

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BARBARA HECK.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ON the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here, on a gently rising ground over-looking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre," in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October, I made, in company with my friend the Rev. Dr. T. G. Williams, then of Prescott, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. An 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 mouldering mound," 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.

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

* We reprint from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, the accompanying article on a subject which is attracting much attention in connection with the Centennial of Canadian Methodism.