposes for which it was intended, and to which it ought to be devoted, because it would be at least a constant witness to them, on its weekly return, that they were strangers in a strange land. Indeed, I myself, as short a time as I have been in the country, have seen men, whom I knew to have seldom entered the precincts of the sanctuary, travel what in England would be considered an incredible distance, upwards of twenty miles, to attend divine service, or to get their children baptized, or to get the clergyman to visit some sick member of their family, or to 'bury their dead out of their sight;' consoling themselves, in their affliction, with the idea that there was one *so near*.

"It is in circumstances such as these that the heart of the

exile yearns after his native land. He therefore ought, certainly, to secure to himself, in this the home of his adoption, as many of those favourable features in the home he has left as can possibly be found; and they will be to him as household gods. They bring with them associations that beguile into the tale of other years. And if they do not revive in our memory those scenes of pure and unmingled happiness in our bright and buoyant season of youth, they occasionally throw a halo of delight over our existence, by leading us to forget that we are away from them.

"Every emigrant may feel assured that, however anxious he may be to leave his native country, and however much it may be to his advantage to do so, he will retain a painful recollection of it to the latest hour of his existence. No one brought up in a country like England, where such order and regularity prevail, can form any idea of the dreadful state of society in many portions of these provinces, as well as in the United States; whereas this part of the country, where I have located myself, might challenge the world for its superior in orderliness and morality."

Throughout the monotony of that dreary winter—for such, unaccustomed as I was to the country, it appeared to me—nothing occurred of sufficient importance to be related. Although the progress of our earthly temple towards its completion was necessarily at a stand-still, the building up of our spiritual edifice was, under the divine blessing, rapidly though gradually advancing; so gradually, indeed, that the careless portion of my flock hardly noticed it, while the doubting ones attributed it to other causes; but with the pious, who "hopeth all things," it was believed to be, as in reality it was, and as it eventually proved, nothing less than the glorious harvest I was so richly reaping from the good seed that had been sown in meekness and faith by my pious predecessor, now a saint in heaven. His prayers had been heard by the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls; and when he was taken to his reward, the blessed fruits of his labours were left, in the dispensations of a gracious and merciful Providence, to cheer me onwards to greater and more zealous exertions.

The influence of our holy institution cannot be duly felt and properly appreciated in a day; neither can the bitter and deep-rooted prejudices against our Liturgy, cherished and nurtured

with so much care by those who have gone out from us, be removed in a moment. It is something more than simple conviction, and a great deal too, that must do this. There are strong and inveterate habits to be conquered and subdued, and all this by the plain practical operation of Gospel truth. We have no enthusiastic fanaticism to bring to bear upon it. We do not expect or wish to witness any of those sudden and violent revolutions in men's minds which constitute the boast and the glory of the zealous dissenting preacher, and which are as evanescent as they are unnatural.

No! ours is the smooth, quiet, onward course, which no power on earth can stop or turn aside; like the mighty rivers of this boundless continent, which gather as they go, and unceasingly roll their world of waters to the ocean. As some proof of the truth of this, I may adduce the fact that the number of clergymen in this colony is tenfold what it was when I first commenced my missionary labours; thanks to the unwearied exertions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

CHAPTER V.

The Seasons—The Dark Day—An Incident—The Visitation—Village Scandal.

THE succeeding Spring opened upon us in all its instantaneous bloom and verdure. The change, in the whole face of nature, was as sudden as if it had been produced by magic. In one short week the wreaths of snow had disappeared; the fountains of the great deep, as our rivers, without a metaphor, may almost be called, were broken up, and "the thick-ribbed ice was gone;" the meadows were green; the leaves were out; the birds had all come back to us again, and were singing in every bush and spray; all living things were rioting in the glories of the summer sun. We have no Spring here; or if we have, it is so evanescent that one can hardly count the few days to which it can prefer a doubtful claim, ere the Summer is upon it.

Not so the Autumn. From the first of September to the beginning of November, and sometimes even to the end of it, the weather, although delightfully pleasant and beautiful, becomes gradually colder and colder; the sweet melody of the birds gradually dies away, till all is silent. Even the unceasing chirp of the cricket is hushed; but the trees in the boundless, measureless forest exhibit, in the bright sunshine and the pure atmosphere of this lovely season, a picture as beautiful as it is novel to the eye of a stranger. Instead of waving their luxuriant foliage over mountain, hill, and valley, in one rich monotonous hue of living green, they now gradually, one by one, assume colours which, in brilliancy and variety, exceed all description.

The soft maple is the first to commence this gorgeous display, by changing to a rich crimson; the sugar-maple then follows, in similar though more sombre tints, variegated with the yellow of the trembling poplar, the orange and gold of the beech, and the sere brown of the butternut and the basswood, while the sturdy oak still maintains his deep green.

Suddenly as the summer came upon us, it did not find us unprepared to take advantage of its genial influences, and recommence our labours upon the church. On the contrary, we had been making our windows, as well as the panel-work for the pews, reading-desk, &c. during the winter. After going back to the schoolhouse for a few months, while the interior was being fitted up, we had the satisfaction—rendered still more grateful by the partial privation we had endured—of returning again to our own place, now all but completely finished.

On re-opening the church, I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I had a greater number of communicants than ever. And they seemed impressed with a deeper feeling of devotion than I had ever before observed on any similar occasion. A feeling of silent and awful solemnity evidently pervaded the whole congregation, for all were present. Why this was so, I must explain.

I am quite aware that the celebration of the holy Eucharist was never intended as an exhibition to be gazed at by idle lookers on; but, accustomed as I had been to the practice at home, of the non-communicants retiring, it did not occur to me, on the first occasion of the kind, that it was necessary for me to explain it to the people. All, therefore, naturally and reverently remained, to witness the solemnity. On the next occasion, as well as on two or three more, I took no steps to prevent their doing so, for I saw that it produced a beneficial effect. Indeed to this circumstance, conjoined, of course, with others, I do sincerely believe that the rapid increase in the number of my communicants was mainly to be ascribed. And then again, after this, when I considered it my duty no longer to allow the continuance of such an irregularity, now that we were getting all things somewhat in order, the very enforcing of the custom became a powerful instrument in my hands, under the Divine blessing, for adding still more to their number, for few there were who could find in their hearts thus, literally, to turn their backs upon the Lord's table.

While they were allowed to remain to witness the solemnity, the idea never once occurred to them, that they did not in some measure participate in its blessings and privileges. But, to be turned out of the church while some favoured few were to be

partakers of holy mysteries forbidden to themselves, was a thought they could not brook. Not but that some—many, indeed, I am compelled to say, from a morbid apprehension of their unworthiness, or from thoughtless indifference about their eternal welfare—still refused to come.

Time with unflagging wing flew by, and we were again on the verge of another winter, when we were astonished and alarmed by a most extraordinary meteorological phenomenon.

On the morning of the day on which it occurred, the sun rose in a yellow smoky fog; and looked, while it was visible through such a medium, just like "a pale moon;" but this was only for a short time; after an hour or so it became dimmer and dimmer, till, in the increasing density of the fog or smoke, or whatever else it was—for it was never clearly ascertained—it became altogether obscured, just as if it had set. Something like the short twilight we have in this latitude then succeeded, and about noon it became dark, as totally dark as "a moonless midnight."

I was out that morning, two or three miles from home. On my return, just before the darkness was the deepest, on passing some of the farm-houses, I saw the women milking their cows. They had no clocks or watches, and so they thought that by some strange accident or other, the night had overtaken them unawares, before they had deemed the day half done. And what was more extraordinary still, the fowls went to roost—a proof that the instinct of animals is not quite so perfect as it is sometimes represented to be.

In one or two other houses that I passed, the inmates were busily engaged in their devotions, under the fearful impression that the world was coming to an end. Indeed I found afterwards that this idea had generally prevailed throughout the country: at one time I myself thought so.

About two hours after noon, when our minds were wrought up to the most intense excitement, and we trembled under the apprehension of some coming evil—some dreadful catastrophe that was to befal us, but of what nature none could tell, we were terrified and confounded by the most startling peal of thunder I ever heard, and it was as singular as it was appalling; so singular, indeed, that I hardly know how to describe it.

It did not commence with a *Crack! Crack! Crack!* as thun-

der generally does when right over head, but with one solitary deafening report, like that of a great cannon, or rather, perhaps, of a great number of cannon discharged at once and together. This was preceded—but only a single instant of time hardly distinguishable — by a bright and vivid flash of forked lightning; and then, when the echoes had died away among the distant mountains, all was as dark again and as still as ever; not a breath of air was stirring—not a sound was heard—no distant rumbling of the receding tempest. It seemed to have concentrated all its force, and expended all its power, in that one fearful and solitary explosion.

The next morning, after the rain, which had fallen in torrents during the night, the whole face of the country was covered, though very slightly, with a yellow dust, very much resembling sulphur. It seemed to have come down with or before the rain, as little accumulations of it were observable in the windings and obstructions of all the watercourses. A quantity of this dust was collected and analysed, but I never heard the result, further than that it was considered of volcanic origin.

In a neighbouring town the spire of a church was struck by the one solitary flash of lightning, and set on fire. It was so high that the engines could not reach it: but the upper part was cut away by some daring raftsmen, and tumbled down; so that the fire was extinguished, and the church saved.

The reader will be satisfied that I have not attached any undue importance to this fearful visitation, when I inform him that it has ever since been marked, in our provincial Almanacs, as "THE DARK DAY."

As soon as there was snow enough for sledging, and the winter roads were good, I received an intimation from the Bishop, that he was about to hold his triennial Visitation. This being the first since my arrival in the diocese, I was much pleased with the prospect of meeting those of my brethren with whom I had already become acquainted, as well as of being introduced to the rest.

A Visitation in North America was, in those days at least, if it be not so now, a very different affair from what is ever witnessed at home. Its public characteristics are similar, with the exception of the number of the clergy. But that in which we were all the most interested was, the opportunity the occasion afforded

of friendly personal intercourse, not only with each other, but with our good, kind, and amiable Bishop. He was indeed as a father to us, and we all looked up to him more in that character than in any other.

This Visitation was not confined to a solemn service in the church, a sermon and a charge, and then a dinner: it lasted three or four days, during which we were all "with one accord in one place," taking sweet counsel together.

The pleasure of dwelling upon these favourable and prosperous circumstances has led me to give only the bright side of the picture. It had, however, like everything else that is fair and beautiful on earth, a sad and a sorrowful reverse.

I have already hinted at a feeling of hostility and opposition which manifested itself on my first arrival, but I have not yet given any adequate idea of its bitterness and malignity. My youth and inexperience were said to incapacitate me for the performance of the high and important duties of my office; my cheerfulness was called inordinate and sinful levity; and, in a word, my conduct altogether was considered to be highly prejudicial to those interests of the Church which I had come into the settlement to promote.

It will, perhaps, be supposed that all these objections were urged by my own people—by the most anxious friends of the Church—by those who held her interests in their hearts, and who, from the best of motives, had been reluctantly compelled to make them. Not so. On the contrary, the most indefatigable and industrious inventors and propagators of these insidious and ill-natured inuendos were among the Dissenters, who were thankful, they said, that I was not their minister: and so, indeed, was I.

These rumours, and others of the same nature, which were bruited abroad throughout our small community, gave me little or no concern; but there were others of a very different kind, affecting my character both as a clergyman and a gentleman. These were communicated to me with great care and precision by an over-officious friend. But they were so vague and absurd, that now, when my knowledge of mankind is more extensive, I can scarcely understand why they should have given me so much uneasiness.

CHAPTER VI.

Head-quarters—The Outposts—A Snowdrift—A Parish Clerk—A Ludicrous Scene—A Temple not made with hands—The Reward—A Marriage—The Rectory.

THREE years had now passed away. The church was not only completely finished and furnished, but the spiritual Church therein dwelling was firmly and effectually established in the hearts and affections of the people, at the head-quarters at least, of my wide spreading mission.

To give the reader some idea of its extent, I need only mention that it is now divided into nine distinct and separate missions, with a clergyman to each, except in one place, where, although a church is built and a house provided, and, I believe, a large subscription made towards his salary, they have not yet been able to obtain one. But for all this it must not be imagined that the clergy are as thickly scattered over the country here as in happy England. On the contrary, the distance between the nine stations I have mentioned, varies from fifteen miles to sixty-four!

Extensive as my mission was, my *regular* labours were necessarily circumscribed within much narrower limits.

On Sundays, during summer, I performed divine service at one place fifteen miles off, at eight o'clock in the morning. Then in my own church at eleven. In the evening of the alternate Sundays, taking another horse, I rode nine miles to perform service in a schoolhouse at another settlement, about the same distance from my church, but in an opposite direction. During the winter I had only one morning service, and that in my church, and evening service only every third Sunday at each of the two settlements I have mentioned. This was owing to my taking in another station eighteen miles off. My labours at this settlement were generally, but not exclusively, confined to the winter, in con-

sequence of the bad state of the roads, which were all but impassable during any other season.

Sometimes, indeed, they were bad enough even in winter: on one occasion I had a fearful journey of it. There had been a heavy fall of snow the day before, accompanied by a high wind, which drifted up the roads very much. In one place, about four miles from my destination, my horses fairly stuck fast: I sent my servant to a house, at a little distance, for a shovel, to cut out a path for my leading horse; for I was obliged to drive two, one harnessed in front of the other, as one horse would not have been able to drag my sleigh over the heavy roads; but the trifling favour was denied me, with many ill-natured remarks, on the "sinfu' practice o' breeking the Sabbath that gate: forbye travelling on that holy day." They "did na ken why sax days i' the week should na satisfee ony reasonable body." We had therefore to trample down the snow with our feet for more than a hundred yards, when the noble animals, as if instinctively aware of my anxiety to get on, plunged gallantly through of their own accord, after me. We soon afterwards got into the woods, where, of course, there had been no drifting, and at length arrived at our journey's end within a few minutes of the appointed time. The people, at least the greater part of them, had been waiting for me for hours. They had no clocks, they were all too poor in that settlement to buy them, and they were afraid of being too late. Our substitute for a church, a rude log-hut covered with bark, was crowded to suffocation. I read prayers and preached, and then administered the Sacrament to nearly twenty communicants. After which I christened three or four children, and churched as many women.

The village schoolmaster at this station acted as my clerk, and was particularly officious. On my asking him, in an undertone, after the other services of the day were over, whether there were any women to be churched, he immediately, like the crier of a court, bawled out at the top of his voice, "Any women here to be churched!" Some one approached him and whispered something in his ear, when he again called out in the same loud and commanding tone, "Judy Connor, come for'ard here!" when a bashful and modest looking young woman stepped tremblingly forth from the crowd, into a small open space before

me, which he had, with no little difficulty, kept clear for the purpose. She looked up to him imploringly, as if for further directions, when he made a motion with his hand towards the floor, and with the tone and manner of one in authority, exclaimed, "Down wid ye thin!" He then turned to the assembled multitude with, "Any more women to be churched?" Another whispering followed, and the same scene was enacted again and again. He then turned to me with a low bow, and whispered, "They 're all there, ye'r Riverence." I proceeded with the service; and its simple but beautiful adaptation to the circumstances of the young matrons kneeling before me, appeared to impress them with that feeling of devout thanksgiving which it pre-supposes.

After all the services were over, and a thousand kind inquiries made about my own health, and so forth, and as many kind salutations exchanged, the people separated to return to their respective homes, and I to mine: not, however, before I had been compelled, nothing loth, to partake of the principal settler's best fare, consisting of grilled fowl and oaten cake, and I reached my own house a little after midnight, worn out with cold and fatigue.

I visited this settlement the following summer, on Trinity Sunday I think it was, when I had a congregation of more than three hundred, far more, of course, than the log-hut would contain. I therefore performed the service in the open air, or rather, under the shade of the lofty and majestic trees of the forest. My voice was indeed, literally, that of "one crying in the wilderness." It was a wild and moving scene. The most gorgeous temple, with its Gothic arches, its groined and fretted roof, its marble pavement and its high altar, all faded into insignificance before the dignity of such a shrine as this. From my elevated position, on the trunk of a huge elm-tree, some five or six feet in diameter, and which had been recently felled, I cast my eye over the dense crowd of those sincere simple-minded worshippers of Him "who dwelleth not in temples made with hands." They were kneeling before me on the cold damp earth, amid the rank weeds of the wilderness, with the everlasting forest over their heads, and responded in one solemn and harmonious voice to my prayer to "God the father of heaven to

have mercy upon us." During the service I baptized four children.

This was perhaps the most interesting circumstance of the whole. I had had no previous notice of these baptisms, nor had my clerk; there was consequently nothing provided as a substitute for a font, the people had not once thought of it, and we were at a considerable distance from any house. I had, however, even then, been too long a missionary to be at a loss for an expedient in such an exigency.

There was a brook at a little distance. Its source was from the fissure of a rock in the mountain hard by, and after winding its course for about a mile, it fell into a small lake, the glassy surface of which I could see from whence I stood. I blessed this crystal fountain altogether, and, stooping down, I dipped my hand into an eddying little pool into which the lively water flowed, and this was my primitive baptismal font.

I afterwards administered the Sacrament of the holy Communion to upwards of fifty communicants, all at once, and there was ample room at our spacious altar for many more.

"Ye are paid for your labours!" is sometimes tauntingly said to us by our enemies. And so in truth we are, and far better too than they are aware of.

I was paid, triumphantly paid, for all the labours, sacrifices, and distresses of three years' duration, when I opened my church; and I was amply paid, too, for all the toilsome and weary journeys I had made to the settlement, where it occurred, by witnessing the scene I have just described. Such instances as these bring in large amounts at once, but smaller *fees* of a like kind came pouring in continually. Yes! we are well paid, but in a coin which sordid, money-counting men know nothing of.

On one of my subsequent visits to this settlement I had to cross this very lake on the ice. It was the latter end of the winter, and the ice was not thought strong enough to bear a horse. When I got to the shore I met eight young men, who were watching my coming, to warn me of my danger and to assist me. They took my horses out and tied them to a tree, and then dragged me over in my sleigh themselves; and, after service in a house on the opposite shore, they brought me back again in the same manner.

This settlement was quite a new one; I myself, indeed, was the founder of it. The Protestant portion of the Irish immigrants that came to my neighbourhood always applied to me for advice and assistance in obtaining the grants of land which the Government, at that period, was in the habit of making. I did what I could for them; but my endeavours to serve them were, either from their own carelessness or other causes, seldom successful. I therefore applied to the Governor, to whom I had the honour to be personally known before I left England, for permission to locate these poor people myself at once, without the intervention of any Government agent. His Excellency kindly acceded to my request, limiting me, however, to this particular township, which was at that time a wild tract of country. I immediately got a number of location-tickets printed. These contained the conditions under which the land was granted, which conditions must be fulfilled before the grantee can get his patent from the Crown. I inserted on the ticket the number of the lot and the applicant's name, and signed my own, taking care, before I gave them that ticket, to ascertain that they were sober, steady, and industrious men. This settlement is now in a very flourishing condition, with a church and a clergyman of its own.

As to the settlement I have mentioned, in which I had service so early on a Sunday morning, I shall say nothing further about it here, but that it rapidly rose into importance, and will occupy a very prominent position in a subsequent part of my narrative.

The other two settlements to which I have adverted were very similar to the one where my head-quarters were established, only not so populous. They contained a few respectable families, with which I had frequent and friendly intercourse. As to one in particular, there were powerful inducements to a young man, as I then was, to cultivate an acquaintance; and, as I am not writing a romance, I may as well say at once, without further circumlocution, that I married one of the daughters. This was an event of the greatest importance to me, not only in a domestic point of view, but also as regarded my professional duties. The family I had thus become connected with was highly respectable, and very much esteemed by the whole neighbourhood; it consequently had a good deal of influence, and this increased my own.

Shortly after this event my mission was erected into a parish,

and I was regularly instituted and inducted as the incumbent rector. This circumstance also added something to my influence, and, as a natural consequence, when such influence is properly employed, to my usefulness in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. Names and titles, however much we may affect to despise them, have more weight even with ourselves than, in our pride and pretended independence, we are willing to admit; while by the great mass of the people they are held in still higher estimation, notwithstanding they also affect to despise them: nay, even the "free and enlightened citizens" (save the mark!) of the neighbouring republic, strange and anomalous as it may appear, attach more, much more importance to titles than we do.

Whatever was the cause, I was more looked up to, and my example more carefully followed, than formerly, as the following instances will abundantly prove. Besides my glebe, which was in a wild state, with the exception of three or four acres around my house, I had a small farm. It was soon discovered or imagined that I had a most perfect knowledge of agriculture; and my management of it became the practice of the parish. It was also discovered from my servants that I had family prayers in my house, when a printed form was so urgently demanded by my parishioners for their own use, that I got a number printed from the one I used myself, and gave a copy to any one who would promise to use it. I had often before endeavoured to impress upon them the necessity and importance of this duty, but apparently without effect.

CHAPTER VII.

A Journey—The Indians—Squaws—Papooses—Bark Canoes—A Snag—An Accident—The Encampment—Starvation—The Relief—Home.

I HAVE hitherto spoken only of my head-quarters station, and of those settlements which were near enough to it to be somewhat regularly visited, without interfering with my duties at my church; but the more distant settlements which were comprised within my extensive charge occupied a large portion of my time. There were six principal ones, each of which has now a church and a clergyman of its own. Two of these I visited once every winter, and the others once during the summer, so that each had divine service only once a year. These winter journeys were generally so similar to those to the less distant settlements which I have already described, that I may pass over them without further notice. Not so one of my summer journeys to the most distant station of all, or rather to several, for there were two or three settlements in that section of the country. In this journey I had to pass through a wild, uninhabited region, for more than seventy miles in an open boat, rowed or pushed up the river with long poles. The passage occupied two tedious days and an equal number of unsheltered nights. It may convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the magnitude of this river, to which I have more than once alluded, when I inform him that in broad daylight we missed the channel in one place, and got behind a point of land, where we worked our way for some miles before we perceived our mistake. When I reached my destination I married seven couples, and baptized seventeen children and three adults. I was two Sundays absent, during which time I read prayers and preached in schoolhouses and private dwellings eleven times to crowded and attentive congregations.

In this section of the country there are now not fewer than four churches and as many missionaries, each of whom has an extensive

and laborious charge. It is true that the country was not near so populous then as it is now; yet, even at that period, there was an ample field of duty for several clergymen. "The harvest truly was great, but the labourers were few;" and few indeed they still continue to be, when compared with the many destitute settlements which have since been formed throughout that trackless wilderness of woods, which, when I traversed it, could hardly boast of a single inhabitant.

For the means of returning, I had to depend upon any chance boat that might be going down the river. But not hearing of any, and the week fast wearing away, and being very anxious to get back to my church before the following Sunday, I took advantage of the return of some Indians from their hunting excursion, and after some difficulty secured a passage in one of their small bark canoes. I went on board about five o'clock on a fine summer evening, only a few minutes before the dinner hour at the house where I had been staying. I had eaten nothing since an early breakfast; my friends, as I then accounted them, neglected to give me any provisions. I charitably thought at the time, that this extraordinary and cruel negligence might be ascribed to their want of knowledge of Indian habits and modes of living; but afterwards, when I knew them better, and found that they had had constant intercourse with these Indians for more than twenty years, I was compelled to impute their conduct to a less pardonable motive. May God forgive them, as I did.

Silently we glided along the smooth surface of the water, impelled by the light paddles of the Indians, till we had made about seven miles. We then landed at a little clearing, where there was a green and grassy bank. Here we encamped for the night. The sun had set, and the night was fast approaching. I, of course, had neither tent nor blanket; and although I was famishing with hunger, they would give me nothing to eat. I wandered about in search of wild berries, which generally abound in such places; but it immediately got so dark that I could not find any. Indeed, if it had been daylight, I should probably have met with no better success, as it was much too early in the season. On returning to the camp, I was furiously assailed by all their dogs, and they were not a few, until an Indian put his head out of his tent and pacified them. I then wrapped my cloak

around me, and laid me down upon the wet grass, for the dew had by this time fallen heavily. I tried to sleep, but for several long and tedious hours I could not. At length—it must have been, I think, but just before the morning dawned—a deep sleep came over me, and my sufferings were forgotten. The sun was up and high in the heavens when I woke. At first I could not conceive where I could be, till, on looking round, I saw my rude companions at their breakfast; but not the slightest morsel could I obtain from them—no, not by the most earnest entreaties. I offered them money—a dollar for what to them was not worth a hundredth part of it. But, no! I might as well have offered it to their dogs, for all the notice they deigned to take of me or it. I had now been more than twenty-four hours without food, and the gnawings of hunger began to be acutely felt.

Again we started, after a long and tedious preparation; and they paddled along, in their usual lazy and listless manner, for two or three hours, when some accident befel the canoe which accompanied us; for there were two families of Indians, and each had one. This untoward circumstance compelled them to put ashore again soon after mid-day, to repair the damage.

The squaws, after sticking their papooses* up against a tree, immediately set to work to gather a few dry sticks and light a fire, in order to cook their dinner; while the men were patching up the hole which a snag† had made in the bottom of the canoe.

When their dinner was served up, the sight of food naturally excited me to try and get a share of it, and I made a more

* The infants of Indians are so called. They are strapped or tightly bandaged to a slab of wood. This slab is a little longer than the child, and their mothers, when they carry them, sling them over their backs, where they hang suspended by a strap which passes round the mother's forehead; and when the squaws stop to rest themselves they just stick these boards up against a tree, or stump, or anything else, or hang them on a branch by the strap.

† This is an American term for a tree washed up by the roots from the banks of a river, and then floated away, till the root, being heavy with clay and gravel, sinks, while the top, all the branches being generally broken off, floats with the current, and so little above the surface, as hardly to be perceived. These snags will sometimes run through the bottom of a steamer. A vessel going with the current generally runs over them with impunity. In our case some rough knot, or the broken remains of a branch, had scratched the bottom of the frail canoe, and torn a hole in it.

strenuous effort to obtain it than I had done before. But again I failed, and again I was saluted with that cold and scornful laugh which is peculiar to savages.

