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BARBARA HECK

A Tale of Early Methodism

BY

W. H. WITHROW

CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & CURTS
NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON
1895

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AUTHOR'S EXPLANATORY NOTE.

THE accompanying story first appeared in the numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, for the year 1880, and is here reprinted from those numbers. Some time after its first appearance, the Rev. J. Jackson Wray requested the writer to contribute a story to his magazine published in London, England. The story of Barbara Heck was offered him for a stipulated sum. It remained in his possession for some years, notwithstanding a request for its return or for payment therefor. At length, in 1892, it appeared in a considerably expanded form under the title "Brave Barbara; The Story of a German Bible, by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray," without the present writer's knowledge or consent and without any recognition of his share therein, in the *Christian Herald* of London. It was only by accident, while

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traveling in Bulgaria, in May, 1892, that the present writer obtained from a Greek gentleman a copy of the *Herald*, containing a chapter of that story. A strong remonstrance elicited no response from Mr. Wray, or his representative, or publisher.

In the year 1893, the issue of the story of "Brave Barbara" was begun in the *Christian Herald* of New York, edited by Dr. Talmage, as "by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray." On remonstrance of the writer for this unwarrantable use of his work, the publisher of the *Christian Herald* recognized his rights therein by the payment of a sum agreed upon, and by printing at the head of each subsequent installment the name of the present writer, together with that of the Rev. J. Jackson Wray. These explanations are given in vindication of the original authorship of this story, which is here reprinted entirely from the original medium in which it appeared, and in its original form.

W. H. WITHROW.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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BARBARA HECK.

CHAPTER I.

THE SEED OF THE KINGDOM.

ON a blithe spring morning in the year 1760 a remarkable group of persons were assembled on the Custom-house Quay, in the ancient city of Limerick, Ireland. An air of hurry and excitement was apparent in some of its members, which contrasted with the singular calmness of the others. Bales, boxes, bedding, and household gear were piled up on the quay, or were being rapidly conveyed, with much shouting, by stout-armed sailors, dressed in blue-striped guernsey shirts, on board a vessel of about three hundred tons' burden that lay alongside the pier, with sails partially unbent, like a sea-fowl preening her wings for flight. This was evidently a group of emigrants about to leave their mother country for a land beyond the sea. Yet they

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were emigrants of a superior sort, all decently clad—the men in knee-breeches, comfortable hose, and frieze coats; and the women in blue cloaks, with hoods, and snowy caps. It was not poverty from which they fled; for their appearance was one of staid respectability, equally removed from wealth and abjectness. Very affectionate and demonstrative were the warm-hearted leave-takings of the friends and neighbors about to be separated, many of them never to meet on earth again.

"Ah! Mr. Philip, shall we niver hear ye praich again?" pathetically cried one kind-hearted Irish widow. "Who 'll taich us the good way when ye're beyant the salt say?"

"You forget, Mother Mehan, that Mr. Wesley will send one of his helpers to Balligarrene, and come himself sometimes."

"O! Mollie, darlint, shall we niver see yer purty face again? Shure it 's as beautiful as the face of the Vargin herself," went on the inconsolable creature, addressing a very young woman, who looked the lovelier for her tears. "The very sight o' ye was betther than the praist's blessin'! But I 'll not forget the good

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words ye've tould me; and Mr. Philip, and swate Barbara Heck and her good man, Paul. The Lord love ye and kape ye all; and all the saints protect ye." The good woman had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and had not shaken off her old manner of speech, although she had for some time been won, by the singing and simple, heartfelt prayers of her Protestant neighbors, to the warm-hearted Methodist worship.

The voyagers at length, one by one, climbed the gangway to the vessel's deck, amid much wringing of hands and parting words, not unmingled with tears and sorrowful faces. The apparent leader of the party, a young man of singularly grave demeanor for his years, dressed in dark frieze coat, not unlike the sort now called "ulsters," approaching the taffrail of the vessel, and taking from his breast-pocket a well-worn Bible, read to those around and to those upon the quay that sublime passage in the hundred and seventh Psalm, beginning with these words:

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see

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the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

As he continued to read, his voice gathered strength and volume till it rang out loud and clear, and with an exulting tone in the closing words:

"O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

"Yes, my brethren," continued the speaker, "God opened a way through the sea for our fathers from the presence of their enemies, and led them into this fair and goodly land. But now it has become too strait for us, and we go to seek new homes in the land of promise in the West. We go forth with God as our Protector and our Guide. He is as near by water as by land. Many of our brethren have gone before us to that land, and many of you, we trust, will follow after. But on whichever side of the sea we dwell, we dwell beneath his care; and for the rest,—the way to heaven is as near from the wilds of America as from the shores of dear old Ireland."

"Thrue for ye;" "It 's even so, so it is,"

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ejaculated several of his auditors, while others answered mutely with their tears.

"What mean ye to weep and break our hearts?" said the first speaker, thinking of another parting on the seashore.* "Is that all the Godspeed ye have for us? Come, let us sing a verse to cheer up our souls a bit;" and, with a mellow, resonant voice, he began to sing a hymn, which one after another took up, till it swelled into an exultant pæan of triumph:

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

O let our heart and mind
Continue to ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labors end;

Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain,—
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again."

"And now let us commend one another to God and the word of his grace," continued the youthful speaker; and, kneeling down upon the deck, in a fervent prayer he invoked

* Acts xxi, 5-14.

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God's blessing and protection on those who should brave the perils of the deep and on those who remained on the shore.

"Now, Mr. Embury," said the boatswain, touching his cap, when this unusual service was over, "we must haul in the hawsers. 'Time and tide wait for no man.' See, the current is already turning. We must fall down the river with this tide. Shake out your top-sails, there," he shouted to the men in the shrouds; and to those on the shore, "Throw off the moorings; let go the stern line." And gently the vessel began to glide upon her way.

Farewell words and loving greetings are spoken from the ship and from the shore. Wistful eyes look through their gathering tears. Many a fervent "God bless you," "God keep you," is uttered. As the last adieus are waved, and as the vessel onward glides, are heard, borne fitfully upon the breeze, the strain,

> "Who meet on that eternal shore
> Shall never part again."

The sailing of that little vessel was an apparently insignificant event, and, save the

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friends of those on board, little would the great world have recked had it foundered in the deep. But that frail bark was a new *Mayflower*, freighted with the germs of an immortal harvest, which was destined to fill the whole land, the fruit whereof should shake like Lebanon. Those earnest souls, in the flush of youth and hope and love, bore with them the immortal leaven which was to leaven with its spiritual life a whole continent.

Of the leader of this little company we have already spoken. By the side of Philip Embury stood his youthful wife, Mary Embury, a blooming young matron of remarkable personal beauty, not yet eighteen, and already two years married. As the vessel glided down the winding Shannon, her eyes looked wistfully through her tears upon the emerald banks and purple uplands she should never see again.

"Do you repent leaving the dear old home?" asked her husband, as he threw his arm caressingly around her.

"Wherever you are, Philip, there is home," she said, nestling in his arms and smiling

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through her tears, like the sun shining through a shower of summer rain. "Wherever thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Near by stood Paul Heck, a man of grave appearance and devout manner, and by his side his wife, Barbara Heck, a blushing bride of a few weeks, although nearly ten years older than her bosom friend, Mary Embury. Around them were grouped others, whose names were destined to become familiar to future generations as founders of Methodism in the New World.

How came this group of Teutonic emigrants to be leaving the shores of Old Ireland for the New World? The answer to this question will carry us far back in the history of Europe. In the providence of God, times and places most remote from one another are often indissolubly linked together by chains of sequences—by relations of cause and effect. The vast organization of Methodism throughout this entire continent, in this nineteenth century, has a definite relation to the vaulting ambition and persecuting bigotry of Louis

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XIV in the seventeenth century. That dissolute monarch, not sated with the atrocity and bloodshed caused by his infamous revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, whereby half a million of the best subjects of France became exiles forever, twice ruthlessly invaded the German Palatinate. In a few weeks Marshal Turenne overran the country, and gave to the flames and sack and pillage thirty thriving towns.

Unable to maintain his conquests against the resolute Protestant inhabitants and their allies, the Grand Monarque, the most polished gentleman in Europe, deliberately gave orders from his palace of Versailles for the utter devastation of the country. The inhuman orders were obeyed with atrocious fidelity. Eighty thousand men, trained in the art of slaughter, were let loose upon the hapless country, which they ravaged with fire and sword. Heidelberg, Manheim, Spires, Worms, Oppenheim, Bingen, and Baden, towns and cities of historic fame, with their venerable cathedrals, their stately palaces, and their homes of industry, together with many a

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humble hamlet and solitary farmstead, were given to the flames. At the old imperial city of Spires the French soldiers stole the ornaments off the coffins, and mockingly scattered to the winds the dust of the German emperors.

"Crops, farms, vines, orchards, fruit-trees," says a veracious chronicler, "were all destroyed; and this once rich and smiling land was converted into a desolate wilderness." In the bleak and bitter winter weather a hundred thousand houseless peasants—gray-haired sires and childing mothers and helpless children—wandered about in abject misery "imprecating," says the chronicler, "the vengeance of Heaven upon the heartless tyrant who had caused their ruin." Everywhere were found the corpses of men frozen to death.

Thousands of the wretched fugitives took refuge within the lines of the English general, Marlborough. More than six thousand came to London, reduced from affluence to poverty, and were fed by the dole of public charity. A number—and with these we are at present more particularly interested—emigrated, un-

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der the auspices of the British Government, to Ireland, and settled in the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale. They received grants of eight acres of land for each person, young and old, for which the government paid the rent for twenty years. In a contemporary list of these "Irish Palatines" occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, "better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their houses are remarkably clean, besides which they have a stable, cow-house, and neat kitchen garden. The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own farms."

In the good Protestant soil of those hearts providentially prepared for the reception of the gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good living. Wesley and his "helpers" penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor

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refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England.

In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. Her family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name Ruckle Hill to the place of their residence in Balligarrene. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord and in the practice of piety. She grew to womanhood, fair in person, and adorned especially with the graces of the Christian character. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers, and formally took upon her the vows of the Lord.

"From the beginning of her Christian life," records her biographer, "her piety was of the purest and profoundest character. The Wesleyan doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit was the inward personal test of piety among

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the Methodists of that day; and it was the daily criterion of the spiritual life of Barbara Heck. When, in extreme age, she was about to close her life-pilgrimage in the remote wilds of Canada, after assisting in the foundation of her Church in that province as well as in the United States, she could say that she had never lost the evidence of her acceptance with God for twenty-four hours together, from the day of her conversion. She was of a thoughtful and serious habit of mind, calm, self-collected, and quietly resolute. She had, through her entire Christian life, intervals of sadness and of severe mental conflict; and there are traditions among her descendants which show that these trials were not unlike those of the great Reformer when enduring the "hour and power of darkness" in the castle of Wartburg. Her German Bible, her familiar companion to the end of her days, was her consolation in trial, and prayer her habitual resource.

As the sun went down beneath the western wave, the little company of emigrants on ship-

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board gathered on the deck to take their last look at the dear old land which had been to most of them the land of their birth. The lofty summit of Brandon Hill lay golden in the light of the setting sun, then turned to ashen gray, which deepened in the shades of twilight to a rich purple hue, and then sank beneath the waves. Not many words were spoken, but not a few tears trickled silently down the cheeks of the women, whose separation from their native land wrung their very heartstrings. The rising wind whistled through the shrouds. The long roll of the Atlantic rocked the frail bark like a cradle in the deep, and made retirement to the crowded little cabin agreeable to most of the party.

By the light of the swaying lamp, Philip Embury, who, though almost the youngest man of the company, was its acknowledged leader and head, read words of comfort from the Book Divine. As the waves smote with an ominous sound upon the wooden walls which seemed such a frail defense between them and the unfathomable sea, they enbraved their hearts by singing the grand old hymn,

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to which their present position gave a new depth of meaning—

"The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
And carry us above."

Embury then called on the grave, God-fearing Paul Heck to lead the devotions of the little band, and with deep emotion he commended them all to the Fatherly keeping of that God who guides the winds in their course and holds the seas in the hollow of his hand.

Many weary weeks of storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, passed by, the dreary monotony of sea and sky rimmed by the unbroken horizon, without sight of sail or shore. At last was heard the joyous cry of "Land! Land ahead!" Daily prayer and praise had made the little ship a floating Bethel, and now glad thanksgiving ascended from every heart. Eager eyes scanned the horizon, rising higher and becoming more clearly defined.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Mary

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Embury, as, wan and weak with long seasickness, she leaned upon the vessel's rail at her husband's side, as the wooded heights of Staten Island came in view. And as the splendid bay of New York, with its crowded shipping, opened out, she exclaimed, with childlike surprise: "Why, I believe it 's as large as Limerick! Who would have thought it in this New World!"

Still greater was the surprise of the whole party when, on the 10th of August, 1760—a day memorable in the religious history of this continent—they landed in New York and beheld the crowded and busy streets of a city which, even then, was more populous than any in Ireland, not excepting the ancient capital, Dublin, than which they were slow to believe there was anything finer upon earth.

A feeling of loneliness, however, came over their hearts as they left the floating house in which they had been domiciled for twelve long weeks, to seek new homes in the land of strangers. But soon they discovered some of their countrymen, and even a few former acquaintances who had previously emigrated,

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and to whom they felt themselves knit by closer ties because all others were such utter strangers. Philip Embury soon obtained employment at his trade as a house-carpenter and joiner, in which he possessed more than ordinary skill; and the others of the honest and industrious Palatine community were shortly engaged in some one or other of the manifold occupations of the busy and thriving town.

Embury for a time endeavored to be faithful to his duty as class-leader and local preacher, by attempting some religious care for his Methodist companions in exile from their native land. But we are told that they fell away from their steadfastness amid the temptations of their new condition, possibly saying like the exiled Jews of old, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury in turn became discouraged, lost his religious zeal, and, constitutionally diffident, for some years ceased to exercise among them the duties of his office. Barbara Heck continued meanwhile to nourish her religious life by daily communion with God and with her old German Bible.

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CHAPTER II.

THE SEED BEARS FRUIT.

FIVE busy years have passed away since the arrival of our Irish Palatines in the New World. The home longings for the land of their birth have been in large part succeeded by feelings of patriotic pride in the prosperity and rapid progress of the land of their adoption. Their religious prosperity, however, had not kept pace with that of their outward estate; and they had in large degree become conformed to the worldliness of the society in which they lived.

Now, however, the seeds of grace, long dormant, were to germinate and bring forth the first fruits of the glorious harvest which was yet to fill the land. This happy result was brought about in this wise: Another company of Palatine emigrants, in the autumn of 1765, arrived at New York. Among them were Paul Ruckle, brother of Barbara Heck, Jacob Heck, her brother-in-law, and other old neighbors

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and friends. A few only of these were Methodists; the others were characterized by the worldliness of life and conduct which marked the period. The renewal of old friendships led to much social visiting, not unmixed with hilarious and not always innocent amusement. One of the characteristics of the times was a passion for card-playing—a device of the devil for killing time in an age when books and intellectual occupations were few, but which has still less excuse amid the affluence of these occupations at the present day.

In this amusement, varied by talk of auld lang syne in the land beyond the sea, a social group was one evening indulging in the house of one of their number—although there is no evidence that any of them were Methodists or connected with Embury. Casually, or let us say rather, providentially, Mrs. Barbara Heck called at the house, which was that of an acquaintance, to exchange greetings with her old friends. She had faithfully maintained through all these years a close and constant walk with God. Her conscience was therefore sensitive to the least approach or appearance of evil.

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Seeing before her what she regarded as a snare of the devil for the ruin of souls, and inspired with a holy boldness, she snatched the cards from the table and flung them into the open fireplace, exclaiming:

"What, friends! will ye tamper with Satan's tools, and fear ye not to be sore hurt thereby? Touch them no more, I beseech you, and pray God to forgive you your sin and folly."

"Amen!" said one of the number, conscience-stricken at this reproof. "I repent that ever I touched them. I will pay back every penny I ever won; for it is not mine, nor honestly earned. God helping me, I will never touch the gaudy and seductive pasteboards again."

"Sure, where 's the harm of a quiet game among old friends?" said another, rather indignant at the unceremonious interruption of the game. "I never play for high stakes; and if I win sometimes, why, sometimes I lose; and that makes it all even."

"Can ye ask God's blessing on the game?" demanded the earnest-souled Barbara. "Can ye shuffle these paltry toys to his glory and for

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your soul's weal?" and she pointed with the majestic air of an ancient prophetess to the crisped and burning cards lying writhing in the flames. "If so, play on. But well I wot, your own hearts will say nay."

"Barbara is right," said her brother, Thomas Ruckle; "I never knew her to be wrong. God is speaking to us through her. Let us listen to his voice. Let us take heed to our ways."

The little company dispersed, seemingly saddened and sobered by the fearless reproof of an honest and God-fearing woman, faithful to her convictions of duty and her intuitions of right. No more cards were played in that house, and deep religious convictions settled upon not a few minds of the company.

Nor did the results end here. Under a divine impulse, Barbara Heck went straightway to the house of her cousin, Philip Embury, and appealed to him no longer to neglect his duty, but to exhort and warn and reprove the members of that Palatine community, of which God by his providence had made him the leader and religious adviser. With a keen

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sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she entreated him with tears, and exclaimed:

"Philip Embury, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand."

"I can not preach; I have neither house nor congregation," he replied, not without a feeling that, like Jonah, he was flying from the call of God.

"That shall not long be your excuse," interrupted this intrepid woman. "I will find the congregation and you shall find the house. Why, this very room in which we stand will do to begin in; and when it becomes too strait, the Lord will provide another."

With glowing zeal this new Deborah arose and went forth to begin the great work of organizing the first Methodist service in the New World. That day was kindled a fire which has wrapped a continent in its holy flame, and which, by God's grace, shall never be put out while the world shall stand. At the appointed time of service a little congregation of four persons was assembled in the humble parlor of Philip Embury, to whom, with penitent

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confessions of his own shortcomings and neglect of duty, and amid tears of contrition and a fresh dedication to God, he broke the bread of life.

"That little group," writes Dr. Abel Stevens, "prefigured the future mission of Methodism in its widespread assemblies throughout the New World, as preaching the gospel to the poor. Small as it was, it included black and white, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman which Wesley organized, and to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list; with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his 'hired man;' and by her side an African servant called 'Betty.' Such, let it ever be remembered, was the germ and type of the congregations of Methodism which now stud the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Mexican Gulf almost to the perpetual snows of the north;

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they could hardly have had a more fitting prototype."

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the bread of life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Savior, and their hearts responded warmly to his earnest words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the king's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived.

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When the sermon was ended, he made his way through the little congregation, who stood somewhat in awe of his official dignity, to the preacher's desk. He warmly clasped Embury by the hand, and said:

"Sir, I salute you in the name of the Lord. My name is Captain Thomas Webb, of His Majesty's service; not only a soldier of the king, God bless him, but also a soldier of the Cross and a spiritual son of John Wesley."

Warmly was the newcomer welcomed as "a brother beloved," and he was courteously invited to address the congregation. Without any hesitation, he complied, and in the easy manner of a polished English gentleman he briefly, in Methodist phrase, related his religious experience.

He had been a faithful soldier of King George, and bore in his person the marks of his devotion to his service. He wore over one of his eyes a dark shade, looking like a badge of mourning for the loss of the sight of that injured orb. He had rushed through the surf against a murderous fire at the siege of Louisburg, in Cape Breton, where he lost his right

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eye. He had been among the first to climb the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, and had been severely wounded in fighting under Wolfe, in that memorable battle which closed the long conflict between English Protestantism and French Catholicism for the possession of the broad continent. Eight years later he heard John Wesley preach in Bristol, and forthwith recognized him as the spiritual leader under whose captaincy he was henceforth to wage a nobler warfare than that of arms. He considered that his life had been providentially spared in the day of battle to be fully consecrated to the service of his Divine Master. He used often, in conversation with his friends, to narrate with devout gratitude his deliverance in the hour of peril.

"As I was leading with my company," he used to say, "I suddenly felt a sharp pang, followed by a flash of light, and then all was dark. I was borne to the rear, and carried with the rest of the wounded to the boats and rowed to the British camp. I was almost gone, and had just consciousness enough to hear the soldiers say: 'He needs no help.

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He 's dead enough.' I mustered strength to say, 'No, I 'm not dead yet,' when I fainted away, and all became black again. The surgeons say that if the ball had struck a hair's breadth higher or lower I would have been a dead man. But God in mercy spared me. I was not then fit to die. And now I sorrow not at the loss of bodily sight, since he has opened the eyes of my mind to see wondrous things out of his law."

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CHAPTER III.

OLD COLONY DAYS.

CAPTAIN WEBB was serving as barrack-master at the quaint old town of Albany, where there was a considerable body of British troops, when he first heard of the little band of Methodists at New York. He sought an early opportunity of aiding, by his presence and influence, the struggling religious community upon which the more aristocratic portion of society looked down with a haughty disdain. In his scarlet coat and sash and gold epaulettes, he often stood behind the little wooden desk that served as a pulpit, and laying his sword across the open pages of the Bible, preached with an energy and an eloquence that soon crowded the house.

