

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."

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. This was especially the case at the St. Louis Rapids, just below Montreal.

It was with glad hearts that the wary voyagers behold the forest-crowned height, the grassy ramparts, and the long stone wall along the river front of the mediæval-looking town, and hailed the red cross flag they loved so well. 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, on the site now occupied by the Canada Pacific Railway Station. Their hearts warmed toward the red coats, the visible sign 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 enquiry of an idle soldier who was lounging at the gate, if there were any Methodists in the town, the low-bred fellow replied—

"Methodies? wot's that, I'd like to know?"

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 know any Methodies hereabouts?"

"Methodies," replied the man addressed, pausing in his operation of pipe-claying his belt and bayonet-pouch.

"Oh, ay! 'e means them rantin' Swadders, wot was in the King's Own in Flanders, d'ye mind! The strait-laced hypocrites! an honest soldier couldn't drain a jack, or win a main at cards, or kiss a lass, or curse a Johnny Cra-paud, but they'd drop down on 'im. Noa, ther beant noan on 'em 'ere, and wot's more, us doant want noan on 'em nayther."

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

"What d'ye say? You are!" exclaimed the fellow, dropping both pipe-clay and belt. "Well, your 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 beant 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, madame," 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, oh! Come to the Council-room, please, and see the Governor;" and he led the way along the narrow *Rue 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 flag-staff, and a couple of sentries paced to and fro in heavy marching order.

This venerable building, almost unchanged in aspect, is now occupied by 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 by which it was hoped to seduce Canada from its lawful allegiance, to join the revolt of the insurgent provinces.

After a moment's delay in a small ante-room, the officer conducted our travellers, somewhat bewildered by the contrast between his respectful treatment and that of his rude underlings, into a long low apartment with 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 own 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 ante-room. 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 York, and whether there is any loyalty to the old flag left."

"O yes, your worship—your Excellency, 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 enrolment?"

"I said seven thousand, sir—your Excellency, I mean—because that's the number Elijah said were faithful to the God of Israel. But just how many there are I cannot say. The Lord knoweth them that are His."

"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 Excellency. I'm not a man of war myself. I have come here with my wife and little ones, to try to serve God and honour the King in peace and quietness; and there's a many more, your Excellency, who will follow as soon as they can get away."

"Some of us have not the same scruples as Paul Heck, your Excellency," here interposed John Lawrence, who himself bore arms for his King in later days; "and if his Majesty wants soldiers, he could easily raise a regiment of loyal Americans, who would rally to the defence of the old flag."

"Good! that has the right ring. We want a lot of true-hearted, loyal subjects to colonize the new province of Upper Canada, 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 to the Blanche Croix, 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 Excellency, I mean," said Paul Heck; and added Barbara, "The Lord reward you for your kindness to strangers in a strange land."

He Attended the Sunday-School.

A LITTLE boy was hurt at a spinning-mill in Dundee, and after being taken home, he lingered for some time, and then died. I was in the mill when his mother came to tell that her little boy was gone. I asked her how he died.

"He was singing all the time," she said.

"Tell me what he was singing," I said.

"He was singing—

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain has risen again,
And intercedes for me.

"You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Had you a minister to see him?" I asked.

"No."

"Had you no one to pray for him?"

"No."
"Why was that?" I inquired.
"Oh, we have not gone to church for several years," she replied, holding down her head. "But, you know, he attended the Sunday-school, and learned hymns there, and he sang them to the last."

Poor little fellow! he could believe in Jesus and love Him through those precious hymns, and die resting "safe on His gentle breast" forever.

"Let Me Ring the Bell."

A MISSIONARY far away,
Beyond the Southern sea,
Was sitting in his home one day,
With Bible on his knee,

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber door,
And opening, there stood a boy,
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of dusky hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect,
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lip you could detect
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said in native tongue,
"I do so want to know,
If something for the house of God
You'd kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"
The missionary said,
And as he spoke he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents said,
"Oh, let me ring the bell!"

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell,
For our dear house of prayer,
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there."

The missionary kindly looked
Upon that upturned face,
Where hope, and fear, and wistfulness,
United, left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon,
The boy had pleaded well;
And to the eager child he said,
"Yes, you shall ring the bell."

Oh, what a pleased and happy heart
He carried to his home,
And how impatiently he longed
For the Sabbath day to come.

He rang the bell, he went to school,
And the Bible learned to read,
And in his youthful heart they sowed
The Gospel's precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands
He's gone, of Christ to tell,
And yet his first young mission was
To ring the Sabbath bell.

Who Did Best.

A STORY is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day." And nothing pleases God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

THE meaning of the word "Denmark" is the marches, territories, or boundaries of the Danes.