The accident to the canoe turned out to be of a more serious nature than they had supposed, and the damage took them all that afternoon to repair; so that here we had to remain all night, although only some twelve or fifteen miles from our last night's encampment. The squaws therefore about sunset prepared their supper, when the same cruel conduct towards me was again exhibited. I was suffering dreadfully: the gnawings of hunger were painful to a degree far beyond my power to describe. What would I not have given for a morsel of bread! I was actually driven to violence. I stamped and stormed at them, first in English, and then in French; but I might as well have done it in Greek for all they cared. Anything was better than their cold and sullen apathy, and I determined to rouse them from it and compel them to notice me. I seized by his lank, black greasy hair a little Indian lad, who was sitting on the ground, and pulling him over on his back, attempted to snatch from him the remains of his supper; but the stronger arm of a stalwart savage interfered, and, with the usual scornful laugh, he pushed me aside.

Here we remained all night, again under the bright starlit canopy of heaven. To me it was almost a sleepless night; and the few moments of repose which I did get were disturbed by dreams of feasting, from which I awoke to all the painful realities of starvation.'

Before the sun rose the next morning, the Indians were astir and busily engaged in their re-embarkation. They now seemed actuated by an alacrity I never saw them manifest before. This haste, as I found out afterwards, was occasioned by their anxiety to get down before night to the settlement to which I was bound. We moved along more swiftly than we had done before; the men exerted themselves more, and the current was more rapid. This cheered me with a distant hope of relief. But I could not wait; food I must have. I had now been more than two days and two nights without it; and seeing the party at their breakfast, as we glided down the stream, almost drove me wild; but not a single morsel would they give me.

I watched all their movements during their meal, as may well be supposed, with an anxious and a longing eye. And it was well for me I did so, as by that means I managed to obtain some little relief from the intolerable hunger under which, in spite of my youth and strength, I must have sunk.

A dirty little urchin of a boy had got his portion of their thick maize soup, in an old rusty tin cup. This he ate without a spoon, dipping it up with his fingers, casting a furtive glance at me every mouthful he took, as if afraid of an attack similar to the one I had made upon his brother the night before. I did not, however, molest him, nor did I feel the slightest inclination to do so. I had repented of my former violence; but I keenly and anxiously noted the gradually increasing depth at which I could see the food in the cup. I did this in the hope that he might perchance, after gorging himself, leave a little—a very little—at the bottom, which I might obtain either without notice or without opposition.

When the boy had done, I offered to take the cup from him; but, no! even this slight boon was denied me; and after some observation from an older savage in a language I did not understand—accompanied, however, with the "laugh" which *was* intelligible—the little wretch, with a grin, set it down at his feet for the dogs. But the brutes were less hungry than I was; they would not eat it, but merely licked round the sides of the cup, and then left it. And there it stood in the bottom of the canoe, unnoticed and forgotten. I seized the precious treasure, and secured it as my own, with a voracity which excited the laughter and merriment of the whole crew—if, indeed, Indians ever can be said to be merry.

I found out afterwards that this extraordinary conduct of the Indians towards me was owing to my going on board without a bottle or two of "fire-water" to present to them.

The first habitation I reached, after this sad and perilous voyage of nearly seventy miles, belonged to a gentleman from the Highlands of Scotland, under whose hospitable roof I knew I should feel myself at home. I well remember, long ago as it is—not less than a quarter of a century—when, on passing a point of land jutting out into the river, I caught the first glimpse of his house, how cheering was the sight of the thin vapoury

smoke curling up from his chimney into the blue heavens. And to what a long and wearisome length were those last remaining five miles extended; and how much more lazily the Indians, in their phlegmatic apathy, paddled along—their exertions seemed, in my impatience, to decrease as we approached our journey's end. The river here widened out into something like a lake; and the canoe glided so slowly over the water, that it hardly seemed to move at all, and left not a ripple in its wake. The sun was still high in the heavens, their camp-ground for the night they now could see, and to reach it at his setting was all they cared for. Not so, however, their suffering passenger. Many a long and anxious look I bent upon the shore, and thought we never should have reached it. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and mine was sick indeed before that tedious day was done, for not till then was my foot upon the shore.

I offered a couple of dollars to the Indians for my passage, but, with the same hideous laugh I have so often mentioned, they scornfully refused them. I hastened with all the speed my exhausted frame and cramped and stiffened limbs would permit to the house of my friend. On my reaching it, my emaciated looks, together with my eager demand for something to eat, convinced my kind and considerate host that I had been suffering from want of food. Before he would allow my request to be complied with, he ascertained from me the fact, that I had been nearly three days and two nights without the slightest sustenance, save the trifling supply I have mentioned. Fortunately for me he had himself once been in a similar condition when deer-stalking among his native mountains; and he afterwards told me that on his return home he suffered more from the inconsiderateness of his family, in allowing him to gratify the full cravings of his appetite, than he had previously done during the whole time of his distressing privation.

The family were just sitting down to dinner as I entered. They expected me down that evening, but in a very different plight, and after waiting dinner for me a long time, had only just given me up. I thought myself most fortunate in arriving at so propitious a moment. But, no! my host was as bad as the Indians; he would not let me touch a morsel. A few spoonfuls of gravy soup, and about half a glass of wine, he, however, did

vouchsafe to give me. I then threw myself upon the sofa, and instantly fell into a sound and refreshing sleep. After a couple of hours he woke me, and permitted me to feast upon all the dainties that had been so tantalizingly spread before me during my disturbed slumbers of the previous night. I never shall forget the luxury of that dinner!

On my reaching home the next day, the joyous welcome from my dear wife, if it did not repay me for all my sufferings, made me certainly forget them. Indeed I hardly knew, till now, what it really was to have a home. It is true that for a year or two I had had a house of my own, and this I called my home. But I could not associate with the term any of those domestic enjoyments which had formerly been so inseparably connected with the warmest affections of my heart. It seemed, indeed, a desecration of the term to call it *home*, when all about it was so cold and solitary. Now, however, the scene was changed, and all was bright and beautiful; in short, I was no longer a stranger in a strange land. My adopted country had in every sense of the word become my home; and if anything was wanting to complete the charm, it was supplied, a few months after my return from this fearful journey, by the birth of my firstborn child.

CHAPTER VIII.

Attachment to the Church—A Discussion—An Incident—A Portrait—A Methodist Preacher—A Catechetical Examination—A Sermon—Dissenters' Chapels or Meeting-Houses—Resident Clergy.

My parish duties had by this time been brought into a uniform and satisfactory state, well defined and clearly understood, both by my flock and myself. The Church was firmly and effectually established in the hearts and affections of my people. Their attachment to it was very different from that which obtains with many sectarians towards their peculiar notions or system, who can change their religion, as they call it, with the same facility as they can their garments. The religious sentiments of my people were not founded upon mere opinion, but upon a principle of faith—of a faith, deep, pure, and abiding—an unshaken and unswerving belief that the previous promises of the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus belong to, and can be claimed by, the true members of that Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which he has graciously deigned in his mercy to establish; yet without that narrow-minded bigotry which excludes from the Divine mercy those who have been led astray by the erring zeal of unauthorized and ignorant teachers, into the mazy labyrinths of that heterodoxical confusion which originated in man's devices, and which has been cherished, and nurtured, and kept alive by the wildest fanaticism.

This broad assertion must, however, be understood with some qualification, inasmuch as there were among my congregation several exceptions — several waverers, halting between two opinions.

One of these, who was piously inclined, said to me one day when I met him in the road, and had a long talk with him about the Church, "I do not know, sir, how it is, but an extempore prayer *does* seem to go to the heart far more warmly than a set form; and therefore I cannot help thinking, sometimes, that it must be better."

"You yourself, my good friend," I replied, "may possibly be more to blame for this than the despised form;" and I added emphatically, as I laid my hand kindly on his shoulder, "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

"Well! well!" he said, after a moment of deep reflection, "it is certainly very, *very* strange, that, often as I have read the passage, I never should have noticed that expression."

"Say rather, that *command*," was my reply.

He was a plain, simple, well-meaning man, with little or no education; but possessed of a sufficient share of good common-sense to perceive, and feel, the force of this and other arguments which I made use of. He and all his household are now, and have been for years, staunch and zealous members of the Church. And, what is better still, the influence of his example has been more widely extended, and more beneficially felt, than could reasonably have been anticipated from his humble station in life.

One Sunday after morning service, as I was riding slowly along through the woods towards one of those distant settlements I have mentioned, where I had an evening service, a strange-looking man on horseback overtook and joined me. He was tall and thin, almost to deformity. His countenance, that index of the inner man, was so warped and twisted, that I could not read it. His forehead I could not see, for his broad-brimmed hat was pulled tightly over it, down even to his rough and shaggy eye-brows. His eyes, the only good feature in his face, were bright, but deeply set; and, except for a certain cunning sinister expression, they might have been called handsome. His nose was long and straight and pointed. His ears were large and thick, high up in his head, and bent out underneath his hat. His mouth was pursed up and drawn down at the corners, and had an expression of inordinate self-esteem; and his chin was so diminutive as hardly to deserve the name.

He was mounted on what might not inaptly be termed a well-conditioned stout horse, quite competent to bear his weight, and that of his well-filled saddlebags to boot. These last appendages, together with his little narrow white cravat, drawn round his long neck with a tightness which seemed to threaten strangulation, convinced me, at the first glance, that my companion was

a Methodist preacher. If I had entertained a doubt upon the subject, his first salutation would have dispelled it.

"It 's a blessed day, sir, for which we ought to be thankful to Him who maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good." As much as to say "upon you and me," and almost as plainly too; so I made a slight inclination of my head, but made no other reply to his remark, in the hope that if he met with no encouragement to talk, he would pass on and leave me to my own reflections. But, no! he slackened his pace, and we jogged on together. A long and, apparently to my fellow-traveller, an embarrassing pause ensued. He evidently thought that we *must* enter into conversation, and that the whole responsibility of commencing, and keeping it up, rested upon himself. At length he addressed me again, by abruptly asking me if I had ever thought anything about my soul. Although somewhat amused and astonished at so extraordinary a question, I gave him an answer in the affirmative; and added, that I thought every one, even the greatest reprobate, must and did sometimes think about his soul. "Nay more," I continued, unconsciously becoming interested in the subject, "the unbidden thought will doubtless sometimes cross the mind of the professed infidel, 'that he may possibly *have* a soul,' and then he must, in spite of himself, reflect upon what its future destiny may be; so that every man who answers your question honestly, must be compelled to say 'Yes!'"

"You seem to be a man of a serious and reflective turn of mind," he replied.

I slightly bowed to the compliment, but remained silent; and he continued his catechetical inquiries. "Pray, sir, may I ask, what means of grace do you attend?"

"If you mean to ask," I replied, "as I presume you do, what place of worship I frequent, I answer, the Church."

"But what church?" he instantly and eagerly inquired.

This query was a startling one. I had never before heard of the assumption by sectarians, common as I subsequently found it, of the designation of "a Church;" and therefore I said, "Although I do not exactly understand your meaning, yet I will endeavour to answer your question. In the Scriptures of the New Testament, no allusion is made to any Church but the

one established by our blessed Saviour, and his immediate followers, under three distinct and separate orders in the priesthood; and the sacred temple, dedicated to God and set apart for divine worship in the village yonder, called the parish church, and belonging to this Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, is the Church I meant.

He dropped his bridle upon his horse's neck as suddenly as if a viper had stung him, clasped his gloveless hands with their long bony fingers tightly together, turned up his eyes to the heavens and absolutely groaned aloud, as he retorted with no small degree of warmth, "What! Dost thee call that steeple-house yonder," turning half round in his saddle as he spoke, and pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to my church, which happened just then to be visible through an opening in the dense forest—"that glittering gewgaw that pretendeth to raise into the high heavens the accursed emblem of her who sits enthroned, in the blood of the faithful, upon the seven hills of Antichrist; that"—"A simple cross," I parenthetically interposed, in a deprecating tone and manner, "to remind us"—but he did not permit me to say more—I had started the alarum and it must run down. Not however to follow him through his long oration, suffice it to say that he concluded with—"and canst thou bring thyself to call *that* the Church?"

"In this parish, most assuredly," I replied, somewhat piqued at the contemptuous terms in which he alluded to that particular portion of the sacred edifice which I had reared with so much trouble and anxiety; and turning back to look in the direction he pointed, I caught a glimpse of that glorious spire, with its metal covering glistening like burnished gold in the bright sunshine. At the sight my feelings, which had been slightly ruffled by the rude remark of my fanatical companion, were instantly soothed. "Yes!" I said to myself, "there is indeed that

"Tapering spire,
That points to heaven and leads the way."

"The small body of worshippers," said I, continuing to address him, "which assembles there in Christian fellowship and saintly communion, constitutes a portion of the mystical body of Christ's Holy Catholic Church; so that you see I am right, in every sense of the word, when I say that I attend the Church."

"I fear, my friend," he rejoined in a patronising tone, "that thou art still wandering to and fro, like the children of Israel, in the Wilderness of *Sin (!)* and have not read the Scripture which saith, 'that if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch.'"

I was amused, not only at his mistaking the real name of the Wilderness for a metaphorical one, but also at the violent attack he had thus unknowingly made upon myself; and I said, interrogatively, "You are acquainted, then, with the person who ministers in that Church?"

"Oh! no," he said, "I am not, nor do I wish to be; for what concord hath Christ or his servants with Belial?"

As I made no answer to this, he evidently believed that that Scripture had convinced me of the error of my ways, and he continued, in a lower and more familiar tone, "No! no! the Gospel is never preached there, I can assure thee of that; they know nothing there about its regenerating influences. They believe, indeed, that the new birth consists in throwing a little cold water upon a squalling infant's face; and all their other heartless forms and ceremonies are just as cold. And, as to true and vital godliness, they know nothing about it. The Gospel, forsooth!" he triumphantly exclaimed, "No! no! Thou wilt never hear the Gospel in that place; and if you wish your soul to be saved, never go there again."

"Where, then, *can* I go?" I inquired with some curiosity. At this moment we arrived at a farm-house, where, from my previous knowledge of the sentiments of its occupant, I conjectured that I should lose my companion; nor was I mistaken. In turning off from the road towards it, he replied, "If thou wilt come this evening, at seven o'clock, to Mr. Hagar's house, thou wilt hear a Gospel sermon, from a Gospel minister; and then thou wilt know where thou ought to go!"

"At that hour, then," I rejoined, "God willing, I shall be there."

He stopped, and I heard him say to the farmer who had come out to the little wicket-gate in front of his house to receive him, something about "plucking a brand from the burning."

I was well known to this farmer, who saluted me as I passed. After riding on a little way, I looked back, and saw my com-

panion in earnest conversation with him, and as they were looking after me, I naturally concluded that I was the subject of it. I performed my evening service in the public schoolhouse, and when it was over I went to a friend's house to rest myself and my horse for a couple of hours, and then rode back to the village. On reaching Mr. Hagar's house, which was about half a mile from my own, I dismounted, and tying my horse to the garden-fence, I went in to hear, from the "Gospel minister, the Gospel sermon" which he had promised me. The service had commenced, and had proceeded as far as the giving out of the text; I just caught the words as I gently opened the door—they were from Rev. xv. 2: "And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire."

Struck as I was with the strangeness of the text, I was much more astonished at the attempt he made to explain it. In a loud and monotonous tone of voice, indicative of self-importance and authority, he thus began: "Glass, my brethren, is a clear metal, which giveth light unto man!" And when he had made this philosophical declaration, he paused, and cast his eye all round the audience, as if to see that this exhibition of his superior knowledge was duly appreciated; but when he perceived that I was present, his countenance fell, and his loud and confident tone was changed into nervous stammering. He soon, however, recovered himself, and went on fluently enough with his discourse; which, however, consisted of little else but trite sayings and cant phrases, repeated as often as the words composing them would admit of transposition.

When I got home I noted down, as a curiosity, one portion of his sermon. After disposing of the "glass," which he did rather summarily, he got upon the subject of "fire," upon which word he rung the changes, till all in heaven and earth, and under the earth, was exhausted. "Fire, my brethren," he said, "is a word of awful import. What is more frightful than the cry of 'fire' in a crowded city? But what is that compared with the fire from heaven which consumed, as in a moment, the forty sons of the prophets? When ye burn a slack,* the roaring of the

* "A slack" is the term used to designate the completion of the first work required to be done in making a new "*clearing*." The brushwood and large trees are all cut down, and the branches lopped off from the

fire is fearful to hear, and the sight awful to behold; but what is that compared with the fire which ran along the ground all over Egypt? The fire of a volcano, like that of Ætna or of Vesuvius, is terrible, but it dwindles down into nothing when compared to the fire of the Holy Mount on the issuing of the Law to the ancient people of God. The fiery serpents which set the camp of the Israelites in flames; the fire that issued from the bowels of the earth, when it opened to swallow up Corah and his rebellious company; the fire at the burning of Jerusalem; the fire at the conflagration of Moscow, or the great fire of London;—what are they all, my brethren, when compared with the fire which burns before the throne continually, or that 'sea of fire,' whose smoke ascendeth up for ever and ever, where the wicked shall be confined in chains of blackness and darkness, until the coming of the great day, when —" and after running on through many other examples, he wound up all by saying, "And this, my brethren, is the fire that the Apostle alludeth to, which we can only 'now see through a glass darkly'—'And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire.'"

After the strange service had been concluded, I went up to the preacher and spoke kindly to him. He attempted something of an apology, founded upon his ignorance of my profession and character, for his talking to me as he had done in the afternoon.

I assured him I had taken no offence; and that the fulfilment of my promise to come and hear him preach was a proof of it; and "You and your people," I added, "can return the compliment next Sunday, and come and hear me." They did so, and some of them continued to attend our services, and became exemplary members of the Church; but the preacher himself was not one of the number.

Trifling as this incident may seem, I have thus particularly recorded it, on account of its important bearing upon the success of my endeavours to rid my parish of Dissenters. *I did succeed;* and by the mildest of means—I let them alone. They abused my Church in their sermons. They even attacked me

latter. After they have lain long enough to become withered and dry, fire is applied, which sweeps off everything except the trunks of the trees. These are afterwards piled in heaps, and burned; and then the land is ready for sowing with wheat or other grain, which only requires to be harrowed in to produce an excellent crop.

personally, especially in their prayers; begging that "God would open the eyes of the blind leader of the blind, who had, in this benighted settlement, placed himself on high, assuming the robes of Aaron as a teacher in Israel;" with a great variety of other compliments of a similar character. But all would not do. They could not provoke me to reply to their attacks, much less to attack them in return. In short I did not give them a chance of making out a case of persecution; and the result was, as I anticipated, they came to nought.

I am sorry to say that these remarks only apply to my parish, properly so called. Indeed the duties we perform at the distant settlements, tend rather, I fear, to increase dissent than to diminish it. These duties are so irregular and so often interrupted, that if they be productive of any serious and religious impressions, such impressions are immediately laid hold of, by the indefatigable zeal of dissenting preachers, who are to be found in every settlement, however small. And while they foster and cherish them, they naturally endeavour, and too often successfully, so to twist and distort them, as, in the end, to make them subserve their own purposes—the swelling of their own ranks.

Our people are first led astray by the most artful and insidious arguments, such as the following:—"Surely you'll go to 'meeting' to-day; you have no service of your own; and all the difference between us and your church consists in mere matters of outward form. We are all aiming at the same end;" and so forth. They do go; at first, perhaps, with reluctance, and return with disgust. But the second time they are more easily persuaded to go; and then the service does not appear so *very* different from their own as they at first thought: and thus, after a few months, they begin to wonder how they could ever have been so prejudiced against it. At length a subscription is set on foot for a meeting-house. They are of course called upon, and fancy they must give something towards it; and they cannot brook the idea that this something should be less than what their neighbours give: and so the building is erected and finished, and pews appropriated to them, for their liberal contributions. These pews they occupy with their families; and, in short, become members, to all intents and purposes, of some schismatical and sectarian community.

Sometimes these meeting-houses are got up under the most specious pretences of liberality, and are called free churches, that is to say, they are to be open to all denominations. A chapel of this description was erected, and by such means, in one of those neighbouring settlements to which I have frequently adverted. Our people were more numerous in this settlement than those of any other denomination, and therefore it could not well be built without their assistance. To obtain this, they proposed that half the Sunday should be appropriated to our occupation of it, while the other half should be divided between all the other denominations who might wish to use it. The bait took; our people subscribed liberally, and a large and commodious building was erected. But the half—the full half of the Sunday, so generously appropriated to the services of the Church, was confined to the forenoon, when they knew I would not and could not attend, being engaged with my morning service in my own parish; while the afternoon, the only portion of the day the dissenters wished to occupy it, was exclusively appropriated to them. The natural consequence was, as the originators of the scheme anticipated, that I never entered its doors. So much in proof of the necessity of a resident clergyman in every settlement.

CHAPTER IX.

The Hailstorm—Schools.—Travelling.—Pecuniary Affairs.

I HAVE dwelt on such circumstances and occurrences as are peculiar to a missionary's life, and to the field of his labours, in this wild and far-off country; and I have said very little, perhaps too little, about my regular routine of duties. The only apology I have to offer is simply to state, that these duties, important as they are, and ever have been, and occupying, as they do, nearly the whole of my time, being in fact the labour of my life, are nevertheless so similar to those of every parish in England, with some exceptions perhaps in the manufacturing districts, and consequently so well known, as to render any other than an incidental mention of them not only uninteresting, but tedious and superfluous. In pursuance, therefore, of the course I have adopted, I shall here mention one of those peculiar occurrences which took place precisely at the period at which I have now arrived in my narrative.

The circumstance to which I allude was one of those violent and fearful convulsions of the elements which people at "home" suppose to be confined to climates within the tropics, but which do, nevertheless, sometimes, and not unfrequently, occur in North America.

On my way to visit a school in one of my distant settlements, one very hot and sultry day about the middle of July, I was riding very leisurely along the road by the side of the river, or rather of the lake into which it had there extended itself; I had travelled some four or five miles, when I observed two large black masses of clouds rising up very rapidly, in the north-west and west, to a great height, although the lower part of them still rested on the horizon. When they had attained their utmost elevation, they began to advance slowly towards each other, evidently bent on mischief. This I knew from the little angry flashes of lightning which at intervals darted from them during

their progress. All this time, about half an hour, the stillness of the close and sultry atmosphere was disturbed by little whirling eddies of wind, which here and there swept the dust from the road, and the dry leaves from about the fences, raising them, in spiral gyrations, high up into the air. One, indeed, was of a very different and much more violent description. It tore up by the roots a large elm-tree within a hundred paces of me, although where I stood I felt not a breath of air. These were indications of a coming conflict which could not be mistaken; and on looking round I perceived that it was not to be confined to the two formidable-looking combatants I have mentioned. There were two other masses of cloud coming up at a more rapid rate, one after each of the two former, which they very much resembled. I was by this time not far from a friend's house, and pushed on for shelter before the collision should take place. I just got within his doors in time.

The wind blew, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and in less than one minute the ground was white with hailstones as large as marbles. Then there was a pause in the tempest, only, however, to commence again with redoubled fury. In a few minutes another of the moving masses of black clouds came up, like some gigantic ship of war, to join in the combat. Slowly and majestically it approached to within point-blank range of its antagonist, when crash went the whole of its dreadful artillery at once, and another shower of hailstones of a larger size, which when examined appeared to have an outer layer of ice a quarter of an inch thick around them, came hurtling through the still air with a strange and hissing noise, something like what one hears on approaching a rapid torrent: and now came up the last mass of cloud. The wind instantly rose to a perfect hurricane, —the thunder pealed incessantly,—flash after flash, with increasing intensity, followed each other in such quick succession that the whole heavens seemed wrapped in a sheet of livid flame; and the hailstones, enlarged again with another layer of ice, were driven with such violence against the front of the house in which I had taken shelter, as to break not only the glass of the windows, but the frames also, and to scatter them in fragments all over the rooms. I measured several of the hailstones which fell last, and found them from five to seven inches in circumference;

and I heard afterwards that a gentleman who lived on an island in the lake, to which the storm was nearly confined, found some that measured nine inches round. The storm, as I have said, was confined within very narrow limits, or the damage would have been very great. So narrow and circumscribed indeed were those limits, that when I got home, and went into my garden to see, as I anticipated, my ruined hotbed frames, not a single pane was broken. The storm had not reached my house, nor the village where it was situated.

Within my mission, the limits of which were not exactly laid down, as it extended indefinitely into the far off settlements in the "backwoods," I had to superintend no fewer than fifteen schools. They were of course widely scattered over this whole range of country, which was badly provided with the means of communication. The roads were miserable; some of them hardly passable, except in winter. Steamers there were none, and yet I had to travel through all these settlements to visit these schools at stated periods, all at least except three, which were situated in those very distant settlements I have mentioned in a former chapter. These three I visited only when I happened to be on the spot for the performance of my clerical duties.

We had no classical or other superior school in the district. All those which were established were entirely confined to elementary instruction, and received some little pecuniary aid from the Government towards their support. Religion formed no part of the system of instruction; so that my duties were circumscribed within limits much more narrowly defined than I could have wished.

I had to send a notice to the teacher that I would visit his school on a certain day, when the other visitors, selected from among the inhabitants, usually met me. We had to examine into the progress the pupils had made, as well as everything else touching the temporal wellbeing and prosperity of the school.

I had also a Sunday-school to establish and to attend to. I could not succeed in establishing more than one, and that was at my head-quarters. This of course was very different in its constitution and character from the day-schools, and entirely under my own control and management. Too much so, indeed, as I

was obliged very generally to teach it myself, that is to say, whenever my other duties would permit me.

The visiting of these day-schools added not a little to my labours. But there were other duties to which I have not yet adverted, that contributed still more to increase them, and that to an almost overwhelming extent. In addition to visiting the sick and burying the dead, I was sometimes called upon to go from ten to twenty miles to marry people; and to baptize children that were either too far off to be brought to the church, or were sick, or at least were said to be so.

On one occasion I was called upon one Saturday morning, I well remember it yet, to marry a couple at a settlement fifteen miles off. I started very early, and got back about five o'clock in the evening; weary and almost worn out, more by the excessive heat than by the length of the journey, and was very thankful to return to my comfortable home. But on giving my horse, which was about as tired as myself, to my servant, I was informed that a man was waiting for me, and had been for several hours, to go with him twenty-five miles to see his wife, who was thought to be at the very point of death. I directed my servant to give the man his dinner, and got my own; and then immediately set off with him on a fresh horse, and arrived at my journey's end about ten o'clock at night. I found the poor woman very ill, worse indeed than she had been represented to be. I sat up and talked and prayed with her, or read to her, till four o'clock in the morning, when her happy spirit ascended to Him who gave it.

