

Early Church History.

Continued from our last.

HAVE seen most of the congregation threading their way on the fence, trying to pass the flooded swamp to King Street Church. Opposite the Church was Land's Woods, which was not cleared till after 1848. The Hamilton Circuit then embraced Waterdown, Dundas, Ancaster, Bowman's Church, Glanford, Stoney Creek, and Bartonville, and on quarterly meeting days the officials from all these points came in on Saturday to attend the Quarterly Meeting, mostly remaining in town to be ready for the Sabbath services, which commenced with a "Love Feast" at eight in the morning, followed by preaching, and closing with the administration of the Lord's supper. It was looked upon as a great day in those times; members from far and near attended, so that the old King Street Church would be filled and the fence all around crowded with teams tied to it. I have heard in that old Church the men who laid deep and broad the foundations of that goodly structure, the Methodist Church of Canada, a church which not only cared for the pioneers of our country in the past, but which now ministers successfully to the more cultured taste of the present day. I have seen in that old Church the congregation moved as the reeds would be moved by the wind when the Rev. William Ryerson would pour forth like a torrent his resistless eloquence and impassioned appeals. I recollect once, when at a revival service, he was expected from Brantford, to preach in the evening. The mire of Brantford Swamp prevented his coming till late; the service had begun and a minister had taken his place and was fairly in his discourse when a stir was heard at the door and the burly figure of Mr. Ryerson, flushed and travel-stained, was seen making his way to the pulpit. He took the place of the minister and gave out the text "Knowing the terrors of the Lord we persuade men." It was a wonderful discourse, and at the close of his earnest appeal scores rose and crowded to the altar for prayer, seeking the forgiveness of their sins.

I have a pleasant remembrance of the visit of the sainted Harvard, who was with that band of young men with Dr. Coke in his first missionary work for India, and at the missionary meeting he exhibited idol images, given up by the converts in India, and placed the yellow robe of the Brahminical

Priesthood on the shoulders of one of your old pastors, the Rev. Mr. Douse. Things looked primitive in those days; there were two doors in the entrance, one for the women and the other for the men; for the sexes sat apart. Tin sconces holding the candles were placed on the walls to light the church, and prudent persons after service on winter nights could be seen using the candles for their lanterns to show them the way home. I find by a record that the number of scholars in 1833 was fifty-three, and this number represented the whole of the children in connection with the Methodist church in that day. What a contrast now! this you can see for yourselves for the evidence is all around you. Count our magnificent public schools; reckon our comfortable and tastily churches, and am I not right in saying that they stand as glorious monuments to the piety, intelligence and patriotism of our city. I am thankful to be with you to-night, a relic of the past—nay, more than a relic, a monument of the goodness and mercy of my Heavenly Father.

The Christian Endeavor Benediction.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

Through all thy days in weal or woe,
His tender love thy care shall be,
E'en through Death's shade His hand shall lead,
Love that is thine eternally.

O'er all thy going out and coming in,
Revealed to thee shall ever be;
Day after day and year by year,
With naught but what enriches thee.

All Christ's best promises are yours,
They never fail, but stand secure;
Chosen of Him thou need'st not fear,
His word stands firm and shall endure.

Bought with a price,—Himself the cost,
Engraven on His hands thy name;
Thy Savior intercedes for thee,
With love unending,—still the same.

Earth hath no joy like Christ can give
Each heart that trusts on Him above;
Nor can height, depth, and breadth combined,
Make separation from His love.

Eternal mercies will unfold,
And promised blessings there shall be;
No weapon formed 'gainst thee shall harm,
Deliverance cometh speedily.

Though trial comes His grace shall be
Help to the helpless in that hour;
Earth hath its sorrow—Heaven heals
Each soul stayed on Christ's mighty power.

—JENNIE HARVEY.

Hamilton, Oct. 12th, 1891.