So greatly did the congregations increase, that it shortly became necessary to seek a larger room. An old rigging loft in William Street was therefore engaged, and roughly

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fitted up for worship. The naked rafters of the roof still remained uncovered. A somewhat tarry smell clung to the walls. An old ship's figurehead—a "gypsy king" with gilded crown, supposed to represent one of the Eastern Magi—supported the pulpit and formed an excellent reading desk. When Captain Webb stood behind it in full regimentals, he looked not unlike an admiral standing in the bow of his ship, or a warrior riding in a triumphal car. This unwonted state of affairs was the occasion of no small comment in the gossiping old town.

"They do say," said Squire Blake, the rather pompous custom-house officer of the port of New York, to Captain Ireton, a Boston skipper, for whom he was writing out the clearance papers of the good ship *Betsy Jane*, bound for Barbadoes—"they do say that an officer of the king's army preaches for those Methody people up there at the Rigging Loft. Well! well! Wonders will never cease. I must go and hear for myself; though I would hardly like to be seen encouraging such schism if it were not that the presence of an officer of

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Captain Webb's well-known loyalty really makes it quite respectable."

"Well, neighbor," replied the gallant skipper, who had imbibed the democratic notions which were even then floating in the atmosphere of Bunker Hill, "if the thing is not respectable in itself, all the king's horses and all the king's men won't make it so."

"Perhaps not, in the abstract; but for all that it makes a good deal of difference to loyal subjects whether this new-fangled religion is prosecuted by the bailiffs or patronized by gentlemen in the king's livery;" and here the worthy custom-house officer smiled somewhat grimly, as if the skipper's speech were half treason.

"The king may want some more active service than that from his officers before long, if all I hear in the port of Boston is true," replied the skipper, picking up his papers.

"They always were a stiff-necked set of rebels in Massachusetts Colony, I will say to your face, even if you do hail from there. I hope this is no new treason they are hatching."

"O, I 'm not in any of their secrets," said

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the honest captain; "but you know that these absurd Navigation Laws hamper trade sadly, and there are loud murmurs at all the seaports about them. I 'll venture to say that unless our ships get a better chance to compete for the West Injy trade, there 'll be flat rebellion or wholesale smuggling before long."

"Have a care, Skipper Ireton," answered the Tory officer, shaking his head with an air of menace. "The king's troops well know how to deal with the first, and his customs' officers will do their best to prevent the second."

Notwithstanding these efforts, however, these same officers did not always succeed in their virtuous endeavors. The unjust discrimination in favor of British-built shipping was felt by the Colonists to be an intolerable grievance.

The general policy of Great Britain toward her American Colonies was one of commercial repression. The Navigation Laws (passed 1651 by the Commonwealth, confirmed by Charles II, 1660) prohibited the exportation from the Crown Colonies of certain products,

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except to Great Britain and in British ships; or the conveyance of any products of Asia, Africa, or America to any port in Great Britain, except in British ships, or in ships of the country of which the goods were the product. American merchants were, therefore, precluded by law from the direct importation of sugar, tea, spices, cotton, and similar foreign products. These were required first to be shipped to Great Britain, and then to be reshipped to America at greatly-increased cost and delay. The Colonial traders largely disregarded this prohibition, and grew rich by smuggling, which acquired in time a sort of toleration. With the growth of American commerce, imperial jealousy was aroused. The Colonial vessels were seized, and the contraband goods confiscated by British ships or by the officers of His Majesty's customs. These confiscations sometimes took place with very little ceremony, if not with violence; and it not unfrequently happened that serious riots occurred. The manufacture of certain materials, as wool and iron, was also, in defiance, it was felt, of natural rights, prohibited in the Colonies. The

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oligarchical power of the Crown officials, and the offensive assumptions of the Church established by law, moreover, gave deep offense to the democratic communities of the American Colonies.

The incidents above mentioned are introduced simply to indicate the general temper of the times. It is not the purpose of this story to recount the political events of the American Revolution, but to trace the development of Methodism in the New World.

The old rigging loft soon became too small to hold the congregation which thronged its meager space. Many, doubtless, were attracted, like our good friend Squire Blake, at first by curiosity to hear an officer in scarlet coat, with sword and epaulettes, preach from his place behind the carved figure-head. Sometimes, however, they were disappointed by the appearance in the pulpit of the plain and simple Philip Embury, whom any day in the week they might see plying his vocation of carpenter.

"It is bad enough," complained Squire Blake, after one of these occasions, "to see an

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officer, who is both a scholar and a gentlemen, usurping the place of an ordained clergymen in this manner; but to see a mere mechanic stand up to preach to his betters, it is intolerable. It is subversive of all social order. It confuses all distinctions of rank. What 's the world coming to, I wonder? It will end in flat rebellion, I see plain enough."

"Well, your worship," remarked John Stubbins, a rather grimy-looking cordwainer, who was one of the group to whom these remarks were made, "it suits simple folk like us better than the learned talk of Dr. Whiteband down at Old Trinity. I went there t'other Sunday, and it was all about the Manichees and the Apollinarian heresy, that happened more than a thousand years ago; and a lot of things I never heard of before, an' did n't know anything about after I had heard 'em. Now, Master Embury tells us about our plain, everyday duties—that men in my trade must n't scamp their work nor put in bad leather; and the grocer must give good weight and measure, and not sand his sugar, nor mix peas with his coffee. And we know that he does honest

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work for fair wage hisself. When he makes a table or a chist of drawers, it 's sure to be seasoned stuff and well put together. His preachin' and practice agree, you see, and one helps to clinch the other."

"That sort of talk may do for the lower classes, I suppose," said the squire, taking snuff pompously. "It does n't need a Doctor of Divinity to preach like that. I could do it myself if I had a mind to."

"O, I dare say," replied the honest cobbler, with a twinkle in his eye and a wink to his neighbors who were standing around—he was of rather a democratic turn of mind and a despiser of dignities, like many of his craft—"I suppose you could if only you had the *mind* to; that 's all that 's wanting."

The rather thick-witted squire did n't see the point of the somewhat derisive laugh that ran around the circle, as he strutted away, swaggering his gold-headed cane and dusting the snuff off the frills and ruffles of his shirt front. He knew that he was not popular, but he did n't see that he had done or said anything to be laughed at.

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The great majority of the worshipers at the humble rigging loft, however, were drawn there by sincere religious feeling. There was an honest heartiness about the simple services that came home to their every-day needs—to every man's business and bosom. The warm-hearted love-feasts and class-meetings, and the hearty singing, were greatly prized by the toil-worn men from workshop or anvil, from dock or loom; and by housewives and mothers, weary with their household cares.

"Ah! but it do seem just like the Methody preachin' and singin' I heard at dear old Gwenap and Penzance, years agone," said Mrs. Penwinnen, an honest Cornish woman, to her next-door neighbor. "Many 's the time I 've heard Mr. Wesley preachin' of an early mornin' at the mine's mouth, afore the men went down, or at eventide, when they came up to grass again."

"Eh, did ye now?" replied good Dame Durbin, as she stood with her door-key in her hand. "I never heard un; but I 've often heard honest John Nelson on Barnsley Woald, in old Yorkshire. Ay, an' I 've seen un pelted

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through the town wi' rotten eggs, an' help'd to do it mysen, God forgive me, afore I know'd what a mon o' God he wor. He wor just a common sojer, ye wot, and the parson hissen headed the mob agen him."

Here came up stout Frau Stuyvesant, still wearing the quaint gold headband of her native Holland, who had also been attracted by the hearty Methodist singing of the service.

"Mynheer ist goot prediger," she said, in her broken English. "Men say his preachment ist same as myn countreeman, Arminius of Oudewater, in Utrecht. He speak goot worts."

Like flotsam and jetsam of the sea, these three creatures of diverse nationalities had been blown across the broad Atlantic, and drifted like seaweed into the quiet eddy of the old rigging loft of William Street, and there had found that rest and food for their souls for which their whole moral nature yearned. And this was but a type of the mission of Methodism in America and throughout the world—to supply the deep soul-needs of humanity of many tribes and in many climes.

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The miracle of Pentecost was repeated, and by her missionary agencies these strangers and foreigners — Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Sclav and Turk, Hindu and Chinese— each has heard in his own mother tongue the wonderful works of God.

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CHAPTER IV.

EXPANSION OF METHODISM.

THE old rigging loft which held the germ of the mighty growth of Methodism in America, like a flower-pot in which an oak was planted, soon became too small for such rapid expansion. "It could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative; but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the Western Hemisphere," says Dr. Stevens, "was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted

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woman. Captain Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it, the largest sum, by one-third, given by one person." They appealed to the public for assistance, and the subscription-list is still preserved, representing all classes, from the mayor of the city down to African female servants, designated only by their Christian names.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of trade of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." "Embury, being a skillful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her

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hands, helped to whitewash its walls." "There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made, and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honored name."

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship. Marble tablets on the walls commemorate the names and virtues of Barbara Heck and Embury, and of Asbury and Summerfield, faithful pastors, whose memory is still fragrant throughout the continent. This mother-church of American Methodism will long continue to attract the footsteps of many a devout pilgrim to the

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birthplace of the Church of his fathers and of his own religious fellowship. He will discern what potency God can give to even a feeble instrumentality; that with him there is neither great nor small; that he can make one to chase a thousand and two to put ten thousand to flight.*

Methodism having now been established by lay agency in the largest city in the New World, it was soon destined to be planted, by the same means, in the waste places of the country. John Wesley, at the solicitation of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, the pioneers of an army of thirty thousand Methodist preachers on this continent. To these

* It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that shortly after Embury had introduced Methodism into New York, another Irish local preacher, Robert Strawbridge by name, was the means of its introduction into the Province of Maryland. Like Embury, he preached first in his own house, and afterwards in a humble "log meeting-house," the prototype of thousands such, which were destined to rise as golden candlesticks amid the moral darkness all over this vast continent. Captain Webb had the distinguished honor of being the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and its zealous propagandist in many other places on the Atlantic seaboard.

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Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit. His services had been entirely gratuitous, although he had received from his grateful hearers a few generous donations. He had discharged the duties of his office under a sense of grave responsibility, from which he was glad to be relieved by the arrival of authorized and ordained pastors.

"Sirs," he said, as he welcomed them to the quaint "Wesley Church," "I have held this place like the lone outpost of a great army. I rejoice to see the watch-care of these people and the duties of this office pass into other and better hands. The Lord give you favor and prosperity, and make this house the birthplace of many souls."

But even his faith did not rise to the conception of the mighty result whereto this small beginning would grow, nor of the honor he should wear throughout all time as the first preacher and founder of American Methodism. "He builded grander than he knew."

For some months he labored cordially with the new missionary evangelists, frequently occupying the pulpit during their absence on

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preaching tours. During the following year, 1770, he removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck and other Palatine Methodists, to Salem, Washington County, New York. Previous to his leaving his recent spiritual charge, the trustees of Wesley Chapel presented him, in the name of the congregation, the sum of two pounds and five shillings, "for the purchase of a Concordance, as a memento of his pastoral connection with them."*

"Brethren," he said, with faltering voice, as he thanked them for the kind donation, "I need no memento to keep your memory green. Ye are in my heart to die and live with you; but the hand of Providence beckons me elsewhere. No more welcome present could you have given me. A Concordance I have long desired to have, that I might the better study the Word of God, and bring forth and compare its hidden treasures. Now that your love has placed it within my reach, I shall prize it for a double reason, and when distant from you I shall still feel united with you by

* This Concordance is now in the library of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

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a tender tie, as I study by its help the sacred volume that we so much love. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of his contenance upon you and give you peace. Amen!"

Embarking in a small river sloop on the broad bosom of the Hudson, these pioneers of Methodism made their way slowly up that noble stream. Its stately banks, not then as now adorned with elegant villas, were almost in a state of nature. The towering Palisades reared their wall of rock, and the lofty Crow-nest, and Storm-king, and romantic Catskills were clothed with foliage to the very top. They sailed on past the quaint Dutch town of Albany, and the site of the present city of Troy, then a wilderness. A couple of ox-teams conveyed the settlers from the river to their new homes on the fertile meadows of the Pawlet River. This now flourishing and populous part of the country was then a wilderness. But under these new conditions these godly pioneers ceased not to prosecute their providential mission—the founding of

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Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed-grain the virgin soil of their new farms, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbors. Embury continued his labors as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a "class"—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference—which has since multiplied to two hundred and seventy-seven preachers and forty-four thousand members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbors, no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-five. His end was pre-eminently joy and peace. Though suffering much physical pain, his soul rejoiced in God. "Now, Lord, let-

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GRAVE OF PHILIP EMBURY, ASHGROVE, N. Y.

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test thou thy servant depart in peace," were his dying words, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. The mustard-seed of Methodism which, through God's grace, has been planted in this New World, shall yet grow to be a mighty tree, whose branches shall fill the whole land." He knew not, good man, that seven years of tribulation were to scourge his adopted country, and that he was but taken away from the evil to come. He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and labored. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of heaven.'"

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CHAPTER V.

WAR-CLOUDS—EXILE.

FOR some time before the death of Embury, the war-clouds had been gathering which were to wrap the continent in a blaze. The dissatisfaction of the majority of the Colonists with their condition of political vassalage was growing stronger and stronger.

In order to meet the heavy military expenditure of the Colonies, the Home Government imposed a stamp duty on all legal documents. The Colonists denied the right of the Imperial Parliament to impose taxes without their consent. The Stamp Act was repealed in a year, but the obnoxious principle of taxation without representation was maintained by a light duty on tea and some other articles. The Colonists refused the taxed commodities, and a party of men, disguised as Indians, threw into Boston harbor (December 16, 1773), the tea on board the East India vessels, amounting to three hundred and forty chests. Parliament,

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incensed at this "flat rebellion," closed the port of Boston, and, against the protest and warning of some of England's greatest statesmen, sent troops to enforce submission.

A Continental Congress was convened at Philadelphia (September, 1774), which petitioned the king, but in vain, for the continuance of the Colonial liberties. The creation, by the Quebec Act (1774), of a great Northern province, whose government was administered by agents responsible only to the Crown, was regarded as fraught with peril to the interests of the older Colonies. It was thought that the dissatisfaction among the British population of Canada, and, perhaps, a desire on the part of the French to avenge the wrongs of the conquest, would induce not a few of the people of Canada to join the revolt against Great Britain. Circular letters were, therefore, sent to Canada and Nova Scotia, inviting the inhabitants to send delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, at Concord and Lexington (April 19, 1775), while Embury lay upon his death-bed, occurred the collision between the

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armed Colonists and the soldiers of the king, which precipitated the War of Independence, and the loss to Great Britain of her American Colonies. The bruit of war became louder and louder, and filled the whole land.

"Nay, dear heart," Embury had said to his faithful and loving wife, as she repeated the rumors of the outbreak which had reached the quiet valley in which they dwelt; "nay, dear heart; this is only some temporary tumult. The Colonists surely will not rebel against His Majesty, when every Sunday in all the churches they pray, 'From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion, good Lord deliver us!'"

But the loyal heart did not rightly interpret the signs of the times. The country was ripe for revolt. From the mountains of Vermont to the everglades of Georgia, a patriotic enthusiasm burst forth. A Continental army was organized. General Gage was besieged in Boston. A small force was collected in Vermont for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. On the night of May 9th it crossed Lake Champlain, and at dawn next morning eighty-

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three men surprised and captured, without a blow, the fort which had cost Great Britain eight millions sterling, two great campaigns, and a multitude of precious lives to win. Crown Point, with its slender garrison of twelve men, surrendered at the first summons, and thus the "gateway of Canada" was in the hands of the insurgent Colonists. At Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775), the Colonial volunteers proved their ability to cope with the veteran troops of England.

By this time, however, Philip Embury had passed away from the strifes and tumults of earth to the everlating peace and beatitude of heaven. Many of the loyal Palatines, whose forefathers had enjoyed a refuge from persecution under the British flag, would not share the revolt against the mother country of the American colonists. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, therefore, they maintained their allegiance to the old flag by removing to Lower Canada. It was not without a wrench of their heartstrings that they left the pleasant homes they had made, and the grave of their departed religious teacher and guide,

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and set their faces once more resolutely toward the wilderness.

"Why not cast in your lot with us, and fight for your rights and liberty?" asked one of their neighbors who had caught the fever of revolt.

"The service that we love is no bondage," spoke up brave-hearted Barbara Heck, "but truest liberty; and we have, under the old flag beneath which we were born, all the rights that we want—the right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, none daring to molest us or make us afraid."

"If fight we must," chimed in Paul Heck, although he was a man of unwarlike disposition, "we will fight for the old flag under which we have enjoyed peace and prosperity."

For conscience' sake, therefore, this little band of loyal subjects left their fertile farms, their pleasant homes, their flocks and herds. They sold what they could, at great sacrifice, to their revolutionary neighbors, who, while they respected their character, were not averse to making gain out of what they regarded as their fanatical loyalty. When the wheat har-

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vest had been reaped, the exiles, reserving sufficient for their maintenance during their journey, turned the rest into money for their future necessities.

Two rude-looking and unwieldly bateaux had been provided for the long journey over unknown waters to the king's loyal Province of Canada. In it were placed some simple household gear—bedding and other necessities. Among the most precious articles of freight were Philip Embury's much-prized Concordance and Barbara Heck's old German Bible. A nest was made in the bedding for the five children of Paul and Barbara Heck—the oldest and youngest, bright-eyed girls, aged ten and two respectively, the others three sturdy boys—and for the young children of Mary Embury. The fair young widow sat in the stern to steer the little bark which bore the germs of Canadian Methodism, while the matronly Barbara cared for the children. Paul Heck took his place at the oar—aided by his friend, John Lawrence, a grave, God-fearing Methodist, who had been his companion in travel from their dear old island home. In another boat

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were their fellow-voyagers, Peter Switzer and Joel Dulmage, with their wives and little ones. Several of their Palatine neighbors, who intended soon after to follow them, came down to the river side to see them off and wish them "God-speed."

"God will be our guide as he was the Guide of our fathers," said Paul Heck, reverently, as he knelt upon the thwarts and commended to his care both those who journeyed, and those who, for the present, should remain.

"My heart feels strangely glad," said Barbara Heck, the light of faith burning in her eyes; "we are in the hollow of God's hand, and shall be kept as the apple of his eye. Naught can harm us while he is on our side."

The last farewells were spoken, the oars struck the water, the bateaux glided down the stream, the voices of the voyagers and of those upon the shore blending sweetly in the hymn:

"Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

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O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view."

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Chapter VI.

UNDER NORTHERN STARS.

ALL day the Methodist refugees glided down the winding stream, through scenes of sylvan loveliness. Towards sunset they caught a glimpse of the golden sheen of the beautiful South Bay, a narrow inlet of Lake Champlain, glowing in the light of the fading day like the sea of glass mingled with fire. They landed for the night on the site of the pleasant town of Whitehall, then a dense forest. A rude tent was erected among the trees for the women and children, and a simple booth of branches for the men. The camp-fire was built. The bacon frying in the pan soon sent forth its savory odor, and the wheaten cakes were baked on the hot griddle. The children, with shouts of merry glee, gathered wild raspberries in the woods. A little carefully-hoarded tea—a great luxury at the time—was steeped, and, that nothing might be lost, the leaves were afterwards eaten with bread. A hearty, happy

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meal was made; a hymn and prayer concluded the evening; and the same simple service began the morning, after a night of refreshing sleep.

The second day the bateaux stretched out into the placid bay, and, wafted by the soft south wind, skirted along the wooded shores. Sailing up the narrow channel, between lofty banks, the voyagers passed the still formidable forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, memorable for the bloody struggles of the war. Those steep slopes, only sixteen years before, had been gory with the best blood of England and France. But the ravelins and demilunes, the curtains and casemates, the ramparts and fosse of these fortresses, under the kindly ministries of nature, were clothed with softest verdure and sweetest wild-flowers; and the exiles recked not of the bloody fray which had incarnadined the spot. So may the bitter memories of the unnatural strife between the mother and the daughter land be buried forever beneath the kindly growth of the gentle charities and sweet amenities of friendly intercourse!

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Day after day the rude bateaux, impelled by oar and sail, glided up the broad and beautiful Lake Champlain. Its gently sloping shores were then almost a wilderness, with only here and there the solitary clearing of an adventurous pioneer. On the border-land between the possessions of French and English, it had been for over a hundred years the battle-ground of the warfare of the rival races for the mastery of the continent. In the background rose the forest-mantled Adirondacks, which are, even to this day, the home of the lynx and wolf, the bear and catamount. The crystal tide over which they sailed was destined in after years to be plowed by hostile keels, and crimsoned by kindred bloodshed in unhallowed strife.

All went well with the exiles till the afternoon of the third day. While in the widest part of the lake, wearily rowing in a dead calm, a sudden thunderstorm arose that for a time threatened them with no small peril. The day had been very sultry, with not a breath of air stirring. The burning sunlight was reflected from the steel-like surface of the water.

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The children were fretful with the heat and the oarsmen weary with their toil. Presently a grateful coolness stole through the air, and a gentle breeze refreshed their frames and filled the swelling sails, and at the same time a cloud veiled the fervid beams of the sun.

"Thank God," said Barbara Heck, "for this change!" and the children laughed with glee.

Presently, Paul Heck, who had been leisurely scanning the horizon, sprang up with a start.

"Down with your sail!" he shouted to his fellow-voyagers, Switzer and Dulmage, whose boat was not far off, pointing at the same time toward the western horizon, and then eagerly taking in and close-reefing his own sail.