I then threw myself on a sofa, which I found in an adjoining room, for an hour or two, and starting again for home, got there in time to take a hasty breakfast, and to dress for church, at eleven.

Morning service over, I rode nine miles to one of my outposts, for evening service; and then home once more.

I was up early the next morning, in order to be off in time for the poor woman's funeral, which was to be at ten o'clock, by my own appointment. As I mounted my horse, my servant, a raw but well-meaning Irish lad, said to me—"An is 't aff agin ye are? Sure an the horses 'll be kilt, if the maister hisself is n't."

"I cannot help it, John," I replied; "I must go."

"Well, well!" he rejoined; "I never seen the likes o' this afore! But there 's no rest for the wicked, I see."

I cast upon him a searching look, to ascertain whether his remark was to be imputed to impertinence, but the simple expression of commiseration on his countenance at once convinced me that he meant no harm.

I pushed on, for fear of being too late, to meet the funeral at the burial-ground, about three miles from the house of mourning. I was there far too soon, and had to wait several hours. There is an unwillingness on such occasions to be punctual, arising, I am inclined to believe, from the fear of being guilty of an undue and disrespectful haste "to bury their dead out of their sight."

It was late in the evening when I got home; and, what with the fatigue and the heat of the weather, and the want of rest, I was fairly worn out; and so ill as to be obliged to keep my room for three days.

I may appear to dwell too much on these travelling difficulties; but no one accustomed only to the macadamized roads of England can form any idea of what we had to contend with here. Frequently, for ten miles together, in some of my journeys, the roads would be in such a state as in any other country would have been considered absolutely impassable; and over these roads I had to travel not less than three thousand miles every year. But besides the labour, these journeyings were necessarily attended with heavy expenses; and pecuniary matters were beginning to annoy me. I was constrained to keep two or three horses, and a servant to take care of them. My household establishment had now to be considerably increased: then again there were large sums, large at least to me, which I had to pay towards the erection of the parsonage-house and the church. These altogether were such a drain upon my pecuniary resources as could not be supplied by my professional income. Fortunately, however, I had some small private means of my own, which were somewhat increased by an annuity belonging to my wife; and therefore, in spite of difficulties, we managed to rub on, and a happier little family could not be found within the broad extent of England's colonies.

CHAPTER X.

A Clerical Association—Divisions—The Rubric—Visitors—Misfortunes—A Catastrophe.

ABOUT this period, namely, the commencement of my sixth year in the country, I succeeded, after several abortive attempts, in forming a Clerical Association.

We Church Missionaries had to go to the metropolitan town every half-year, to draw our salaries, as well as to purchase such things as we required for our families, during the ensuing six months. On these occasions, instead of being dispersed among the hotels all over the town, as had previously been the custom, we all lodged together at one hotel during the two or three days we remained in the town. In the mornings we assembled "in the House of God as friends" for prayers, and afterwards "held sweet counsel together" about our duties, and trials and difficulties. Nor did we forget to tell each other of the many encouraging instances in which our labours and exertions had been blessed with signal and triumphant success. The rector of the parish in which our hotel was situated, always ready to patronise and encourage his brethren in the country, entered zealously into the scheme, and assisted materially in organising the association.

This institution, which, alas! has long since ceased to exist, was at first composed of but seven members, being at that time all the clergy in this part of the country;—plain, simple presbyters of a Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church; all of one heart and one mind, with the Scriptures for our rule of faith, and with the Canons and Rubrics of that Church, which we firmly believed to be in accordance with the Scriptures, as our rule of ministerial practice.

Years passed on, and our numbers increased nearly tenfold. Some of the new members brought "strange things to

our ears." For instance, they not only endeavoured, by the most insidious arguments, to shake our faith in the blessed efficacy of the holy Sacraments, especially that of Baptism, which they asserted did not convey any "inward and spiritual grace," and absolutely ridiculed the idea of its being considered in any other light than as an outward and visible *sign* of an inward and spiritual grace, but which grace was not given at the time, nor indeed afterwards at any subsequent period in the lives of the recipients of this sign, unless they should happen to be converted and regenerated. They thus jumbled the two terms of Conversion and Regeneration together, or used them synonymously, thereby manifestly proving that they did not understand their meaning. These men did not even know, or at least did not understand, their Catechism; and yet there is more genuine, good, and sound orthodox theology in that plain, simple, and concise epitome of our faith, than half the world is aware of.

The holy Sacraments were thus to be frittered away into mere heartless and insignificant forms and ceremonies, to be observed or regulated at will;—matters of indifference! Perhaps, however, I ought not to say so, but to use their own language, and call them *non-essentials*, regarding which, as they asserted, the faithful and pious Churchman may exercise his own discretion, and extend it to the utmost bounds of latitudinarian licence.

"One Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all," had hitherto been our watchword. No wonder, therefore, if we were now frightened away, from this arena of controversy and contention, by the broaching of such new and, to us, unheard of dogmas. Indeed, when plain palpable matters of faith became the subjects of discussion and dispute, to be decided by a majority of votes, and our friendly association degenerated into a theological debating society, it was time for us to withdraw. We did so; and it fell to the ground.

Shortly after the arrival in the colony of the party above alluded to, one of their members stopped and spent a Sunday with me on his return from the metropolitan town to his distant home. He read the ante-communion service in my church, and preached for me. After the service, he told me that he had been *very particular* in attending to the directions of the Rubric,

being aware of the consequence I attached to them, and added that he hoped he had conformed to them to my satisfaction.

Wondering how he managed at his own church, where he was *not* particular, I replied that he had only been guilty of six errors. He was perfectly astounded, and begged me to point them out, adding that he had not the most distant idea of my being able to do so.

"You knelt," I said, "at the two first prayers.—Well, count," I continued, smiling as I saw him prepare his fingers; "that's one. I'll make them all out yet, and perhaps more. You did not turn to the people when you rehearsed the Commandments. You knelt again at the prayers after the Commandments." He demurred at this objection, on the ground that the error, if it were one, was so like the first.

"Before saying the Collect," continued I, "you gave notice that it was the First Sunday after the Epiphany." "Surely you do not call that an error!" he exclaimed. "Certainly not," I replied, "unless the Rubric forbids it. But we will see, when I have done. At the conclusion of the Gospel for the day you said 'so endeth the Holy Gospel.' Your not bowing on naming the name of Jesus, although not included in my list, because we have no rubrical rule for the practice; yet it is and has so long been a reverend custom in the Church, founded doubtless upon the injunction, 'at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,' that I cannot help considering it in a similar light."

He could not believe, without referring to the Prayer Book, that he had been guilty of so many errors. He consoled himself, however, by remarking that I was a great stickler for the outward ceremonies—the form of Godliness; "while we," he said, "advocate the power of it in the heart and life of the believer. You pay tithe of mint and cummin; we attend to the weightier matters of the law."

"Yes!" I replied, "I dare say you do, but you forget a material part of the injunction to which you have alluded: 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' You could have stood upon your feet, instead of kneeling upon your knees, when the rules of the Church you have so solemnly pledged yourself to observe, direct you to do so. You could have held your tongue and said nothing, for the same reason, at

the conclusion of the Gospel. And all this without losing sight, for one moment, of the 'weightier matters of the law.' In short," I continued, "the more unimportant these '*trifling forms*,' as you call them, appear, the less reason can there be for refusing to attend to them."

"No one," he said, "attends to all these trifling things now-a-days. Many usages, and customs, and practices, which obtained in the early ages of the Church, and were strictly enjoined by the Canons and Rubrics, have, by common consent, fallen into desuetude; while others, more in accordance with the gradually increasing enlightenment of the times, have been introduced, and have so long prevailed, that they now may claim a sort of prescriptive authority. Who, for example," he continued, warming with his argument, "Who ever reads the creed of St. Athanasius now, or preaches in a surplice?"

"I myself," I replied, "must plead guilty to both these heavy charges. I always read that creed on the days prescribed, and I have always preached in a surplice, except during the few years I was a curate in the south of England. I was young and inexperienced then, and fell into a practice so generally prevailing, without thought or consideration, except perhaps a spice of pride on attaining to a point of refinement which the simple people in my native north had not yet reached."*

"Oh!" he said, "if that 's the case, I give you up. Why, you 're a hundred years behind the age you live in. And now that I think of it, I might have known it when I saw the cross on the top of your church steeple."

Notwithstanding our differences of opinion, this gentleman and myself were on very friendly, if not on intimate, terms with each other. I had frequent visits from him, and on one occasion he and his wife stayed with us three or four days.

My friend had hardly left me when a messenger, in breathless haste, came to inform me that I must go instantly to D——s; but instead of telling me for what purpose, the poor fellow burst into tears and sobbed like a child. I saw that something very distressing had occurred, but what it was I could not for some time ascertain. To my most eager inquiries he only re-

* The reader must recollect that this interview took place some twenty years before the war broke out between the Geneva Cloak and the Surplice.

plied in broken exclamations, such as "It was all my fault! What could have possessed me to miss my stroke! But I did miss it, and ought to have been drowned for it!" I knew the poor young man well; I knew also that he had been engaged by the W—ns of D——s, and I had seen him in their canoe only two days before. But I must begin at the beginning of my melancholy tale. Mr. W——n was one of my most respectable and dearest friends. It pleased that all-wise and overruling, but sometimes mysterious, Providence, which ordereth all things in heaven and in earth, to visit him with such a succession of misfortunes as have seldom or ever fallen to the lot of a single individual since the days of the Patriarch who was so sorely afflicted for the trial and the triumph of his faith. He was a lumber-merchant, in the most extensive acceptation of the term. He had a saw-mill, one of the largest in the world—it worked nearly forty saws. He had also a corn-mill, with I do not know how many runs of stones in it. This, however, was a concern of only secondary importance. He had a great number of men, and horses, and oxen constantly employed. His establishment altogether formed quite a village, and his outlay in repairs, wages, provisions, and provender amounted to about ten thousand pounds a month. He was not alone, however, in this immense business. He had two brothers, who were partners, if not equal sharers, in the concern. One resided at L——, in England, to receive and sell the timber. This brother was connected with a bank there, from which the concern, at its commencement, had obtained considerable pecuniary assistance, and which held a mortgage on the mills as its security. The third brother lived at the port from whence their timber was shipped; my friend himself managed the mills, and resided close to them with his wife and family. The establishment, although comparatively new, and scarcely in full operation, had been very successful, and was clearing upwards of fifteen hundred a year.

In the spring preceding this fatal summer, the ice was no sooner broken up, and the navigation open, than the ships began to arrive. One of the first brought out letters from L——, conveying to Mr. W—n the mournful intelligence of his brother's death. Shortly afterwards, he received a letter from the bank I have alluded to, informing him that the amount of the mort-

gage must be paid. As it had been through his brother's instrumentality that the money had been borrowed, this was to be anticipated; it was nevertheless a heavy blow upon him, and was ultimately productive of ruinous consequences. Shortly after this, so immediately, indeed, that I might almost literally say, "while the messenger was yet speaking," another arrived to tell him that his other brother was dead. They were all three strong and healthy men, and the age of the eldest did not exceed forty.

Poor W—n! Deeply as he felt and sincerely as he deplored his loss, great and overwhelming as were the difficulties consequent upon it, still he did not despair. Although thus left alone to contend with them, and to manage in all its widely extended ramifications this mighty concern, he was undaunted and hopeful. His mill-pond was full of saw-logs, all carefully harboured there, after having been floated down the rivers from the backwoods at an immense distance in the interior. On this mass of timber all his hopes of future success were founded; hopes, alas! which were doomed to end in disappointment and ruin.

The river upon which his mills were placed rose to an unprecedented height, and carried away his dam, with all those valuable logs, amounting to many thousands. A few nights after this sad disaster, his house took fire and was burnt, with every thing in it. The inmates barely escaped with their lives; nothing was saved, nothing insured, and he was left a homeless bankrupt and a beggar. But his cup of misery was not yet full.

Mr. W—n had determined to take his family to the town where his principal creditors resided, as he would have to be there himself, perhaps for months, to settle with them, and to wind up the affairs of the estate. To remove his family was, at that period, an affair of no small difficulty. There were no public means of conveyance then; although now, at the time I write, twenty years afterwards, five or six steamers a-day find sufficient employment. He therefore got a large canoe from a friend, and engaged two French Canadians to row them down the river. They all embarked in it, and glided swiftly and smoothly along the surface of the lake. In this country all the large rivers, as well as many of the smaller ones, consist of a chain of lakes, having a narrow channel and a swift current,

characteristically termed a "rapid," between them. The lake I here refer to is several miles in width.

Away they went, all the little ones in high glee and uproarious mirth. I could almost fancy the other day, on passing the spot where they embarked, that I could yet hear the echo of their merry laugh, as it rang through the thick woods on shore. I saw them start, and twenty years have not erased from my memory a single incident connected with their departure. I could even yet repeat the simple "chanson" which was sung to a lively air by the two rowers; for the Canadian boatmen can hardly row without singing, certainly not with equal spirit and energy. A little lower down the river there are some very dangerous rapids. In getting into these, one of the boatmen, the poor fellow who came to my house as I have already mentioned, became frightened, and in his confusion suffered his oar to be caught by a boiling surge. This in an instant overturned their canoe: the three helpless little ones were overwhelmed in a watery grave; not, however, before the distressed father, who was an excellent swimmer, had made the most extraordinary exertions to save the youngest. The two oldest, with their mother, he lost sight of the moment the canoe upset, and gave them up for lost; but the youngest, a child about eighteen months old, he caught hold of, when a strong wave broke over him, and somehow or other wrenched the child from his grasp and bore it some distance away from him. He again stretched out to save his boy, and again succeeded in laying hold of him. By this time he had been carried into the most violent part of the rapid torrent, down which, in a state bordering upon insensibility, he was hurried with fearful velocity. On reaching the comparatively smooth water at the foot of the rapid, he soon recovered his senses, but found to his dismay that he had lost his child again—hopelessly lost it now. On looking round, he could see nothing but the canoe. It had floated down along with him, bottom upwards, with the two boatmen clinging to it. He was now nearly exhausted, but on perceiving the canoe he roused his sinking energies for one effort more, and succeeded in reaching it; he was soon afterwards safely landed, the sole survivor, as he supposed, of his little family.

When they reached the shore, the first thought with the men

was naturally to right the canoe. On turning it up, there, to his astonishment and joy, was his poor wife underneath it, in a state of insensibility. She had doubtless in the first moment of her fright seized hold of one of the thwarts, to which she had tenaciously clung, with a death-like grasp, and was thus miraculously saved.

A few minutes sufficed to bring back suspended animation, and she was soon, I had almost said too soon, restored to a consciousness of the dreadful loss she had sustained.*

The sorrow and distress so acutely felt by the poor fellow who came to inform me of the sad event, was deeply shared not only by myself, but by the whole community. Dark and mysterious indeed are the dealings of God in his providence with his people, "and His ways past finding out." But we have a cheering assurance to support us under every misfortune—"All things shall work together for good to them that love God." And so they did in this instance; for my poor friend W—n was afterwards blessed with as fine a family of children as I ever saw. He has now been dead some years; but he succeeded before his death in securing to his widow an ample income, and for her seven orphan children as many thousands a year. This he accomplished, not from the wreck of his fortune, or from his former prosperity, for nothing was left; but from the credit of his name and the energy of his character. Under the guidance of a gracious Providence, every undertaking he engaged in was prosperous and profitable. "The Lord gave him twice as much as he had before, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning."

* This extraordinary occurrence I mentioned to a brother clergyman soon after it took place. On his return to England soon afterwards, he mentioned it in a sermon he preached at ——— Church, Saffron Hill, London, and perhaps to other congregations, so that it may be already known to some of my readers.

CHAPTER XI.

Psalmody—Chants—A Confirmation—Housebreakers—A strange Dog—Mode of Computing Time—Reflections.

BEFORE I and the dissenting preacher, or, as he was more commonly designated, the opposition minister, came to the settlement, there were no divisions among the people; and if they were not in reality all of one heart and of one mind, they certainly were so to all outward seeming. They all attended the ordinary services of the Church; they even had their children baptized by my predecessor. Now, however, there was naturally a great change. A separation immediately took place, and we felt the effects of it, in one particular at least, very sensibly. All who were in the habit of singing in the congregation went out from us in a body, and left us totally destitute of that interesting appendage to our service, the psalmody. To that alone I am now referring, and not to any portion of the service itself. The singers were, in fact, all dissenters, with the exception of two or three, who might have been at a loss themselves to say exactly what they were; and dissenters in general are much more attentive to their singing than we are. It may be given as the reason for this, that it is actually a part, and a very important part too, of their *services*. But when we take into consideration the chants and anthems, may not the same, and even more, be said of it in reference to our services? Also, thousands have joined the ranks of the dissenters, who at first attended their meeting-houses only to hear their beautiful singing: whereas, if the sacred music, so naturally belonging to our services as to constitute an inherent part of them, had not been so lamentably neglected, these same persons would have heard much more beautiful singing in their own Church. Passionately fond of music as I am, and especially sacred music, it will easily be imagined how severely I felt the loss, and how anxious I was to repair it. I spared neither labour, nor pains, nor expense.

I got teachers from a distance, for I could find none on the spot. I succeeded, two or three times, in getting up quite a little band of singers; but, somehow or other, when the teacher went away, they either fell off one by one, or the leader was absent, or they broke down, or something else happened, and the singing was given up. Again and again I attempted to accomplish this object, but always failed.

My exertions had hitherto been confined to psalmody alone. After my repeated failures the thought occurred to me that I might perhaps be more successful with the chants. I made another effort, and succeeded completely. We first got up the 'Venite,' and then the 'Jubilate,' and afterwards the 'Te Deum,' &c. I discovered the cause of all my former difficulties. These chants being the same every Sunday, every Sunday added to our choir. Many naturally chimed in, as the simple music became familiar to them, till nearly all the congregation united; whereas, before, while the singing was confined to psalmody, the singers were under the impression that we must have a great variety of tunes—the metres, indeed, require this to a certain extent—and in attempting to keep up this variety they committed blunders occasionally, became abashed and frightened, and at last broke down altogether. But now they were strengthened by constant accessions to their number; their confidence was restored, and they sang well, if not tastefully: so well, indeed, that on the Bishop's holding a Confirmation at my church, about the time they were at their best, his Lordship declared that he had never in his life heard better singing in a country church.

On this visit of the Bishop's I had twenty-three candidates for Confirmation, who were approved of, and one who was not. This latter was an elderly man who lived some twenty miles "back in the bush."* He had been there many years; he was very ignorant, but open to instruction, and eagerly anxious to obtain it. I mentioned his case to the Bishop, who expressed a wish to see him. He did see him, and had a long conversation

* Hamlets, or even scattered houses, on all the main roads leading to the great towns, are called front settlements, while those away from these roads are said to be "back in the bush," or "in the back bush," that is to say, in the wild woods.

with him; after which the poor man was quite satisfied to wait till the next Confirmation, in the hope, as he expressed it, that "in the mean time he should get to understand something more about it."

The inhabitants of the new settlement which I myself had formed, and to which I have frequently referred, embraced the opportunity of the Bishop's visit to ask for a clergyman of their own. They did not, however, make this request directly to his Lordship, but to me, and not personally, but in writing. The document was certainly a very unique and extraordinary production, the work, I suppose, of their village schoolmaster. I showed it to the Bishop, who was very much amused at it. It commenced with, "May it please your Royal Holiness," and was manifestly meant for a petition, praying that I would speak to the Bishop in their behalf, &c. He could not then accede to their wishes, but he did so a few years afterwards.

This was the third Confirmation that had been held in my parish since my appointment to it. One in the first, another in the fourth, and this in the seventh year of my incumbency.

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a very respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy. "Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it! You forget," she continued, with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him 'who careth for the fatherless and the widow,' and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And He did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous

manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noises, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy, still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, from whence she thought that the noises she first heard had proceeded. She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelpings of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it. The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M—— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately

opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M—— reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me they were not unprotected.

I had now nearly completed the first seven years of my missionary life. Seven long—long years! so they still seem to me when I look back upon them, in spite of all the trite sayings about the fleetness of time. Nothing is more common than to hear people say, when speaking of past years, "So long ago as that! Can it be possible? It only looks like yesterday!" One of my parishioners, whom I called upon about this period, exclaimed, "You must be mistaken."

"He says," repeated the man, appealing to his wife, who just then came into the room where we were talking, "that it 's seven years since he first came among us!" "Seven years!" she also exclaimed. "It cannot be so long as that. And yet," she continued, after reflecting a moment, and calculating as mothers always do, "and yet it must be, for our little Mary was born just seven years ago the twentieth of this very month, and she was the very first child christened, and that before she was three months old." This was conclusive evidence.

The fact is, that here we do not measure time by days and years, but by events and circumstances.

I had left, perchance for ever, my native village, and, what is more, my native lakes and mountains too—scenes which I may never see again; and none but a mountaineer can appreciate the strength of this feeling. I had crossed the great Atlantic Ocean,

and had " seen His wonders in the deep," and among them " that Leviathan which taketh his pastime therein." I had seen mountains of ice hundreds of feet high, and the everlasting hills, and the valleys, and the plains, with that interminable wilderness of woods which seems to bid defiance to the feeble efforts of man to clear it away. I had seen rivers like the narrow seas, and lakes like the wide ocean. I had seen a new world, and it was to be my home for life, and in death my burial-place. I had become not only an exile from the land of my fathers, but my very dust was doomed to mingle with that of strangers in a strange land.

I had commenced a career in my professional capacity entirely new to me—I had built a house and a church—in my private capacity I had formed new and interesting connexions—I had become the head of an affectionate family—I had been in difficulties and perils, from which I had been graciously and providentially delivered. I had many signal blessings to be thankful for, and many delinquencies to deplore. In short, independent of the birth of my little friend Mary, there were a great many events to convince me that I had been seven long —long years in the country.

On reviewing this eventful period of my life, whatever of negligence, and slothfulness, and deficiency there may have been in the discharge of my duties, and there doubtless has been much, still I venture to hope that I may not have been altogether an unprofitable servant.

The duties of a parish priest at home may be defined, and with a due share of energy and zeal may be fully and satisfactorily performed; but with the poor Missionary the case is widely different. His sphere of duty is almost unlimited, at least mine has been so, and the demand for his services always more than he can meet.

CHAPTER XII.

Idle Gossip—A new Appointment—Roads—A rapid Thaw—The Migration—The Cavalcade—A Mishap—The Arrival.

IT was at the end of the seventh year of my ministry that some circumstances occurred, which, although trifling and unimportant in themselves, led to important and most unexpected events.

One of the greatest annoyances which I met with in the course of my ministry arose from the ill-natured remarks made upon my private, as well as upon my public and professional conduct, by the idle and silly gossips in the village where I lived, and who seemed as if they had nothing else to talk about. My servants were questioned as to what they had to eat, and why they were not permitted to sit down at the same table with their master and mistress; and this "Liberty" and "Equality" idea prevailed to such an extent, that it increased the difficulty, which is always felt in new countries like this, in obtaining good servants; then I rode or drove too fast through the street—I commenced the service too early or too late—I awarded the Sunday-school prizes with favouritism—my sermons were too short or too long; if doctrinal, they were cold and lifeless; if practical, they were too pointed, and consequently personal; either Mr. M. or Mr. N., or Mr. Somebody else, must certainly have been aimed at. Our having no chanting or singing of any kind in the church was owing to my negligence and lukewarmness: and when I succeeded in getting the former established, I was, if not quite a Papist, something nearly approaching to it. My observance of the fasts of the Church was attributed to a parsimonious spirit; that of the festivals, to a wasteful extravagance. In short, I was the hero in the fable of the Old Man with his Son and his Ass, and I was foolish enough to be annoyed at such remarks, instead of treating them with that indifference which my subsequent experience taught me I ought to have done.

All these censures, though fostered and made a handle of by

others, originated among my own people, and consequently appeared to me of more importance than if they had come from the enemies of the Church. Not that the Methodists were either idle or behindhand in this *labour of love;* on the contrary, with them my amusements, or rather my only one, which I copied from good old Izaak Walton, was derogatory to the clerical character; even a smile was sinful levity, &c.; and when these people saw their congregations falling off so rapidly, and mine increasing in the same ratio, they were moved with envy, and I was assailed with still more rancorous malignity. If I returned not evil for evil, I got the credit of doing so, and was consequently prayed against, and preached against, by their unlettered and self-appointed teachers, in the most absurd and ridiculous manner.

This petty warfare, if such it could be called, when all the fighting was on one side, was carried on so long and so bitterly, and I was so teased and worn out by this continual dropping of the "waters of strife and contention," that at length I solicited and obtained another appointment.

There were other causes, however, which had some share in inducing me to take such a step. My health was giving way under the very heavy duties I had to perform, and these duties were daily increasing. The church was regularly and firmly established, so that everything was going on smoothly, and I felt as if my work was done. I had indeed by this time been embued with a real missionary spirit, in the fullest acceptation of the term, and was, consequently, anxious to commence again in a new field, and to break up the fallow ground. There might have been something, too, in the spirit of adventure naturally connected with such an undertaking. Besides—and as I am writing a faithful history, I must record it, although it be to my own shame—there was a little spice of worldly vanity thrown into the scale; some idea that I should again receive from those who were in authority over me the flattering meed of praise for my zealous and successful exertions. Those who do such things "to be seen of men, have their reward;" and I had mine, and in such coin as is generally paid for such motives.

I soon discovered what a sad mistake I had made in the step I had so inconsiderately taken; a step I have not even yet ceased to

regret, although a period of nearly twenty years has elapsed since then. I had left a people devotedly attached to me—yet, not more so than I was to them—to go among strangers; I had left a home almost as dear to me as that of my infancy, and had again become an exile among a people whose habits and feelings were different not only from my own, but from those of the friends by whom I had been so long surrounded.

I could not change my place of residence with the same facility as formerly. I had now a wife and family. My new mission was away a hundred miles across the country, and our migratory journey was a momentous event. The cavalcade, consisting of my dear wife and myself, our children and servants, with our oxen, horses and cows, was almost worthy the pastoral age, and created quite a sensation in all the settlements through which we passed. At the remote period of which I am speaking we had no roads, none, at least, that deserved the name, except when the snow was on the ground, and accordingly I intended that our journey should have been in the winter, and thought I had taken sufficient precautions to ensure my object, but I was sadly disappointed. After I had made all my preparations, sold off the principal part of my furniture, &c., and was on the eve of starting, the Spring came upon us, two or three weeks sooner than ever it had been known to do before. The snow, as usual, disappeared with a rapidity quite incomprehensible to people inhabiting higher latitudes, leaving the roads in many places ankle deep in mud. Still, for many and cogent reasons, I was obliged to set off on my now very arduous journey.