To a careless eye there was no sign of danger; but a closer observation revealed a white line of foam, advancing like a race-horse over the waves.

"Lawrence, take the helm! Get her before the squall!" he continued; and scarcely had the movement been accomplished when what seemed a hurricane smote their frail bark.

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The waters were lashed to foam. The rising waves raced alongside as if eager to overwhelm them. The air grew suddenly dark; the lurid lightning flashed, followed instantly by the loud roll of thunder, and by a drenching torrent of rain.

"The Lord preserve us!" exclaimed Lawrence. "I can scarcely keep her head before the wind, and if one of these waves strike us abeam, it will shatter or overturn the bateau."

But Barbara Heck, unmoved by the rush of the storm, sat serene and calm, holding the youngest child in her arms, while the others nestled in terror at her feet. In the words of another storm-tossed voyager upon another boisterous sea, seventeen hundred years before, she said, quietly:

"Fear not; be of good cheer; there shall not a hair fall from the head of one of us."

Enhearted by her faith and courage, her husband toiled manfully to keep the frail bateau from falling into the trough of the sea. Lightly it rode the crested waves, and at last, after a strenuous struggle, both boats got under the lee of Isle-aux-Noix, and the voy-

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agers gladly disembarked in a sheltered cove, their limbs cramped and stiffened by long crouching, in their water-soaked clothing, in the bottom of the boats. A bright fire was soon blazing, the wet clothes dried as fast as possible, and over a hearty meal of bacon, bread, and coffee, they gave thanks with glad hearts for their providential deliverance, and the stormy lake sobbed itself to rest. Like the fiery eye of a revengeful Cyclops, the sun set lurid in the west, a dark cloud shutting down upon it like a huge eyelid. But there in the east gleamed a glorious rainbow, spanning the heavens in a perfect arch, the seal of God's covenant with man, the presage of the happiness and prosperity of our storm-tossed voyagers.

At Isle-aux-Noix they found a British outpost, in a log block-house, the sole defenders of this gateway of Canada. They were guided by a corporal to the entrance of the Richelieu River, by which they sought the St. Lawrence and Montreal, the desired haven of their hopes. It was very pleasant gliding down the rapid river, between its forest-clad

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banks, now tinged with the glowing colors of the early autumn foliage. Along that placid stream, long known as the "River of the Iroquois," the cruel raids and forays of the French and English, and their Indian allies, for a hundred years, were made. At the hamlet of Sorel, at its mouth, the red-cross flag, which the exiles loved so well, waved over a stone fort, constructed by the French as a defense against the dreaded incursions of the Iroquois.

Here, although they received hospitable entertainment from the commandant of the little garrison, they made but slight delay. Embarking once more, they urged their bateaux up the stream of the majestic St. Lawrence, hugging the shore in order to avoid the strength of the current.

"I never thought there was so large a river in the world," said Mary Embury, as she scanned its broad expanse. "I believe it is twice as wide as the Hudson at New York."

"More like four times as wide," replied Paul Heck. "If it were not for its rapid current, one would hardly think it was a river at all."

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The strength of this current made itself so strongly felt at times that the men had to walk along the shore, dragging the boats by a rope, while the women assisted with the oar.

It was with glad hearts that the weary voyagers beheld the forest-crowned height, the grassy ramparts, and the long stone wall along the river front of the mediæval-looking town of Montreal: A red-coated sentry paced up and down the rude landing-stage, and another mounted guard at the ponderous iron-studded wooden gate. Paul Heck and his wife and John Lawrence set out to find temporary lodgings, leaving the others to "keep the gear," or, as Barbara Heck phrased it, "to bide by the stuff."

The pioneer explorers, entering the "water-gate," first turned towards the long, low line of barracks; for their hearts warmed toward the red-coats, the visible sign of the sovereignty of that power for which they had sacrificed so much. Their first reception, however, was rather disheartening to their loyal enthusiasm. In reply to Paul Heck's civil inquiry of an idle soldier, who was lounging

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at the gate, if there were any Methodists in the town, the low-bred fellow replied:

"Methodies? W'ot 's that, I 'd like to knaw?"

The explanation that they were the followers of John Wesley did not throw any light on the subject.

"John Wesley? Who was he? Oi niver heard of un. Zay, Ned, do 'ee knaw any Methodies hereabouts?"

"Methodies?" replied the man addressed, pausing in his operation of pipe-claying his belt and bayonet-pouch. "O, ay! 'e means them rantin' Swaddlers, w'ot was in the King's Own in Flanders, d' ye mind? The straight-laced hypocrites! An honest soldier could n't drain a jack, or win a main at cards, or kiss a lass, or curse a John Crapaud, but they 'd drop down on 'im. Noa, ther' bean't noan on 'em 'ere, and w'ot 's more, us doan't want noan on 'em, naythcr."

"Well, we 're Methodists," spoke up Barbara Heck, never ashamed of her colors. "So take us to your captain, please."

"What d' ye say? *You* are?" exclaimed

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the fellow, dropping both pipe-clay and belt. "Well, you 're a plucky un, I must say; but you 're just like all the rest on 'em. Here, Geoffrey," he went on, calling to an orderly, who was grooming an officer's horse, "take the parson and 'is wife to the captain."

"Taake 'em yoursen. Oi bean't noan o' your servant," replied that irate individual.

The altercation was speedily interrupted by the presence of the officer himself, clattering down the stone steps, with his jangling spurs and clanging sword.

"Hello! What 's the row with you fellows, now? Beg pardon, madam!" he continued, taking off his gold-laced cocked-hat, with the characteristic politeness of a British officer, to Barbara Heck. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"We have just arrived from the province of New York," replied Barbara, making an old-fashioned courtesy, "and we 're seeking temporary lodgings in the town."

"From New York, eh? Come to the council-room, please, and see the governor." And he led the way along the narrow Rue

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Notre Dame to a long low building, with quaint dormer windows, in front of which the red-cross flag of St. George floated from a lofty flagstaff, and a couple of sentries paced to and fro in heavy marching order. This venerable building, almost unchanged in aspect, is now occupied as the Jacques Cartier Normal School. It had been erected as the residence of the French governor; but at the time of our story it was the quarters of Colonel Burton, the military governor of the District of Montreal, and commandant of His Majesty's forces therein. It was subsequently occupied, during the American invasion, by Brigadier-General Wooster, and by his successor, the traitor, Benedict Arnold. It was here, also, that the first printing-press ever used in Montreal was erected by Benjamin Franklin, in order to print the 'Proclamation and Address to Canada.

After a moment's delay in a small anteroom, the officer conducted our travelers, somewhat bewildered by the contrast between his respectful treatment and that of his rude underlings, into a long low apartment, with

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flat timbered ceiling. In this room the present writer, on a recent visit, found a number of old historic portraits, probably of the period to which we now refer.

Seated at a large, green-covered table, on which lay his sword and a number of charts and papers, pay-rolls, and the like, was an alert, grizzled-looking officer of high rank. Near him sat his secretary, busily writing.

"Ah! be seated, pray. Pierre, chairs for the lady and gentlemen," said the governor, nodding to a French valet, and adding, "You may wait in the anteroom. I hear," he went on, turning to Paul Heck, "that you have come from the disloyal province of New York?"

"Yes, your worship," said Paul Heck, rather nervously fumbling his hat.

"Say 'his excellency,'" put in the secretary, to the further discomfiture of poor Paul, who had never before been in the presence of such an exalted personage.

"Never mind, Saunders," said the governor, good-naturedly; and then, to his rustic audience: "Feel quite at home, good people. I wish to learn the state of feeling in New

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York, and whether there is any loyalty to the old flag left."

"O yes, your worship—your excellence, I mean," said Paul; "there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"'Seven thousand,' 'Baal'—what does the man mean, Featherstone?"

"Blest if I know, your excellency," said Colonel Featherstone, who, like the governor, was more familiar with the Letters of Lord Chesterfield than with the Hebrew Scriptures.

"He means," said Barbara Heck, "that there is yet a remnant who are faithful to their king, and pray daily for the success of the old flag."

"Ah! that's more to the purpose. But how many did you say, my good man, and how do you know the number? Have they any organization or enrollment?"

"I said seven thousand, sir—your excellence, I mean—because that's the number Elijah said were faithful to the God of Israel; a perfect number, you know. But just how many there are, I can not say. The Lord knoweth them that are his."

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"A pragmatical fellow, this," said the governor to Colonel Featherstone; and again addressing Heck, he asked: "Well, what are they going to do about it? Will they fight?"

"Many of them eschew carnal weapons, your excellence. I 'm not a man of war myself. I have come here, with my wife and little ones, to try to serve God and to honor the king in peace and quietness; and there 's a-many more, your excellence, who will follow as soon as they can get away."

"Good! that has the right ring. We want a lot of true-hearted, loyal subjects to colonize this new province, and you are welcome, and as many more like you as may come," said the governor, rubbing his hands, and taking a snuff with Colonel Featherstone. He then conversed kindly and at some length about their plans and prospects. "I doubt if you can find lodging with any English family," he said. "There are not many English here yet, you see; but I will give you a note to a respectable Canadian, who keeps a quiet inn;" and he rang his table-bell, and wrote a hasty note. "Here, Pierre, take these good people

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to the Blanche Croix [the White Cross Inn], and give this note to Jean Baptiste La Farge. I will send for you again," he added, as he bowed his guests politely out of the room, kindly repressing their exclamations:

"A thousand thanks, your worship—your excellence, I mean," said Paul Heck; and, added Barbara, "The Lord reward you for your kindness to strangers in a strange land!"

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Chapter VII.

WAR SCENES.

THE "Blanche Croix" was a small inn in a narrow street running back to the wall at the rear of the town. A reminiscence of this wall is still maintained in the name Fortification Lane. The inn was of one story, with thick stone walls, which rose in immense gables, with huge chimneys. The steep roof, in which were two rows of small dormer windows, was almost twice as high as the walls, which gave the quaint old house the appearance of a very small man with a very large hat. Mine host, Jean Baptiste La Farge, a rubicund old fellow, who wore, as the badge of his calling as town baker, a white cap and apron, was at first indisposed to entertain the wayfarers. "Dis is one auberge Canadienne. Me no like de Englees. Dey take my contree."

The pert Pierre called attention to the

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governor's note, which La Farge held in his hand without looking at it.

"Well, what is dis? You know I not read."

Pierre glibly rattled off the contents of the note, commending the travelers to his good offices, which produced a remarkable change in the manner of Jean Baptiste.

"O, if it will oblige Monsieur le Governeur, I will have de grand plaiser to entertain messieurs and des madames. Marie! Marie!" he called to his wife—a black-eyed dame in bright-red kirtle and snowy Norman cap—and asked her to conduct the women to the guest chambers. With a bright smile and polite courtesy, a universal language understood by all—she knew no English—she led them up the narrow stair to the attic chamber, while the men went to bring their little effects from the boat.

"This is more like the little cabin on shipboard than like a house," said Barbara Heck. "But see what a pretty view," she continued, as she looked out of the little window that overlooked the town wall. Just without a

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bright streamlet rippled through a green meadow—it now flows darkling underground, beneath the pavement of Craig Street—and beyond rose the green forest-covered slope of Mount Royal.

"What's this?" asked Mary Embury, who had been exploring the little room, pointing to a small china-ware image of the Madonna.

"La Sainte Vierge, la Mère de Dieu," replied Marie, at the same time crossing herself and courtesying to the image.

"Why, Barbara," exclaimed the young widow, "she must be a heathen to worship that idol."

"They must be Catholics," replied Barbara. "Many's the one I've known in dear old Ireland; but there they had pictures in their houses—not images."

"Won't they murder us some night?" asked the timid widow, in a low whisper.

"No fear," answered Barbara, endowed both with more courage and more charity. "I doubt not they are honest people; and as we have clearer light, we must try to teach them better."

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The loyalist immigrants were anxious to take up land, and to earn their living by tilling the soil. But in the disturbed state of the country and threatened American invasion, the governor dissuaded them from it, and offered them employment in strengthening the defensive works of the town. Captain Featherstone had an empty storehouse at the barracks fitted up for their reception, and they were soon comfortably settled in a home of their own.

"Sure this is better," said Mary Embury, looking from the upper windows over the wall, upon the broad and shining reaches of the river, "than being cooped up in that small attic; and to see that heathen creature bowing and praying to them idols fairly made my flesh creep."

"Poor thing!" replied Barbara; "she knows no better. I wish I could speak her language. I long to tell her to go to the Savior at once, without praying to either saint or angel."

We turn now to notice briefly the concurrent public events of the province. Sir Guy Carleton, the governor-general of Can-

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ada, resolved to recover, if possible, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which, as we have seen, had been seized by the insurgent American Colonists. He called upon the seigneurs to enroll their tenants or *censitaires*, in accordance with the terms of the feudal tenure by which they held their lands. Many of the seigneurs responded promptly to this appeal, but the tenantry, who had not forgotten the hardships of the late war, denied their liability to military service. The governor, who had scarcely eight hundred regular soldiers at his command for the protection of the province, declared martial law to be in force, and endeavored to call out the militia by proclamation. But even this appeal, backed up as it was by the mandate of Bishop De Briand, exhorting the people to take up arms, was ineffectual.

The American Congress now resolved on the invasion of Canada, believing that the revolted Colonists had many sympathizers in the country, who were only waiting for the presence of an armed force to declare in favor of the Revolution.

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In the month of September an American force of a thousand men, under General Schuyler, advanced by way of Lake Champlain against Montreal; and another, under Colonel Arnold, by way of the Kennebec and Chaudière, against Quebec. General Carleton still endeavored, but at first with only very partial success, to enlist the co-operation of the French for the defense of the country. They were not, indeed, seduced from their allegiance by the blandishments of the revolted Colonies, but, for the most part, they continued apathetic, till their homes were in danger. Some of the French Canadians, however, as well as English, sympathized with the invaders, and gave them both passive and active assistance.

While Schuyler was held in check at Fort St. John, on the Richelieu, Colonel Ethan Allen, with some three hundred men, advanced to Montreal. Crossing the river by night, he attempted to surprise the town; but the vigilance of the little garrison frustrated his design.

In the dim dawn of a September morning—

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it was the 25th of the month—Barbara Heck was aroused by an unusual commotion in the barrack-square. It was before the hour of the réveille, and yet the shrill blare of the bugle rent the air, and the rapid roll and throb of drums beat to arms. The soldiers rushed from their quarters to take their places in their companies, buckling on their belts and adjusting their accouterments as they ran. The sharp, quick words of command of the officers were heard, and the clatter of the muskets as the men grounded their arms on the stone pavement. Ball cartridge was served out, and the little company filed through the narrow streets and out of the western gate of the town, where Notre Dame now intersects McGill Street.

Four of the English force were slain, but one of these was Major Carsden, the officer in command, who had recklessly exposed his life. Several, however, were severely wounded, and in nursing these Barbara Heck and Mary Embury found opportunity for the exercise of their woman's tenderness and sympathy.

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"Sure we left our comfortable homes," said Mary Embury, "to escape these rude alarms of war, and here they are brought to our very door. But the will of God be done."

"I doubt if it be his will," replied Barbara. "I fear it is more the work of the devil. 'Whence come wars and fighting among you?' says St. James. 'Ye lust and have not, ye kill and desire to have.' How long, O Lord, how long will men thus seek to destroy each other? Surely the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. But God permits this evil, I fear, for the hardness of men's hearts."

Scarcely had the wailing music of the Dead March, which had followed the slain major to the grave, ceased, when the shrill scream of the pipe and rapid throb of the drum invited the townsmen to enroll for an attack on the enemy, who were besieging Forts St. John and Chambly.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Major Featherstone, who had succeeded to the rank and title of his slain superior officer, to Paul Heck, "why don't you take service for the king?

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With your education and steady habits you 're sure to be corporal before the campaign is over."

"I have taken service under the best of kings," said Paul, devoutly, "and I desire no better. And as for King George, God bless him, I am willing to suffer in body and estate for his cause; but fight I can not. I would ever hear the voice of the Master whom I serve, saying: 'Put up thy sword in its sheath.'"

"You 're an impracticable fellow, Heck. How ever would the world wag if everybody was of your way of thinking?"

"I doubt not the widows and orphans of His Majesty's slain soldiers think it would wag on better than it does without so much fighting. And if we believe the Bible, we must believe the day is coming when the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the major; and tapping his sword by his side, he added: "But not in my time will this good blade's occupation be gone."

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"I fear not, more's the pity," said Paul with a sigh.

"But the Methodists are not all like you," the major continued. "When I was an ensign in the 'King's Own,' in Flanders, there were a lot of Methodists in the army. In my own company there was a fellow named Haime, a tremendous fellow to preach and pray. In barracks he was as meek as a lamb, let the fellows shy their belts and boots at him, and persecute him to no end. But when he was before the enemy he was the bravest man in the army. Another fellow named Clements, in the Heavy Dragoons, had his left arm shattered at Fontenoy. But he would n't go to the rear. 'No,' he said, 'I've got my sword-arm yet,' and he rode with his troop like a hero, against the French cuirassiers."

Paul's eyes had kindled while listening to the tale, but he merely said: "I judge them not. A man must follow his own lights. To his own master he standeth or falleth. But they died well, as well as lived well, the Methodists in the army, I'm sure."

"That they did. I never saw the like," con-

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tinued the major, with genuine admiration. "There was a Welshman named Evans—John Evans—an artilleryman, a great hand to preach too, had both his legs taken off by a chain-shot at Maestricht. They laid him on a gun-caisson, and he did nothing but praise God and exhort the men around him as long as he could speak. I'll never forget his last words. His captain asked him if he suffered much. 'Bless you, captain,' he gasped, 'I'm as happy as I can be out of heaven,'* and fell back dead. I never jeered at the Methodists since, as, I'm sorry to say, I used to do before. I felt, and I'm not ashamed to own it, that there was something in religion that they understood, and that I didn't."

"Dear major, you may understand it and know all about it. The dear Lord will teach you, if you only will ask him."

"Thank you, my good fellow. But I see I can't make a recruit of you for active service. I'll have to make you hospital sergeant."

"I would fain make a recruit of you, sir,

* For these incidents, and many others like them, see Stevens's History of Methodism.

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for the best of masters, in the best of service. As for the hospital, fain and glad I 'll be to do all that I can for both the bodies and the souls of my fellow-men, especially for them that need it most. But I 'll do it for love, not for money. I can't take the king's shilling."

John Lawrence, however, did not share the scruples of his friend, Paul Heck, and eagerly volunteered for the relief of Fort St. John, on the *Richelieu*. Colonel Richard Montgomery, a brave and generous Irish gentleman, whose tragic fate has cast a halo around his memory, had succeeded Schuyler in the command of the American invading expedition.

On the 31st of October, General Carleton attempted, in thirty-four boats, to cross the St. Lawrence from Montreal, in order to relieve Fort St. John. A great crowd of the townspeople—the mothers, wives, and children of the volunteers, and other non-combatants—gathered on the shore, or watched from the walls the departure of the little flotilla. From the windows of their own dwelling, Paul and Barbara Heck and Mary Embury followed with their prayers the ex-

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pedition, in which they were the more interested that it bore their friend and companion in exile, John Lawrence. Gallantly the bateaux rode the waves, and under the impulse of strong arms resisted the downward sweep of the current. The red coats gleamed and the bayonets flashed in the morning sun, as, with ringing cheer on cheer, boat after boat pushed off, and the music of fife and drum grew fainter and fainter as they receded from the shore. They had almost reached the opposite bank, when, from out the bushes that lined the shore, where lay an ambush of three hundred men, there flashed a deadly volley of musketry, and the deep roar of two pieces of artillery boomed through the air. Instantly everything was in the direst confusion. Many men were wounded. Some of the boats were shattered and began to sink. After a brief resistance, General Carleton gave the word to retreat, and the discomfited expedition slowly made its way back to Montreal.

"The Lord have mercy upon them!" exclaimed Barbara Heck, as from her window she saw the flash and heard the sound of the

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first fire. But she was even more startled by the sudden gasp of Mary Embury, beside her, and, looking round, she beheld her turn ashen pale and fall fainting to the floor. The usual restoratives of the period—cold water and burnt feathers—were speedily applied, and the swoon passed gradually away.

"Dear heart," said Barbara gently caressing her pale cheek, "they are in the Lord's hands. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"What has happened?" asked Mary Embury, in a weak, bewildered voice; and then, "O, I remember. It is not the Lord's doings. It is those wicked men. Can they not let us bide in peace? Why do they follow us even here? Is—is John hurt?" she asked, blushing with eagerness.

"No, Molly dear, thank God!" exclaimed Lawrence, bursting into the room. "Though we had a desperate time of it, and many a gallant fellow has got his death-blow, I fear. They want you, Barbara, in the hospital. Paul is there already. They are bringing in the wounded."

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"I can't leave Mary, you see," said Barbara, administering a cordial.