To move a family like mine a hundred miles, even in England, with its magnificent turnpike roads, would be considered quite an undertaking; but in this country, and under the circumstances I have mentioned, it was indeed a momentous affair.

First in our order of march was a yoke of oxen in a cart loaded with our bedding and books, together with a few favourite or necessary articles of household furniture, which we either did not like to part with, or had not sold because we should want them immediately on our arrival at our journey's end. Then followed three milch cows, driven by a boy hired for the purpose. These were succeeded by a horse-cart laden with the cooking-stove and other kitchen utensils, with a goodly assortment of provisions,

such as cold veal-pies, hams, bread and wine, tea and sugar, &c. This was again followed by a light horse-cart on springs, something like a taxed cart in England, only the springs were of steel. This contained the nurse, with two of the youngest children, and a boy to drive them. Our own carriage, a sort of double Dennet, drawn by my own horses, brought up the rear. This contained myself, my wife, and our eldest son, every corner being filled up with trunks, band-boxes, and endless et-ceteras.

Our progress was, of course, slow and tedious, at least as far as regarded that part of the cavalcade which I had sent off some hours before. My wife and myself did not get farther than a couple of miles before one of the springs of the carriage broke, and we were detained more than an hour in getting it temporarily repaired. This untoward accident threw us farther behind than we had intended, so that with all the haste we could make we did not overtake the rest of our party till they had made about ten miles. We then found their order of march reversed; the light cart with the children, which had started last, was in the front, and the ox-cart and the cows in the rear. We soon, of course, passed them all, and were greeted with a shout of uproarious delight from our little ones as we did so. The inn where we intended to rest for the night was five miles farther on. We reached it in little more than half an hour, and there awaited their arrival; but more than an hour passed without their making their appearance, and we became every instant more and more anxious. At length we determined to go back and meet them, being convinced that some evil had befallen them by the way. To our horror and dismay, just as we were ready to start, we saw at a distance, not the light cart, which was foremost when we passed them, but the slow ox-cart coming lazily along. The teamster, in reply to our eager inquiries, informed us that the axle of the light cart had been broken, and one of the children thrown out into the ditch by the road side, but, fortunately, not hurt; that the boy who drove the other cart had stopped to assist in making a new axle, and that we might expect them immediately. While he was speaking we saw them coming, and in a few minutes more the little ones were clasped in their mother's arms. On our next day's journey, of about nineteen miles, with a large river to ferry over, we never allowed the children to be a moment out of our sight.

Hitherto the weather had been fine, and notwithstanding our little mishaps we had got on wonderfully well. But the morning of the third day was miserably cold, with a little snow falling, which, as the day advanced, turned first to sleet, and then to a drizzling rain. We suffered a good deal, especially the little ones. This day we had to cross another river, about half a mile broad. The ice was only just gone, and the ferrymen had not got their boats ready. Fortunately, however, there happened to be a small steamer at anchor near the spot, and I engaged it to take us over. This and other circumstances detained us here nearly the whole day, and we only made about ten miles. It took us three days more to complete our journey: but the weather was again beautiful, and nothing further occurred worthy of notice.

On our arrival, we met with the kindest reception from the inhabitants. They seemed to vie with each other as to who should pay us the greatest attention. Indeed the most amiable simplicity of manners, though somewhat quaint and primitive, formed the principal and most prominent characteristic of the settlement. I shall fondly cherish the recollection of their kindness to the latest hour of my life. Yet notwithstanding the manifestation of all this good feeling towards me, which grew as years flew by into a warm and affectionate attachment, not only to myself but to all my family, I could not like the place. Somehow or other, it never felt like home to me. And although I lived for years among them, I did not consider myself as permanently settled. In short, I never rested until I got back to the neighbourhood of my old mission again. But I must not anticipate.

CHAPTER XIII.

A New Establishment—A New Settlement—The Church and Parsonage—A Farm—Housekeeping Expenses—A Funeral Sermon—A Scoffer.

THE first night after our arrival we were in a sad state of confusion; and had there been an inn in the place we should have gone to it; for our house was barely a shell;—not a partition up, nor a floor laid; loose boards and planks, with wide interstices between them, forming a temporary substitute for both. But the weather was warm, and we were too tired to be very fastidious. A bustling scene of unloading and getting things into the house now ensued. The first thing we did was to put up the cooking-stove, which was the work only of a few minutes; we got a comfortable cup of tea, spread our bedding upon buffalo robes on the floor, and then, after commending ourselves to the care of Him who had protected and guarded us through so many difficulties and perils, betook ourselves to the repose we stood so much in need of.

The settlement, now to be my home for some years—I did not then know but it might be for life—was quite a new one, and rather small. It consisted only of about forty families of Protestants, and perhaps half as many Papists. The people had begun to build a church which during the summer after my arrival was finished, all but painting. I, of course, contributed all in my power to forward and complete the work; and before the winter set in I had the satisfaction of opening it for divine service. They had also made some progress in providing a parsonage-house, but on so confined and limited a plan, as to be quite inadequate for the residence of a clergyman with a family, although entirely in accordance with their own simple ideas of comfort and respectability. They gave it up to me, however, under certain stipulations on my part, and I exchanged it, with the little farm on which it stood, and which I had previously purchased, for a larger house and farm. The obtaining the first-

mentioned farm had indeed been another reason, in addition to those I have already mentioned, for inducing me to seek and accept this appointment. My family was increasing, and so of course were my expenses. I had to purchase every thing which we consumed in the house. I had to keep and pay wages to servants, who half their time had nothing to do; nor could I do without horses. I therefore considered that these servants and my horses might be turned to a very useful and profitable account on a small farm, and, with the addition of a little occasional hired labour, would supply me with all the farming produce I wanted for the family. Such a farm as this was not to be had at the place I had left. The bills of my butcher, baker, &c. had begun to assume rather a formidable aspect. These, as well as many other expenses, were all done away with by means of my farm. There was something too in the pleasure and amusement, as well as in the comfort, it afforded me.

People in an old inhabited country, like England, where there are well-supplied markets everywhere, can hardly form an idea how difficult it is, in a new country like this, to purchase the necessaries of life, or even to find where they are for sale. I have not unfrequently had nearly as much trouble in purchasing a bushel of wheat as it would have cost me to grow it on my own farm. The same may be said of every description of farming produce. As to turkeys and other poultry, we must either raise them ourselves or go without them.

In my new charge I found the people, with the exception of two or three families, not only extremely ignorant concerning the things of the Church, but imbued with strong and deeply rooted prejudices against her formulary services. They were all, save the exceptions I have mentioned, immigrants from the old settlements in the eastern portion of the American States; and were consequently the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers," from whom they naturally inherited some portion of that intolerant spirit which dictated their curious but characteristic system of jurisprudence, called "The Blue Laws of Connecticut."

Before, however, they commenced building their church they sat down and counted the cost, in more senses of the word than one. They knew and felt that, in conforming to our mode of

divine worship, they would have to do violence to their feelings, and make great concessions and sacrifices: but better this, they prudently thought, than to see their children brought up in a state of utter ungodliness. In short, to pray out of a book, as in their simplicity they expressed themselves, was certainly better than not to pray at all. They did in reality try hard to overcome these prejudices; and in a very short time I had the satisfaction of seeing them give way, one by one, under the system of instruction I had adopted, until few, if any, were left. With the rising generation, where the ground had not been previously occupied, the good seed, with the Divine blessing, had only to be sown, when it sprang up, and flourished, and brought forth fruit. Indeed, all the people not only listened to me as they would have done to one "who spoke with authority," but they watched my conduct, even in the merest trifles, with a keen and a curious eye, not for the purpose of finding fault, as is too generally the case, but solely for the sake of following my example; and this in matters where I could little have expected it. For instance, my barn stood nearly in front of my house. It was a large, heavy, wooden building, forty feet long and thirty wide. I proposed to move it back some forty or fifty paces. Every farmer in the settlement came with his yoke of oxen to assist in what they all considered a hopeless undertaking. It was, however, accomplished: and, behold! in less than a week afterwards, the schoolhouse, which had been very injudiciously placed at one end of the settlement, was seen moving off through the fields to a more central position. I had brought with me a few fruit-trees to plant in my garden; in a few years every homestead had an orchard. I purchased a hive of bees; at that time there was hardly such a thing in the whole neighbourhood. Before long, everybody in the place had one, not even excepting a poor widow, who could not afford to buy one; but, strange to say, a stray swarm came and settled in her garden. It was soon discovered, or *imagined*, that I had a most perfect knowledge of agriculture, and my management of my farm became the practice of the parish. A roller, for instance, had never before been seen in the parish; now there is hardly a farmer without one. The turnip had never been cultivated; now the Agricultural Society

of the district award prizes annually to the three best crops of that useful root.

They were, in truth, a plain and simple-hearted people, and looked up to me as their guide in all their difficulties. I did not, however, find them quite so willing to follow my example in religious matters. Probably this was more my fault than theirs. My conduct might have been more marked with imperfections in spiritual than in temporal affairs; or, perhaps it was owing to the greater influence that worldly interests exercise over the human mind. Nevertheless, the beneficial effects arising from the establishment of the church, and the regular performance of divine service, began to be manifested in the improved moral aspect of the settlement, even before the expiration of the first year.

When I commenced my labours among them, some would come into the church without their coats, or sit upon the backs of the pews, and stare about them in a most unbecoming and irreverent manner; while others would be cutting down trees in the woods, or working at any other of their ordinary daily occupations, or they would be hunting or shooting. But all this, to my great satisfaction, soon passed away.

I began with my own servant. On observing, one Sunday morning, very near church time, that he had not his best clothes on, I asked him if he was sick, or what was the reason he was not ready to go to church? He replied, that he had been there two successive Sundays, and that I surely would not insist upon his going *every* Sunday. This young man would now consider it a great hardship to be kept away from the church, even for one Sunday, and a still greater to be kept away from the Lord's Table. He has now a wife and family, with a good farm of his own, and is quite independent, being worth at least a thousand pounds. He had nothing to commence with but the savings of his wages. This is an instance of what the honest industry of a sober, steady, and religious young man may accomplish in this country.

With such as never came to church at all, I was, of course, at first, less successful. There was a custom in the place, which I believe prevails among dissenters everywhere, of having a ser-

mon preached at a funeral. This custom, originating most probably in their want of a burial service, I certainly did not at all like; yet I could not do away with it at once without giving offence. I therefore complied with it at first, and this I did the more willingly, as it afforded me the means of addressing myself to a few scoffers at religion, who never allowed me any other opportunity. Among these was a man of some property and influence in the place, a Mr. Wilson—I purposely give his name. Soon after my arrival we had a great funeral in the settlement, that of poor Captain M——, of whose melancholy fate more anon. Every body attended, and this Mr. Wilson among the rest. I preached a sermon which I had written some years before, for a very similar occasion, the funeral of a man who had been murdered at a "logging-bee."* I addressed myself chiefly to such characters as the one I have mentioned. I pointed out to them the godless course they were pursuing;—I warned them of their danger; and, warming with my subject, I proceeded with zealous earnestness to apply to their own circumstances the awful lesson before them, concluding with one of those fearful denunciations of Scripture upon the finally impenitent, which can hardly fail to make a sinner tremble. On the solemn service being concluded, we all went silently away, sad and sorrowful, to our homes.

As I was walking out the next day I met one of my churchwardens. He expressed his regret that I should have made such a very personal attack in my sermon the day before, and told me that Mr. Wilson was "mortally" offended. "Why! he says, sir," continued the man, "that you actually got into a passion with him; and I must acknowledge that you did seem a *little* angry."

"No, not angry," I interposed; "only earnest, only anxious for his welfare."

"Well! well!" he replied, "at any rate he declares that you shall never have another chance of preaching *at* him."

It was near my own house that this interview took place, and I begged him to wait a moment till I had stepped in. He did

* A "Bee" means a gathering of the people to help one of their number either to put up a house, or to get in his hay, or to pile logs for burning on a new clearing, called logging, or to do any other work.

so, and I brought him out the sermon, and showed him that it had been composed and preached upwards of three years before I knew that there was such a man as Mr. Wilson in existence. But, unfortunately, men in the same unhappy state that he is in abound in every settlement in the country, and for their benefit it was written. He was greatly pleased at being thus able to disprove one, and indeed the principal one, of Mr. Wilson's charges against me, and begged that I would give him the sermon, which I instantly did. "And now," I said to him, "as to the idea of my getting into a passion, or being angry with this unhappy man, I will put a similar case to you. I have just now come past your house; suppose I had seen it on fire, and the flames bursting out through the roof, should I have walked leisurely on until I met you; and then saluted you, and talked about the weather before I told you what had happened. If I had acted thus, would you not have thought me mad, or worse than mad? But if you had seen me running at my utmost speed, calling aloud for help at every house I passed, and shouting to you to ride for your life, for your house was on fire—would you have thought me unkind? or angry? or in a passion?

"I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed abruptly, and without giving me a chance to finish my argument, and scarcely bidding me adieu, away he went back towards Mr. Wilson's. It was evident that they had been arguing about the sermon, and my friend had had the worst of it.

On the following Sunday I was very much astonished to see Mr. Wilson at church: but there he was, with his whole family, sitting decently and reverently in a pew which he had bought since the funeral. He continued to attend the church regularly while I remained in the Mission, and nearly every one of the other scoffers soon followed his example.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Fatal Accident—Superstition—An Infidel—An Earthquake—A Thunder-storm.

Poor Captain M——, whose funeral I have spoken of in the preceding Chapter, was one of the most respectable inhabitants in the settlement, and was consequently made captain of the militia, hence the title by which he was invariably designated. He had a large family, and held an extensive farm. He went out one day, with one of his sons, to get a load of wood for fuel. They cut through a tree, which fell into the top of another, and got so entangled among its branches that they could not get it down. While trying to do so they were called home to dinner. They immediately ceased their labour, and were walking away; the father, unfortunately, passed directly under the tree, which just at that very moment, without the slightest noise from the breaking of a branch or otherwise to warn him of his danger, fell with a fearful crash right upon his head, and struck him senseless, and apparently lifeless, to the earth. His son thought he was killed, and ran home to alarm the family. They all hurried to the fatal spot, accompanied by one or two of their neighbours. As they approached it they saw him move, and their hopes revived. They found him on his hands and knees, swaying his head backwards and forwards, with the blood oozing out from beneath his hair, and running down over his face; he was talking to himself in a loud, guttural, and unnatural tone of voice. His skull was fractured, and he had become a maniac. I was, of course, immediately sent for; and although I could be of no earthly use to the poor sufferer, I stayed with his afflicted family, to share the sorrows I could not soothe. The next morning his ravings were silenced, and his sufferings were closed in death. When this mournful event was made known throughout our little community, all occupations were suspended, and a solemn and fearful sadness appeared to pervade the whole settlement.

It has often struck me as being singular, that we can hear or read of dreadful and fatal accidents without their producing any serious or lasting effect upon our minds; but when they happen under our own eyes, the impression is more strong and more enduring. The ignorant and superstitious on such occasions dwell upon every trifling concomitant circumstance, till they magnify them into something important, if not supernatural. In this instance there were some circumstances connected with the melancholy occurrence, which, although purely accidental, yet were of so extraordinary a nature as greatly to excite the people.

Late one night, about a week before Captain M——'s death, some time after he and all the family had retired to rest, a loud knocking was heard at the front door, so loud as to wake every one in the house. The eldest son, a full-grown young man, immediately got up, and went down stairs, to ask who was there. No answer was returned. He then opened the door, and looked out into the bright moonlight, all over the little flower-garden in front of the house, as well as beyond it into the road, but could see nothing. He therefore shut the door again, bolted it, and returned to his bed. He had no sooner done so than the knocking was repeated, or rather, the *shaking*; for this time it was as if a person had lifted the latch, and then, with the handle, had shaken the door violently against the bolt, which was very loose in the wall. This was done so violently as to make all the windows in that side of the house to clatter again. It could not be the wind; there was not a breath of air stirring. The young man again got up, and ran down the stairs, accompanied this time by another young man, his cousin. Again, nothing was to be seen. They now began to suspect that some idle fellow or other was attempting to play off some foolish trick upon them. In order, therefore, to detect and punish him, the two young men got up and dressed themselves, and again went down to the door. One stood behind it, with the bolt in his hand, ready to draw it in an instant, and rush out, should the noise be again repeated, while the other took up a position at a window commanding a full view of the only approach to the house on that side. All their arrangements, however, were of no avail; for on the noise being repeated, which it was shortly afterwards, although they opened the door

at the instant, they could discover no one. At last, after watching a long time, and hearing nothing more, they went back to their beds. The impression which this strange occurrence made upon their minds was greatly increased the next morning, when the mother of the family told them at the breakfast-table the fearful dream which had disturbed her rest; and all the family were convinced that some awful calamity was thus "casting its shadow before."

She dreamt that a dreadful looking man called at the house when she was all alone. He was dressed in deep mourning, and his aspect was grave and serious. Two men were with him, who bore a newly-made coffin in their hands. This he directed them to place upon two chairs, and then dismissed them. As soon as they were gone, he told her in a cold stern manner that her husband or one of her sons must go with him to assist in some arduous labour. He told her what it was, but she had forgotten it. "Go with you!" she exclaimed, in fear and astonishment; "where! and, in God's name, for what?" In her fright she awoke before he could reply to her question.

The night when this occurred was clear and cloudless, and still as death. The next morning the sun rose hot and sultry. Large banks of thunder-clouds were piled up in heavy black masses in the west. By degrees these dark clouds extended themselves over the whole face of the heavens; the air was perfectly still, and all nature seemed to have paused in fear of the coming tempest. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning so exceedingly dazzling that the whole heavens appeared to be wrapt in one sheet of livid flame. This was succeeded instantaneously by a deafening crash. Another flash followed before the echoes of the first peal had died away, and then another and another, whilst forked lightning of the most vivid brightness was seen perpetually in every point of the heavens. For more than half an hour the thundering never ceased; and then, as is usual in this country, it was followed by torrents of rain—such rain as those who have not witnessed it can form no idea of.

This storm appeared to commence directly over Captain M——'s house; and the first thunderbolt that fell, struck it, and stretched three of its inmates senseless upon the floor. They were only stunned, however. I afterwards saw the rent the

lightning had made in the chimney: the mantelpiece, which was of stone, was cracked exactly through the centre.

It was in the very midst of this torrent of rain, and when the dusty road before Captain M——'s house had become flooded with water, that the frightened family saw a man riding by at a furious rate. If they were right in the person whom they supposed it to be, he was a very bad and wicked man, a professed infidel, a scoffer at all religion, nay, even worse than that, an open blasphemer. This man, whose name was Tom Broadman, was also, as such characters generally are, a wild speculator, and a spendthrift to boot. He had become involved in debt, had absconded several weeks before, and had never been heard of since. I strongly suspect that he did not pass the house that morning at all; but that some one of their quiet neighbours, hurrying out of the storm, had been transformed by the terrified family into that bad man.

In the night after the fearful accident to Captain M——, while we were watching and praying by the bedside of the poor sufferer, and just before his spirit was released, the loud and rapid clattering of horse's hoofs was heard on the road, when one of the servants, evidently in a state of great excitement and alarm, suddenly exclaimed, "There goes Tom Broadman again!" They did not, they could not see the person riding past, and it might have been a horse without a rider. Yet, such was the effect of superstitious fear upon their simple minds and over-excited feelings, that every one present, and I suppose there were not fewer than a dozen people in the room, firmly believed, and do so to this day, that it was Tom Broadman. They knew, too, why he was there, as I was told the next day by one of my parishioners, whom I really thought had more sense. It was, he said, because the man had sold himself to the powers of darkness, and therefore could not rest while a spirit was being rescued from the clutches of the Enemy. I was very much astonished at this exhibition of ignorance and superstition among men in many other respects so well informed; and yet, after all, it was no unfavourable trait in the character of these simple-minded people, that they looked upon a man of Tom Broadman's description with such deep horror. The noises which were heard at the door by the two young men were doubtless caused by an earthquake.

Indeed, one or two slight shocks had been felt the same night in other places. This opinion was strengthened, if not confirmed, by that universal concomitant of an earthquake, an extraordinary stillness in the atmosphere.

Earthquakes are by no means of rare occurrence in this country, and they are generally, though not always, succeeded by a violent thunderstorm, such as occurred on this occasion. There have been no fewer than four earthquakes since I have been in the colony. The most recent of these was fearfully violent. It was in the depth of winter, in the month of January. We were on a visit to my wife's brother. The night was extremely cold, and as still as the grave; there was not a breath of air stirring. My brother-in-law and myself were sitting talking by the stove in the hall; my wife had just left us, and had gone up stairs to bed; when all at once we heard a rumbling noise, precisely like that produced by a heavily-laden cart driven at a rapid pace along a paved street. At first the sound was faint and distant, and then came nearer and nearer, till it seemed to pass close under the windows; and as it did so it shook the house violently, and then gradually receded and went off again into the distance. We rose from our seats, and looked at each other in fear and amazement, as we distinctly saw the walls of the house swaying to and fro. My poor wife, in her fright, rushed out of her room to the head of the staircase. Her first impulse, dictated by the inherent principle of self-preservation, was to make her escape; but she recollected that her little daughter and her two boys were in bed in an adjoining room, and the feelings of the mother predominated over her fears for her own safety. After calling to us to know what was the matter, but without waiting for our answer, she ran back to them, and found her little girl fast asleep, but the boys were sitting upright in bed, perfectly bewildered, and wondering what had awakened them. I have said that the noise was like that of a loaded cart passing *rapidly* along a paved street; but it was vastly louder, and its duration longer, for it passed very slowly by. No damage was done to the house, save some cracks in the plaster and cornices of the lower rooms. The shock, we found out afterwards by the newspapers, had been felt all over the

northern parts of this continent, as well as to a considerable distance out at sea.

I had now been a year in my new mission, during which my duties were so similar to those I have already described, that it is needless to detail them. I had not, however, the same opposition to contend with, for here we had no dissenters. My church was still unpainted; but I got my house comfortably finished before the winter set in. I established two good schools in the settlement. My little farming operations succeeded admirably, and constituted, with my garden, my chief source of amusement. In short, every thing prospered with me, and I had great reason to be thankful.

CHAPTER XV.

A Drought—A Conflagration—A Contribution—An Insurance—The Measles—A New Settlement.

I CERTAINLY thought, when I came into this secluded and quiet settlement, among so orderly and inoffensive a set of people, that my life and my labours would be so uniform as perhaps to weary me with their monotony, and that I should have to pursue the "even tenor of my way" during, for aught I knew, the residue of my life, without a single circumstance occurring of sufficient interest to rouse me from the listlessness into which I feared I should inevitably fall. But five years flew by, and each of them had enough of stirring incidents and important occurrences to mark its progress.

In the summer of the second year of my residence we were visited by a long and very severe drought. Many of the springs and wells were dried up, and so were several rivulets which never had been known to fail before. In some settlements the inhabitants suffered much from want of water. In one, which was within a few miles of me, they had to drive their cattle several miles for this necessary of life, until they had deepened their wells or dug new ones. The depth to which the influence of the drought extended was very surprising. I had a well, forty-two feet deep, which was quite dry, and I had to sink it six feet lower before I recovered the water. But these annoyances were mere trifles compared with a great calamity which befel our own settlement in consequence of it. Every thing was so dry, that people were careful not to set fire to the woods. One settler, however, who had a slash which he was very anxious to burn, imprudently set fire to it. But it was more easily lighted than extinguished; for, to the terror and dismay of the inhabitants, who all hurried to the spot the instant they saw the smoke rolling upwards in heavy black masses, it did not stop when its intended work was

done, but literally ran along the ground, extending its ravages far and wide. At length it reached a farm-yard, when the barn and other outbuildings immediately caught fire and were consumed. They were all built of wood, and as dry as tinder. In spite of the united efforts of the whole settlement to stop it or turn it aside, the fire reached the dwelling-house hard by. Here it blazed up with renewed vigour. This house was hardly half consumed when the cry of fire was heard from the affrighted occupants of the next farm-house, which met with a similar fate; and then the next, and the next. In short, nothing could stay its fury. It destroyed every farm-stead, house, and fence on one side of the settlement; and then went off again into the woods, where its desolating path could be discerned, for several days, by the dark cloud of smoke by day, and by the bright streak in the heavens above it by night. Four dwelling-houses and five barns, with a number of inferior outbuildings, were totally consumed. And nothing was insured; not, at least, according to the common acceptation of the term. Those simple people knew nothing about insurance companies or their agents; and yet they were not altogether uninsured either.

But, to explain this, I must advert to another fearful and recent calamity of a similar nature, but much more extensive. I allude to the great fire at Miramichi, a flourishing little seaport on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That ill-fated town, as well as the whole of the surrounding cleared country, and the wilderness beyond it, was for days one vast and boundless sea of fire, so that the poor inhabitants, in their fright and consternation, had no place to flee to for the preservation of their lives. Many of them were burned to death; and many of those who, for refuge from the flames, rushed into the great river, were pushed by the crowd beyond their depth, and drowned. When we were made acquainted with their sufferings, we cheerfully contributed to the utmost of our poor ability to their relief. I had the pleasing satisfaction of transmitting to the poor sufferers a sum of money amounting to nearly twenty-five pounds, all collected within my little rural district. There were few parishes in the colony so poor as we were, and yet not one contributed so much. It so happened that those of my people who had now in their turn become similar sufferers themselves had been among the largest

contributors; one of them even sold a heifer to raise money for the occasion.

This generous and Christian liberality constituted the insurance I have alluded to. They had paid the amount of their policies, and their certificates were made out in fair and lasting characters; nor did the record perish in the wreck of their fortunes. But this certificate was a very different thing from the pompous document so designated by money-making insurance companies: it consisted only in the short and concise promise that "HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR LENDETH TO THE LORD, AND HE WILL REPAY." *And* HE *did repay.* The whole community turned out as one man to assist the sufferers in rebuilding their houses and barns; and although they were necessarily put to some trouble and expense, yet they were amply indemnified for their loss by having new buildings thus erected for them at a less cost to themselves than the difference between their value and that of the old ones.

It is my painful task to record another calamity which came upon our secluded community during this eventful summer. And although what I allude to was nothing more than the measles, yet, whether from bad nursing, or from improper treatment (we had no doctor within many miles of us), or that the disease had assumed a more virulent type than usual, it *was* indeed a calamity, and to my family and to many others a fatal one. We lost our youngest child, a lovely little boy nine months old. This was the first time the King of Terrors had ever crossed our threshold, and we felt our bereavement acutely. Since then, alas! such visitations have been often repeated. Our path had hitherto been strewed with flowers. We often heard men, and wise men too, call this world a vale of tears; but to us it had been a bright and joyous world—a world of health and buoyant hope; and full of faith in Him who holds the future in His hands, and who, we nothing doubted, would make all things work together for our good, according to His gracious promise. And, blessed be His name! *He has fulfilled His promise; He has done so.* But, oh! how widely different were the means from those which we had blindly looked for! According to our short-sighted views, we were to glide on smoothly down the stream of life, without a single ripple on its surface to disturb our passage, until we reached

the Ocean of Eternity. To that point, in the long and narrowing vista of futurity, we could not but look forward now and then with fearful apprehension and alarm—that point which was to separate us from all we held so dear on earth. But it was, however, so very far off—so at least, in our youthful health and confidence, it seemed to us—that it lost half its terrors, and seemed scarcely to concern us. Still it would force itself upon our notice and reflections as a dreadful evil, come when it might, which must befal us. "The all-wise Disposer of events, in whose hands are the issues of life and death," has taught us since another and a better lesson—has taught us to know and feel that it was good for us to be afflicted. One half only of our children are now left to us. We hope still to live long enough to see these provided for and settled in this vale of tears,—for we know too well what that means now; and then, without a murmur of regret, shall we depart to those who have gone before us.

The autumn came in all its splendour. The parched and heated earth was cooled and moistened by the temperate breezes and refreshing showers which it brought along with it. A thin soft gauze-like haze hovered over the earth; not damp and dense, like the fogs and mists in higher latitudes, but dry and pleasant: and through it the sun was seen in all his glories, yet just enough subdued to enable the eye to look steadily upon them. This beautiful weather is called the Indian summer. We have it every autumn, less or more. Some years it lasts but a few days, while in others, as in this instance, it continues for weeks. I do not know why it has been so designated, unless it be that the Indians go off from their villages about this season, into the wild woods, to their hunting-grounds. Their little brisk canoes are now seen everywhere on all the rivers, gliding noiselessly along like some huge waterfowl.

Winter this year put off its coming for two or three weeks beyond its wont; and when it came, passed away without a single incident of interest enough to mark its length. Another vernal sun, in all its genial warmth and brightness, dispelled its gloom, when the chirping crickets, and the flashing fire-flies, and the singing birds, and the leaves and blossoms, all came out, as if by some magic spell, in full resplendent life; and summer came upon us all at once.

Winter, it cannot be denied, is a dreary season here, and yet it brings along with it its pleasures and its comforts too. During the first three months the beautiful roads (in a country otherwise so badly provided with this great luxury) are as smooth as a sheet of ice, along which we glide so pleasantly in vehicles of every form and shape. The clear and bracing atmosphere, the gorgeous sunsets, and the bright stars, do certainly reconcile us to its otherwise dull monotony. And then, when the fourth month comes, the spring, and such a glorious spring as people in England never see, consoles us in our weariness. Besides, the winter has a great and good effect upon the soil. "He sendeth down his snow like wool," as if to form a warm and genial covering for the earth. Our crops would be but scanty were it not to come; so that instead of murmuring at its length, we ought to look upon it as a gracious boon from Heaven.

To return to my mission. The settlement composing it had been very recently established. It was, indeed, in every sense of the word, what in this country is denominated a new settlement.

Some fifteen years prior to the time I speak of, the tract of country now constituting my parish was a wild wilderness of woods, untrodden by the foot of man, where the bear, the wolf, and the panther, the fox, the deer, the beaver, and racoon, held undisturbed possession, save when a solitary trapper or a wandering Indian invaded their wild domain. At length a bold adventurer, with a little capital, so little that it would not have availed him much in an old settlement, where land was of greater value, bought a large tract of land, and came to live upon it. He built a house and made a "clearing." The first settler is soon obliged to hire labourers, when one or two, with perhaps large families and very poor, will come and build a hut, and make a little clearing, and "locate" themselves beside him, so as to be near their work. These persons are called squatters, and generally, when the land is sold, they either purchase a small portion comprising their improvements, or sell these improvements to any one else who may have bought the land. The purchaser, at any rate, must pay for their labour upon the land before he can turn them off and get possession. By degrees others, in like circumstances with the first, will come and

settle there. These are generally young and single men, whose whole capital has been expended in the first payment for a lot of land, the purchase of a yoke of oxen, an axe, and a few other implements, together with a year's provisions. They also make a little clearing, build a house, and then get married. When a dozen families or more are thus located, they naturally require, and soon obtain, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoemaker, and other artizans. Then, again, when the place has thus assumed a thriving appearance, some married man will come among them and build a mill or open a store, or both.

In the course of time children are born, and soon grow up and need instruction: then a schoolhouse is erected. This serves also for a church or a meeting-house, just as some one of our own clergy, scattered so sparingly over this extensive country, or some itinerant dissenting preacher, may chance to pay a passing and occasional visit to the settlement. The next step in their gradual progress is to set on foot a subscription for a church, as they call it, to be open to all denominations—a sort of joint-stock company concern, in which all the "thousand and one" denominations of professing Christians are to share and share alike. Happily the people generally fail in the completion of this object. They become involved in debt, and then apply to us to get them out of it. We soon succeed in doing so, thanks to the liberality of the two great Church societies at home; but we take care, first, to secure to our own Church the exclusive right to the building. We cannot indeed do otherwise, if we do anything at all in such cases, however much we may be taunted with illiberal exclusiveness and bigotry.*

Thus by degrees a little village is formed, with a sprinkling of farm-houses scattered far and wide around it, and becomes, if the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign

* These church-building speculations are not always commenced from disinterested motives. I knew one instance in which the most zealous promoter, and the most liberal contributor, cleared by the "*speculation*" upwards of 200*l.*; and yet he received the thanks of our good bishop, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This individual subscribed 25*l.*!! The wood of which the church was built was furnished by his saw-mill, and the workmen were all paid through his "store," both at nearly 100 per cent. profit, so that he cleared at least the sum I have mentioned.

Parts have means and missionaries at their command, the head-quarters of a mission, which in due course of time is erected into a parish. All this, however, is accomplished, as may easily be imagined, at no small sacrifice on the part of the poor inhabitants.

To a young settlement, such as mine was, the fruitful summer which we now had was an important benefit. Every one had made some little addition to his former clearing; their circumstances improved, their prospects gradually brightened, and they felt themselves rich in anticipation, at least, if not in reality. They therefore manfully came forward with open hands and hearts to paint and furnish the church, which at so large a pecuniary sacrifice to themselves they had erected; so that at length everything connected with the public worship of God could now be "done decently and in order." In short, the Church, in every sense of the word, was firmly established, and my duties assumed the regular and monotonous character of those of a parish priest at home. Yet when this, the object of all my hopes, and wishes, and prayers, had been attained, I was not satisfied. Imbued by this time, probably from the chequered scenes through which I had passed, with a real or imaginary missionary spirit, I thought I could be more usefully employed in again breaking up the new and fallow ground in my Master's vineyard. I therefore became anxious to give up my church and my little flock to some other pastor, and to penetrate farther into the wild wilderness, where, in some destitute settlement, I might be enabled to erect another altar to the true God. It was not long before a favourable opportunity presented itself; so favourable, indeed, that I could hardly entertain a doubt that the hand of Providence was in it. A new mission was about to be established in a settlement within the limits of my former one. There were circumstances connected with this settlement which made me take a peculiar interest in it. It was in a neighbourhood to which, for many reasons, I was much attached. It had been the scene of some of my earliest missionary labours, whose fruits, under the Divine blessing, were now beginning to manifest themselves. These might yet be blighted before they were fully ripe, an evil I might happily be instrumental in preventing.

In the autumn, during the "Indian summer" which I have

attempted to describe, the Lord Bishop of the diocese held his triennial Confirmation in my church. I mentioned to him my wish to be removed to this new mission, and the reasons which influenced me. There were some serious obstacles, it appeared, in the way of its being established. There was neither a church nor a parsonage-house, for instance, and the Society now required both before they would consent to make any place a missionary station. Having a perfect knowledge of the inhabitants, and not doubting that their zeal in this good cause would make up for their want of means—for they, like all new settlers, were poor—I got over these difficulties by undertaking myself to erect both, and thereupon I was immediately appointed to my new charge.

It soon became generally known throughout my parish that I was going to leave it. Almost every individual called upon us, to express his sorrow and regret at the circumstance. Among the very first of these visitors—and it is gratifying to me to be able to record the fact—were some persons with whom I had, unfortunately, not been on friendly terms. Whether the fault was mine or theirs, it matters not now. They came with the rest, and begged me most urgently to change my purpose and remain among them. A most affectionate farewell address, couched in terms too flattering for me to repeat, was presented to me. It was signed by all the heads of families in the place, save one, whose displeasure I had incurred, but how I do not at this time remember.

I will not attempt to describe the scene in the church on the following Sunday, when I preached my last—no, not my last, but my farewell sermon. I have visited that lonely and sequestered valley since, but only once, and I felt no desire to repeat my visit. Not that I was disappointed in the reception I met with from my old friends, but because so few of them were left. Several years had intervened, and produced many sad and fearful changes. Those I had left as children were grown up to manhood, and were married and settled in life, and occupied the places of their fathers: but where were *they?* I missed them in their wonted seats at church. In vain I looked for my old friends among the cheerful and happy crowd at the church door after service, who were waiting to welcome me. They were

not there. And faint and embarrassing were my recollections of those who seemed to remember me with such affectionate regard. Nor were the old the only ones I missed. No less than three young women whom I had left *brides*, now stood in that crowd *widows*, surrounded by their fatherless children. Altogether the interview was a sad and sorrowful one. Of the original settlers one only was left—a solitary old man; and when I went to see him, in hopes that he would cheer me in my loneliness, he did not know me, but began to talk of scenes and circumstances with which he had been familiar some fifty years before I was acquainted with him. With a heavy heart I left the place. I have never since been there, nor is it likely that I ever shall again.

God bless them! They were kind to me and mine. They forgot their own afflictions in their affectionate sympathy with ours, and from my heart I say again, God bless them!

CHAPTER XVI.

The Migration—The Cavalcade—The Escort—The Bivouac—A Hurricane—Particular Providence—The Journey's End.

I WILL not weary the reader by detailing all the occurrences of our long journey. We were only retracing our steps along the same path which has already been described. But the season of the year was different. Our first journey was in winter, or rather, which was still worse, at the very time when winter was contending with the spring. Our present one was in summer, in the month of June, the most beautiful and pleasant of all the months of the year in this delightful climate.

On our departure the whole settlement turned out and accompanied us a considerable distance, and then reluctantly left us with tears and blessings. Our cavalcade consisted, first, of a "sumpter" cart, with the provisions, some necessary culinary utensils, a tent—the one I brought out with me from England—a couple of chairs, a small table, three little stools for the children, and a basket-cradle for the baby. This cart with a good horse was intrusted to the care of an old and confidential servant who was well acquainted with all the localities through which we had to pass. It went off at a quick pace, about an hour before the rest of the party were ready to start. Next in order was a rough sort of double Dennet, with a pair of horses. This contained myself, my wife, and the children, and was preceded for the first mile or two by about twenty men on horseback, and followed for the same distance by a whole host of carriages of every shape and form. Two other carts followed with the baggage; not, however, so heavily laden but that they could go some six or seven miles an hour, and keep up with us. The roads, bad as they are at other seasons of the year, are always tolerably good in this.

After driving about twenty miles, we overtook our "*avant*

courier," who had pitched the tent under the wide-spreading branches of a huge butternut-tree, and lighted a fire on a grassy knoll, at the foot of which bubbled forth a pure fountain of living water. The horses were immediately taken out, unharnessed, and tethered to the fences by the roadside, where there was a profusion of grass. All that we required for our bivouac was soon unpacked. Our meal was prepared and quickly discussed, and with no little zest, by the hungry travellers. Our beds were made upon the ground on buffalo robes, to preserve them from the effects of the damp earth, and the sun had scarcely set before we were all fast asleep. The next morning at early dawn we were all in motion busied in preparing breakfast, which was soon over, when we packed up and were off again. By 11 o'clock, A.M., our day's work was done, and by this means we escaped the extreme heat of the sun. All this was repeated, with little variation, for four successive days and nights, during which we had a bright and cloudless sky, and not a drop of rain. On the fifth we reached our journey's end.

This last day, although we had only ten miles to travel, we had started earlier than usual in consequence of our anticipating a hot and sultry day, and such it proved to be. The sun rose hot and burning bright, like a fiery furnace. The air was perfectly hushed and still, and we all felt that something fearful was about to happen;—but what, we could not tell. While we were discussing whether it would turn out to be an earthquake or a thunder-storm, we saw, about half a mile ahead of us, a dense cloud of dust mingled with dried leaves, and small branches of trees whirling with terrific violence across our path. "A hurricane! See the hurricane!" was shouted forth from front to rear of our cavalcade, for on that day we all kept together. It was indeed a hurricane, and a most terrific one too! but by the merciful interposition of Providence we all escaped uninjured, although at one time it was within a hundred yards of us.

These fearful visitations are very different things from a violent gust or storm of wind, which, nevertheless, is often improperly and vaguely so designated. A hurricane is a whirlwind which has a progressive motion, as swift as it is irresistible, as well as a whirling one.

Of these hurricanes I myself have witnessed three, the first of

which was most destructive. In its course it attacked an iron-foundry, a large and well-constructed brick building, and reduced it to a perfect ruin. There was, fortunately, at the moment but one solitary man in it, who, when he saw the roof carried away, and the walls toppling down about his ears, crept into a large oven; but the oven was covered with rubbish to such a depth that he could not get out again, nor was it until the next morning that his cries for help were heard, and he was extricated from his narrow prison, much exhausted, but uninjured.

After destroying the foundry, the hurricane opened a way for itself through a thick forest. It was as if a mower had cut a swath through a field of standing corn. Every tree was either twisted off, broken down, or torn up by the roots, leaving a regular open space of about thirty paces in width as far as the eye could reach. Its progressive motion was from nearly south-west to north-east.

To the philosopher there was one remarkable feature in the hurricane, that, as it passed on in its fury, not the slightest effect of its power could be perceived beyond the narrow limits of its desolated track. To the Christian there was another, not less striking, inasmuch as it was evidently under the merciful control of Him who "rides upon the whirlwind and guides the storm;" for, in two or three places, had it deviated a few yards to the right or to the left, the consequences would have been most fearfully fatal. In one part of its course it swept past a densely peopled village, and moved the schoolhouse, a solid log building, eight feet from the place where it stood. A little farther on it demolished a large barn, recently built; some of the shingles of which were afterwards found nearly twenty miles off. I saw them myself, and knew them to be the same. They were made in a very peculiar manner by a machine invented by the proprietor of the building. This machine did not answer, and consequently, after making a sufficient quantity for the roof of this one barn, it was taken down and never used again.

On this occasion another wonderful proof was afforded us of an overruling Providence, of a Hand unseen, that guides our motions, and shields us from danger and death. A young gentleman, who was residing in the house of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, went out into the field behind the parsonage, with a book in his

hand, the morning being oppressively hot. He sat down at the foot of a large maple tree, and he read for an hour or two. At length he got up to return home. At that very moment the hurricane caught the tree, and with an astounding crash it fell at his feet. He was studying for the Church, and among many other points in which he required instruction, his tutor had taken some pains to impress upon his mind correct notions and ideas of the particular interposition of Providence, a doctrine he could not bring himself fully to believe until this practical illustration of it. One fact was, in this case, worth more than a thousand arguments.

After the hurricane the atmosphere became as cool and as fresh as it always feels after a thunder-storm; and we reached our journey's end in comfort and safety, after an easy and pleasant drive, very different from what we anticipated when we started in the morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

Old Friends—Building a House—A Fatal Accident—A *Liberal* Education—A Death-bed Repentance—A Funeral—An Old Camlet Cloak.

ARRIVED at the village which had formerly been a home to me for several years, I made it a temporary one now. Not being able to obtain a house at the settlement which was to be the head-quarters of my new mission, I rented a cottage here until I could get one built. However pleasant it might be thus to reside once more among my old friends, from whom I met a most affectionate reception, yet it was a great inconvenience to me to be sixteen miles away from my duties; and what made it more so, was the state of the roads, which were execrably bad, as those leading to a new settlement generally are. Besides, I had also to attend to the building of my house. I had not the means at my command to get it erected and finished by contract. Indeed, that is not the way we build churches or parsonage-houses, nor even a common farmer's cottage. We are obliged to occupy them in a very unfinished state, and get them completed gradually, bit by bit, just when and how we can. There was another inconvenience which, with my limited means, was still greater to me. This consisted in my having rent to pay for a house, and to buy everything we consumed in it, even down to our fuel. I therefore lost no time in purchasing a small farm near my head-quarters, and, in the following spring, commenced building a house upon it. This was a serious undertaking in itself, but, connected as it was with a disastrous reduction of my salary, it proved to be one of the most important transactions of my life.

I engaged a number of labourers, some of whom I set to work to dig the cellar. This is an indispensable requisite in this climate. I set others to quarry stones, and draw them to the spot. I then hired a couple of second-rate masons to build me

a lime-kiln, and set some of my men to cut and draw wood to burn the lime with. When all this was accomplished, I got a carpenter and more masons, and commenced the walls of my house. It will easily be imagined how necessary it was that I should superintend all this work myself, especially in a new country like this, where it is so difficult to find good and trustworthy workmen. I accordingly got a room in a small log-hut, the best lodgings I could obtain, in which I put my beaudette. The other furniture consisted of a small table and a single chair. The woman of the house boiled my kettle for me, swept out my room, &c., but she was no cook, she could not even boil a potato, so that I had to bring my supply of provisions from home, and generally ready cooked. In this manner I managed to live for three months, or thereabouts, and was thus enabled not only to look after my workmen, but to attend to my clerical duties much better than when residing so many miles away. Nor did the looking after my workpeople interfere with the performance of these duties, as it was not necessary that I should always be on the spot. It was quite sufficient that I was somewhere near, so that they could never be sure of my absence. My superintendence was, however, chiefly beneficial in getting them to their work in good time in the morning. To accomplish this I had only to get up and show myself, which I always did by sunrise or before it, when the lazy hands, and I had several, took care, for more reasons than one, not to be caught lagging behind the rest.

During these three months the work went on rapidly, and I was seldom called away on occasional duties. There happened, fortunately, to be no sickness in the parish at the time, except one solitary case; but this was a very extraordinary one, and gave me much trouble and anxiety.

There were some Government works being carried on in the neighbourhood at the time I am speaking of. They were "given out by the job," as it is termed, and a fine handsome young Englishman, some near relation, the nephew I believe, of the famous engineer, Smeaton, who erected the Eddystone lighthouse, took a large contract on such advantageous terms that he was supposed to be making his fortune, when, in an idle hour, he unfortunately got to wrestling with one of the soldiers in the

barracks, who threw him across the edge of the mess-table, and literally broke his back. On being taken to his lodgings, supposing himself to be near his end, he sent for me to administer the sacrament to him, under the impression that this was all that was necessary to secure his salvation. Such ignorance, in this young man, surprised me the more, as he was otherwise well informed. He had received a good English education, at least what would be so designated in the phraseology of the London University, as well as in that of those *liberal* patriots here who are making such strenuous efforts to exclude all religious instruction from our provincial colleges. He lingered on for nearly six weeks in the most dreadful condition that it is possible to conceive, his lower extremities being in a state of putrefaction. Throughout the whole of this period I visited him daily. My interest in his fate became day by day more intense. From the very first he was aware that there was no hope of his recovery, and this conviction naturally led him not only to lay bare to me his inmost heart, but to listen to my instructions with the utmost anxiety to profit by them, and to unite with me in prayer; and I had the great satisfaction of believing that if ever there was a death-bed repentance so sincere as to avail, through the merits of the Redeemer, for the pardon of a sinner, this was one. Poor fellow! the last time I saw him, he said, as I left his room, "I have no desire to live, except to manifest in my future life and conduct the sincerity of my repentance, by faithfully devoting myself, body and soul, to him who died to redeem me from sin, and misery, and death."

I have little faith, I must confess, generally speaking, in a death-bed repentance. The case of the thief upon the cross, so often adduced as an argument in its favour, conveys to me no proof of its validity, inasmuch as the poor dying culprit might have been for months, for aught we know, a mourning and sincere penitent, with hardly a hope, up to the last moment, of being accepted: and this, indeed, may strongly be inferred from the very terms in which he preferred his humble prayer—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

One morning, during the time that my house was in progress, I was awakened at a very early hour by the man in whose hut I lodged. He informed me that a person had come from a distant

settlement and wished to see me on some pressing business which would not brook delay. I rose instantly, and found that the messenger was charged with a request that I would go and bury Mr. T—— that morning at eleven o'clock. This Mr. T—— was the village doctor; he was a determined drunkard, and had, it appeared, died of delirium tremens the day before. At the proper hour I set off to ride sixteen miles to the funeral; but I had not proceeded above a couple of miles before it came on to rain heavily, and I arrived at my journey's end completely wet through.

About half an hour before I reached my destination I passed a strange-looking object by the roadside, at which my horse shied so suddenly as very nearly to unseat me. All I could make out was an old camlet cloak of faded blue, with here and there a tattered rent in it, covering something or other, I could not tell what; but the noise of my horse's hoofs, or perhaps the words of chiding which I addressed to him when he started, induced the apparently inert object beneath it to manifest signs of life and motion. One corner of the cloak was partially lifted and turned aside by a thin and shrivelled hand, nearly of the same colour with the cloak, as if to see who or what was passing. In that bony hand I noticed that a bottle was firmly clutched. I saw neither form nor face, and, but for that hand, I could not have known what living thing was there. The scene made a deep impression on my mind, I could not forget it. Whether it was owing to the excitement from the startling fright it had caused me, or from the object of my journey, which was to bury another drunkard, or from the horror just then more particularly excited in my mind at the revolting and beastly vice of drunkenness so generally prevalent in this country, or perhaps from all these causes put together, I could not prevent that shrivelled, livid-coloured hand, that death-like grasp of the vile poison, from being connected in my imagination with some haggard face and form, which haunted and tormented me, sleeping or waking, throughout all that livelong day and the following night.

When I got to the house of mourning, I found it filled with people who had come to the funeral. They were conversing together in groups with great earnestness, some about their ordinary business, while others were settling in their wisdom the

affairs of the State, and one was proving, to a knot of eager and indignant listeners, how unjustly some lawsuit, in which he was concerned, had gone against him. I attended for a moment, first to one conspicuous speaker and then to another, in the hope of hearing some remark or observation, however trite and threadbare it might be, a little more in keeping with the occasion of their visit. But, alas! there was not a word, nor apparently a thought, about the dead. My heart sunk within me as I pondered on all this. I passed onwards into an inner room, where I knew I should find one true mourner—his poor disconsolate widow. She grasped my hand, but did not speak, she could not. Her two little orphan boys were playing on the floor at her feet, too young to feel their loss. Their joyous gambols and their merry laugh contrasted sadly with her speechless misery. All her earthly hopes of happiness, which the determined abstinence of her husband from his besetting sin during the last two months had somewhat revived, had been suddenly and unexpectedly destroyed, and for a time no consolation, not even that of religion, could overcome the bitterness of her grief. Many long years have passed away since then, but, faithful to the memory of him she loved, she is a widow still.

Wet, and oppressed in spirit as I was, I waited, and so indeed did everybody else, nearly five tedious hours ere the funeral procession left the house. Something or other was not ready; other friends, who were expected from a distance, had not arrived, and no one liked to be the first to manifest impatience. At length we moved away, and soon reached the burying-ground. Here further difficulties awaited us. The grave, which had been dug very deep in a loose and sandy soil, had caved in from both sides, and we had to wait until it had again been cleared out. Then it was found to be too short for the coffin, and had to be lengthened: then there was the rough shell in which the coffin was encased. Of this rather unusual adjunct the sexton had received no intimation, and the grave was too narrow at the bottom. In short, the sun was setting ere that tedious funeral was fairly over.

Our twilight, in this latitude, is much shorter than it is in England, so that by the time my foot was in the stirrup, darkness was actually setting in. There was no moon, and I had twelve

miles to ride to my house, chiefly through the lonely wilderness, over the most execrable roads, made still worse by the late rains. I went to my house, because it was nearer by four miles than my temporary residence, from whence I had come. Faint and weary, and worn out, I arrived at my journey's end about nine o'clock at night. The happy surprise my unexpected arrival occasioned, and the affectionate welcome I received from my wife and little ones, made amends for all I had endured that day. The children had been in bed some time and were fast asleep, but were awakened by the violent barking of my dogs. They all got up and came down to see me, as much surprised as if I had dropped down upon them from the clouds. I was very hungry and ate a hearty supper, and immediately went to bed; but I could not sleep. A nervous restlessness came over me, succeeded by aches and twitching pains throughout my whole frame. It was evident that I had caught a violent cold from the wetting I had got in the morning, or rather from being obliged to allow my clothes to dry upon me. When at length I fell into a dozing slumber, it was so disturbed with feverish dreams, that it did me no good. These dreams were chiefly about that old and faded camlet cloak, and the mysterious being hid beneath its folds. The opening I had seen now seemed wider and higher up, so that I could plainly see the face. It was the very face of him I had consigned to his cold grave the day before. There was such a fiery brightness in his bloodshot eye, and such a ghastly hue upon his distorted countenance, as if suffering under the infliction of some unearthly tortures, that I awoke trembling and affrighted. Again and again the same figure haunted me until late in the morning, when I fell into a dreamless and refreshing sleep. The feverish action left me; youthful and robust health and an unimpaired constitution prevailed, and I awoke at sunrise nearly in my usual health. I hurried off to look after my workmen at my new house. On passing the spot where I had seen that old, faded camlet cloak, I naturally and instinctively looked with some vague and undefined expectation of seeing it again. And sure enough there it was! not, however, exactly in the same place nor in the same state as it was before. There was manifestly less arrangement in its folds, and no motion beneath it, no drawing aside of it

now. My dream of the night before recurred to my mind, and I half thought, as the object first caught my eye, that I was dreaming still. Near the place there was a small steep gulley. It commenced close to the road, or, more properly speaking, a slight bend had been made in the road to get round it. At the bottom of this gulley was a beautiful limpid fountain, close to the side of which lay the old faded cloak. I got off my horse, tied him to a stump, and went down to examine it. Nothing was visible under the cloak. I turned it a little aside, and then again I saw the clutched bottle in the long bony fingers. I dropped the cloak in horror and disgust, and turned to go away; but it then occurred to me that the poor wretched being might have been there all night, and was now, perhaps, in a dying state; so I turned again and once more lifted the covering a little higher than I had done before, till I could see the face, which I recognised at once as that of a drunken, ill-conducted woman in the neighbourhood. The lustreless eyes were dreadfully bloodshot, and seemed starting from their sockets, and the pallid and ghastly hue of the countenance was just as I had seen it in my dream. I was much shocked, and dropped the cloak instantly. I saw that she was dead. I again mounted my horse and galloped off to her house, which was not more than two hundred paces distant. I communicated the melancholy tidings to her husband and children; I then rode on to a neighbouring house and sent them assistance.