"O yes, you can," exclaimed the fair young matron, becoming rapidly convalescent. The safe return of John Lawrence seemed to have a more restorative effect than even the burnt feathers. There was a rather awkward self-consciousness on the part of each, of having betrayed feelings of which they had hardly, till that moment, been fully aware. It sometimes happens that chemical solutions may become super-saturated with some salt, which, upon a sudden jar of the vessel, will shoot instantly into solid crystals. So also it may happen that certain feelings may be in unconscious solution, as it were, in our souls, which suddenly, under the agitating impulse of some great crisis, may crystallize into conscious reality. So was it with these two honest and loving hearts. For years they had known each other well, and with growing esteem. But since their common exile they had been drawn more together. The bereaved young widow had leaned for sympathy upon the warm heart of Barbara Heck; but

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she had unconsciously come to lean also for protection on the strong arm of John Lawrence. The peril through which he had just passed was the shock that revealed her feelings to herself. But the present, with its awful shadow of disaster and death, was no time for the indulgence of tender emotions. So Mary Embury busied herself, with Lawrence's help, in tearing up sheets for bandages, and scraping lint for the wounded, who were being borne beneath the window on bloody litters to the barrack hospital.

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Chapter VIII.

O, THE LONG AND CRUEL WINTER!

AS a consequence of the disaster recorded in our last chapter, the American general, Robert Montgomery, advanced unopposed to Montreal. Dire was the commotion in the little town as the overwhelming force of the enemy approached. Orderlies galloped wildly through the streets, and the loud roll of the drum and sharp blare of the bugle pierced the ear of night. The little handful of troops were marshaled by the torchlight in the Place d'Armes, in front of the old parish church, which stood in the middle of what is now Notre Dame Street. It was a low-walled, high-roofed building, with dormer windows in the roof. In an open belfry hung the small bells, which, at the canonical hours, rang out their sweet chorus over the little town. Around the square, now lined with stately stone banks and public offices, was a row of quaint, high-roofed, many-dormered buildings.

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It was a wild night in early November, the 11th of the month, with high wind, but without rain. The clouds scudded swiftly across the sky, and the moonlight, from time to time, burst fitfully through their rifts, bringing into sharp contrast the illumined fronts of the houses and the deep shadow of the parish church. A bonfire was burning in the square, its ruddy gleam blending strangely with the wan light of the moon, and flashing back—now from the burnished bayonets, now from the polished accouterments of the troops. These—only a hundred and twenty in all—were drawn up in heavy marching order, to advance against the invaders.

An earnest colloquy was proceeding between General Carleton and a number of the leading merchants of the town. It was argued that the handful of troops was quite inadequate to cope with the large invading force. General Carleton therefore harangued his little company of soldiers, and informed them that the best interests of the king and country would be promoted by a retreat upon Quebec, which was really the key of the possession of

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the Colony. They were therefore marched back to the barracks, and during the night employed in destroying such army stores as they could not carry off, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Americans. Early next morning the little band, under command of Brigadier-General Prescott, with deep chagrin written on their faces, marched out of the eastern gate of the town just as the strong force of Montgomery blew open with a grenade the western gate.

Governor Carleton escaped only by being rowed, with muffled oars, by night, past the American guards, and so reached Quebec, which was now menaced by Benedict Arnold. The American general, Montgomery, promptly occupied the town, but treated the people with much consideration, and won their goodwill by his generous disposition and affable manners. He made provision for the maintenance of public order and administration of justice, and for nearly eight months the town remained in the hands of its captors.

The chief struggle for the possession of Canada, however, took place around the walls

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of Quebec. The stirring events of that winter campaign we shall briefly trace before proceeding with the narrative of the private fortunes of the actors in our little story.

General Benedict Arnold — who subsequently gained eternal infamy by the base attempt to betray the fortress of West Point, committed to his keeping—had the previous summer visited Quebec, and had secret correspondents among its inhabitants. In the month of September, with a force of nearly a thousand men—among whom was Aaron Burr, a future Vice-President of the United States—he had toiled up the swift current of the Kennebec and Dead River to the head-waters of those streams. With incredible labor they conveyed their boats and stores through the tangled wilderness to the Chaudière, and sailed down its tumultuous current to the St. Lawrence. Their sufferings, through hunger, cold, fatigue, and exposure, were excessive. They were reduced to eat the flesh of dogs, and even to gnaw the leather of their cartridge-boxes and shoes. Their barges had to be dragged against the rapid stream one hundred

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and eighty miles, and carried forty miles over rugged portages on men's shoulders. The number of the invading force was reduced, by sickness, exhaustion, and desertion, to seven hundred men before they reached the St. Lawrence. Without artillery, with damaged guns and scanty ammunition, with wretched clothing and imperfect commissariat, they were to attempt the capture of the strongest fortress in America.

The governor of Quebec had strengthened the defenses of the fortress-capital, and learning the approach of Arnold, had carefully removed all the boats from the south side of the river. On the night of November the 13th, Arnold, having constructed a number of canoes, conveyed the bulk of his meager army across the river, and, without opposition, climbed the cliff by Wolfe's path, and appeared before the walls of the Upper Town. Having failed to surprise the town, and despairing, with his footsore and ragged regiments, with no artillery and with only five rounds of ammunition, of taking it by assault, he retired to Point-aux-Trembles, some twenty

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miles up the river, to wait a junction with Montgomery.

Governor Carleton reached Quebec, and began preparations for a vigorous resistance. Disaffected persons, and those unwilling to join in the defense of the town, were ordered to leave within four days. The entire population was about five thousand, and the garrison numbered eighteen hundred in all, consisting of about a thousand British and Canadian militia, three hundred regulars, and a body of seamen from the ships in the harbor. The place was provisioned for eight months.

On the 4th of December, the united forces of Arnold and Montgomery, amounting to about twelve hundred in all, advanced against Quebec, and the besieging army encamped in the snow before the walls. Its scanty artillery produced no effect upon the impregnable ramparts. Biting frost, the fire of the garrison, pleurisy, and the small-pox did their fatal work. The only hope of success was by assault, which must be made before the close of the year, when the period of service of many of the men expired.

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On the last day of the year 1776, therefore, a double attack was made on the Lower Town, the object of which was to effect a junction of forces, and then to storm the Upper Town. At four o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snowstorm, Montgomery, with five hundred men, crept along the narrow pass between Cape Diamond and the river. The western approach to the town was defended by a block-house and a battery. As the forlorn hope made a dash for the barrier, a volley of grape swept through their ranks. Montgomery, with two of his officers and ten men, were slain. The deepening snow wrapped them in its icy shroud, while their comrades retreated in utter discomfiture. The spot where Montgomery fell was just opposite the landing-place of the Allan Steamship Line. It is marked by an inscription attached to the face of the cliff.

On the other side of the town, Arnold, with six hundred men, attacked and carried the first barriers. The alarum-bells rang, the drums beat to arms, the garrison rallied to the defense. The assaulting party pressed on,

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and many entered the town through the embrasures of a battery, and waged a stubborn fight in the narrow streets, amid the storm and darkness. With the dawn of morning they found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force, and exposed to a withering fire from the houses. They therefore surrendered at discretion, to the number of four hundred men. Arnold continued during the winter to maintain an ineffective siege, his command daily wasting away with small-pox, cold, and hunger. Scanty re-enforcements of the besieging army continued to arrive, till it numbered about two thousand men.

In April the American Congress ordered that a strong force, with an ample supply of *matériel* of war, should be raised for the conquest of Canada, and Major-General Thomas, of Massachusetts, was dispatched to take command of the army before Quebec. Thomas arrived on the 1st of May, and found nearly half of the American force sick with small-pox, the magazines almost empty, and only six days' provisions in camp. The French sympathizers with the Americans, moreover, had

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become disaffected, and supplies were obtainable only with great difficulty. General Thomas decided on an immediate retreat to Three Rivers. The next day British ships arrived in the harbor, and before he could move his invalid army, the garrison of Quebec issued from the gates, a thousand strong, and fell upon his camp. General Thomas, with his command, retreated, amid great hardships, to Sorel, where he soon died of small-pox, and was succeeded by General Sullivan. So ended the fifth and last siege of the rock-built fortress of Quebec.

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Chapter IX.

"AS MEN THAT DREAMED."

JOHN LAWRENCE had taken an early opportunity to join General Carleton, at Quebec, as a volunteer for the defense of that last stronghold of British authority in Canada. During the long months of the winter and spring, his friends at Montreal had heard nothing of him, so great were the difficulties of communication. The Americans carefully intercepted every letter or message from the besieged garrison at Quebec. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the British general was able, by means of daring scouts, skillful in the adoption of every sort of disguise, to keep up any communication with Montreal. His most trusty messenger was a loyal French-Canadian, who more than once that dreary winter, in the disguise of a peddler, with important dispatches sewed inside of his fur-cap, found his way through the beleaguering army

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around Quebec, and through the snow-laden forests, to Montreal.

Great was the joy of the English population of Montreal when they saw the last of the American troops cross the river. The old Red Cross flag was run up again on the flag-staff at the Government House with loyal cheers, and bonfires in the streets and an illumination of the houses at night testified the popular delight. A few days after, a detachment of British red-coats and militia marched into the town, with colors flying and drums beating a joyous roulade. Among the weather-beaten, travel-stained militiamen was our friend John Lawrence. As the little troop marched into the barrack-yard, hearty were the cheers and warm the greetings they received from their townsmen and kinsfolk. Paul Heck wrung his friend Lawrence's hand, and the latter gayly raised his Glengarry bonnet toward the window where, waving their kerchiefs, stood Barbara Heck and Mary Embury. Handing his musket to Heck, he rushed eagerly up-stairs, unbuckling his knapsack as he went. Throwing the latter into a corner,

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he warmly shook hands with Barbara, who opened the door, and then tenderly embraced her blushing companion, exclaiming:

"Thank God, Molly dear, I see you safe once more!"

"Thank God," she devoutly answered, "that you are spared to come back alive! Every day, and almost every hour, I 've prayed for you. We heard of the terrible sickness, and I feared you would never return."

"I felt sure in my heart that you would," said brave-souled Barbara; "but it took all my faith to keep up Molly's courage."

"A sore winter we had of it," said John, "and the enemy worse than we. From my heart I pitied them, even though they were doing their worst against us."

"We never heard word or token how it fared with ye. Sore and sad was my heart many 's the day for fear the fever, or the famine, or the fire of the enemy might destroy ye."

"How could man die better, Molly dear, than fighting for his king and country? The service was hard, and the fare was poor; the

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besiegers were more than the defenders, and we were put on short allowance of food; but we were holding the key of the continent for good King George, and every man of us would have died rather than give it up. A queer old town it is, with walls all around just as if it was one big castle. And the grand sunrise and sunset views from the Citadel Hill—I never saw the like. But I found in the old town what we could n't find here—that is, a Methodist preacher."

"Did ye, now?" ejaculated Paul Heck. "And who was he, and where did he come from? And tell us all about the siege."

"His name was James Tuffy, a commissary in the 44th Regiment, and a right good man he was. He was one of Mr. Wesley's helpers in England; and he did n't leave his religion behind, as so many do who cross the sea. He had preaching in his own quarters in the barracks. It was a strange sight. The garrison was so crowded that we had to have hammocks swung in the casemates, which were looped up by day to give room to work the big guns. And he would sit on a gun-

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carriage, with his Bible on a gun-breach, and preach and pray; and more than once the drums beat to quarters while he was preaching, and we had to seize our arms and rush to the walls, while the gunners blazed away with the big guns.

"I 'll never forget the last day of the year, when we repulsed a double attack. It was a cold and stormy night. The snow fell fast, and the wind howled about the bastions, O so drearily! In the night, the sentries on the wall by St. John's Gate saw some signaling by lanterns in the enemy's trenches, and gave the alarm. The guard turned out, and a sharp fire was opened by a body of men concealed behind a snow-drift. A deserter had warned the general that an attack was to be made, and we were kept under arms all night. I was posted, along with a battery of small guns, at a block-house, at a place called the Pres-de-ville, just below the cliff; and cold work it was, pacing up and down in the storm, and blowing our fingers to keep them from freezing. At last, amid the darkness, I thought I saw something moving on the road. I

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watched closely, and felt sure I was not mistaken. I told Sergeant McQuarters, who had command of the battery, and we were all on the alert.

"The enemy came nearer, halted, and one of them advanced to reconnoiter, and then went back. The snow muffled every sound, except our steady breathing, or the click of a flint-lock, and the howling of the wind. Presently they dashed forward at the double-quick. The gunners stood with their lighted matches in their hands, and when the head of the column came within range, they blazed away with grape and shrapnel. The column was crushed back and shattered like an egg-shell, and we could hear the cries and groans of the wounded amid the dark.

"Just then we heard firing in the rear, and were called back to repulse an attack from the other side of the town. The enemy swarmed over the walls and through the embrasures, and fought their way from house to house in the narrow street, amid a blinding snowstorm. They were taken in front and rear by the garrison, and penned in between

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the high cliff and the river, and were caught as in a trap. When day dawned we found Montgomery and his slain companions half-buried in the drifts. The general lay on his back, far in advance, wrapped in his icy winding-sheet. His sword-arm, frozen stiff, thrust through the snow, still grasped his naked sword.*

"After this dreadful fight in storm and darkness, we suffered no more assaults all winter long; but both sides endured great hardships. The enemy, in their snowy trenches and canvas tents, smitten with pleurisy and small-pox, died like sheep. It was dreadful. But they hung on like bulldogs, and never for an hour relaxed the strictness of the siege. We could n't go outside of the gates for fuel,

* Forty-two years later, the body of Montgomery was given up by the British to a kinsman, who had it removed to New York. From the windows of her cottage on the Hudson, his widow, then in extreme old age, beheld the vessel that bore his remains glide down the river past her doors. In the porch of the Church of St. Paul, in Broadway, amid the rush and roar of the ceaseless tide of traffic, stands the monument which commemorates the untimely and tragic fate of this brave and gallant gentleman.

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and had to break up the houses to bake our bread and cook our rations.

"At last, one morning in spring—it was May-day, and I 'll always keep it as a holiday—the lookout on Citadel Hill cried out, 'A sail! a sail!' We all crowded to the ramparts and walls, and there, slowly rounding the headland of Point Levis, was the van of the British fleet, with the dear old Union Jack flying at the peak. How we cheered and hugged each other, and laughed and cried by turns, and the drums beat a joyous roll, and the bugles blew a blithe fanfare, and the big guns fired a double royal salute, although it used up nearly the last of our powder!

"With the flood-tide the fleet came sailing up the broad river, with their white sails swelling in the wind, like a flock of snowy swans, and the sailors manned the yards, and red-coats lined the bulwarks, and the bands played 'God Save the King' and 'Britannia Rules the Waves,' and our men shouted and sang, and Commissary Tuffy exhorted and prayed, and the old Highlanders and their

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Cameronian sergeant all gathered in the king's bastion and sang, between shouts and sobs, the psalm:

'Had not the Lord been on our side—
May Israel now say—
Had not the Lord been on our side,
When men rose us to slay,
They had us swallowed quick, when as
Their wrath 'gainst us did flame;
Waters had covered us—our soul
Had sunk beneath the stream.

Then had the waters, swelling high,
Over our soul made way.
Bless'd be the Lord, who to their teeth
Us gave not for a prey!
Our souls escapèd as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare;
The snare asunder broken is,
And we escapèd are.'

"Then they sang:

'When Sion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we;
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody.'

"And the enemy in their trenches saw the ships and heard the guns, and they turned and fled, like the army of Sennacherib, leaving their tents and their stores behind, and even their sick in their beds. And we went

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out and spoiled their camp, as the people of Samaria spoiled the camp of the Syrians, and we brought in their sick and wounded, and tended them as carefully as if they were our own."

Such was, in brief, the narrative, divested of its interruptions and amplifications, given by John Lawrence to his attentive auditory, of the terrible winter of the last siege of Quebec.

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CHAPTER X.

WHITE-WINGED PEACE.

THE weary years of the war dragged their slow length along. The seasons came and went, bringing no surcease of the strange, unnatural strife between the mother and the daughter land. Meanwhile the American Colonies had thrown off their allegiance to the mother country by the celebrated Declaration of Independence, which was solemnly adopted by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776. The British had already been obliged to evacuate Boston.

Notwithstanding the protests of Lord Chatham and Lord North against the war, the English king and his ministers persisted in their policy of coercion. The following spring, General Burgoyne, who had been appointed to the supreme military command, set out from Canada, with nine thousand men, to invade the State of New York by way of Lake Champlain, effect a junction with General

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Gage at Albany, and sever the American Confederacy by holding the Hudson River. He captured Ticonderoga, and advanced to Fort Edward. The New England and New York militia swarmed around the invading army, cut off its supplies, and, familiar with the ground, attacked its detached forces with fatal success. Burgoyne was defeated at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and soon afterwards, being completely surrounded, surrendered, with six thousand men, to General Gates, at Saratoga. This surrender led to the recognition of American independence by the French, and to their active assistance of the revolt by money, arms, ships, and volunteers. The occupation of Philadelphia by the British, and the defeat of the Americans at Brandywine and Germantown, were, however, disheartening blows to the young Republic.

The Revolutionary War continued, with varying fortune, to drag its weary length. Several European officers, of high rank and distinguished military ability, placed their swords at the disposal of the young Republic of the West, and rendered valuable service in

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organizing, animating, and leading its armies. Among these were the Barons Steuben and DeKalb; the brave Polish patriots, Kosciuszko and Pulaski; and, most illustrious of them all, the gallant Marquis de la Fayette. The genius and moral dignity of Washington sustained the courage of his countrymen under repeated disaster and defeat, and commanded the admiration and respect of even his enemies. The last great act of this stormy drama was the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, with seven thousand troops, at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781. Lord Chatham, Lord North, and many of the leading minds of Great Britain, were averse to the prosecution of the war, and now public opinion compelled the king and ministry to recognize the independence of the revolted Colonies; and the angel of peace at last waved her branch of olive over the weary continent.

We return now to trace more minutely the fortunes of the principal characters in our little story. During the long years of the war they lived quietly in the town of Montreal, whose growth was stimulated to fictitious

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prosperity by the military movements upon the adjacent frontier. The little group of loyalist exiles shared this prosperity. Paul Heck found constant employment—notwithstanding his honest scruples about fighting—in the construction of gun-carriages and other military carpentry, and John Lawrence as house-joiner. The latter, soon after his return from Quebec, built a small, neat house for himself in the suburbs.

Hither, the following spring, he brought as his bride the blooming young widow, Mary Embury. It was a very quiet wedding. They were married by the military chaplain, in the little English church which had been erected for the use of the growing English population. Theirs being the first marriage celebrated in the church, they received from the Church wardens the present of as handsome a Bible and Prayer-book as the store of the principal mercer and draper of the town, who was also the only bookseller, contained.

After the marriage ceremony they received a hearty "infare" to their own house, under the motherly management of Barbara Heck.

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Nor was this little group of Methodists without the chastening effects of sorrow. Two children, the daughters of Paul and Barbara Heck—sweet girls, about twelve and eight years old—within a short period of each other, died. The parent's heart was stricken sore; but smiling through her tears, Barbara consoled her husband with the holy words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Such were the difficulties and obstructions of travel during the war that none of their old loyalist neighbors in the province of New York were able to carry out their cherished purpose of escaping to the great northern province which still remained loyal to the king. At the close of the war, however, a number of them reached Montreal, and, after a temporary sojourn there, sought new homes in what was then the virgin wilderness of Upper Canada, and was recently erected into a province. The Hecks and Lawrences, desirous of returning to the simple agricultural life in which they had been bred, resolved to join them. The sturdy boys of Paul and Barbara

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Heck were growing up almost to man's estate; indeed, the oldest was over twenty-one. The little company of Methodist pioneers, therefore, again set their faces to the wilderness.

"We go forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither we go," said Barbara Heck. But with the prescient instinct of a mother in Israel, she added: "But I have faith to believe that this is my last removal, and that God will give us a home, and to our seed after us. A many changes have I seen. I seek now a quiet resting-place, and a grave among my children and my children's children."

Prophetic words! She now sleeps her last sleep amid her kinsfolk after the flesh; and her spiritual kinsfolk—the great Methodist community of whom she was the mother and pioneer in this new province—far and wide, have filled the land.

At Lachine, above the rapids in the river, the little company embarked their household gear in a brigade of stout bateaux. Along the river's bank the boys drove the cattle that

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were to stock the future farms. The oxen were employed, also, in dragging the bateaux at the Cedar and Gallops Rapids. Night after night they drew up their boats and pitched their tents in the shadows of the primeval forest.

At length, after a week's strenuous toil, these pioneers of civilization reached the newly-surveyed township of Augusta, in which were the allotted lands for which they held the patents of the Crown. They lay on the broad upland slope of the St. Lawrence, in full view of the rushing river, near the spot where the pretty village of Maitland now stands. They found, with little difficulty, the blazed trees, with the surveyor's marks, by which they recognized their several allotments. The tents were pitched beneath the forest shade, the boats unladed, the fires kindled, and in the long twilight—it was the early spring—they ate their bread in their new home, if home it could be called, while not yet a tree was felled, with gladness and singleness of heart; and, like Jacob at Bethel, erected an altar, and worshiped the God of

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their fathers in that lofty-vaulted and solemn-aisled cathedral of the forest.

Day after day the keen-edged axes ring through the woods. The immemorial monarchs of the forest are felled to the earth, and soon, shorn of their branches, lie cut in log-lengths on the sward. Strong arms and brave hearts build the first rude log-houses. The children gather moss to stuff the chinks. The rough "stick chimney" is constructed; but most of the cooking is still done out of doors by the women, beneath the shade of broad-armed maples. The straining oxen, with much shouting and "haw-gee"-ing of their drivers, drag the huge logs into heaps, and all hands, including women and children, help to gather the brush and branches of the felled trees. These, soon drying in the sun, help to kindle the log-heaps, which blaze and smolder day after day, like the funeral pyre of some sylvan Sardanapalus, till only a bed of ashes tells of the cremation of these old forest kings. The rich alluvial soil is rudely scratched with a harrow, and the seed wheat and corn and potatoes are committed to its care, and soon

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the late stern and frowning wilderness laughs with the waving harvest.