It appeared from the evidence at the coroner's inquest, which was held immediately, that the deceased had gone, at about eight o'clock the morning before, to a shop in a village about four miles off to make some little purchases, and among other things a quart of rum. The bottle she had taken to put it in would not quite hold that quantity, and she had drunk the overplus, which was a little better than a wine-glass full. No one had seen her afterwards except myself: when she was found, the bottle was nearly empty, but carefully corked.

It was supposed she had staggered to the fountain to cool her parched and burning throat, when her feet becoming fixed in the quicksand, and being incapable of much exertion, she had sat down and gone to sleep with her head falling upon her knees, her clothes saturated with rain and her feet immersed in the cold

spring water. She had drunk a quart of drugged and poisonous rum; no wonder she was dead.

The poor unfortunate creature did not belong to the Church, and therefore I had nothing to do with the funeral. I was, however, detained several hours to attend the inquest and give my evidence.

The sun was just setting when I reached my rude and homely lodging. While my dinner was being made ready I walked out to my workpeople, to see how they had been getting on, intending afterwards to visit my poor dying penitent, the young man with the broken back. In this, however, I was disappointed. Harassed and worn out with what I had suffered and seen during the preceding forty-eight hours, I fell fast asleep in my chair before I had well finished my repast, and awoke not till it was time to go to bed. I had just got undressed and had extinguished my light, and was hugging myself with the comfortable prospect of a good night's rest, which I much needed, when I was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door of the hut. I soon learned that this unseasonable visitor's errand was to me. The poor young man was worse. A sudden change had come over him, and his wife had sent for me, as I had directed her to do whenever this should be the case.

I rose instantly, threw on my clothes again, and hurried off. But I was too late, for when I reached the house all was over. Just before his departure he left a message for me, expressing his gratitude for the pains I had taken with him, and for the interest I had manifested in his eternal welfare. I was extremely sorry that I had allowed my weariness so far to overcome me as to have prevented my going to visit him as I had intended. I regretted much that I was not with him when he died, yet I could not but rejoice that he had been released at last from all his sufferings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Particular Providence—A Long Story about Trifles—An Important Fact—A Good Lesson—An Extraordinary Incident.

I REMAINED some time at my lonely lodgings after the occurrence of the events which I have just related. One morning, a little after breakfast, as I was sitting reading under a tree within sight of my building, I had a visit from a Mr. Trenton, one of my neighbours, who had lately erected a saw-mill about a mile from my house. He came, he said, to speak to me about some scantlings, which were to be sawn at his mill for my house. He was afraid, he said, there had been some mistake. He thought them too weak. I assured him that the dimensions given him by my carpenter were quite right, and according to my express directions on the subject. I then took up my book and began to read, to let him see that I was engaged. But he would not take the hint; not that he did not understand its import, for he was a very intelligent and well-informed man, considering his humble station in life. After a short and embarrassing pause, as if considering what to say, he made some trite remark upon the beauties of the spot where I was building my house, and the fineness of the weather for my work, &c. I saw he wanted to enter into conversation with me; I therefore turned down a leaf in my book, rose from my seat, and walked with him to the building; he had expressed a wish to see it. Instead, however, of continuing to talk about it, as I expected, he abruptly started a very different topic, and asked me if I believed in the particular interposition of Divine Providence in the common affairs of life.

"Why, that, my good friend, is rather a difficult question to answer," I replied, "in the direct and positive mode in which you have proposed it. I might give you either a positive or negative answer, under certain qualifications; but if I were confined to a simple 'Yes,' or 'No,' I should most unhesitatingly say 'Yes,

I do believe in it;' and I will give you a striking instance to illustrate my ideas on this very important subject. And one fact, you know, is worth a thousand arguments."

I had not far to go for my example. A man, a few weeks before, had fallen into the river from a raft of timber and was drowned, under very extraordinary circumstances. Some provisions had been stolen from the raft the night before, and this reckless creature had accused an innocent person of the theft, declaring that he was an eye-witness of the fact, and invoking upon his own head the most horrid punishments if his testimony was untrue. He wished, he said, that he might be sunk in the river, and never more be seen or heard of, if what he stated was not true. The words were still on his lips when he stepped upon a loose stray log, which rolled and precipitated him into the water, and he was never seen again from that day to this; and it was found out afterwards, from the confessions of his distracted widow, that he himself was the thief. He was a daring and a reckless man, heedless of the consequences of anything he said or did, and was perhaps the only one of the whole crew who would have ventured upon the mode he took to secure the log.

This catastrophe I now related to my neighbour, and wound up my story by saying, "And so you see, my good sir, that when the evil passions and the sinful propensities of our nature are unrestrained by the grace of God, they lead to infamy, to misfortune, and death. And thus it is, too, with a man who never goes to Church (the man I was talking to never went there), and neglects and disregards all his religious duties. However correct his conduct in other respects may be, he does not get on and prosper in the world like those who do attend to these duties; not so well even as those who attend to them carelessly, and as a matter of form, because the constant performance of these duties superinduces a habit of regularity, sobriety, and cleanliness—virtues, all so nearly allied to industry as to produce it; and thus, again, it is that 'godliness'—and this is godliness, as far as it goes—'has the promise of the life that now is,' and it always will have it as long as the world exists. You will perceive, therefore," I added, "that while I assert my belief in the general superintendence of Providence in preserving the regularity of a

system productive of such results as I have mentioned, I do not say that it never interposes to disturb it."

"But, for all that," he exclaimed abruptly, "my cows did *not* die in consequence of my working my mills on Sundays; and yet," he continued, after a moment's hesitation and reflection, "I don't know, perhaps they did. Three out of four in a fortnight! It is certainly very strange. All your Church-going people tell me that it was, but I cannot say I believe it. I rather think the carelessness of my men had something to do with it."

"Very likely," I replied, "and I should be very sorry to trust my cattle to the care of a man who would work in a saw-mill on a Sunday."

"There may be something in that," said he; "at any rate, I will give up the practice. I know it's wrong, and—"

"Sinful," I added.

"Yes, and sinful, mayhap," he continued; "and therefore I shall shut up my mills on Sundays, and buy three more cows, and see how they get on."

Some months afterwards, having found out what had really killed his cows, he came and told me. This he did, partly from the ingenuousness of his disposition, but more, I suspect, from an idea that it afforded him the means of triumphing in the argument we had held upon the subject. On this occasion the following conversation took place between us.

"Well, sir, my cows died, I find, from having been fed altogether upon oat-husks" (he had an oat-mill as well as a saw-mill).

"Then why," I asked, "did they not die sooner, during the more severe part of the winter?"

"Because they picked up a little hay from the sleds which came to the mill every day."

"Sundays and all?"

"No, not on Sundays. Nobody came on Sundays, but my men always gave them hay on that day. They could not get at the husks, as the mills were locked up. We did not work them on Sundays at that time, we had so little water."

"And did not as many people come to your mills with sleds and hay in the month of March, while you did work your mills

on Sundays, and when your cows died, as during the three or four preceding months?"

"Yes, at least as many, and I think rather more."

"Why, then, did they not die before?"

"I do not know."

"Then I 'll tell you, and upon your own showing too. You say that your cows could not raise the cud and ruminate upon oat-husks alone. Now, until you opened and worked your mills on Sundays, they had always something else to ruminate upon. But after this there was one day in the week when they were deprived of this necessary article in their food. No sleds came with hay in them; the mills were open and at work; the men were busy, and saw no difference between that day and another, so they gave them husks as usual. They might have got rather too much of these husks before, but they were amply fed one day in the week with hay, and this, most likely, saved them. So that you see—"

"I do," he exclaimed, interrupting me; "you need not say another word. I see it all as plainly now as you can tell me. My cows *did* die in consequence of my working my mills on Sundays."

I hoped and wished that it might be a good and useful lesson to him, of infinitely more value than the price he paid for it in the loss of his cattle. And so indeed it proved—he became an altered man. A fact of sufficient importance to excuse my dwelling so long upon those apparently trifling circumstances, which, under Divine Providence, led to its accomplishment.

I know full well that all such instances of the particular interposition of Providence are attempted to be explained away, by tracing them to second causes: but there are circumstances and occurrences which have come under the observation of every one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, of so palpable and decided a complexion, as to defy all attempt to disprove their being proofs of the truth of this gracious and comforting doctrine. One of the most striking of these which I have ever heard of, I may here mention. It occurred almost under my own observation: at any rate, I can vouch for the fact.

In a mining district in England, near the place of my nativity,

a gang of reprobates, as miners too generally are, were employed in the works at the bottom of a deep shaft. One of their number was, however, a character of a description very different from that of his wicked comrades. He was of a very religious turn of mind, rather an enthusiast, but as uneducated, though not quite as ignorant, as the rest. He was blessed with a very contented disposition, partly owing to the influences of religion, and partly ascribable to the natural temperament of his mind. Although he had sometimes hard work to find "bread to eat and raiment to put on," for himself and his large family, for he had a wife and six or seven children, with nothing to depend upon but his own daily labour, yet he was happy and thankful. Nay, even when from sickness, or from some of those numberless accidents to which miners are so peculiarly liable, he was unable to work, he never murmured, but said, "it was all for the best!" He made use of this expression, indeed, so frequently, not however without a due regard to its import, that it became a bye-word among his reckless companions wherewith to taunt him on any little misfortune that befel him. On one occasion, just as they were about to descend the shaft to their work, a hungry dog snatched up his scanty dinner, which he had laid down on a piece of wood beside him, while putting on his mining dress. On his attempting to regain it, the dog scampered off with his prize, to the great delight of his comrades, who shouted to him amid peals of laughter, as he ran after it, "Never mind, it 's all for the best—it 's all for the best, Jem!" He heeded them not, but followed the dog for some time, whilst all the other miners went down the shaft. At length he gave up the chace as hopeless, and returned to the pit, a good deal mortified; and his temper perhaps a little ruffled at the gibes he had heard, and more of which he still anticipated. He had hard work in reconciling his mind to bear the loss with his usual equanimity, and said rather hastily to the topmen, when he reached them, "Well, well! I dare say it *is* all for the best:" *and it was for the best;* for before this man had time to follow his companions down the pit, there was a tremendous explosion of the fire-damp. Twelve men were killed outright, and two so badly burnt that

they died soon after they were hauled up. The one survivor, for there were fifteen men in all, was a helpless cripple for life.

It would be superfluous to attempt to describe the gratitude of the poor man for his providential escape; or to say that no one, however godless he might be, ever afterwards taunted him with his ejaculatory expression of resignation, "It 's all for the best!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Visitors—A Disappointment—A Presentiment of Evil—A Sudden Death—The Asiatic Cholera—Its Fearful Ravages—The Haunted House—An Old Soldier.

My new house was rapidly progressing, and I had plenty of leisure to look after it. There was not a single person sick in the whole parish. The weather too was beautiful, as indeed it always is in this climate during the summer and autumn, that is to say, from May till November, with the exception of a day or two now and then. My family frequently came to see me, bringing me fresh supplies of provisions. One of my little boys stayed with me during his summer holidays, and several of my people came occasionally to visit me, and were pleased with the prospect of my being able to get into my abode before the commencement of winter. This indeed I had set my heart upon, and so had my wife, and such of our little ones as were old enough to understand anything about it.

But our plans, well devised as they had been, were doomed to be deranged, and our hopes and expectations to be disappointed: so that instead of getting into our new house the coming autumn, we did not do so till two long years had dragged out their weary length in sickness, misery, and death.

Coming events are said sometimes to cast their shadows before; and if they ever do so, they did so now.

One bright and beautiful Sunday evening, after all my duties for the day, as I supposed, had been concluded, I returned to my humble lodging in the hut I have mentioned. I threw myself upon a rude bench at the door to rest myself, and watch the gorgeous hues the sky assumed around the setting sun. While I was thus occupied, or rather, I perhaps should say, whilst thus unoccupied, I know not how it was, but a sensation of oppressive melancholy came over me, "forboding ills I knew not of." This gathered and grew to such a height, that when I

observed a man riding furiously along the road, I said to myself, before he turned in at the gate leading to the hut, "That 's a messenger with evil tidings, and his errand is to me." I was not mistaken in my conjecture. In a few moments the man was beside me, and exclaimed, in a hurried voice, "John Bainbridge is dead! and we want you to come and bury him immediately."

"Impossible!" I replied, in great bewilderment: "Why, I saw him myself not three hours ago at church, and in perfect health."

"True, sir; but he was taken ill immediately after service, and in an hour more was a corpse. And," added the man, consternation marked in every feature of his face, which looked unnaturally pale, "his coffin is ready, or will be by the time I get back, and he must be buried to-night."

"To-night," said I, hesitatingly, for I was very tired.

"Yes, yes, to-night, sir; the corpse won't keep till to-morrow: it is turning black already."

This seemed a mysterious circumstance, and I questioned him further on the subject; but he knew nothing more, he said, than what he had told me. I therefore set off with him on the instant, without another word.

As we rode along together, I made some remark upon the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of always living in a state of preparation for such an awful event as had just happened.

"Yes," the man replied, "you may indeed say so, now that this dreadful judgment has really come upon us."

"Judgment!" I exclaimed; "what judgment? What *do* you mean? Pray, my good friend, explain yourself." This urgent inquiry had more reference to his agitated and confused manner than to his words, alarming as their import was.

"Why, sir, the cholera!—didn't you know that it was here?" and the poor man's voice faltered as he spoke.—Poor fellow! that day was his last; I buried him the next morning at sunrise.

This was the first I had heard of the cholera being in the country. It appeared that a young woman, a passenger in the ship which brought the fell destroyer to our shores, had come directly to the place, and brought the contagion with her. But, strange to say, while those who came in contact with her caught the disease and died, she herself escaped, not only with life, but without even being attacked by the disease.

Physicians, in their wisdom, may say what they like about its not being epidemic: my experience leads me to believe most firmly that it is. I do not mean, however, to assert that it is as much so as the small-pox or the plague, since in the cholera those who are attacked must have some predisposition to take it. Yet it must be by contagion that it is conveyed from place to place, from country to country, widely separated as those are, and with the broad Atlantic betwixt them. After its first introduction, it may so extend its ravages, and spread its poison, as to infect the air we breathe, and thus become endemic too.

The hurried funeral was soon over. I paused a moment beside the grave, wondering why they did not fill it up, when I was informed that it was left open for the widow of the deceased. She had died while we were performing the burial-service. They were poor labouring people, and had nothing but a little cottage scantily furnished. They left two young children, orphans now, in the most comprehensive sense of the word. These poor children were kindly taken charge of by two of the families in the place, after having been stripped naked and washed, and their clothes thrown into the doomed cottage of their deceased parents, when it was immediately set on fire and burnt to the ground, with all that it contained, in the vain hope of staying the plague.

The next morning, only three or four of my men, who lived at a considerable distance, and had not heard of the cholera, came to their work; but they would not stay. Indeed I did not wonder at their going home again; especially as there was a rumour abroad, which was subsequently found to be true, that seven others, besides my poor messenger of the evening before, had died during the night. These were all Roman Catholics. I had, consequently, nothing to do with their burial. Indeed it was a very singular fact, that the great majority of those who fell victims to the pestilence were of that persuasion, although their numbers altogether did not amount to a third of the total population of the settlement. The few Protestants that were attacked I of course visited, whenever I had an opportunity of doing so, and as long as I was able. One man, in particular, I went to see about half an hour before he breathed his last. He was in the last stage of the disease, and writhing under the most excruciating tortures. Before I left him, he was turning as black

as if decomposition had commenced its ruinous work upon his frame. The hand of death was upon him, and ere another hour had elapsed I had consigned him to his grave. Quick indeed was the transition from life to death.

After the funeral I felt rather unwell myself, and the slightest indisposition under the circumstances was alarming; I therefore immediately rode home to my family, and it was fortunate for me that I did so. I was taken seriously ill that very night, and with several of the symptoms of that fearful disease. Indeed the physician, who was instantly sent for by my distracted wife, said, the moment he saw me, that I had certainly caught it. Whether he was right or wrong in his opinion, the prompt and effective treatment he subjected me to, aided by a sound constitution, under the blessing of God, saved me from the fatal termination which every one around me anticipated. But it was nine weeks before I could leave my room, and some considerable time longer ere I could resume my wonted duties.

During the time I was thus laid up, it was very distressing to me to see so many poor people turned away from the door, in sorrow and disappointment at not being able to obtain for those who were so dear to them the last consolations of religion, nor the last sad rite of Christian burial. There was indeed a brother clergyman not very far off, who always attended to these duties for me when he was able. This was, however, but very seldom, his time, almost night and day, being fully occupied with his own, as the disease was raging with equal if not with greater violence in his own parish. In the neighbouring market-town it was more fearful still, as will appear from the following extract from an account published by my friend the rector shortly afterwards:—

"It was a pestilence whose nature was unknown to the physician, and which set all remedies at defiance. It was not by separating ourselves from the infected that we could hope for exemption from its ravages; for the very air we breathed was filled with its poison; and its desolating hand found its way into the bedchambers of the rich, as well as into the hovels of the poor. No man could feel security in any precaution, nor could he flee from its presence; for where would it not have found him out? It was unlike any other pestilence: it was not confined to

the noisome atmosphere of a few filthy streets, nor yet to the bounds of towns or cities, but spread abroad in the more healthy and less populous country. Neither the mountain with its pure air, nor the valley stored with nature's richest treasures and watered by the refreshing stream, could claim any exemption from its ravages. The sun shone as brightly and as warmly as ever; but it conveyed not its usual cheerfulness to the heart, for each one looked upon it as the last sun which might shine upon his earthly pilgrimage. The blue vault of heaven displayed its shining and twinkling glories as resplendently as ever; but for us they possessed no charms, for all feared to purchase the delights of a summer's night walk at the dreaded expense of inhaling the breath of the pestilence. And then, how horrible was the disease itself! how loathsome, how frightful its appearance! how rapid its progress! how appalling its ravages! In one short hour the hapless victim was reduced from perfect health and strength to the helplessness of infancy, or of the most decrepid old age; and in a few, a very few hours more, was hurried into eternity. For some time no sound of business was heard in our streets, but that which was occasioned by the removal of the sick to the hospitals, and of the dead to their graves; and the most busy scenes of man's labour were only to be witnessed in our cemeteries, where the most active exertions were often insufficient to prepare the last resting-place for the mortal remains of those who were carried there in crowded and rapid succession. The universal gloom was not even varied by the long and decent funeral train of sorrowing friends or of mourning relatives. The cart, with its frequent load of mortality exposed to the public gaze, and the oft-repeated appearance of the unattended hearse, gave fearful evidence of the dealings of the 'King of Terrors.' In ten days, more than three thousand had been smitten, and nearly one thousand had perished; and in the space of three short months one-tenth of our population was swept away by the desolating scourge. On the 19th of June, on entering the burial-ground at six o'clock in the evening, the spectacle which met my view was truly appalling. The grass was strewed with coffins; about twenty men were employed in digging graves; and a few mourners stood in groups of three or four, apparently stupified with fear, or absorbed in mournful contemplation of the scene.

They all gathered around me: some looked, and others said aloud, 'What shall we do?—where will all this end?' After having consigned all the bodies that were there to the grave, I proceeded to the gate with the view of leaving this scene of death, supposing this part of my labours for the day to be ended; but the appearance of three or four carts in the road, each bearing its load of mortality, induced me to return. The same scene was repeated again and again, until the shades of evening began to close around us. With the gloom of this world's darkness comes frequently the gloom of the mind. The number of deaths had been daily and fearfully increasing, and both of my colleagues were suffering under the prevailing malady. It is not easy to describe the feelings produced by such a consciousness, in such a place, and at such an hour. I sat down at length on a newly-covered grave, and gave vent to my overcharged feelings, in which I was joined, I believe, by all present, not even excepting the grave-digger, notwithstanding a fifteen years' apprenticeship in his heart-hardening trade. I buried fifty-three on that dismal day."

The anxiously wished-for winter came at last. What a thankful cheerfulness beamed upon every countenance on the morning after the first severe frost! The gloom which had hung over every one seemed to be dispersed at once. The plague was stayed. The blessed fiat had been issued: "Stay thine hand; it is enough!" The flaming sword of the destroying angel was sheathed, and a remnant was saved.

The ravages of this fell destroyer extended throughout the whole length and breadth of the continent of America. The inhabitants of the great towns had been actually decimated; and in many of the country settlements, if we had possessed the same means of accurately ascertaining the number of its victims, they would, I have every reason to believe, have been found quite as numerous. In some places there was hardly a house in which some one had not died.

I knew one house in which, out of a family of eleven souls, only one had been spared. He was an old man of ninety years of age, the father and grandfather of the victims. After this fearful catastrophe he went away, none knew whither. He was never heard of afterwards. His house was left to him desolate indeed; nor would any one live in it afterwards. It therefore

soon fell into decay; and the plough has since then passed over the spot.

There was something mysterious about this old man's disappearing in the way he did, and connected as it was with some strange rumours which were bruited abroad in the neighbourhood at the time, and were most firmly believed by the common people. It was said that a spectre haunted his deserted dwelling; but I suspected from the first that the poor broken-hearted old man was the real spirit so often seen, and who doubtless came out from his hiding-place, wherever that was (most likely in the wild woods), to visit and weep over the graves of his children. They were buried on the spot where they died, as many of the cholera victims were; and most probably he continued to come out in this secret and stealthy manner, till sickness or death —perhaps a violent one, as was generally believed—put an end to his visits, his sorrows, and his life together. I felt deeply interested in his fate. There were, indeed, many circumstances in his little history which contributed in no small degree to create this feeling.

He was a Saxon by birth, and came out to this continent during the American war, as a serjeant in the German Legion. He had been in a great many hard-fought battles, in which he had been wounded five times. He was with General Burgoyne when he surrendered at Saratoga. He knew poor Major André, and was one of a party who made some futile attempt to rescue him. On one occasion, when straggling beyond the outposts in the dusk of the evening with a comrade, he was taken prisoner by the enemy. In consequence of not being in their full uniform, they were considered to be spies, were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. Until the following morning, when the awful sentence was to be carried into execution, they were put into a barn, for want of a more fitting place of confinement, and were guarded by two sentries. In the middle of that night, which was to have been their last, they resolved to make an attempt to escape. "We could, you know," the old man would say when he came to this part of his story, "but be killed a few hours before they intended to murder us, and it *would* have been murder, as we were not spies; and so, hopeless as the attempt was, we determined to try it."

They shouldered each a long mullen-stalk,* which they found among the rubbish in the old barn. The doors being fastened on the inside, they easily managed to open one, and sallied forth, very stealthily, till they got close to the sentry who had been placed there to guard it. Him they charged with their mock weapons;—the night was so dark he could not distinguish them from real ones—and threatened to bayonet him if he made the slightest attempt to give the alarm to the other sentry. He submitted to their demand, yielded up his firelock, and they took him prisoner. Being now really and effectively armed, they easily mastered the other soldier, and, with their two prisoners, after many "hair-breadth 'scapes," they arrived in safety within the British lines. The truth of this story in all its particulars was fully confirmed to me by an old officer of the same regiment. After the war was over the Legion was disbanded, and he came, with many of his companions in arms, into these provinces; got married, purchased with his hard-earned savings a little farm, and proved a worthy, honest, and industrious settler.

Such was his stirring and active life; but his death, as I have already said, was wrapped in mystery.

"Years flew by," and the ghost, and the old man, and haunted house, were alike forgotten, or rather, like a thrice-told tale, they had ceased to interest any one; when a circumstance occurred which brought them all again most vividly to our remembrance. Some alarm had been excited by a report that a catamount, or American panther, had been seen in the adjoining woods. The report, however, was so vague that few people believed it. At length all doubts upon the subject were solved, for it was actually killed by an Indian. In its den were found some relics of a human being, some broken bones, several buttons, and some decayed fragments of clothes; enough, in short, to remove all doubt as to what the fate of the poor old man had been.

* This is a weed which is peculiar to this country. It grows sometimes to the height of ten feet, when its stalk is as thick as a good-sized walking-stick.

CHAPTER XX.

A Sad Disappointment—Reduction of Salary—Government Grant—The Church—Loyalty—A New Era—The Cholera again—A New House—The Garden—An Ice-house—My Dogs.

THE following spring came out upon us as bright and beautiful as if that fierce and fearful scourge, the cholera, had never come within our borders. Those that were left unscathed commenced their busy summer life again, and the dead seemed all but forgotten. Time soothes every sorrow, and so it appeared to do in the present instance. I myself became as busy as the rest. I commenced again as strenuously as ever with my house, and was getting on most prosperously. I had a whole summer before me, and I confidently expected to get it so far completed by the end of it, as to be ready for the reception of my family; when all my troubles and annoyances, and they were not a few, would be at an end. But, no! I was doomed again to be disappointed.

I had resumed my work but a very short time, when I received a letter from the secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, informing me that, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected withdrawal of the Government grant in aid of its funds, it was under the painful necessity of reducing my salary to one half of its original amount, and every other missionary on the Society's list in these colonies received a similar intimation. This came upon me like a thunderbolt, for I had hitherto considered my salary as perfectly secure as if it had arisen from any church endowment in England.

When I entered into the service of the Society its income arose from three distinct sources—voluntary contributions, its funded property, and a grant from the Government. The first, of course, from its very nature must be fluctuating; but the second would have been amply sufficient to prevent such fluctuation from

affecting our salaries while the third continued to be paid, of which there could be no reasonable doubt. I have therefore no hesitation in asserting, and I shall be borne out by numberless authorities in doing so, that it was a gross and an iniquitous breach of faith on the part of the Government to withhold that grant. There was certainly no pledge given that it should be permanent. On the contrary, it was neither intended by the Government nor expected by the Society that it should be so. But it *was* expected by the latter, and no doubt intended by the former, that this grant should not be withheld without due and sufficient notice. But no such notice was given, and the measure was as prematurely as it was harshly adopted. The opposers of every administration, even Mr. Hume himself, admitted, when the subject was brought before the House of Commons, that the grant, strongly as they disapproved of it, ought to be continued during the lives of the present incumbents, whose salaries, to a certain extent, depended upon it. Yet, notwithstanding all parties in Parliament were perfectly willing that it should be continued during a limited period, that economical administration, disregarding the high-minded, generous, and truly Christian principles which had shed such a lustre upon the British name, and exalted it to the very highest pinnacle of glory in the eyes of all the nations of the earth, did at once withhold it; thereby reducing a hundred and sixty poor missionaries to want and degradation —and for what? Merely for the sake of enabling the Chancellor of the Exchequer to show to the House of Commons and to the country, that they were carrying out the principle of economy to which they had pledged themselves before they got into power, by making a reduction in the expenditure of the North American colonies, amounting to sixteen thousand pounds a year; a reduction which had this especial merit in their eyes, that as not a murmur was likely to be heard against it in England, it would probably be inferred, not only that it was necessary, but that no one suffered by it. No! it only affected a few poor hardworking missionaries, thinly scattered over the new and remote settlements in the backwoods of these wild and measureless regions, whose complaints were never likely to reach the sacred precincts of St. Stephen's.

This reduction was not to extend—and here was the most

unfair thing in the entire measure—it was not to extend to the grants made by the Government to the bishops, nor to the archdeacons, nor even to the rectors of the large commercial towns; all these salaries, amounting to some ten thousand pounds a year, were to be continued during the lives of the present incumbents. It would not have answered their purpose to have meddled with these salaries, because it never would have appeared, either to the House or to the country, that any saving had been effected; inasmuch as they were paid by the Commissariat out of the Military Chest. Had such a saving been really expedient, it surely would have been but just and fair that the reduction should have fallen equally upon all the clergy in these colonies who received any portion of their emoluments from the Government. It would then hardly have been felt, and certainly never objected to: instead of which, a few poor missionaries, many of them with large families, were thus, with cold and heartless cruelty, singled out to be the only sufferers.

And yet, in the end, it was no saving after all; for had the Society continued to be supported, as formerly, by the Government, its number of missionaries would have been so much increased, as to have created and secured an influence over the great body of the people, sufficient to have prevented the rebellions of 1837 and 1838, and thereby saved the Government a million of money. I am borne out in this assertion by the fact, that not only were there no Church of England men among the rebels, but that they all rose, *en masse*, to put them down.

To the same niggardly policy may indeed be ascribed the loss to the mother-country of her other North American colonies, now the United States. The Loyalists, almost to a man, were members of the Church; and the contest, as far as the population was concerned, was a contest throughout between the Church and loyalty on the one side, and treason, and dissent, and infidelity, on the other. There cannot be a doubt, but if the venerable Society, which had been specially established for the very purpose of propagating the Gospel in these colonies, had been cherished and supported by the Government, as it ought to have been—had it had even three missionaries where it employed but one—and it ought to have had at least twenty—that brightest gem in England's crown would never have been torn

from it. What a waste of blood and treasure too, some trifling annual grant from the Government to the Society would thus have prevented!

The people at home may believe it or not, the fact is no less certain, that the principal if not the only bond of union between these North American colonies and the mother-country is the Church; and although trampled upon, robbed and despoiled, and all but proscribed, as she is at the present moment, she will always continue to be so. Indeed her whole constitution and polity are intrinsically monarchical, and therefore conservative.

It has lately been the fashion, even among statesmen, to talk about these colonies following, in time, the example of their neighbours, and throwing off the yoke of British rule, and setting up, as a republic, for themselves; and they adduce the late outbreaks, as they are called, as decidedly symptomatic of the approaching consummation of such an event; whereas these same outbreaks only proved the strength of our attachment to that empire of which we form an integral portion. No! the connexion cannot be severed. The Church, with her five bishops and her four hundred priests, with the thousands and tens of thousands of her firm and devoted adherents, would alone be a safeguard against so deplorable an event. Unless the mother country unnaturally turn her back upon us, and cast us off, they may as well talk of Yorkshire and the other northern counties in England hoisting the tri-coloured flag or the "stripes and stars," as that we should separate ourselves from the mother country. To us here, at least, the one appears not more absurd than the other.

The loss of half my income produced, as may well be supposed, a sad revolution in my little establishment. I may say, indeed, that a new era in my life, as far as its common and ordinary affairs were concerned, now commenced. I had, in the first place, to forego all hope of finishing my house. I therefore covered it in, boarded up the windows and doors, and left it, with the intention of selling it, as well as the little farm on which it stood, as soon as I could find a purchaser. But where I was to live, how I was to pay rent for a house out of a hundred a year, or how I was to support my family, or to educate my children, I was utterly at a loss to discover. I sold one of my horses, shot two of my dogs, discharged my servants, took my boys away

from school. In short, I did a great many things hastily and very foolishly, instead of writing to the Society, as I did at last, and giving them a plain and simple account of all my difficulties and troubles. They promptly replied to my letter, directing me to draw upon their treasurer for fifty pounds to aid me in finishing my house, and at the same time communicated to me the cheering intelligence that our salaries would be again made up to within fifteen or twenty per cent. of their original amount. This, although it would bear somewhat hardly upon us, would not certainly be attended with that distress and ruin which must have ensued had the first reduction been continued.

I should be guilty of the most heartless ingratitude were I to pass over, without the strongest expression of gratitude, this instance of the generous liberality of the Society, so considerately extended to me at my utmost need. But what return can I make? They already have my prayers and my blessing, and I have nought else to offer. They must look, as I know they do, far beyond this world for their reward.

In consequence of this favourable change in my prospects, and with ample means at my command, granted expressly for the purpose, I resumed my building labours at the commencement of the following summer, in order that I might get into a residence within the precincts of my new mission. This was my third attempt, in so many successive years, to accomplish this most desirable object. My being so far away from my parish duties, besides the fatigue it occasioned, was a source of great and constant annoyance, and I had met with so many obstacles in my way, that in again commencing my work, I did it under the fearful apprehension that some new misfortune or other would again compel me to relinquish it, and perhaps for ever. Happily, however, under the blessing of Providence, my anticipations of evil were not to be realised, although I certainly thought at one time they would have been; for the cholera, after a whole year of respite, broke out again; but it did not rage with anything like the same violence which characterised its former visit; nor did people look upon it with the same horror and consternation now that they had become somewhat familiar with it. The impressions it was doubtless intended to produce upon men's minds were neither so deep nor so lasting as before. "When he slew

them, then they sought him, and inquired early after God." But no sooner had the destroying angel stayed his hand and sheathed his sword, than their fears were allayed, and all their resolutions of amendment were entirely forgotten. "They remembered not His hand, nor the day when He delivered them from the enemy."

After some trouble I succeeded in convincing my men that they were as much under the superintending care of a gracious Providence while attending to my work, as they possibly could be elsewhere, and therefore they did not leave it; and by the following Christmas I succeeded in getting my family into the house, or rather into a portion of it, for it was not more than half finished. Although we were very much cramped for room, and destitute of many little comforts and conveniences, yet we were again together, and happy in each other's society.

The first thing we did, on the opening of the spring, was to make a garden. This was a matter of more importance to our comfort than can well be imagined in an old inhabited country like England, where vegetables can be purchased almost at every one's door, and where, even if they could not, the want of them would be less felt than in a hot climate like this. Here, in country places at least, there are none for sale.

Finishing two or three more rooms in my house, building a barn, stables, an ice-house, and a dog-kennel, occupied the whole of the summer. The mention of an ice-house and a dog-kennel may surprise my readers; but in such a climate as this an ice-house is almost indispensable to the comfort of a family; and even if it must be termed a luxury, it is one which is here obtained at so cheap a rate, that were I reduced to earn my daily bread by the sweat of my brow, I do not think I should be disposed to forego it. As to the dog-kennel, it is absolutely necessary in this country to keep dogs, to guard not only the house from thieves and pilferers, but the sheep and fowls from wolves, foxes, and other vermin. Besides, to speak the entire truth, I am passionately fond of dogs, and have all my life been so, although I never was a sportsman. I have at the present moment a Newfoundland dog, a foxhound, a Spanish pointer, and an English setter, all fine specimens of their respective breeds. If I wanted a more plausible and utilitarian excuse for keeping

them, I might advert to the high estimation in which they are held by the whole settlement, in consequence of the great benefit the people derive from their active and unwearied exertions in killing or driving away the obnoxious animals I have mentioned. Before I came to reside in the place neither turkeys nor common barn-door fowls could be kept with any safety. One farmer lost twenty-seven turkeys in less than a week. Dreadful havoc was also often made among the flocks of sheep. Five wolves were seen near one of my neighbour's houses in broad daylight. Another had thirteen sheep killed by them in one night. But now, from the instinctive fear which the cowardly wolf has of the dog, the flocks are perfectly safe, a change as gratifying to me as it is to the settlement at large, and all through the instrumentality of the fine, powerful, and courageous race of dogs which I have brought into the settlement.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Subscription List—The Foundation Stone—The New Church—The Burning of the School-house—Troubles and Annoyances—The Liberality of the Two Venerable Church Societies—A Judgment—A Revolting Incident—Fearful Visitations—A Squatter—A Strange Story—An Overruling Providence.

THE building of my house was not the only thing in which my wishes were thwarted and my expectations disappointed by the untoward and melancholy circumstances which I have mentioned. Previously to the breaking out of the cholera the first time, I had commenced a subscription for my new church. I met with the same difficulties which I had to encounter in a similar undertaking at my first mission. They did not, however, appear to me so formidable now as on that occasion, and consequently gave me much less annoyance. I doubt, indeed, whether I should ever have undertaken the task at all, had I not felt convinced that my past experience would save me from the distress and actual suffering I then endured. It is true that now, as before, I was laughed at for attempting what appeared to them to be impossible. The very idea was declared to be perfectly absurd. "To build a church, and in a back settlement too! I must be totally ignorant of the limited circumstances of the people I had to deal with, or I must be ——" The speaker paused, and I concluded the sentence for him—"Mad, you would say; but never mind, my good friend, here is a plan of the church; look at it." They did so. "What! steeple and all?" they exclaimed in utter amazement. "O yes," I said, "the tower would not cost more than fifty pounds; that is to say, merely the bare walls with a temporary roof, till we can raise funds to finish it."

"Fifty pounds!" one of them exclaimed; "why, you will not be able to get subscriptions to that amount in the whole settlement in three years."

I produced my subscription-list and spread it out before them. The heading contained all the particulars of what I wanted to accomplish. My chief parishioner (he was a worthy, good man) dipped his pen in the ink to sign it, and to put down the sum he intended to give. The money was to be payable in three equal annual instalments; but he was evidently startled when he saw that the first payment was not to be at the expiration of twelve months, but at once and on demand. "Oh!" he cried, "this will never do! Money on demand! It is impossible! All the money in two years?" "Yes," I said, laughing; "if you will set us the example, we will get the money, or at least the subscription for it, and that is the same thing, in two minutes. Come, take me at my word," I continued, as I saw he was inclined to assent to my proposal; "sign away at once, and do not keep me waiting till all my two minutes are expired."

I knew he would give more than any one else in the settlement, and therefore wished to have his name at the head of my list. He knew this too, as well as I did; but still he hesitated, and at length handed me the pen and begged that I would sign before him. I consented, but left the first line for him, and put my name down on the one below it for twenty-five pounds (it was before the reduction of my salary). He looked at me with a smile, as much as to say that I had out-generalled him, but at once put down his name for forty pounds. The train was fired; the impulse was given, and every one subscribed nobly. "Well," said Mr. P——, the giver of the forty pounds, "if this is the way you mean to go to work, there is no doubt about your building the church."

"Steeple and all?" I inquired.

"Yes, steeple and all! We were just talking about it," he continued, "when you came in, and we had all settled what we would give—Mr. D—— five, and Mr. N—— five, and I ten; and that you would be not only satisfied but astonished at our liberality: we had also put you down for five."

He looked again at the list for a moment to add up the sums, when he exclaimed, "Why, here is more than a hundred pounds already, beside the Society's seventy-five pounds. When do you think we should begin with it?" "WE," I said to myself: the word was music to me, for hitherto I had seemed to stand alone

in my arduous undertaking, but now, at once, it became a common cause.

The three long and tedious years of sorrow, sickness, and misfortune, which I have already detailed, passed by before we could begin to build our church; but early in the spring, after my first winter's residence with my family in the place, the foundation-stone was laid with great rejoicing throughout the whole settlement, in which people belonging to other denominations appeared cordially to participate. When once we had got fairly under way with the building, I went round again among the people and got my subscription-list considerably increased. Some would not subscribe before, because they thought the schoolhouse might do well enough, and that in a new country like this it was out of the question to expect we could have things the same as we had at home; while others refused because the project appeared to them wild and chimerical. But when they saw the work really commenced, the walls gradually rising higher and higher, and its goodly proportions beginning to develop themselves, affording a fair prospect of its being completed, they became of a different opinion, and subscribed cheerfully and to the utmost of their ability.

The shell of the building was completed before the winter set in. We then put a stove in it and proceeded with the inside work. In short, by the middle of the succeeding summer, everything was finished, pews and all, except painting.

I have only been speaking, however, of the body of the church. The steeple was left, as I proposed, in a very unfinished state. It remained so for some years, and might have done so to this day, but for a misfortune, strange as it may seem, that befel the settlement, and which was turned into a blessing as far as the church was concerned, and added considerably to our funds. But to explain how this occurred I must advert to a circumstance which took place some two or three years subsequently to the period of which I am now speaking.

The schoolhouse I have so frequently mentioned was used at stated periods as a court-house for the trial of small causes. On one of these occasions judgment was given against a man of a very vicious and reckless character. In his opinion, as will easily be believed, the decision was a very tyrannical and unjust

one. On the night after the trial the schoolhouse was set on fire and entirely consumed, with all the things which were in it, amongst which were some valuable school-books belonging to my boys, and the whole of my Sunday-school library.

The wretched man was apprehended, sent to gaol, and stood his trial for the capital offence; but the evidence brought before the court was not sufficient in the eye of the law to convict him, and he was accordingly acquitted and turned loose again upon the community, although quite enough was elicited to satisfy every one of his guilt.

The schoolhouse had of course to be rebuilt; but how the means were to be raised to accomplish this object I could not see. We, I mean the Protestant Episcopalians, had expended all we could well spare upon our church. The Presbyterians (for the schoolhouse belonged to all denominations) had still more recently done the same thing upon a chapel they had erected for themselves: the Methodists were similarly circumstanced. I therefore applied to the Society for a grant of twenty-five pounds to assist us in our difficulties, and they promptly acceded to my request.

Very shortly after I had got this money, a bill was brought before the provincial parliament to alter the Act under which these elementary schools had been established, so as to prevent the clergy from exercising any control over them. The enemies of the Church prevailed, as they generally do in these colonies,* and this bill passed and became a law.

I immediately wrote to the Society to inform them of the fact, and recommended that this money should not now, under these altered circumstances, be applied to the purpose for which it had been granted. At the same time, I begged that they would permit me not only to expend this sum upon my church, but that they would add twenty-five pounds more to it for the same purpose. My wishes were instantly complied with. Indeed, I never made a request to either Society which was not granted.

* This is unfortunately the case, notwithstanding a majority of the members in the House of Assembly are, professedly at least, members of the Church. But some of them are, unfortunately, what are called "Low Churchmen;" while others are heedless and lukewarm in their attachment to the Church, and a few, perhaps, in reality are not Churchmen at all, except in name.

The happy consequences were, the finishing of our church, steeple and all, and the payment of all our debts.

It must not be inferred, from my silence on the subject, that in accomplishing this great work I had neither troubles nor difficulties to contend with. I had, indeed, just as hard a task to perform as in building my first church, and met with as many annoyances. One thing, indeed, pressed much more heavily upon me in this instance, than any on the former occasion. This was the difficulty I felt, in my reduced circumstances, in meeting the demand upon me for the amount of my own subscription. But I look back upon this trouble with pleasure now; for my great object has been attained; the church has been finished. And a pretty little church it is,—a neat and well-proportioned building, with lancet windows and a sightly tower. One can hardly find its equal, as a new settlement church, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. There it stands—and long may it do so—a monument of the zeal of my poor people for the establishment of their Redeemer's kingdom upon earth.

And here, before I dismiss the subject, I must not fail to record my humble but heartfelt gratitude to the two great and venerable Church Societies at home for their very kind and liberal assistance. The one gave me seventy-five pounds; the other fifty, and ten pounds' worth of books for my Parochial Lending Library, as well as seven pounds' worth to replace my Sunday-school books which were destroyed in the schoolhouse when it was burnt. This Society also gave me a splendid set of service books for my church.

I must now advert to circumstances and occurrences of minor interest. When I first came to this new settlement, I found everything in confusion. The schoolmaster was an open and habitual drunkard. I got him turned out, and had a decent sober man put in his place, whom I also made my parish-clerk. I then established a Sunday-school, and took great pains in collecting a little money, and purchased a small library for it, which, as I have already mentioned, was unfortunately burnt. And this reminds me of the judgment which came upon the incendiary, probably for this very crime; and so soon after it too, as to lead people to think and to say that he was rightly punished.

His wife and he had both been drinking at a tavern; she was

just as bad and wicked as himself. They had a violent quarrel, and he beat her most unmercifully. Shortly afterwards they returned home, and he went to bed, while she sat brooding over some scheme of revenge for the treatment she had received. When he was fast asleep, she took a carving-fork, went softly to the bed-side, plunged it into one of his eyes, and literally tore it out of the socket. She was taken before the magistrate the following week and committed to prison. There she remained nearly twelve months before she could be brought to trial, her husband not being sufficiently recovered to be able sooner to appear against her. Indeed, for some time his life was despaired of; or I am afraid I must say, to speak more correctly, that hopes were entertained by his neighbours that he would *not* recover, but that the settlement would be delivered from such a monster of iniquity. I have said that a week elapsed between the woman's crime and her apprehension. This was owing to a dreadful accident that happened to one of her children the very next morning.

A boar belonging to one of the inhabitants had most improperly been allowed to go at large upon the village green, where the child, almost in a state of nudity (it was in summer, and the weather was warm), was playing with some other children. I believe they had been teasing the ferocious animal. At any rate, it made a rush at them, when they all ran away; but it soon overtook the hindmost,[2] which happened to be this poor little boy. With one stroke of his tusk it made such a gash in the child's side, that a portion of his entrails instantly protruded. I was immediately sent for, there being no surgeon within fifteen miles. On my reaching the house, I directed them to send off for one immediately, and they did so. I knew, however, that if the child remained unattended to until his arrival, nothing could save it. I therefore carefully replaced the intestines, after embrocating them with olive-oil, and then carefully bandaged up the wound: all which I was very glad to find that the doctor approved of; for I felt that my responsibility was great. The poor child died, after lingering five days and nights; and it was not till after the funeral that the wretched mother was taken into custody.

I do not know anything about the trial: perhaps I did at the

time, but I do not recollect it now. I only remember that the woman came back to her husband, and their one only remaining child, which was an idiot, and that they have been living together ever since, apparently in peace and tranquillity. Perhaps those fearful lessons contributed somewhat to bring about this partial change for the better in their conduct and deportment towards each other;—I say partial change, for they still continue to be in all other respects the same pests to society, the same reprobate outcasts, they ever were.

We had, unfortunately, a number of others in the settlement almost as bad as this wretched couple. Drunkenness, which is indeed the prevailing vice, the besetting sin of this whole continent, was so rife in our little village, that one could hardly walk quietly through it, especially on a Sunday evening, without being shocked or insulted.

Some idea may be formed of the extent to which this vicious habit was carried, from the fact that one-third of the houses in the place were taverns. Now, however, we have happily less than half the number we had at that period; and, what is better still, there is hardly a drunkard in the settlement. It cannot be doubted that the establishment of the church tended greatly to improve the morals of the people, and to promote the interests of true religion; and I would fain hope that my humble endeavours had some share in producing so beneficial a change.

There was something so very extraordinary, and the hand of Providence was so conspicuously manifested in the means by which we got rid of these drunkards, that I must give the reader some account of it.

They all, save the two wretched beings I have mentioned, and another who really reformed, either came to sudden and untimely ends, or were dispersed abroad as outcasts and wanderers over the face of the earth; some of them with the indelible brand of a Cain upon their foreheads.

Two in a fit of drunkenness murdered their wives, and ran away, and have never been heard of since. One, in the same state, insulted and abused a young woman he met with on his way home from a tavern, and the poor victim of his villany was found dead the next morning where he left her: he was hanged for the deed. Another, attempting to cross the river on the ice,

missed his way and fell into an open place, where the current was so rapid that the water is never frozen over, and was drowned. Two more came to a similar end, while fishing for shad during the spring freshet. But my calendar of extraordinary events is not completed yet. Another fell over a precipice of some eighty or a hundred feet, and was killed on the spot. I myself saw the crushed and mangled body before it was removed from the spot.

It appeared, from the evidence before the coroner, that this unfortunate man had been drinking in a miserable log-hut hard by with its proprietor. The hut was of the poorest description. The walls were of rough unhewn timber, and the roof of bark. It belonged to a "squatter,"* and was situated on a piece of waste land between the road and the precipice, so near the latter, and so limited in extent, that the legal proprietor had never paid any attention to it, not considering it worth fencing in. When the unfortunate man left this hut, most probably in a state of intoxication, the night was far advanced and very dark, and he must have gone a few steps, a very few, out of his way.

The fate of the squatter himself was equally horrible, and still more mysterious. He was a lone old man; apparently of a retired and unsocial disposition, as he was seldom seen in company with any one. He seemed to have no occupation, and no apparent means of obtaining a livelihood. His dress and appearance were those of a labouring man of the poorest class of Irish; and yet he always paid in ready money for whatever he bought at the stores. He was frequently absent for weeks together; but where, or for what purpose, no one knew. None ever saw him depart or return. The only indication of his absence was an old rusty padlock at the door of his hut, and a rough bass-wood slab before his solitary window as a shutter. This was securely fastened, somehow or other, from the inside. There was also, on such occasions, a similar slab placed over the top of the chimney, or rather, the hole in the roof which served instead of a chimney, so as effectually to prevent any one from peeping into the rude

* Squatters are persons who settle on vacant or ungranted lands without any real authority to do so. They are so numerous that the law has made some provision in their behalf. When the lands are sold they have the right of pre-emption, or if the land goes at a higher rate than they choose or are able to give, the purchaser must pay them for their improvements before he can turn them off.

hut. No one was ever known to visit him, except the poor unfortunate man of whom I have just spoken. And yet the old man was not altogether alone either: he had always with him, whether at home or abroad, one constant companion. This was a dog of enormous size, and gaunt as a wolf, but more from want of sufficient food than from his natural conformation. Indeed, from his black ears, and his muzzle of the same colour, as well as from his long shaggy coat, as fine as silk and as white as snow, it was evident that he was a pure and perfect specimen of a species of the Newfoundland breed which is not known in England; at least, it *was* not known a quarter of a century ago, when I left it. They are so rare, even in this country, that I have never seen more than half a dozen of them. There was, in short, a mystery about the man and his dog which no one could penetrate; and mystery, in the eyes of the common people in all countries, begets fear. So generally did this feeling prevail in this instance, that few cared to pass his lonely dwelling after sunset. Besides, there was some story abroad of his having shot a man in his native country, for having offered a higher rent for his "shieling" than he had himself been willing to give for it; and that he had fled to this country to escape the consequences of an act which he, in his mistaken ideas, looked upon only in the light of retributive justice. But the avenger of blood was immediately behind him on his trackless path across the wide Atlantic. At least it was whispered in the neighbourhood that two sons of the murdered man came out in the same ship with him, but lost sight of him on their landing; and, after a long and fruitless search, they at length discovered their victim in this solitary hut. One of these brothers was the man whom I have already said was found dead at the foot of the neighbouring cliff. He was an idle, drunken vagabond, certainly; but his death was no longer considered as accidental. The other brother, although a poor man, was sober, steady, and industrious, and seemed to be a permanent settler in the place. After the funeral of his brother, he was no longer seen at his usual occupation, which was that of a cooper; and, upon inquiry, it was found he had left the settlement and gone no one knew whither.

It was also discovered about the same time, that the Solitary's hut was silent and tenantless, except that the fierce gaunt dog

was always there. Weeks thus passed away before it was discovered that his murdered master's body was in the hut, and that the faithful dog who guarded it, although famishing, had never attempted to touch it.

Of course the common people have ever since considered the place haunted: and I really do not wonder at it. With all my philosophy I must acknowledge, although not without some degree of shame, that, although I would not go out of my way to avoid it, yet I have never since passed the burnt and blackened remains of that old ruined hut in the night without uncomfortable feelings. The wild and desolate spot, associated as it is with a recollection of these dreadful and mysterious events — the edge of that fatal cliff where the two strong and powerful men must have been engaged in their fearful struggle for life and death, brought back to my memory, despite my better judgment, all the horrors of ghost and barghaist, of fairy, wraith and goblin, so deeply imprinted upon my mind in early childhood.

Ye careful and affectionate mothers—and mine was both—ye have indeed a difficult task to perform in saving the susceptible minds of your darling offspring from being contaminated with the foolish tales of the nursery! Do what you can, impressions which ye know not of will inevitably be formed there, impressions which in after-life can never be totally obliterated.