The dim forest aisles are full of sounds of mystery and delight. The noisy finches call out unceasingly: "Sow the wheat! sow the wheat!" The chattering blue-jay, who, clad in regalest purple, sows not, neither does he reap, laughs derisively as the farmers toil. The scarlet-crested woodpecker, like some proud cardinal, haughtily raps upon the hollow beech. In the pensive twilight the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will is heard; and at the solemn midnight, from the top of the blasted pine, shrieks the ghostly whoop of the great horned-owl, as if demanding who dare molest his ancient solitary reign. The wild flowers are to the children a perpetual delight—the snowy trilliums; the sweet wood violet; the purple iris; the waxen and fragrant pond-lily, with its targe-like floating leaf; and, like Moses' bush, ever burning, ever unconsumed, the flame-like brilliance of the cardinal flower.

Before winter, the transformation of the scene was wonderful. A cluster of houses

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formed a nucleus of civilization in the wilderness. The cattle were comfortably housed in a combined stable and barn, one deep bay of which was filled with the golden sheaves of ripened grain. While the wind howled loud without, the regular thud, thud, of the falling flail made sweet music to the farmer's ear. The wind-winnowed grain was either pounded with a wooden pestle in a hollowed tree-stump, or ground in hand-mills by those fortunate enough to possess them. Not unfrequently would be heard, in the long, drear nights of winter, when the trees snapped with frost and the ice on the river rent with an explosion like cannon, the melancholy, long-drawn howl of the pack of wolves, and more than once the sheep-pen was invaded, and their fleecy victim was devoured to the very bones. Amid such privations and hardships as these did the pilgrim fathers of the United States and Canada lay the foundations of the neighboring Commonwealths.

Amid their secular labors, the pioneers did not forget nor neglect their spiritual husbandry. True to their providential mission,

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they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada, as they had been in the United States. In the house of John and Mary Lawrence, the widow of Philip Embury, a class-meeting was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, a promising young man, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Among its first members were Paul and Barbara Heck; and the names of their three sons, recorded on its roll, perpetuate the godly traditions of their house, which, like the house of Rechab, has never failed to have a man "to stand before the Lord." "They thus anticipated," remarks Dr. Stevens, "and in part prepared the way for the Methodist itinerancy in Canada, as they had in the United States; for William Losee, the first regular Methodist preacher in Canada, did not enter the province till 1790. The germ of Canadian Methodism was planted by these memorable families five or six years before Losee's arrival."*

*Centenary volume, p. 179.

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CHAPTER XI.

QUAKER AND CAVALIER.

A SOMEWHAT wider range of characters now comes upon the scene of our little story. The second year after the settlement of the Palatine Methodists on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the little community received a re-enforcement of its numbers. Towards the close of a sunny day in May the snowy sails of two large bateaux were seen rounding the headland that shut off the view of the lower reaches of the river. The bateaux made for the shore, and almost the whole population of the little hamlet went down to the landing to give the new-comers a welcome; for this was the most notable event which had happened since their own arrival.

In the bow of the foremost boat stood a venerable-looking man, with a snowy beard and long, iron-gray hair resting on his shoulders. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed

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hat, and a butternut-colored coat with a straight collar and cutaway skirt. Rowing the two boats were a number of younger men; but they all wore the same antiquated costume, and were marked by the same gravity of expression. The women, of whom there were five or six of different ages, wore comfortable brown-stuff gowns and drab-colored, deep "poke-bonnets," but quite innocent of bow or ribbon, save that by which they were tied. Even the children nestling in the boats wore a garb remarkably like that of their elders, and had a strangely old-fashioned look.

"Peace be to this place and to all who dwell here," gravely said the old man, as the bateaux grated on the shingle.

"We bid you welcome in the name of the Lord," replied Paul Heck, who was the recognized head of the little community, at the same time extending his hand in greeting. The younger men took hold of the bateaux, and dragged them up on the beach, and assisted the voyagers to disembark.

"We have been moved to seek homes here

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in this province," spoke the old man, "and to cast in our lot with the faithful subjects of King George."

"Fain and glad we are to see you," said Paul; "a goodly heritage has the king granted us in this fertile land—a land which, like Canaan of old, may be said to flow with milk and honey."

"We desire no goodlier land than the one we left on the banks of the Schuylkill, where we and our fathers sojourned since the days of William Penn. But we do desire to dwell in a land of peace, where we shall never hear again the dreadful bruits of war."

"We are of the same mind in that," replied Paul. "Come and bide this night in my house with your family. To-morrow we will find your allotment, which must be higher up the river."

"Thanks, good friend, for thy hospitality. We gladly accept it. This is Hannah Whiteside, my wife," he said, introducing a silver-haired old lady with sweet, benignant expression of countenance; "and these," he added, with a sweep of his arm to the younger groups,

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"are my sons and my sons' wives, and their little ones, and my daughters. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me, as with his servant Jacob. It was borne in upon me to seek a home in this northern land; and if the Lord prosper us, our kinsfolk in Pennsylvania will shortly follow us."

"You belong, I see," said Paul as they walked to the house, "to the people called Quakers. For them I have a great regard, for their peace principles are like my own."

"The people of the world call us Quakers," replied Jonas Whiteside—for that was his name—"at first in derision and scorn. But we resent not the word, although we prefer to be called Friends."

"And very good friends we will be, I hope," said Paul. "I will use the name that you prefer."

"Nay, thee meant no harm, and we desire to be friends with all," replied the patriarch. "Peace be upon this house and household," he added, as he was ushered into the large living room of the Heck family.

"We wish you peace in the name of the

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Lord," said Barbara Heck, giving them cordial welcome, and bustling about to provide for their entertainment.

"Dear heart, you must be tired with your long journey," she said to the silver-haired matron, as she relieved her of her bonnet and shawl.

"It more than makes amends to get such kindly greeting where we expected to see naught but red deer and red men," was the soft-voiced answer. "I like thee much. What is thy name?"

"Barbara Heck, and my goodman's name is Paul Heck."

"We who are of the Friends' persuasion use not the world's titles. Be not offended if I call thy husband Friend Paul, and thyself Barbara; and I prithee call me Hannah. It will seem more homelike in this far-off place."

The two women soon became fast friends. They had much in common—the same unworldly, spiritual nature; the same habitual communion with the Unseen; the same moral sensitiveness to the illumining of the "inner

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light." But there was a greater mental vigor in Barbara Heck; and pleasant it was to see Hannah Whiteside, with her smooth and placid brow unwrinkled by a single line or mark of care, listening to the words of shrewd practical wisdom of Barbara Heck, amid whose once raven hair the silver threads of age had now begun to appear.

Lodging was found for the younger women in the capacious attic, while the men were gladly content with the dry, clean beds of straw in the barn.

The "Quaker Settlement," as it came to be called, was only a couple of miles further up the river, and their coming imparted a comfortable sense of good neighborhood, which took away much of the sense of isolation which during the first year had been, at times, oppressively felt by the Methodist pioneers.

Soon another company of settlers arrived, whose presence added still greater variety and color to the social life of the little forest community. These were several Virginia families of wealth and position, who, for services to the crown during the troublous times

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of the war, had received liberal land-grants in upper Canada. With them they brought several of their domestic slaves, whose presence literally added "more color" to the social life, and contributed not a little to the social amusement of the young people of the settlement. Slavery had not then become in America the system of cruel oppression which it was even then in the West Indies, and which it afterwards became in the cotton and sugar States of the Union. These light-hearted, careless creatures had been the farm and house servants of easy-going masters, who would have shrunk from the thought of personal unkindness and oppression—beyond the great and grave oppression of holding an immortal being in bondage, like a beast of burden or a mere chattel. But of that they thought not. No one thought. Even good and philanthropic men like George Whitefield deemed it no harm to own slaves; but, of course, they felt it a duty to use them kindly.

But the number of slaves in Canada was few, and public opinion secured their good treatment. In fact, slavery can not flourish

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in a northern climate, where thrift and careful industry are essential prerequisites to prosperity. These can never be attained by enforced and unpaid labor. It is only in southern climates, where the prolific soil yields her increase in response to careless tillage, and where shelter and clothing are almost superfluous, that, from the thriftless toil of purchased thews and sinews, can be wrung a thriftless compensation. It is the blessing, not the bane, of a northern land that only by the strenuous toil of unbought muscles can the earth be subdued and made the free home of free men.

The leading member of this company of Virginia loyalists was Colonel Isaac Pemberton, a man of large and portly person, who to the politeness of a perfect gentleman added great dignity of bearing. He had served on the staff of Lord Cornwallis in the Royalist army, on which account he was always spoken of by the honorary title of "Colonel" Pemberton. His sons had also served as volunteers in the same army, but only in the untitled capacity of "full privates." By the surrender of

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Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Pembertons became prisoners of war, but after having been released on parole they were at length exchanged for some leading insurgents who were confined on board the hulks at Halifax. The vast Pemberton estate on the Upper Potomac, and all the broad demesne, yielding a rich annual revenue in tobacco and grain, with the stately country-house in which the gallant colonel had been wont to dispense an open-handed Virginian hospitality, were, however, confiscated. The colonel brought to Canada a considerable amount of ready money in solid English guineas, together with the valuable jewels of his wife and daughters, including a necklace of considerable value, though of rather tasteless design, which had been a present from good Queen Anne to his own mother—who had been one of the queen's maids of honor—on her wedding day.

His large troop of slaves were of course confiscated with his estate. But through some oversight or informality, two old "body-servants," who had acted respectively as valet and butler, together with their wives and

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brood of "pickaninnies," were permitted to share the fallen fortunes of their master. This the faithful creatures gladly did, for they felt that upon their fidelity depended very largely the dignity and honor of the house. These sable satellites rejoiced in the somewhat pompous names, bestowed by the classic taste of the colonel's father—who had been an Oxford graduate—of Julius Cæsar and Cneius Pompey; but they were for most part more briefly designated as "You Jule," or "You Pomp"—or Uncle Pomp or Uncle Jule, as their master preferred to call them. And very patriarchal those faithful old servants looked, their heads as white as the bursting bolls of the cotton-plant, or as the large globes which surmounted the gate-posts of the hospitable mansion, when covered with a cap of fleecy snow.

Much more important members of the household, however, and equally faithful in sharing its fallen fortunes, were the wives of these classic magnates — "Mammy Dinah," the ancient nurse of a generation of young Pembertons; and Aunt Chloe, the oracle and

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priestess of the kitchen, who had presided at the mysteries of the *cuisine* in the palmy days of routs and parties and lavish hospitality. Their names were popular corruptions of the whimsical cognomens bestowed by their former master, Diana and Cleopatra.

"Hab my liberty, eh?" said Mammy Dinah when told by Colonel Pemberton that she and her husband were free to go where they pleased. "Not if I knows it. I hain't nussed Mas'r George and Mas'r Ned and the young leddies when they wuz leetle pickaninnies, through mumps and measles, to lose sight on 'em now. No, Mas'r, ye don't get red o' me that a-way, no how!"

"Laws, honey!" chimed in Aunt Chloe, "what 'ud Missis ever do widout *me*, I'd like ter know? Could n't even make a corn-dodger or slapjack widout ole Chloe. Ye can't do widout me, no how. De ting's onpossible!

"No, indeed, Mammy and Aunty," said Mrs. Pemberton, a delicate little woman, with a low, soft voice, "I don't know what we 'd do without either of you. I 'm so glad you don't want to leave us. But we 've lost all

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our property, you know, and we will have to go away off to Canada, to the wild backwoods, where nobody ever lived before."

"All de more need for ole Mammy and Chloe to go wid ye, and nuss ye, and care for ye and mas'r," said the faithful Dinah. "We can die for ye, honey, but we can't leave ye."

So the whole household, with these faithful servants, took passage in a schooner down the Potomac to Hampton Roads, where they were transferred to a British ship, which had been sent to convey the Virginia loyalists to the port of Halifax, in the province of Nova Scotia. It was a small and crowded vessel. There were many refugees on board, and the autumnal equinox had brought with it fierce Atlantic gales. Three weeks they beat about that stern, inhospitable coast—those delicately-nurtured women suffering all the discomforts and privations of seasickness, and of the crowded cabins and short allowance of water and provisions, before their almost shipwrecked vessel, with tattered canvas, glided, like a storm-tossed bird with weary wing, into the noble harbor of refuge, where the fair city

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of Halifax now extends her spacious streets and squares.

It was on the verge of winter. Many of the refugees were suffering from lack of clothing, and many of them were without money to procure either food or shelter. Among them were men and women of gentle birth and delicate nurture, ex-judges of His Majesty's courts, ex-officers of His Majesty's army, clergymen of Oxford training, planters, and country gentlemen, all reduced from competence to poverty on account of their fidelity to their conscience and their king. But the best provision that it was possible to make for their comfort was made. The king's stores were thrown open, and ample supplies of food, blankets, and tents were furnished, and accommodation was provided as far as possible for the refugees in the barracks of the troops and in private houses.

Some took up land in Nova Scotia, others—among them Colonel Pemberton and his family—preferred to make the journey to the more distant wilds of Canada. These had to remain in camp or barrack through the long

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and dreary months of a winter of unusual severity. In the spring, when the ice was thought to be out of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, a transport was sent to convey them to Quebec and Montreal. But much delay and discomfort were experienced before the transport cast anchor beneath the fortress-crowned height of Quebec. But the troubles of our refugees were now almost at an end. As if an omen and augury of their future prosperity, the month of May opened warm and sunny. A sudden transfiguration of the face of nature took place. A green flush overspread the landscape. The air was filled with the pollen and catkins of the larch and willows. When our travelers landed on the river bank at Montreal, they found the blue-eyed violets blooming under the very shadow of the "ice-shove," where the frozen surface of the river had been piled up upon the shore; and before the snowdrifts had melted from the hollows a whiter drift of apple-blossoms had covered as with a bridal veil the orchard trees.

The welcome of the Virginia loyalists at

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the Heck Settlement, as it had begun to be called, was no less cordial than had been that of the more peaceful and less aristocratic Quakers of the previous year. They had all suffered for a common cause; and community of suffering is the strongest bond of sympathy and friendship.

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Chapter XII.

A LIFE DRAMA.

THE mutual helpfulness that prevailed among the early settlers threw into intimate contact and placed under mutual obligation the new-comers, both Quaker and Cavalier, and the Heck family. On the narrow stage of this backwoods scene was played by these humble actors the grand drama of human life, nor were there wanting any of the elements which give it dignity and sublimity. There were the deep, immortal yearnings of the soul for a fairer and loftier ideal than this world offers, the hungry cravings of the heart for affection and sympathy, the aspiration of the spirit for a higher and holier life. Beneath the prosaic surface of rural toil there were, for the young hearts awaking to self-consciousness amid their forest surroundings, a rich mine of poetry and romance.

Nature, in her varied moods and with her myriad voices, spoke her secrets to their souls.

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The gladsome coming of the spring kindled joyous pulses in their frames. The rich luxuriance of the summertide was a constant psalm of praise. The sad suggestions of the autumn, with its wailing winds and weeping skies and falling leaves, lent a pensiveness to their spirits. And when the deep snows of winter clothed the world "with ermine too dear for an earl," their hearty out-of-door life and cheerful home joys bade defiance to the icy reign of the frost-king. To gentler natures, the deep shadows of the lonely forest aisles, the quiet beauty of the forest flowers, the solemn sunsets on the shining river, and the mysterious whisperings of the night-winds among the needles of the pine, so like the murmuring of the distant sea, were a perpetual and deep delight.

The fair Katharine Heck, the youngest child of Paul and Barbara, was now a blooming maiden in her later teens, who inherited her mother's early beauty and mental acuteness, and her father's placid and contemplative disposition. The loveliness of character and person of the young girl made a profound

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impression on the susceptible southern temperament of Reginald Pemberton, a younger son of the gallant colonel. The alert mind of Barbara Heck observed, with a mother's solicitude, the unconscious attachment springing up between these young hearts, and read their secret before the principals were aware of it themselves. While Reginald was a youth of noble spirit and manly, generous character, still he was ignorant of the great regenerating change which the pious Methodist mother regarded as the prime essential—the "one thing needful"—to secure his own and her daughter's happiness. Moreover, he belonged to a proud and aristocratic family, who were, in their social standing and their ideas, emphatically "people of the world;" and how could those who felt themselves the "heirs of the kingdom" smile on such a worldly alliance? Moreover, she was as proud in her way as any Pemberton living, and would not brook that union with a child of hers should be considered a misalliance by the bluest blood in the realm.

Much troubled with these thoughts, the de-

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vout Barbara thus communed one day with goodman Paul:

"Have you not observed, Paul, that young Pemberton is vastly more attentive to Katharine than is good for either of them?"

"No, I can't say that I have," replied Paul, with a look of surprised inquiry. "Have you?"

"To be sure I have," rejoined the anxious matron. "He is mooning around here half the time."

"Is he? How do you know he does not come to see the boys?"

"Come to see the boys, indeed! And is it to the boys he brings the bouquets of wild flowers and baskets of butternuts? And was it for the boys he tamed the raccoon that he gave to Kate?"

"Well, where's the harm? Kate is only a child yet."

"Only a child? She is near nineteen."

"Is she? Dear me, so she is. It seems only a little while since she was a baby."

"The boy is so shy that he scarcely ever speaks to her; but he is as content to sit

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dumb in her presence as a cat is to bask in the sun."

"Humph! I know somebody who used to be quite content to sit dumb in yours. Well, mother, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do about it? That 's what I do n't know. Can't you tell him not to come so often, or something?"

"Fie, Barbara! Do you think I would be guilty of such a breach of hospitality? Leave the young folks alone. You will only be putting nonsense into their heads if you do anything at all. Katie is a good girl. You can trust her innocent heart. She loves her old father yet better than any other man, I 'se warrant."

So the matter dropped for the time, although Barbara mentally resolved to warn Katharine not to let her affections become entangled.

That evening, in the golden glow of sunset, Katharine Heck was spinning in the ample "living-room" of the large and rambling house. The amber-colored light flashed back from the well-scoured tins and burnished brass

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kettles and candlesticks on the dresser, and tinged with bronze her glossy hair. And a very pretty picture she made, clad in her simple calico gown, as she walked gracefully back and forth from her wheel, now giving it a swift whirl, and then stepping back as she dexterously drew out the yarn from the fleecy rolls of wool. Evidently young Pemberton was of the same opinion, as he stood for a moment at the open door, holding in his hand a string of beautiful speckled trout, fresh from a sparkling stream near by.

"Good-evening, Mistress Kate!" he said, after a pause. "I 've brought a few fish, for your mother, that I have just caught in Braeside Burn."

"O, thanks! How pretty they are! Mother will be so much obliged," said the maiden, taking the string of fish.

"I 'm not so sure of that," said the young man. "I 'm sometimes afraid I 've offended your m ther. I do n't know how, unless she thinks I am idle, because I 'm so fond of my rod and gun. I learned that in old Virginia, and can't easily unlearn it."

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"She won't object to your sport to-day, at any rate," said Kate, with a laugh; "for mother can fry trout better than any one in the world. You must stay, and have some;" and she took the fish into the summer kitchen.

"And now," she said, as she came back, "if you have been idle, you must make amends by being useful. I have been wanting some one to hold my yarn while I wind it."

"I am so awkward, I 'm afraid I 'll tangle it; but I 'll do my best," said the blushing boy, as he stretched out his hands to receive the skein.

True to his fears, he soon did tangle it, letting several threads off at once; and as Kate deftly disentangled the skein, he thought her the loveliest being that poet's fancy ever conceived.

At this juncture the matronly Barbara entered the room to thank their visitor for his present. The self-conscious youth fancied—or was it fancy?—that he observed a severer expression than usual in her eye, though her words of thanks were exceedingly polite.

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"I am playing the part of Hercules with Omphale," said the stalwart youth, who had acquired a tincture of classic lore at the grammar-school at Annapolis, in Virginia; "but I can succeed better at my own work of holding the plow or wielding my fishing-rod."

"The former of these employments is the more profitable in a new country like this," said Barbara, with emphasis; "although the trout are not to be despised," she continued, relaxing into a smile, "and you must stay and have some."

About the homely farm and household duties of the youth and maid, love wove its sweet romance; and the older hearts, remembering the fond emotions of their youth, could not chill with censorious words their budding and innocent affection.

A favorite amusement of the young people, in the long summer twilights, when the afterglow of sunset was reflected from the shining reaches of the river, like a sea of glass mingled with fire, and when the great white harvest-moon climbed, like a wan specter, up the

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eastern sky, was to sail or row upon the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence; and often they would beguile the delicious hours with such song and music as their somewhat primitive tastes had acquired. On such occasions, young Hannah and Reuben Whiteside often joined the party, finding in its innocent mirth a relief from the somewhat pallid quietism of their home-life.

One lovely August evening, Paul and Barbara Heck were making a friendly call on the hospitable Whiteside family at the Quaker Settlement. As they sat in the soft and silver moonlight, on the broad "stoop" of the low-walled, broad-eaved log-house, the sound of sweet strains of music, wafted over the water, stole upon their ears. In the hush of twilight, when even the whip-poor-will's plaintive cry was at intervals distinctly heard, floated soft and clear, in the rich tenor voice of Reginald Pemberton, the notes of the sweet Scottish song:

"Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
For 't was there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true—

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Gave me her promise true,
And ne'er forget will I;
But for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die."

More charmed than she liked to confess, Barbara Heck, in whose soul was a rich though seldom-touched vein of poetry, listened to the simple strain.

"It 's a worldly song," she said, at length; "but the music is very sweet. Pity that such gifts were not employed in singing the praise of their Giver."

"After a pause, the sweet and pure contralto voice of Katharine Heck trilled forth the words of her favorite hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Then every voice joined in the triumphant chorus, which came swelling in a pæan of praise over the waves:

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

The tears stood in Hannah Whiteside's soft brown eyes as she said, with a sigh, in

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which the long repression of her emotional nature found vent:

"Why should we not have such holy hymns in our worship, Jonas?"

"Nay, dear heart, it needs not," answered the patriarch. "When we listen to the Spirit's inner voice, it is meet that we commune with our own hearts and be still."

"But still, the deepest feelings of our souls, their adoration and their love, crave for expression in sacred song; and God's servants of old time praised him in his holy temple with psaltery and harp."

"But that was in the carnal dispensation of form and ceremony. We who live in the later dispensation of the Spirit, must serve God in spirit and in truth, making melody in our hearts unto the Lord."

"But you don't think the singing of hymns wrong, do you?" asked Paul Heck.

"We judge no man," replied the God-fearing Quaker. "To his own Master he standeth or falleth. We must follow the guidance of the Inner Light."

"Perhaps we deem as erringly," said Bar-

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bara, as she walked home through the moonlight with her husband, "in condemning as worldly such songs as so deeply touch our deeper and nobler nature, as Friend Whiteside does in condemning our psalms and hymns."

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE PIONEER PREACHER.

THE little forest community was soon to be stirred by a deep religious impulse, the results of which only the great day shall declare. At the close of a sultry day in the midsummer of 1790, there rode into the Heck Settlement a man of somewhat notable appearance. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, of tall and well-knit figure, save that one arm seemed quite shriveled or paralyzed. Nevertheless, he was a fearless horseman, riding at a gallop through the root-entangled forest paths, and boldly leaping his horse across the pools made by the recent rains. He wore a coarse felt hat, homespun, snuff-colored coat—to which a somewhat clerical air was given by a straight collar and cutaway skirts—and leathern leggings. Behind him were the inevitable saddle-bags and his coarse frieze coat. Riding up to the house of Paul Heck, without dismounting, he knocked

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THE ITINERANT'S VISIT.

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with his riding-whip on one of the posts of the "stoop."

"I am a Methodist preacher," he said. "Can I preach here to-morrow?" For it was Saturday evening.

"Fain and glad will we be to have you," said Paul Heck, as he came forward.

"Can I have lodging and provender for myself and horse?" continued the preacher.

"Ay, and welcome. Get you down," said Paul, extending his hand in friendly greeting.

"Tell me first, will you warn the neighbors of the preaching? If not, I will do so myself before I dismount, although I have had a long ride to-day."

"Ay, will we, near and far. Here, Barbara, is a Methodist preacher," Paul called to his good wife within the house.

"We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord!" said that hospitable matron, using the language of the Prayer-book, with which she had long been familiar. "Thank God, I live to see the day!" she went on. "We are Methodists, too, and we have pined and hun-

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gered for the preaching of the Word as the hungry long for food."

"Bless the Lord!" said the preacher; "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. I knew not that there was a Methodist in Canada, and here, the very day I enter the country, I find some."

"Ay, and you 'll find a-many more, scattered up and down, and fain and glad they 'll be to see you," said Paul, using his customary formula of welcome.

While the new preacher, whose name they learned was William Losee, the pioneer of the goodly band of Methodist itinerants who soon ranged the country, was doing ample justice to the generous meal set before him—for he had ridden forty miles that day—Jabez Heck, Paul's son, proceeded to "warn" the neighbors, near and far, of the preaching at his father's house next day.

The great "living-room" and adjoining kitchen were both filled, and on Sunday morning the preacher stood in the doorway between the two, with a chair before him to support his Bible and hymn-book. Having

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announced his text—"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord"—he closed his book, and delivered, not an exposition, but a fervent exhortation, mingled, on the part of both speaker and hearers, with strong crying and tears. The class-meeting, in which the Hecks, Lawrences, Samuel Embury, and others who now for the first time met, was held, and was a Bethel of delight.

The afternoon and evening congregations were so large that the preaching had to be held in the large barn. By night the fame of the preacher had spread far and wide, and—moved by devotion, by curiosity, or by a desire to scoff and scorn—the whole neighborhood was present. Of the latter class was a wild and reckless young man, Joe Brouse by name, who, standing near the door, was attempting to turn into mockery and derision the solemnities of divine worship. Aroused to holy indignation by this sacrilege, Losee lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, and cried out, like one of the Hebrew prophets: "Smite

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him, my God! my God, smite him!" "He fell like a bullock under the stroke of the butcher's ax," writes the historian of the scene, "and writhed on the floor in agony until the Lord in mercy set his soul at liberty."* The emotion of that rustic congregation became uncontrollable. Sighs and groans and tears were heard on every side. Preaching was impossible, and Losee and the members of the little Methodist class gave themselves to prayer, to counseling the seekers after salvation, and to the singing of hymns, which had a strangely tranquillizing effect upon the congregation.

Early the next morning, Losee was on his way to the Bay of Quinté and Niagara Settlements, leaving an appointment for that day four weeks. Such was the aggressive mode of gospel warfare of the pioneer itinerant.

There was much difference of sentiment in the little community as to the services of the day. The Methodists were greatly refreshed in spirit, and Barbara Heck declared that it

* Dr. Carroll's "Case, and his Contemporaries," Vol. I, p. 8.

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was "a day of the Son of man and of power." Jonas Whiteside refrained from criticism, further than to say that "God was not in the earthquake, nor in the thunder, but in the still small voice." Soft-voiced Hannah Whiteside shrank within herself as from something which jarred painfully upon her sensitive spirit. Colonel Pemberton quite lost his politeness in his anger that his son Reginald, his hope and pride, through the ranting of a Methodist fanatic, should degrade himself by weeping for his sins and crying for pardon alongside of that reprobate, Joe Brouse. Mrs. Pemberton, a sincere and pious soul, trembled with joy at her son's conversion and fear at her husband's wrath. Mammy Dinah was in ecstasies of joy. Her "hallelujahs" and "bress de Lo'ds" were frequent and loud. "Dis is de ole kind o' 'ligion," she said to Aunt Chloe, "like we had in Ole Virginny." But Uncle Pompey shook his head doubtfully, because it was a Methodist and not a Baptist preacher through whose ministrations the awakening took place. But Joe Brouse, out of the depths of his conscious experience, exclaimed: "Whether he be

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a ranting fanatic, I know not; but one thing I know—whereas I was blind, now I see." And his strangely-altered life and godly conversation were a demonstration of the new light that had fallen on his soul. For drunkenness and cursing, he put on the garments of sobriety and praise; and none were more diligent in attending the Methodist class and prayer meeting, or more zealous in good works.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE RECRUIT.

A PAINFUL scene took place between Colonel Pemberton and his son as the result of the great awakening which accompanied Losee's preaching. The young man had become a zealous attendant at the Methodist meetings, and, overcoming his natural reserve, had thrown himself eagerly into Christian work, taking part in public prayer, and exhorting earnestly at the inquiry meetings which from night to night were held in Paul Heck's house.

"Do you mean to set at defiance your father's authority, and to cast in your lot with those fanatical Methodists?" demanded the colonel, in a towering rage, one Monday morning, after Reginald had been particularly earnest at the meeting the night before.

"Father, I owe you all obedience in things temporal; but where my duty toward God is clear, I dare not disobey him."

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"And who is to be the judge of your duty, I 'd like to know, unless your father?" demanded the choleric old gentleman.

"We must each give account of our own selves unto God, and I can not violate my conscience even for the best of fathers."

"Why, this is flat rebellion, you ingrate," exclaimed the imperious colonel, quite ignoring a plea which his own better judgment would have been constrained to admit.

"Nay, father," replied the youth, respectfully, "not rebellion, but the truest loyalty to the Supreme Authority."

"Well, all I have to say is this," exclaimed the colonel, in an outburst of petulance, "if you join those fanatical Methodists, you are no longer a son of mine."

"O, do n't say that, father—anything but that!" cried Reginald, with an agonized expression.

"I have said it, and I mean it, too. Your home shall be no more beneath this roof. Well, what is your choice?" asked the stern parent, with a gesture of impatience.

"My choice is made," replied the boy, with

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a pale but resolute expression. "I *have* joined the Methodists, and I will not forsake them. It would be betraying my Master to turn back from following after him."

"Well, as you have made your bed, you must lie in it. Go! Let me see your face no more!" and the old gentleman turned angrily away.

"O father, do not spurn me from your door!" cried Reginald, seizing his hand; "or let me see my mother once more before I go."

"No!" exclaimed the testy sire; "you are breaking her heart with your ingratitude. It will only give her needless pain," and he snatched his hand suddenly away, and strode out of the barn, where this interview had taken place.

Reginald threw himself on the wheat-straw in an agony of sobs and tears. The world seemed to whirl around him. He seemed sunken in the darkest midnight of despair. The strongest earthly ties had snapped asunder. It seemed as if the solid earth itself were rocking beneath his feet. In this tempest of his soul there stole a thought—

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almost an audible voice, it seemed—of sweet and calm assurance, that tranquillized his spirit: "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up;" and in prayer to his Father in heaven his agitated feelings found repose.

He went forth an exile from his father's house, with nothing but the homespun clothes in which he stood. He wended his way to the Quaker Settlement to ask for work. The good Quaker, Jonas Whiteside, finding in his heroic spirit something akin to his own doctrine of passive resistance to persecution, which the history of his sect had so signally illustrated, gave him work and wages, which relieved him from present anxiety about earning a living. It was very galling, however, to the proud colonel to have his son and heir working as a hired servant with his Quaker neighbor.

True as the sun to its appointed time, on the evening before the meeting announced by Elder Losee, that active itinerant cantered into the clearing of the Heck Settlement, very much bespattered with mud, and with gar-

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ments somewhat frayed from contact with the tangled underbrush of the wilderness; but buoyant in heart and hope. In answer to minute inquiry after the welfare and progress of the recent converts, he soon learned the story of Reginald's persecution and religious fortitude. During the Sunday he called upon him to pray, to speak in class, and to exhort at the close of the afternoon meeting. After supper he asked him to take a walk upon the river bank. In the mellow light of the setting sun they strolled along the lake-like margin of the broad St. Lawrence, Losee speaking of the triumphs of the gospel during his four weeks' ride of some six hundred miles, and Reginald modestly answering the questions which he asked him. At length Losee stopped short, and, laying his hand impressively upon the young man's shoulder, said, abruptly:

"My brother, the Lord hath need of thee. You must come with me!"

"Come where?" asked Reginald, in surprise.

"Wherever the Lord shall show the way.

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I believe you are called of God to preach the gospel. You must not be disobedient to the heavenly call."

"When I gave myself to the Lord," said the young man, after a short pause, "I gave myself wholly, to do his will in any way that he should show me. I would not run before I am sent; but if he opens a way to preach his Word, I would rejoice to go. I feel very unfit and ignorant, but I have a joy in my soul that I long to tell my fellow-men."

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed the pioneer preacher, with old-fashioned Methodist zeal. "May it be as a fire in your bones that will not be suppressed! I forewarn you, you shall have hard toil and poor fare, and it may be hunger and cold and peril and want; but God calls you to the noblest work on earth, and to a crown of glory in the skies."

"My soul says, 'Here am I, Lord, send me, if it be thy will, anywhere, or to do any work,'" said the young man, with solemn enthusiasm. "When I was quite a boy I followed the king's flag in more than one stormy fight, and suffered bonds and imprisonment

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for his cause, and now I am not afraid to do as much for my Heavenly King."

"Have you a horse?" abruptly asked Losee.

"No, nor a bridle either; but I have a good pair of legs," said Reginald, with a smile.

"You must have a horse," said the preacher, decidedly. "You might as well try to fly as walk the rounds you will have to go."

"That means that the Lord don't want me to go, then, till I can earn money to buy a horse."

"I am not so sure about that," replied Losee. "Leave that to me."

And they walked back in the deepening twilight to the barn, where a large company were assembled—vaguely seen by the light of a few lanterns—the men grouped on the right and the women on the left.

"Can you lend young Pemberton a horse, to ride the circuit with me?" Losee asked Paul Heck that night, as they walked from the barn.

"Ay, can I, as long as he likes," said the generous Irish heart; "and do you mean to take him with you now?"

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"Ay. The lad has preaching timber in him, and I want to get him broken in a bit before I recommend him to Conference."

So next morning, Reginald, in his home-spun clothes, rode away, mounted on Paul Heck's sorrel colt. Saddle, he had none; but in lieu thereof he rode upon a folded sheep-skin, girt upon the horse. In this manner were the early Methodist preachers sometimes summoned to their work—like David from the sheepcotes, or Elisha from the plow, or Amos from the herds, or Peter from his nets; and without staff or scrip, or money in their purse, they fared forth on their spiritual errand.

Great was the surprise and chagrin of Colonel Pemberton when he heard that his son had not only cast in his lot with the despised Methodists, but, worse than all, had gone off with a wandering Methodist preacher. But his mother received the tidings with a secret and tremulous joy, which was deepened by the message of filial love which Reginald found an opportunity to send her, which was a comfort and a support to her heart in many an hour of weary watching and prayer.

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Chapter XV.

THE CAMP-MEETING.

THE Heck Settlement had become an important center of religious life and activity. Here was organized the oldest and most flourishing of the Methodist societies of Canada, and here was held the first of Canadian camp-meetings. Further arrivals of refugees—Methodists, Quakers, and Cavaliers; some of the latter accompanied by their domestic slaves—had increased the population of the settlement and its vicinity to quite a numerous community. The Rev. Darius Dunham, the presiding elder, sent by the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, made arrangements for the holding of a camp-meeting in this comparatively populous neighborhood. The announcement created great excitement throughout the whole country-side. It was a meeting quite unknown to any of the settlers except a few from Virginia, where similar meetings had

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been held, chiefly among the slave population. Mammy Dinah and Aunt Chloe were greatly elated at the prospect of enjoying what they called "de ole-time religion" for which their souls had been pining ever since they had come to this cold northern land. The old colonel sniffed and "pshawed;" but out of regard to what he deemed the prejudices of his wife, did not oppose a service which he admitted might do very well for slaves.

Upon the Methodists, of course, fell the chief burden of the preparation. A lovely grove of stately, clean-trunked beeches and maples was selected, overlooking the broad St. Lawrence, and the underbrush was carefully cleared away. A rough stand, sheltered by an awning of beechen boughs, was erected for the preachers, and rough booths for the temporary lodging of the worshipers. Great was the activity in the roomy Heck kitchen, where Dame Barbara, on hospitable thoughts intent, presided over the victualing of the camp as if to stand a siege. In this generous

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provision the good Quakers heartily assisted, and his old-time Virginian hospitality so far overcame the prejudices of Colonel Pemberton as to allow Dinah and Chloe, under the superintendence of their mistress, to exhaust their skill in the culinary art in the same behalf.

The first service was a prayer-meeting of remarkable spiritual power, held on Saturday night, as a preparation for the solemnities of the Sabbath. The Sunday was a high day. The number present, considering the sparsely-settled state of the country, was very extraordinary. One would have wondered where all the people came from. But for thirty or forty miles up and down the river they came in bateaux or Durham boats, and not a few Indians came in their bark canoes to witness a service which they could not comprehend, but of which they felt the strange power.

The interest culminated in the service of Sunday night. Elder Dunham—a tall, dark man, with hair of raven blackness, so long that it flowed down upon his shoulders, and

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an eye of strangely magnetic power—preached a soul-shaking sermon from the text, "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." With thrilling tones and vivid imagery, he described the solemn assize; the great white throne, and Him that sat thereon; and the august scenes of the final judgment, such as in solemn frescoes or austere mosaics have frowned down for centuries from cathedral apse or tribune on awestruck generations of worshipers. His rustic audience was an eminently impressible one. They had no doubts of the awful reality and strict literalness of the dreadful verities of the Judgment-day. As knowing the terrors of the Lord, the preacher endeavored to persuade men to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life. Sobs and cries of emotion were heard, as wave after wave of intense feeling swept over the audience.

None of them had ever heard of Thomas of Celano's wonderful "Dies Iræ, Dies Illa,"

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yet every heart responded to its sublime imagery:

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

O, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us—
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, Lord Jesu, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary, thou hast sought me;
On the cross of suffering bought me,—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

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Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!" *

The scene verged on the sublime. A sea of upturned faces were gazing with an awe-struck fascination on the earnest-souled preacher, who seemed inspired by the grandeur of his theme. Strong, Rembrandt-like lights and shadows flitted over the congregation as the fires upon the raised platforms flared and flickered in the evening breeze, bringing into strong relief the intense expres-

* The strange spell of this marvelous hymn is but inadequately felt in even the best translation. Never was the sonorous Latin tongue more grandly used. Dr. Johnson could never read it without weeping:

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

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sions of hope or fear or anguish written on many a face. The foliage of the beeches and maples gleamed like burnished bronze in the bright light of the fires, blending into a silvery white where touched by the rays of the full moon riding in majesty in the heavens, and reflected in the broad reaches of the rushing river. And all around a dense girdle of darkness seemed to shut them in like a solid wall.

After the sermon, Dunham invited the "mourners" to come to the "penitent bench"

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Que salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti cruce passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis
Voca me cum benedictis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce Deus!"

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(a rough slab of wood in front of the pulpit), and Losee and Reginald Pemberton "exhorted" the agitated multitude, while several of the brethren prayed in turn, or, indeed, sometimes two or three at once. Amid the tumult of cries and sobs and prayers, at intervals, Elder Dunham, or some one gifted in song, would raise a hymn, which soon absorbed in its resonant cadences all other sounds. One hymn, suggested by the subject of the sermon, sung in a minor key to a wailing sort of tune, seemed to shake the hearts of the entire assembly. It ran thus, with its sad refrain:

"O, there 'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there 'll be mourning
At the judgment-seat of Christ."

Then rang out the grand old hymn,

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending,"

rising to an exulting pæan of triumph and holy joy:

"Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom as thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!"

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Uncles Pomp and Jule, Mammy Dinah, Aunt Chloe, and others of the Virginian slaves, sat in a group by themselves, and ever and anon took captive the entire audience by some weird strain of singular sweetness and pathos, which it seemed to have caught from the murmuring of the night-winds through the Southern cypress-groves. One of these ran:

"I 'll hear de trumpet sound
Right early in de morning;
Gwine to ride up in de chariot
Right early in de morning."

Another, which to us seems almost grotesque in its language, though it gave no such suggestion to its simple hearers, ran thus:

"I 'm a-rolling, I 'm a-rolling, I 'm a-rolling
Through an unfriendly world;
I 'm a-rolling, I 'm a-rolling
Through an unfriendly world.
O brothers, won't you help me?
O brothers, won't you help me to pray?
O brothers, won't you help me to pray?
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?"

Of deep personal significance to many of these poor exiles was the following:

"When I was down in Egypt's land,
Close by the river,
I heard one tell of the Promised Land,
Down by the river side.

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CHORUS—We 'll end this strife,
Down by the river;
We 'll end this strife,
Down by the river side.

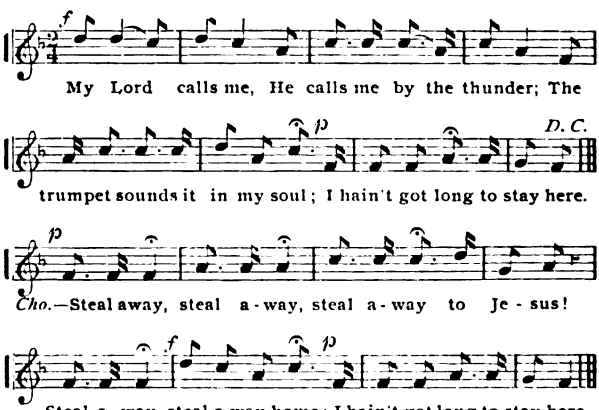
I never shall forget the day,
Down by the river,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Down by the river side.

CHORUS—We 'll end, etc.

Shout, dear children, for you are free,
Down by the river;
Christ has bought your liberty,
Down by the river side.

CHORUS—We 'll end, etc."

The words and air of one of the most beautiful of these Southern songs were as follows:



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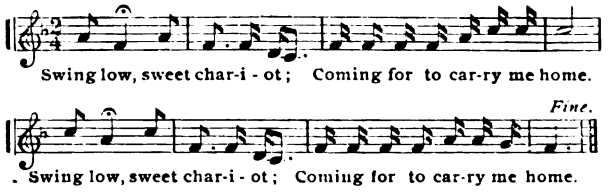
The favorite of all those weird refrains, however, with which those Southern exotics in our Northern clime used to solace their souls, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, was one which ran thus:



Elder Dunham had himself lived in the South, and knew how to make these tender plantation melodies subserve the interests of religion, and deepen the impression of the preaching and the prayers.