Whether the incidents I have mentioned in the life of this Squatter be true or not, and some of them I give only upon the authority of mere rumour, his dreadful and mysterious end made a deep impression upon the minds of all seriously disposed people. They looked upon it as an additional link in the long chain of evidence which proves the perpetual existence and the unvarying influence of an unseen and overruling power that "ordereth all things both in heaven and earth," and which proves also the eternal truth of His word, who saith "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

CHAPTER XXII.

Politics—The Rebellion—The Battle—The Marauders—The Burning of the Steamer "Caroline"—A Colonel of Militia—Restoration of Tranquillity.

I FEEL very unwilling to mix up in my narrative anything relating to the politics of the country, and yet I perceive that I cannot well go on without adverting to the public events which have lately taken place in this colony. But I have neither the ability nor the inclination to enter into any long and elaborate discussion, and my remarks upon the subject will therefore be as concise as possible, and strictly confined to such matters and measures as had a direct bearing on my own history.

During the last half-century, which carries us back almost to the very infancy of these colonies, there has always been a violent and bitter contest between two conflicting parties or factions, or rather, between a *party* and a *faction*. These have respectively been designated as Tories and Whigs, but without the slightest resemblance to their prototypes at home. The misapplication of these terms, trifling as it may at first sight appear, has been attended with very serious and important consequences. It led the British Government into mistakes and errors in the administration of our affairs, which resulted in rebellion and bloodshed.

The Tories, as they were called, comprising nearly all the wealth, intelligence, and respectability in the country, were in reality not Tories, but Conservative Whigs; while the Whigs—save the mark!—could scarcely count upon a man in their ranks who was not a traitor and a rebel. And consequently the contest between these Destructives and Conservatives has ever been, not whether this or that system of politics should prevail,—not whether this or that party should be predominant, but whether we should continue to constitute an integral portion of that glorious empire which extends its sway from pole to pole, or should be thrown into the grasp of a neighbouring republic, whose arms are so anxiously stretched out to receive us.

Thus when the Whigs in England obtained the ascendancy and got into power, they, as a matter of course, sent out Whig governors to this country, who, on their arrival, being misled by the misapplication of these terms of Whig and Tory, immediately attached themselves to the former or rebel party, thereby giving them an importance and an influence which, from the insignificancy—not of their numbers, for they had the whole rabble rout of the country at their heels, but—of their real weight and power, they otherwise could not have expected to obtain. The natural and necessary consequence was—a rebellion—a civil war. How it was carried on, and how it ended, are matters of general history, and belong not to my personal narrative. I shall therefore speak only of such circumstances connected with this important and fearful event as concerned my people and myself.

The leaders in this faction, from the countenance and support they thus unexpectedly received, instead of the attitude of humble and respectful suppliants for measures which they ought to have been well aware could never be conceded to them, assumed at once one of a more determined aspect. They had recourse to threats, and they appealed to the worst passions of the people, that they might be enabled to carry these threats into effect by physical force. Their followers flew to arms. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Military law was proclaimed, and the whole country was instantly thrown into a state of confusion, consternation, and anarchy.

My people, as well as those of every other religious denomination in the place, rose *en masse* as one man. We applied to the Government for a supply of arms. Our request was gladly acceded to, and two hundred and fifty firelocks were put into the hands of our young men. About a hundred and fifty more had fire-arms of their own. Thus equipped we set off in high spirits to join a small detachment of regular troops which had been ordered to march into the very heart of the disaffected settlements, where the rebel forces had taken up a very advantageous position. They had among them a man * possessed of some know-

* This unfortunate man, after his forces were dispersed, hid himself in a ditch. His pursuers, however, were upon his track, and found him. When he saw them approaching to take him prisoner, he drew a pistol from his sash and shot himself. Five hundred pounds had been promised for his capture.

ledge of military tactics, which he had acquired in actual service in the petty warfare so long and so fruitlessly carried on in the South American republics. Under this man's instructions they fortified their position and barricaded the approaches to it with fallen trees and other timber, and succeeded in rendering it somewhat formidable.

Ecclesiastics in the olden time frequently laid aside the cowl and the cassock for the hauberk and cuirass, and why not now, when our altars, our hearths, nay, our very existence were at stake? Although I may not presume to class myself with those heroic and warlike Churchmen of old, I considered it no less my imperative duty to share with my people the imminent peril which I had induced them to encounter.

At the commencement of our march an incident occurred which would have satisfied me as to the propriety of my conduct on this occasion, if I had entertained any doubt concerning it. We had not proceeded beyond the house next to my own, when we were joined by three stalwart young men, the only children of their aged parents. The poor mother was wringing her hands at her cottage door, and loudly bewailing her bereavement, as she considered it. I accosted her with all the soothing words I could think of, to allay her grief. My efforts were unheeded for some time, and when they did attract her notice, instead of producing the effect intended, they seemed to add gall to the bitterness of her overwrought feelings.

"It 's all very fine," she said, "for the likes o' ye to raise the whole country side to go and fight for ye, while ye're sittin quietly, and safely too, by ye're own fireside, God forgi'e me for speaking so to your reverence; and my poor boys—"

"Not so fast, my good woman," I replied, interrupting her, "you are quite mistaken. There shall no danger befal your sons in which I myself, unarmed as I am, will not share; and if possible I will restore them all again to you, alive and unscathed."

"What!" she exclaimed, in perfect amazement, "you do not mean to say that *you 're* going with them?"

"Yes!" I replied, "most certainly, I do say so; I *am* going with them."

"Oh! if that 's the case, I 'm satisfied," she said, her counte-

nance suddenly lighting up with a gleam of satisfaction, which as suddenly vanished; and she added, after a slight pause, "But no! it cannot be! What? you leave your parish, your family, your dying child (one of our dear little children was dangerously ill at the time)! No! no!" she continued, "you only say so to pacify a poor heartbroken woman."

One of her sons now came and whispered a word in her ear, when she instantly exclaimed, "Well, well! I wouldn't have believed it! Oh yes," she continued, "my boys shall go with you to the very end of the world, and God bless you for ever!" She then turned her tearful eyes upon her sons, and attempted to say something to them; but the mother's feelings overcame her, and she could not speak. She conveyed to us her meaning, however, just as distinctly as words could have done, by a motion of her hand, in the direction of our march, as she re-entered her cottage, as much as to say, "Go on!" And on we went, receiving fresh accessions to our little band almost at every step, till it gathered and grew into a force of full fifteen hundred men, all with effective arms, and willing hands to wield them.

After marching several miles, we came up with a company belonging to the —— regiment, which we were aware had preceded us. We now halted and bivouacked for the night; and a cold night it was, the thermometer being nearly down to zero: we managed, however, to keep ourselves tolerably warm and comfortable by means of large fires, which we made out of the timber of the numerous log-fences in our immediate vicinity. To me, and to many more besides, that bivouac was indeed a novel and romantic scene. I could not sleep; or, if sometimes I fell into a dose, the "All 's well" of the sentries, which ever and anon was uttered close beside me, would rouse me up again to listen as the word was caught up from point to point by the other sentinels.

In the morning we again pursued our march, until we came to a rude barricade thrown across the road by the rebels. It was formed of logs and fallen trees, through which we could easily have cut our way in a few minutes, as it was not defended; but we had to lose some time in reconnoitring the woods on either side, lest we should fall into an ambuscade. No enemy, however, appeared to defend it, although small parties of them were seen

on the heights of the adjoining hills. They had no apparent motive for thus showing themselves, except to watch our motions, and then to fall back again upon their main body, from which they had doubtless been dispatched for this purpose. They retreated as we advanced, and took good care, according to their ideas of distance, to keep beyond the reach of our arms. But we had a few men with long rifles, whose range they had not measured correctly. These got a shot or two at them, which showed them their danger, and made them keep at a more respectful distance.

At length, without further obstruction, we reached a populous village, where we were met by two regiments of regular troops and a brigade or two of artillery. Here we also came up with the enemy. They occupied a well-chosen and rather formidable position, and were evidently determined to make a desperate stand. Our arrival was the signal of battle; and we had no sooner taken up the position assigned to us by an aide-de-camp than the fight began. The roar of artillery and musquetry, the clashing of sabres and bayonets, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the wounded and dying, the murdering charge of the cavalry, altogether, as might naturally be supposed, gave rise to feelings in a novice like myself which it would be impossible to describe. I may say, however, that these feelings were very different from what I had supposed they would have been before the action commenced. Fear and apprehension prevailed then; partly for my own personal safety, but more, I think, from some other cause, I hardly know what, unless it was the suspense, the death-like stillness which prevailed before the battle began, during which minutes seemed hours. But the moment the first shot was fired the spell was broken, the oppressive weight was removed from my mind, and all was excitement and triumphant exultation, as I saw my young men so fearlessly and so resolutely rush upon the foe.

The battle lasted several hours: the rebels fought at first with more cool and determined bravery than we had given them credit for possessing; and even afterwards, when all but discomfited, they fought with desperation; their leaders at least did. One of them, whose means of escape were cut off, refused quarter as the price of his surrender, and fought alone till he was ac-

tually shot down. Another shot himself, to avoid being taken alive. A great many of the poor deluded wretches were killed upon the field of battle: many, as they were running away, were deliberately shot by such of our men as had rifles. I myself heard one man boast of having brought down three of them, just as if they had been so many wild beasts of the forest. Several of our own men were wounded, and some few killed; but how many I never could ascertain.

The horrors of that fearful day were by no means over, as we supposed, when the victory was achieved, and we had turned away on our homeward journey from that doomed village. Before we were out of sight every house was in flames, and in a few hours more it was a heap of ruins. On the evening of the following day, to the unspeakable delight of our families and friends, we arrived safe and unharmed at our several homes.

We were under the firm impression that the rebellion had now been entirely suppressed; and so indeed it was, but still we were not allowed to rest in peace. Bands of marauders from the neighbouring republic, under the specious but flimsy pretext of sympathy in the sufferings of an oppressed people struggling for their liberty, but actuated in reality by the vilest motives, made frequent incursions into our now otherwise quiet settlements. These inroads, made under the cover of night, were generally stained with blood and rapine, and always accompanied with plundering and conflagration. Other attacks, however, were made by larger bodies of men in open day, and in defiance of the whole force of the country. We had indeed several hard-fought battles with them. Although invariably defeated, nothing seemed to deter them from these vain and preposterous attempts to liberate us from what they termed "the bondage and tyranny of monarchical institutions." In two instances our troops killed or captured the whole party. The officers were either hanged or transported, while the men were sent back to their own country without the slightest punishment; let loose, as it were on purpose to commit fresh and, if possible, more horrid outrages. In another instance, when these marauders had taken possession of an island in one of the lakes, a gallant little party of our men cut out from one of the harbours of the republic a steamer, the Caroline, that supplied them with provisions, &c.,

set it on fire, and sent it in flames over the far-famed falls of Niagara. Still they persevered; and at length an attack was made upon a part of the country considered to be in a defenceless state, owing to there being no regular troops within a distance of some hundreds of miles. A colonel of militia, a man of a brave and resolute character, immediately mustered the men under his command to repel the Americans. After a hard-fought battle, he succeeded in driving back the enemy, many of whom were killed in the action, and some few taken prisoners; these he ordered immediately to be shot. This was a lesson which they could not misunderstand, and they evidently felt its import, for we had no more of their incursions. The determined conduct of this militia officer put an end at once to this miserable and petty warfare, which had kept the whole of our frontier country in a state of perpetual alarm and apprehension.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Pluralities—Clergy Reserves—Another New Church—A Ferry—A Perilous Adventure—Another Grace Darling—Humane Society—An Interesting Scene.

DURING the last half-century a great deal of violent discussion has arisen in England on the subject of clergymen holding more livings than one. This system was at one time carried to such an extravagant excess as to induce the British legislature to take the subject into its consideration as a grave question of national importance. It was time indeed that it did so, as it had become so palpable and obvious an evil as to give rise to the most bitter feelings of animosity against the Church, and was the war-cry of many of her most insidious enemies. In admitting, however, the necessity of legislative interference for the correction of this evil, we do not concede to our opponents the point they have always so strenuously contended for, namely, that this evil existed, and this interference became necessary, in consequence of an inherent and constitutional defect in our glorious Establishment. On the contrary, I maintain that the evil originated in the zealous and unwearied labours and exertions of the clergy during a very long period, when such labours were totally and absolutely unrequited, and during another of perhaps equal or longer duration, when they were but very partially remunerated. When, however, such a change occurred in the whole circumstances and economy of the country as to increase the value of these livings more than fivefold, and some such instances have occurred within my own recollection, then was the outcry raised against pluralities, and the ill-paid and starved incumbents of the same parishes half a century before were forgotten.

I have been led into these remarks from the circumstance of my being to all intents and purposes a pluralist myself: but unfortunately for me, my incumbency falls within the category I have first adverted to, namely, the period during which clerical

labour is entirely unrequited. My mission comprises three townships, which will, doubtless, in time be erected into as many distinct and separate parishes. From each of these townships I now receive about three pounds a year; not more, altogether, than half as much as pays me for keeping a horse, which I am obliged to keep on their account. One of them is endowed with a few acres of land, and the two others may very likely in the course of time be similarly endowed. These lands, although valueless at present, because they are unproductive, may some fifty years hence become very productive, sufficiently so at least to afford an adequate support to as many incumbents, when each parish would naturally expect to have a pastor of its own; and an outcry would be raised, and very justly, if this boon should be denied them. Thus, while the infancy of the Church in this country during the last fifty years has shown the origin of pluralities, its more matured growth in the next fifty may, and most likely will, be illustrative of their history.

The municipal divisions in these colonies consist of districts, counties, and townships, or seigniories, but generally townships. These last are squares, or rather parallelograms, containing from sixty to a hundred square miles each, one-seventh of which was reserved in lieu of tithes,* and appropriated to the maintenance of the Established Church, a provision quite sufficient for the purpose intended.

This wise and beneficent scheme was not, however, to be carried out. A strange infatuation seemed to have taken possession of the minds of those in power. Evil counsels prevailed, and those lands were taken from us under the specious pretext of justice, and divided nearly equally among all the prevailing denominations of professing Christians.

This tyrannical and unjust measure, worthy the days of the darkest despotism, has been followed by other attempts of similar spoliation, but hitherto, happily, without success. The friends of the Church seem at length to be roused from their indifference, and, impressed with a due sense of those important duties

* Tithes are paid in seigniories, and therefore no reserves have been made in them. They are inhabited chiefly by Papists, and, if I mistake not, lands are held under this peculiar tenure in only one of the North American provinces.

she has a right to expect from her children, have manfully come forward to vindicate and maintain her rights.

My present mission consists of three townships; but I have hitherto confined my narrative to what occurred in one only. This has been owing to its having been chosen as my head-quarters, and the central point of my labours, because it contained more members of the Church than either of the others. Of the other two, composing the outposts, as it were, of my mission, I shall now proceed to give some account; but all I have to say concerning one of them will occupy but a very brief space.

In this township the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, even Mormons, and I do not know how many sects besides, had long been labouring, and most successfully too, to create and maintain such a spirit of fanaticism as to infect nearly the whole of the infatuated inhabitants. This was particularly manifest in their violent hostility to the Church. They looked upon it in no other light than as a very specious, and, therefore, a very dangerous system of Popery. I need hardly add, that all my attempts to obtain a footing amongst them were fruitless and ineffectual.

In the other township to which I have alluded as constituting part of the extensive district over which my missionary labours extended, a much better and more rational feeling prevailed; consequently, my exertions there in establishing the Church were, under the Divine blessing, completely successful.

The greatest obstacle in our way at the commencement of our labours in, I believe, all new settlements, arises from the firm conviction and belief, on the part of the inhabitants, of their utter inability to build a church, notwithstanding the encouragement and assistance from the two great Church Societies at home. This assistance, heretofore, could always be depended upon; now, however, the case is very different. Enormously as the resources of these Societies have increased, yet our demands upon them have increased in a still greater ratio, so that they are often under the painful necessity of refusing to accede to them.

Although fully aware that, in consequence of the circumstances I have just mentioned, I could not place much dependance upon pecuniary aid from these Societies, I determined to

erect a church in this township, or to make the attempt at least, and I immediately got a subscription set on foot for the purpose.

Connected with the building of my first church, I have in an early part of this volume entered fully, perhaps tediously, into a detail of all the particulars. It did indeed appear to me at the time a most arduous and fearful undertaking; and such, in fact, it proved to be. Of the building of my second church I have said very little; and of this my third I shall say still less; and for this simple reason, that the history of the two last, in all its more important features, would have been a mere transcript of that of the first: with this difference, however, that in the two latter instances the difficulties and obstacles in my way were encountered without fear or apprehension, while the annoyances I had to endure were submitted to with more patience and resignation than on the first occasion. A demand for money, for instance, which I could not promptly meet, did not now, as formerly, distress me so much as to deprive me of a night's rest.

Although, as I feared would be the case, I did not obtain any assistance from home towards this church, yet I managed, with the blessing of God, to get it completed, or nearly so; not, however, without incurring some debts, which I do not see how we shall ever manage to pay, unless the Societies should yet be able to help us, which we well know they will do if they can. This church is a very neat and well-proportioned stone* building, fifty-five feet long by thirty-four wide, without the tower. The tower is thirteen feet square and forty-two high. We intend, when we can raise funds for the purpose, to finish it off with a spire about twenty-five feet high, to be covered with tin.

In attending to the building of the church, as well as to all my duties in the township in which it was situated, I had to cross a large and rapid river. In the winter this was easy enough, as during that season the ice is seldom less than two feet thick. In the spring it is impassable in this particular vicinity for more than a month, during the continuance of the freshets, when it rises to an enormqus height, sometimes as much

* Many country churches here are built of wood, more perhaps than of any other material, and some are built of brick. My first was of this latter material, but my two last were of stone.

sure enough it had. But in an instant afterwards, just as we thought they were about to be driven into the fatal breakers, they turned, to our inexpressible delight, as if drawn by some invisible power (the rope the ferryman had attached to the oar was, indeed, invisible to us), and followed the boat.

The ferryman and his sister had yet to pull a fearful distance for the time they had to do it in, to get out of that part of the current leading to the breakers. And they accomplished it. The man had the bow oar, and we could see the tough ash bend like a willow wand as he stretched out to keep the head of the boat partially up the stream. His sister, too, "kept her own," and the little punt shot out rapidly into the comparatively quiet stream, beyond the influence of that fearful current, which was rapidly driving them upon the breakers.

When this was accomplished, our fears for the safety of the noble-hearted brother and sister were at an end, and we took a long breath; it was, indeed, a relief to do so. Still we continued to watch their further proceedings with the deepest interest.

The moment they got into a less rapid current, which, they knew, led into comparatively still water, they ceased rowing, and allowed the punt to float down with it. The young ferryman now drew up the sweep alongside, and succeeded in getting the two unfortunate men into his boat. While he was doing this his sister went aft, and used her oar as a rudder to steer the boat. At the foot of the current, which they soon afterwards reached, there was no further danger. But we watched them still; and we saw them row ashore, on their own side of the river. One of the poor fellows was so much exhausted that the ferryman had to carry him on his back to the nearest house, where he soon recovered.

Twelve months after this took place I had the satisfaction of presenting to this worthy ferryman, in the presence of above five hundred men, a beautiful silver medallion, sent out to me by the Royal Humane Society, to which I had transmitted an account of the occurrence. Nor was the heroine of my story forgotten. A similar medallion was given to him for his sister. She could not, with propriety, be present herself, as it was the annual muster-day of the militia in that locality.

A concise account of the particulars of the transaction, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and signed by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, as President of the Society, accompanied each medallion. I need scarcely add, that the old and widowed mother of these young people, who lives with them and is wholly dependent upon them for her support, was a proud woman that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Spring—The Aurora Borealis—A Dry Summer—Dreadful Conflagrations—Benevolent Contributions—Domestic Afflictions—Conclusion.

THE inhabitants of more temperate climates can neither understand nor appreciate the feelings of delight with which we welcome the first approach of Spring. After the whole face of the earth has been covered with snow to the depth of two or three feet, during four or five long and weary months, no wonder if we hail with joy the first glimpse of the green and smiling fields, the bursting buds and the sweet odoriferous blossoms. No wonder if we gather the earliest wild flowers with childlike and enthusiastic pleasure, and are enchanted with the thrilling music of the "woods and forests green."

I love the spring. It harmonizes so perfectly with all my hopes of life and happiness, and peace both here and hereafter. And how many pleasing associations and events does it bring along with it. First in importance comes Easter, that great and glorious festival, so wisely and so appropriately celebrated during this vivifying and exhilarating season. Then, again, it is the line of demarcation between the two grand divisions of the year, for in this country we can hardly be said to have more than two, winter and summer: it is the harbinger of a change from all that is lifeless and gloomy, to the bright and glorious summer, when all nature is renewed in life and vigour.

The Spring of this year was marked by one of those extraordinary exhibitions of the Aurora Borealis, which are seldom witnessed even in this country, and never in England.

One evening when there was no moon, and just as the sun had set and the twilight was coming on, a bright light, like that which precedes the sun's rising, was seen in the east. This light, after remaining motionless for a few minutes, assumed a columnar appearance and a fiery red colour, and began to dance and

flicker, and shoot up into the cloudless sky, like the flames from one of our mountains when on fire,* whilst a hissing noise was distinctly audible. This continued only for a few minutes, when other fires seemed to rise, one after another in quick succession, on either side till the horizon all around was in a blaze. The light they emitted was beautiful and bright, so bright that one could see to read by it.

The flames shot up their serpent tongues fiercer and higher till they approached the zenith, where they all met together, and formed what might have been compared, from its deep red colour, to a coronal of blood and fire.

At length all these rapid flickering motions ceased, and although the light continued, it was motionless; at the end of a couple of hours it gradually faded away.

I was very much surprised the day following to find that nearly the whole neighbourhood had been in a dreadful state of fear and consternation. At first they thought the time had come "when the earth and all that is therein" was to be burnt up. And then, when the fires, as they supposed them to have been, were extinguished, and they saw and understood what it was that had thus frightened them, they fancied it to be the portentous forerunner of some dire calamity—the cholera, perhaps, or another rebellion, or a war with the United States. This last supposition brought back many an old man's tale of the wonderful northern lights which were seen immediately before the great American war in 1776, and which the superstitious fears of the multitude turned into hosts of living beings fiercely contending in the sky.

The dry and hot summer which succeeded was marked by several fearful and calamitous conflagrations. One very large

* Many of the mountains in this country are covered with dense forests. The leaves which fall every autumn accumulate, sometimes for years, until we have a particularly dry summer, when, somehow or other, either by accident or design, they are always set on fire, and burn sometimes for several days. The mountains in one of the States of the neighbouring Republic are on fire at this very moment while I am now writing, and have been burning for more than a week, and we can distinctly see the red glare in the sky above them, although, from their great distance, even the tops of the mountains themselves from whence the flames arise are beyond the limits of our horizon.

town in the United States, near the frontier line, was almost totally consumed. A space of sixty acres of the most densely peopled portion of it became one mass of ruins. In one of our own small towns the church and about two hundred houses were burnt; and in Quebec two thousand houses were destroyed, and twelve thousand persons reduced, in a few hours, to houseless beggary and destitution.

In all the towns and villages, as well as in all the scattered settlements throughout this country, a great majority of the houses are built of wood; they are consequently, in this dry climate, very liable to take fire, and, in a long drought, such as occurred during this summer, they become so inflammable, that the slightest spark of fire, even from a pipe (and nine people out of ten of the whole population smoke always), is sufficient to set a whole country side in a blaze; so that the wonder is, not that such fearful conflagrations should happen once in every ten or fifteen years, but that they should not occur much more frequently.

The public, both here and at home, readily and generously responded to the call made upon their benevolence, and in a few weeks upwards of ten thousand pounds were subscribed and expended in relieving the miseries of the most wretched of the sufferers by this dreadful and calamitous visitation.

The reader will have observed that in the last few chapters I have said very little about my duties. The fact is, I had little to say that I had not said before. They had become so uniform, and were so similar to those I had already described, that I could give no account of them without subjecting my narrative to the imputation of being spun out to a tedious and unnecessary length.

This, I hope, will be a sufficient apology, not only for the omission I have adverted to, but for my having entered so minutely into other matters.

In the last casual reference I made to my family, I mentioned that at the time I accompanied my people in their march against the rebels, I had left one of my children dangerously ill. This was a fine little boy, about fourteen months old. He had been gradually sinking for several months, under some chronic disease, which terminated in a rapid decline. He lingered on for more than a month longer, until the following Christmas Eve,

when his blessed spirit took its flight to Him who gave it; and, in sadness and sorrow, we laid his earthly remains by the side of those of his little brother—for he was the second we had lost since we came to our present place of abode.

Severely as we felt the loss of our two little boys, it was comparatively light when contrasted with our distress at the death of our youngest daughter. This was indeed the heaviest affliction that had ever yet befallen us. She was twelve years old, and her sweetness of disposition, her amiable and affectionate conduct, her meek and submissive deportment, endeared her to all who knew her. But, above all, her fervent and serious piety, strikingly contrasted as it was with her playfulness and vivacity, gave her a hold upon our hearts and affections which no words can describe.

She was for more than a year in a weak and delicate state of health, alternating between better and worse. She always supposed she should recover, until the fatal truth was communicated to her by a dear friend who undertook the sorrowful task, which we felt ourselves unable to perform. She received the fatal intimation with the utmost calmness; not a feature in her face moved, not a sigh nor a murmur escaped her lips; and when her broken-hearted mother and myself went to her, she said, with a smile which nothing but death can ever make us forget, "You should not cry; it is the Lord's will, you know, and I am only going to my little brothers." It was a hard trial, but "we mourn not like those who have no hope"—"we shall go to them, but they will not return to us."

We lost three other children, but we have six still left to us. They are now all nearly grown up, and promise, under the blessing of God, to be the solace of our declining years. But we are deprived, in a great measure, of their society—that of our sons at least. They are scattered far and wide over this all but boundless country, and we can only hope to see them once a year, during a hurried visit to us of a few days.

My missionary life is drawing to its close, and this little, unpretending account of it must end here. Were I to prolong it,

I fear that it would consist only of a wearisome detail of afflicting and distressing incidents, arising partly out of my reduced circumstances, and partly from the infirmities of age, which I feel are gradually creeping upon me. Still I hope that, so long as I am spared to watch over my flock, I may be found a faithful shepherd, and not ungrateful for the numberless mercies and blessings which my heavenly Master has heaped upon me.

THE END.

London: Printed by W. CLOWES and SONS, Stamford Street.