The result of the camp-meeting was a considerable accession to the Methodist society, and also a deepening of the prejudice against their noisy services on the part of the quiet-loving Quakers, who at their meetings would sit silent for an hour, communing with their own hearts, and then go away greatly edified. "They judged no man," they said, however. But Colonel Pemberton was less charitable.

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He strongly denounced the proceedings as a "perfect Bedlam," and seemed more than ever estranged from his son as a "fanatical Bedlamite."

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CHAPTER XVI.

A HOPE SPRINGS UP.

THE early Methodist preachers not only proclaimed their glad evangel in the woods, in the highway, in barns, and wherever an opportunity occurred, they also visited diligently from house to house, seeking by their godly counsel and prayers to deepen the impressions of their public ministry. The house of Colonel Pemberton was not overlooked by either William Losee or Darius Dunham in these visitations. Although the gallant colonel bore little love to the Methodist itinerants, still his Virginian hospitality and his instincts as a gentleman made him give them a sort of constrained welcome to his house.

The Methodist preachers, moreover, felt it their duty to go, not merely where they found a cordial reception, but wherever they had an opportunity to speak a word for their Master. They had also additional reasons for

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visiting the Pemberton mansion, as, from its size, it was generally called in the neighborhood. Mrs. Pemberton, although not a Methodist, was a saintly soul of deep religious experience, and the visits of these godly men, and any tidings they could bring of her wandering boy—exiled from his father's house—was welcome as water to thirsty lips.

Miss Blanche Pemberton, too, the colonel's only daughter, exerted a powerful attraction over both of these homeless, wandering men. To great personal beauty she added a cultivated understanding and a character made up of a strange blending of her father's high spirit and her mother's gentleness of disposition and spirituality of mind. Her baptismal name was certainly a misnomer; for the warm blood of the South mantled in her dusky cheek, and its fires slumbered in her deep dark eyes, making one feel that, notwithstanding the seeming languor of her manner, there was in her abundant energy of character if it were only aroused. She possessed a keenness of conception and a readiness of expression, and had enjoyed a range of reading uncommon in

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that day, that made her company a rich delight to both of these Methodist itinerants. Neither dreamed at the time of being the rival of the other in seeking the affections of the lady, for neither had a home to offer, and neither thought of asking the delicately-nurtured girl to leave her father's comfortable house and share his wanderings in the wilderness.

The exigencies of the itinerancy now sent Losee to a distant part of the country on the lower St. Lawrence. Mr. Dunham, during his periodical returns to the Heck Settlement, felt the spell of the fair Blanche's attractions, and as often as duty would permit, sought her society. The young lady, too, found in his presence and conversation a pleasure different from any experienced in the rustic community of the neighborhood. Elder Dunham, a man of very superior parts, and of a natural eloquence of expression, had cultivated his powers by a considerable amount of reading, and by extensive travel and intercourse with many minds of different walks and ranks of life. Humanity, after all, is the grandest book.

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"The proper study of mankind is man," and no study will so cultivate one's powers and increase one's efficiency as a leader and teacher of his fellow-men.

The habit of introspection and self-examination of the early Methodists soon revealed to Elder Dunham the true state of his feelings toward the fair Blanche Pemberton. Like an honorable man, he at once declared his sentiments to her parents. From her mother he received, if not encouragement, at least tacit approval.

"I would never attempt to coerce my daughter's affections," she said, for she was not without a vein of tender romance in her gentle nature. "Her heart is a woman's kingdom, which she must rule for herself. Her all of happiness for time, and often for eternity, is at stake, and she must decide for herself."

"'Tis all I wish, my dear madam," said the preacher with effusion; and then with that proud humility which every true man feels in comparison with the woman whom he loves, he went on, "I know I am unworthy

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of her, and have nothing to offer for the priceless gift of her love but a heart that will never fail in its devotion."

"No woman can have more," said this wise mother, "and I desire for her no greater happiness than the love of a true and loyal heart."

From the father, however, the preacher met a very different reception.

"What! was it not enough to steal from me my son, without trying to take my daughter also? No, sir, I will *not* give my consent; and I forbid the girl thinking of such a thing, or indeed seeing you at all unless you give your word of honor that you will not broach such a preposterous idea."

Now, no man likes to have the homage of his heart treated as a preposterous idea. Nevertheless, Elder Dunham, with an effort, restrained his feelings and calmly answered:

"I can give no such promise, sir; and I tell you frankly, I shall feel at perfect liberty to win your daughter's heart and hand if I can."

"What! will you beard me to my very

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face?" exclaimed the choleric old gentleman. "I'll keep the girl under lock and key, if necessary, to prevent her linking her fortunes with a wandering circuit-rider, without house or home."

"God will provide us both in his own good time," said the preacher, devoutly; "and consider, sir, you may be frustrating your daughter's happiness as well as mine."

"Blanche has too much of her father's spirit," said the old man haughtily, "to degrade herself—excuse me, sir—to degrade herself to such a lackland marriage."

"Miss Pemberton will never do aught that will misbecome her father's daughter; of that you may be sure," said the preacher, with a hectic spot burning in his cheek; and, bowing stiffly, he left the house.

Elder Dunham was not the man to give up his quest for such a repulse as this, especially with such an object in view. Nevertheless, he was considerably embarrassed. His sense of personal dignity and propriety would not allow him to enter a house in which such words had been addressed him as

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those which fell, like molten lead, from the lips of the angry colonel, on his heart. He was a man of too high honor to attempt a clandestine intercourse or even interview. What should he do? He did not wish to make Blanche's mother a mediatrix against her husband's wishes. Yet it was at least right that Blanche should know definitely his feelings, of which he had not previously ventured to speak to her. He determined to write a full, frank letter, avowing his love, recounting her father's objections to his suit, and expressing his confidence that God would give his smile and blessing to their union in his own good time.

"I do not ask you for an answer now," the letter ended. "Wait, reflect, ask guidance from on high. The way will open if it be God's will, and I feel sure it is. I will have patience; I have faith."

This letter he inclosed, unsealed, in a note to her mother, requesting her to read it and then hand it to her daughter.

This letter, without opening it, Mrs. Pemberton handed to Blanche, saying: "Daughter,

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if this be, as I suspect, the offer of a good man's love, take counsel of God and of your own heart, and may both guide you aright."

In less than an hour Blanche came out of her little private room with a new light in her eyes and a nobler bearing in her gait. *Incedit regina*—she walked a queen, crowned with the noblest wreath that woman's brow can wear—the love and homage of a true-hearted man..

"Mother, I have loved him long," she said, and she flung herself upon that tender bosom which all her life long had throbbed only with truest, fondest mother love.

"God bless you, my darling!" whispered the mother through her tears, as she fervently kissed her daughter's forehead, and pressed her to her heart.

Few words were spoken; nor was there need. There is a silence more eloquent than speech. Their spirits were in full accord, and never was the sympathy between their hearts so strong, so full and free as when—her nature deepening well-like, clear—the daughter sat at her mother's feet, no longer a

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light-hearted girl, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," but a woman dowered with life's richest gift—the love of a true and loyal heart. Happy mother! happy child! that each, in such an hour, enjoys the fullest confidence and sympathy of the other.

"Well, what answer shall I send?" asked the mother with a smile.

"Only this," said Blanche, handing her mother her Bible—a dainty volume bound in purple velvet, with golden clasps—a birthday present from her mother in the happy days before the cruel war. "Only this. He will understand. We must wait till God shall open our way."

"Be brave, my child; be patient, be true, and all will be well."

Although Elder Dunham had not asked an answer, and hardly expected one, yet he paced up and down, in no small perturbation, the little room in the hospitable home of Paul and Barbara Heck which they designated "the prophet's chamber," and which was set apart for the use of the traveling preacher. He tried to read, he tried to write,

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but in vain; he could fix his mind on nothing, and his nervous agitation found relief only in a hurried and impatient pacing up and down the floor.

"What is the matter with the preacher to-day, I wonder?" said Dame Barbara to Goodman Paul. "He never went on like that afore."

"He has some'at on his mind, you may be sure. Perhaps he's making up his sermon. A rare good one it will be, I doubt not," said Paul.

"I hope he is not ill, poor man. I noticed he looked pale when he came in," replied Dame Barbara.

If she could have seen him a few minutes later, as he opened the small package brought him by a messenger from the Pemberton farm, she would have been relieved of all anxiety as to his well-being of body or of mind. As he unfolded the dainty parcel, he observed a leaf turned and the Bible opened of itself at the Book of Ruth. A special mark on the margin called his attention to the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter. Not

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a written line, but those pencil marks with the initials "B. P." made him the happiest of men as he read the touching declaration: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." He raised the sweet words to his lips, then pressed the book to his heart, and said with all the solemnity of an oath: "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I be not worthy of such love."

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CHAPTER XVII.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

THE call of duty summoned the zealous itinerant to the farthest end of his vast circuit. But as he rode through the miry forest trail—marked out by the "blaze" upon the trunks of the trees—he felt no sense of loneliness; for a fair presence seemed ever to brighten his path, and a soft voice seemed ever to whisper in his ear, "Whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge." He cherished the sweet thought in his soul, and was inspired thereby to loftier faith, and grander courage, and sublimer patience, and intenser zeal. And he had need of all. For weary weeks he received no sign nor token, no word of communication from the object of his heart's devotion. When he preached at "The Settlement," every member of the squire's household was conspicuously absent except the faithful blacks, who, though the slaves of an earthly master, rejoiced in the

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liberty wherewith Christ makes his own people free.

"The squire takes on powerful bad about his son joining the Methodists," said Goodman Paul Heck one day. "He kind o' spites me, too, for lending him the colt. But right is right; and if it was to do, I'd do it again."

"He need not be so bitter," said Dame Barbara. "He won't even let his wife or daughter attend the preaching any more. He minds me of those that shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, who neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in. What can he expect for hardening his heart against God, but a judgment like that which befell Pharaoh?"

And before long an affliction which the pious Barbara recognized as a "judgment" did befall the proud colonel, which humbled his stubborn heart beneath the mighty hand of God. One day, late in November, he was, with his hired men, rafting timber down the river for a barn which he proposed framing during the winter. By an inadvertence of the man who was steering, the raft was driven by

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the rapid current upon a sunken rock and knocked to pieces. It was near the shore, so they all got safe to land without much trouble; but the immersion in the cold water, after having been overheated by exercise, brought on a severe attack of rheumatism which at length assumed a typhoid type. The old gentleman was at first very irascible under the excruciating agonies which racked his frame. But the patient and loving attentions of his wife and daughter, who ministered like angels beside his couch of pain, seemed to work a wondrous change in his nature.

"You make me ashamed of myself, my patient Griselda," he said one day to his wife, who watched with unwearied love the long night through beside him. "I am a great, fretful baby, yet you nurse me as tenderly as a mother her first-born."

"You are more than a first-born to me," she said, laying her hand in a soft caress upon his brow. He caught her hand and pressed it to his feverish lips, and she felt a hot tear of compunction fall upon it.

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"I've used you shamefully," he said. "Will you forgive me? And I hope God will forgive me too. You shall worship him as you please henceforth."

The faithful soul rejoiced with a great joy, remembering the words, "For what knowest thou, O wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband?" and said softly, "Let us worship him together, my beloved;" and, kneeling by his side, she lifted up her heart and voice in fervent, tremulous prayer to God. Her husband's hand lay like a benediction on her brow, and their spirits drew closer together than at any time since her first-born son—her beloved Reginald—had been driven from his father's house.

The next day, as Blanche sat by her father's side, he said abruptly: "Blanche, send for your brother."

"O, father, you are so good, so kind!" she cried, as she flung her arms around his neck. "I will send this very day; but it may be a week before he can come."

"I'm not good, child, nor kind; but, God helping me, I'll try to be so," faltered the old

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man as, with feeble hand, he caressed her brow.

That night a joyful surprise awaited them all. The early nightfall came dark and cloudy. The wind moaned through the surrounding forest, and whined like a homeless hound about the door. The rain fell in pattering gusts against the window-panes. The fire flashed and flickered and roared up the chimney throat. A wistful look was in the dark eyes of the sick man, which seemed all the darker by contrast with his pallid brow and snowy hair; and the moan and roar of the wind over the chimney-top seemed to trouble his mind. Was he thinking of his wandering boy, whom he had driven into the stormy world from the shelter of his father's house? Suddenly there was a quick yelp, as of recognition, by the house-dog, and a stamping of feet in the outer porch. Blanche sprang to the door and flung it wide open, and there, with the rain dripping from his great frieze coat, stood the object of his father's anxious thoughts, and of his mother's constant prayers. Flinging aside his coat,

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after a hurried embrace of his mother and sister, he threw himself on his knees at his father's bedside, exclaiming in a voice shaken by emotion:

"Father, I could n't stay when I heard you were ill. Take off my sentence of banishment. Let me come back to help nurse you," and he gazed eagerly and with a look of intensest affection in his father's face.

"Welcome, my son, thrice welcome to your father's house and to your father's heart. Forgive me, as I trust God has forgiven me. My cup of joy is full. I am happier, with all these pains, than I ever was in my life."

And very happy they all were, as the flames leaped and roared up the wide-throated chimney as if in sympathetic joy. In the few months of his absence Reginald seemed to have changed from a boy to a man. A stamp of deeper thought was on his face, a deeper tone was in his voice, a graver air marked his mien. And as he sat between his mother and sister in the glancing firelight, he exhibited a chivalrous tenderness to the one and a fond affection for the other that brightened into

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manly beauty his weather-bronzed countenance.

"Thank God," said the colonel devoutly, "for the affliction that makes us once more a united family! He has dealt with me in mercy, not in anger, and the chastenings of his hand are blessings in disguise."

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Chapter XVIII.

A HOPE FULFILLED.

THE slow convalescence of Colonel Pemberton was a time of rich spiritual profit and of deep domestic joy. More even than his wife or daughter, he seemed to like to have his son to wait upon him. And with the tenderness of a girl, if without his sister's deftness and grace, Reginald tutored his awkward hands to administer the medicine and the tasteful dainties prepared by his mother's housewifely skill to tempt the invalid's capricious appetite. And his strong arms could lift and move the pain-racked frame of the sufferer as no other could.

It was now within a month of Christmas. Not a word had been said by any one with reference to the engagement of Blanche and Elder Dunham, although it was clearly understood by all. At last, one day, as Reginald sat by his father's bedside reading to him a

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sermon of Mr. Wesley's from the *Arminian Magazine*, the colonel abruptly said:

"My son, I wish you would ask Elder Dunham to spend his Christmas here."

"Are you sure it would be agreeable to you both, father?" asked the young man, who rather dreaded a collision between two strong wills like theirs.

"I have reason to believe that it will be more than agreeable to Mr. Dunham; and I have changed my views on a good many things while I have been lying here, so that it will be agreeable to me. I used him very unhandsomely the last time he was here, and I owe him the apology due from one gentleman to another for an offense given."

"You will find he bears no malice, father," said Reginald. "I heard him warmly defending you against the abuse of a low-bred fellow who bore you a grudge for having, as magistrate, sentenced him, for sheep-stealing, to the lock-up at Frontenac."

"Did you, indeed? I confess I am a little surprised at that, after the way I treated him."

"I will not see him myself before Christ-

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mas, as I must go to the other end of the circuit, as soon as you are well enough for me to leave; but I can send word through Elder Losee, who preaches here next week."

"Do; and ask Mr. Losee to eat his Christmas dinner with us, too."

"Would you like to entertain your friend Elder Dunham at Christmas, Blanche?" asked the colonel, later the same day.

"If I do, father," said the girl, flushing and then turning pale, "it must be as his betrothed. I can not forsake him. I love *you* dearly, father, and never more than now," and she flung her arms about his neck; "but the Bible tells us to leave father and mother for husband or wife."

"It tells you right, too. Forgive me, Blanche! I have been wrong to come between your heart and a noble man. It was my love for you that made me do it. I have learned that true happiness consists not in houses and lands, but in contentment and the blessing of God. If any one had told me a year ago that Colonel Pemberton would give his daughter to a landless, homeless Methodist

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preacher, I would have resented it with scorn. But I see things differently now."

"O father, you are so good, so kind!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, renewing her caresses of her gray-haired sire. "But I gain more, far more, than I lose—the priceless love of a true and honest heart. God will provide a home and living for us somehow, somewhere, as he does for the birds of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them; and are not we more precious than they?"

"I wish I had your faith, Blanche. But you shall never want a home, my child, while your father has a roof above his head. And I have been an obstacle to your happiness so long that I will keep you waiting no longer. If you wish to be married at Christmas, you have mine and your mother's consent; and God's blessing rest upon you!"

And the old man's voice faltered, and a tear rolled down his silvery beard as he laid his hands in benediction on her head.

Blanche kissed the tear away, and blushed

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a little, and, with a woman's strange inconsistency, replied:

"This is rather sudden, father. I don't know what Dariuś"—what a name to fall soft as a caress from a woman's lips!—"will say."

"O, trust him!" said the old man, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "He 'll not object, I 'll warrant."

Reginald's letter, duly conveyed by Elder Losee, explained the state of affairs to Mr. Dunham, and speedily brought that gentleman to the Heck Settlement, to reach which he rode a hundred miles in two days. He stopped at his usual home—the house of the hospitable Hecks—to change his mud-bespattered riding-gear, and to don some fresh linen before presenting himself at the Pemberton mansion.

"Right welcome, as you always are!" said Dame Barbara; "but what brought you so soon? Sure your appointment is not for two weeks."

"The best business that ever brought any man," said the elder, enigmatically; but he vouchsafed no further explanation.

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"You 'll not venture out the night again, and it raining, and you so weary with your long ride?" she rejoined.

"Yes, I must go over to the mansion to-night," he answered laconically.

"To the mansion—of all places in the world," said Dame Barbara to Paul, after he had gone, "when he has n't been there for months and months! Whatever can it mean?"

Upon the sacred privacy of the happy meeting between the betrothed pair we will not intrude. As Mr. Dunham was brought into the sick man's room, the colonel began his apology:

"Forgive me, my dear sir, my unpardonable rudeness the last time we met."

"Not a word of apology, my good friend," said Mr. Dunham, deprecatingly. "We both, I trust, understand each other better than we did; and this fair peacemaker," he said, looking expressively at Blanche, "has removed, I trust, the last vestige of misunderstanding between us."

"Yes," said Blanche, taking her father's

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and Mr. Dunham's hands in hers, "we are all good friends now and forever."

Elder Dunham could only spare a day or two—even on so joyous an occasion as this—from his manifold and widespread circuit engagements; but he did not leave without obtaining Blanche's consent that the Christmas festivities should celebrate also their wedding-day.

This pleasant news Mr. Dunham communicated to his good friend Dame Barbara, greatly to her delight and surprise.

"I suspicioned something was going to happen," was her very safe remark, "when you came here post-haste, and would stay for neither bit nor sup; but it 's up and away to the mansion you must go. But I do n't blame you now, though I confess I did a little then. Well, sir," she went on, "you 're the only man I know good enough for Miss Blanche. God's blessing on you both!"

The approaching event created an immense sensation in the Settlement. It was the first marriage to take place within the bounds of Upper Canada, and the little com-

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munity felt almost the interest of a single family in the auspicious occasion. It would be thought nowadays scant time to prepare the bridal *trousseau*, but fashions were simpler in those primitive days.

Mrs. Pemberton's satin wedding-gown, which had lain undisturbed in its fragrant cedar-chest for years, was brought out, and when trimmed by the deft hands of Blanche with some rare old lace, made a dress of which even a modern belle might be proud.

Mammy Dinah and Aunt Chloe exhausted their culinary skill in preparing a banquet worthy of the occasion. The larder was crowded with partridge and turkey, with venison from the woods and noble salmon and whitefish from the river, and with all manner of confections and sweet cakes, that quite revived their recollections of the ample hospitality of their old Virginia home.

"It snowed within the house of meat and drink."

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Chapter XIX.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A SAD ONE.

THERE was only one clergyman in Upper Canada who could legally perform the marriage—the Rev. Dr. Stuart, of the village of Frontenac, or Kingston, as it had now begun to be called. Of course, the colonel, as a magistrate, bearing His Majesty's commission, was empowered to celebrate marriages; but being a staunch Churchman, he would not think of his daughter being married except with the fine old service with which he had wedded her mother a quarter of a century before. The clergyman arrived the day before Christmas, with his lawn surplice and bands and Prayer-book in the portmanteau strapped on behind his saddle. That night was devoted by the young folks of the neighborhood to old-fashioned games and merry-making in the great kitchen—snap-dragon and corn-popping, and divining with apple

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seeds and peelings, and the like rustic amusements. In default of the English holly and Virginia laurel, the house was decorated by the deft fingers and fine taste of Blanche with the brilliant leaves and crimson berries of the rowan, or mountain-ash, that grew on a neighboring rocky ridge. Some fine old English carols were sung to the accompaniment of the colonel's violin, on which he was an accomplished performer—"Good King Wenceslas," "God rest you, Merry Gentlemen," "As Joseph was a-walking," "I saw three ships come sailing in," and others, that had come down from time immemorial, and, translated to the Virginia plantations, had been sung by the loyal hearts of the planters as a sort of patriotic as well as religious duty.

Blanche's Christmas presents had a double significance as being also wedding gifts. From her father she received a splendid necklace of pearls that had been fastened by good Queen Anne on his own mother's neck.

"Her Majesty never thought," he said, "that they would form part of the wedding-gear of a Methodist preacher's wife in the

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backwoods of Canada. But I 'll warrant, Blanche, that none of the court dames of St. James's Palace were worthier to wear them than my own bonnie lass," and proudly and fondly he kissed her fair cheek.

From her mother she received a quantity of old-fashioned silver-ware, bearing the family crest—a hart at gaze on a field sown with lilies, with the pious legend, *Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum* ("As the hart panteth after the water brooks").

"Make it your life-motto, my child," said that noble mother, whose own life exemplified the duty she enjoined. "So let your soul pant after the living God!"

But more Blanche prized the gift of her mother's ivory-bound Prayer-book, which she gave her with the words:

"Take it, my child. It has been a solace to me in many a trying hour; so may it be to you!"

Mr. Dunham's gift was simple, but to her worth all the rest—a plain gold wedding-ring.

"It was my mother's," he said; "her last gift to me before she passed away from time.

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I can make no more sacred use of it than to symbolize my love for thee—endless as eternity."

Reginald gave her a handsomely-bound copy of Wesley's Hymns.

"It 's my liturgy and prayer-book, both together," he said. "I never cared a straw for poetry till I read these. They are the genuine thing."

Dr. Stuart presented, with much effusion, an exceedingly solid-looking calf-bound book of something that seemed neither prose nor poetry.

"Allow me, my dear young lady," he said, in quite an oratorical manner, "to present you with a copy of the Songs of the immortal Ossian, the greatest poet the world has ever seen. I confess, to me Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, seem tame compared with the spirit-stirring strains of the bard of Balclutha. O, fairer than Malvina, be thy hero brave as Fingal, and more fortunate! You have, young lady, the only copy of this grand poem in Upper Canada, or perhaps on the continent of America; for it was given me

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by my friend, the translator, an auld comrade at Marischal College, Aberdeen."

Dame Barbara Heck sent some snowy linen napery, which she had hackled, spun, woven, and bleached herself after the good old Irish method, which was in America almost an unknown art.

Good Hannah Whiteside had come over the previous evening with an ancient vellum-bound copy of George Fox's "Treatise on the Inner Light."

"Father does not hold with fasts and feasts and festivals," she said, "nor with the worldly fashion of making and receiving of marriage-gifts; but we love thee, and wish thee as well as those that do. It was borne in upon me that I should give thee a book that hath been a great comfort to mine own heart; may it be so to thine! Thee knows the Inner Light thyself; may it shine more and more in thy soul unto the perfect day!" and she softly kissed the fair, smooth brow of the girl, who in turn pressed the silver-haired matron to her heart.

On Christmas-day, Dr. Stuart, dressed in

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gown, bands, and surplice, held a Christmas service in the great parlor. The colonel, who was able to walk in on crutches, repeated the responses very firmly, and the sweet voice of Blanche sang, as if with unwonted significance, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and "Glory to God in the highest."

After the service the marriage took place, according to the seemly and becoming ritual of the Book of Common Prayer. Then came a generous banquet, to which, as also to the service, a goodly number of the neighbors had been invited. After ample justice had been done to the savory viands prepared by the housewifely skill of Mrs. Pemberton and her sable satellites, worthy Dr. Stuart, with quite a little oration, drank the bride's health in some of the colonel's old Madeira, which was gallantly responded to by Mr. Dunham; for at that time the temperance reform had not yet begun in Canada.

The old colonel was jubilant, Mrs. Pemberton by turns tearful and radiant, Mr. Dunham manly and dignified. Barbara Heck warmly

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embraced the bride, with a hearty "God bless you, my bairn!" Reginald whispered in the ear of Katharine Heck, "Ours must be the next;" for he had found his tongue since the far-off summer days—how far off they seemed!—when he used to bring his offerings of flowers and fruits and spotted trout, and gaze unutterable things, though never a word he said. He had urged his suit so eloquently with the fair Katharine that he had won the confidence of her virgin heart; and her mother had consented that sometime in the future—when the uncertain and wandering nature of his itinerant life would permit—she would intrust her daughter's happiness to the keeping of the manly youth, who, even though disinherited, she would have preferred as a Methodist preacher to the heir of all the Pemberton estate without that richest grace of manhood, a converted heart.

One invited guest, indeed, was absent from the festive gathering at the Pemberton place. Elder William Losee, when first invited to spend his Christmas at the mansion, had cor-

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dially assented. Shortly after he received from his fellow-missionary a note, from which the following is an extract:

"Congratulate me, my dear brother, on my good fortune. At last Squire Pemberton has withdrawn his objections to my suit for his daughter's hand, and Christmas is to be the happy day of its consummation. You know the lady well, and know her many virtues, her graces, and her piety. You will therefore be able to rejoice with me in the treasure I have won. I want you to be my best man at the wedding—a friendly duty which I know you will discharge with pleasure. And now, as they say in class-meeting, 'when it goes well with thee, remember me,' till we meet again."

When Losee received this letter it smote him like a dagger through the heart. Every word was like the wrenching of the weapon in the wound. He had himself been deeply fascinated with the moral and intellectual and personal attractions of the fair Blanche Pemberton; but a morbid sensitiveness on account of his personal infirmity—a shriveled arm—

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and his knowledge of the intense antipathy of the colonel to all Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, together with his native modesty, or rather extreme bashfulness, had prevented him from ever betraying his feelings either to their prime object or to any other human being. "He never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his cheek, and pined in thought." Unconsciously, therefore, his friend and fellow-laborer had probed his wounded spirit to the quick, and inflicted unutterable pain.

"If it had been mine enemy that had done this," exclaimed the stricken man, with a pang of jealousy, "I could have borne it; but mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, hath betrayed me. O, wicked and deceitful world, I will never trust man or woman more!" And he crushed the letter in his hand, as if he fain would crush its writer too. Then, in a moment, his better self, his quickened conscience, came to his rescue, and he groaned, in the anguish of his spirit: "God forgive me! This is the spirit of Cain, who slew his brother."

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And going out into the lonely forest, through whose branches moaned the melancholy wind as if in harmony with his own stormy soul, he threw himself on the ground and wrestled with his great life-sorrow, and besought grace to bear like a Christian man the wreck and ruin of his dearest hopes of earthly happiness. At length a peaceful calm stole over his spirit. He rose from his knees to retrace his steps to the settler's cabin. As he bared his head, the cool wind of midnight seemed like a soft hand laid in benediction on his fevered brow. Retiring to his little chamber, he summoned courage to answer Dunham's letter—one of the hardest tasks of his life.

"My dear brother," it began, "I wish you every happiness, and pray God's blessing to rest on you and yours. I know well the surpassing merits of the lady who is to share with you the joys and sorrows of life. May the former be many, the latter be few! Many thanks for your kind request. Pray allow me to decline. I do not feel able for it—for reasons known only to God and my own heart

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And now, in the words of our great poet, let me say:

> 'Commend me to your honorable wife;
> Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death.'

And should we meet no more on earth, let us meet where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The letter was signed "Your sincere friend and well-wisher," and a postscript, added in an agitated hand, intimated that the writer would have occasion to go East, and might never return to his present field of labor.

This letter reached Elder Dunham only the day before Christmas. He was much shocked and distressed at the evidence of mental agitation, if not aberration, that it contained. He showed it to Blanche, saying:

"He evidently loved you, dear heart."

She read it thoughtfully, and then said, as she wiped away a tear:

"Who would have dreamed it! He never spoke a word of this."

They both, of course, felt very sorry for the unhappy man; but this was one of the cases

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in which absolutely nothing can be done. They both anticipated a painful situation when they should meet him; but this ordeal they were spared. They never saw him again. His mental aberration became so apparent that he was withdrawn, kindly and quietly, by Bishop Asbury from the itinerant work.

"It reflects no shame on the man," says Playter, in his "History of Canadian Methodism;" "but thereby he was unable to perform the duties of his station. Disappointment, like a thunderbolt, overset the mental balance of the first itinerant missionary of Canada. He became entirely unfitted for the constant and laborious duties of his ministry."

After the balance of his mind was restored, he left the Province, returned to the United States, and after a time he engaged in trade in a small way in New York—"an inglorious termination," adds Dr. Carroll, in quoting this passage, "of a heroic career. He does not wonder," he continues, "that these ardent and not too much experienced young men were so smitten with one in youth, who, when the writer saw her, at the age of sixty, was

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still fascinating."* Nevertheless, to both Elder Dunham and his wife the memory was always a painful one, the fair Blanche especially accusing herself of having been the innocent and unconscious cause of so much suffering to one for whom she had cherished a profound respect, though never any more tender feeling.

*Carroll's "Case, and his Contemporaries," Vol. I, page 13.

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CHAPTER XX.

CLOSING SCENES.

FEW words more are needed to complete the story of our humble heroine. After the unusual excitement caused by the first marriage celebrated in Upper Canada, life at the Heck Settlement subsided into its usual quiet. The fair Blanche Dunham remained for two years at her old home, to gladden with her filial attentions her beloved father, who was now a chronic invalid. Elder Dunham continued to range throughout his vast circuit as energetically as before his marriage. Two years later he was appointed presiding elder of the "Canada District." But, with the exception of a short residence in the western part of the province, his growing household found a home at the old Pemberton place.

Reginald Pemberton was soon after appointed to the Bay of Quinté Circuit. The consent of Barbara Heck was won by his elo-

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quence to parting with her daughter, the fair Katharine.

"Go, my child," she said; "you will still be among your kinsfolk; and what is far better you will find there spiritual kin. You go not forth, like your father and mother, to a strange people and a strange land. But the Lord has been good, and has showed us his mercy in the Old World and the New."

Upon the fertile shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinté, a little company of Palatines, an offshoot from that of the Heck community, had settled. Here at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, a deep inlet from the larger bay, Reginald Pemberton had the distinguished honor of causing the erection of the first Methodist meeting-house in Upper Canada. (At the Heck Settlement, the great parlor of the Heck house—specially constructed for the purpose—had been used for worship.) The new chapel was a barn-like wooden structure, thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with galleries, which still exists in a tolerable state of preservation. Upon this Reginald wrought with his own hands. On the subscription

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list, which is still extant, may be deciphered the blurred and fading signatures of a younger generation of Emburys, Ruckles, and other godly Palatines, whose memory is forever associated with the introduction of Methodism to this continent and to this Dominion. A worthy Methodist missionary, now in a distant field of the Great Lone Land, cherishes, as a precious relic of that first Methodist church in Canada, a staff made from one of its timbers.

The little communities scattered through the far-spreading wilderness were cheered by the visits of that heroic band of missionaries who traversed the forests, and forded the streams, and slept oftentimes beneath the broad canopy of heaven. Here came the since famous Nathan Bangs, who records that, when he reached the Niagara River to enter Canada, there were but two log houses where the great city of Buffalo now stands. His written life recounts his strange adventures with enraged and drunken Indians and still more desperate white traders, with backslidden Christians in whom he often reawoke

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conviction for sin, and with earnest souls to whom he broke with gladness the bread of life. It was a day of unconventional freedom of manners. If the preacher could obtain no lodging-place but the village tavern, he would warn the revelers whom he found there to repent and flee from the wrath to come. When in a settler's shanty he preached the Word of Life, he was subject to the frequent interruption of some lounger at the door or window, "How know you that?" or the remonstrance from some conscience-stung soul, "What are you driving at me for?"

Here, too, came the venerable Bishop Asbury, then in age and feebleness extreme, but untiring in his zeal for the cause of God. "We crossed the St. Lawrence," writes his companion in travel, "in romantic style. We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together [they must have been wooden dugouts], and put our horses in them—their fore feet in one, their hind feet in another. We were a long time in crossing; it was nearly three miles, and part of the way was rough, especially the rapids." As Mr.

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Asbury was leading his horse over a bridge of poles, its legs slipped between them, and sank into mud and water. "Away went the saddle-bags; the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under him to pry him out. The roads through the woods, over rocks, down gullies, over stumps, and through the mud, were indescribable. They were enough to jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a poor infirm old man near the grave. He was very lame from inflammatory rheumatism, but suffered like a martyr. The heat, too, was intolerable."

Yet the venerable bishop made light of his afflictions. "I was weak in body," he wrote, after preaching at the Heck Settlement, "but was greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them." After a twelve miles' ride before breakfast, he wrote: "This is one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The timber is of noble size; the crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. Surely this is a land that God the Lord hath blessed."

Crossing from Kingston to Sackett's Har-

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bor in an open boat, they were nearly wrecked. "The wind was howling," writes his companion, "and the storm beating upon us. I fixed the canvas over the bishop like a tent, to keep off the wind and rain. Then I lay down on the bottom of the boat, on some stones placed there for ballast, which I covered with some hay I procured in Kingston for our horses." They reached land "sick, sore, lame and weary, and hungry." Yet the old bishop set out in a thunder-storm to reach his appointment. Such was the heroic stuff of which the pioneer missionaries of Canada were made.

But we must return to the fortunes of the Heck family, from which we have digressed. Long before Asbury's visit to Canada, the pioneer Methodist, Paul Heck, died at his home at Augusta, in the faith of the gospel, in his sixty-second year. His more retiring character shines with a milder radiance beside the more fervid zeal of his heroic wife. But his traditionary virtues were perpetuated in the pious lives of his children and his children's children after him.

For twelve years longer his true and noble

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wife waited for the summons to join him in the skies—a "widow indeed," full of faith and good works. In the old homestead, and enjoying the filial love and care of her son, Samuel Heck, she passed the time of her sojourning in calmness and contentment of soul. To her children's children at her knee—a younger Katharine and Reginald Pemberton, a younger Paul and Barbara Heck, and to a younger Blanche and Darius Dunham—she read from her great German Bible the promises that had sustained her life, and never wearied of telling them the wondrous story of God's providence to her and her kinsfolk who had passed on before—how he had brought them across the sea, and kept them amid the perils of the city and the wilderness, and given them a goodly heritage in this fair and fertile land. But chiefly she loved, as she sat in her high-backed arm-chair in the cheerful ingle-nook of the broad fireplace, to converse on the deep things of God with the itinerant Methodist missionaries who found beneath the hospitable roof a home in their wanderings, and to

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learn of the wondrous growth throughout all the frontier settlements of that system of Methodism of which she had providentially been the foundress in the two great countries which divide between them this North American Continent.

At length, like the sun calmly sinking amid glories which seem like those of paradise, to his rest, so passed away this saint of God and true mother in Israel. She died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in the year 1804, having completed the full tale of threescore years and ten. "Her death," writes Dr. Abel Stevens, in his noble eulogy upon her character, "was befitting her life. Her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wildernesses of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so

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faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."*

Many of the descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in our Church in Canada and the United States and many more died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, Jr., Esq., has long filled the honorable position of treasurer and trustee steward of three of the large Methodist churches of Montreal.

The Rev. Dr. Carroll writes of a grandson of Paul and Barbara Heck: "He was a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry when he was called to his reward. He was eminently pious, a clear-headed theologian, and a preacher of promise. His father, Samuel Heck, was an eminent local preacher for more than forty years, and by his consistency earned the meed of universal respect, and

* Barbara Heck's Bible is now in the library of Victoria University, Toronto.

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from none more than from his immediate neighbors, to whom he preached nearly every second Sabbath during that whole period. "Jacob Heck, his brother," continues the writer, "was one of the best read men we ever had the happiness to converse with, and one whose conversation was as lively and playful as it was instructive. We never saw a finer old man. We can imagine we can now see his venerable white head, stooping form, and sparkling dark eyes, and also hear his ringing, hearty laugh. He showed his amiability by his fondness for little children, who were equally fond of him. The ten surviving grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck are pious, and many of their great-grandchildren also."

On the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of our country. Here, on gently rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre" in which slumbers the dust of

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that saintly woman who is honored in two hemispheres as the mother of Methodism on this continent. This spot, known as the "Old Blue Churchyard," takes its name from an ancient church which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest-trees which covered this now sacred scene were cleared away by the hands which have long since ceased from their labor and been laid to rest in the quiet of these peaceful graves. Thither devout men, amid the tears of weeping neighbors and friends, bore the remains of Paul Heck and of Barbara his wife. Here, too, slumbers the dust of the once beautiful Catharine Switzer, who, in her early youth, gave her heart to God and her hand to Philip Embury, and for love's sweet sake braved the perils of the stormy deep and the privations of pioneer life in the New World. Here sleep also, till the resurrection trump awake them, the bodies of several of the early Palatine Methodists and of many of their descendants, who, by their patient toil, their earnest faith, their fervent zeal, have helped to make our country what it is to-day.

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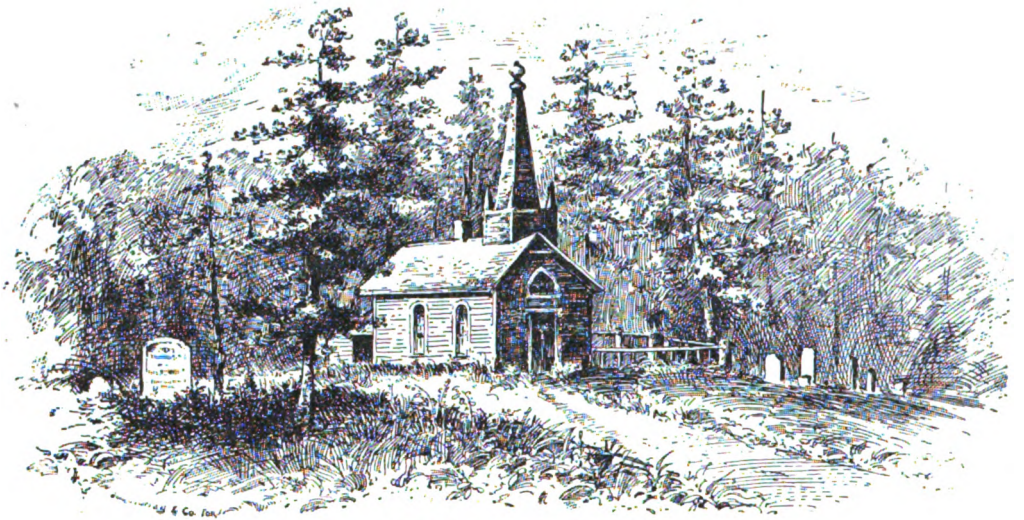

"OLD BLUE CHURCHYARD."

BURIAL-PLACE OF PAUL AND BARBARA HECK.

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On a bright day in October I made a pilgrimage to this place, which is invested with so many tender memories. The old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is still used on funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it, on every side, "heaves the turf in many a moldering heap;" for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white-marble slab on a gray-stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
PAUL HECK,
BORN 1730. DIED 1792.

BARBARA,
WIFE OF PAUL HECK,
BORN 1734. DIED AUG. 17, 1804.

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And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity; no labored epitaph; no fulsome eulogy,—her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, whose tombstone bears the following inscription: "Rev. Samuel Heck, who laboured in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months, fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves, lying side by side, I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 53, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of a little Barbara Heck, aged three years and

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six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated, and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Switzer, who married, at the age of sixteen, Philip Embury. Here also is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist, who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honored graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of over eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honors paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out

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a large tin box, containing many interesting souvenirs of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon, with the monogram

P. B.
H.;

stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's Sermons, dated 1770; Wesley's Journal, dated 1743; General Haldimand's "discharge" of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the following clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben darin zu lernen die Neiderreiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book:

"Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr.

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George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large old-fashioned structure dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombardy poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the window are like its embrasures. The huge stone-flagged kitchen fireplace is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions, which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlor the paneling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must, with little change, have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago.

Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of

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both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulcher is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if, in death as in life, she belonged to each country.

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her earnest piety in my hands, I felt myself brought nearer the springs of Methodism on the continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections shaped themselves into verse:

AT BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the lowly grave where sleep
  The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose hand
  Planted the vital seed wherefrom this land
Hath ripened far and wide, from steep to deep,
The golden harvest which the angels reap,
  And garner home the sheaves to heaven's strand.
  From out this lowly grave there doth expand
A sacred vision, and we dare not weep.
Millions of hearts throughout the continent
  Arise and call thee blessed of the Lord—
His handmaiden on holiest mission sent,
  To teach, with holy life, his Holy Word.
O rain of God, descend in showers of grace—
Refresh, with dews divine, each thirsty place!

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BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn Book
  Wherein the brave-souled woman oft had read
  The oracles divine, and inly fed
Her soul with thoughts of God, and took
Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook
  All lesser learning for what God had said;
  And by his guiding hand was gently led
Into the land of rest for which we look.
Within her hand she held this Book when came
  The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.
Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,
  Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.
O Book divine, that fed that lofty faith,
Enbrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death!

The Methodists of the United States worthily honored the memory of Barbara Heck, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the planting of Methodism in that land, by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois—founded through the munificence of a Methodist lady—to be known for ever as HECK HALL. Thus do two devout women—one the heir of lowly toil, the other the daughter of luxury and wealth—join hands across the century; and their names and virtues are commemorated, not by a costly

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but useless pillared monument, but by a "home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies."

"Barbara Heck," writes Dr. (now Bishop) C. H. Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother and the pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion,—is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and, in the order of Providence, it has received a monument which

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the years can not crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

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In these marvelous achievements we find ground, not for vaunting and vainglory, but for devout humility and thankfulness to God. To all who bear the name of Methodist come with peculiar appropriateness the words of Holy Writ: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence. . . . He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

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