

hair heavily sprinkled with gray, and a wiry frame which endured much and was inured to travel. He had a kindly, gentle face that mingled a wise shrewdness with its spiritual expression. His pleasant gray eyes could grow rapt in religious emotion, or twinkle with a kindly humor. Parson Webb, as he was called, was a Methodist circuit rider, one of those worthy, earnest men who carried the gospel, and with it much consolation, to the rude homes of the settlers throughout the lakeside region, and penetrated into the remote wilderness beyond.

What Presbyterianism and Anglicanism have been to the pioneer West during the latter half of the nineteenth century, Methodism was to the older Upper Canada of its first three decades. The Churches of England and Scotland both accomplished noble work in their different spheres, especially in the education of the youth, as well as in the ministration of religion. But the Methodist preacher was their forerunner in the more remote, more sparsely settled districts. Needing no orders of command beyond the order of the Spirit to spread the Gospel, these earnest men penetrated everywhere, and brought the comfort of the simplest tenets of Christianity, so dear to the poor and humble, into the lowliest places; and beside the primitive firesides of the forest-dwellers, gave hope, inspiration and comfort to living and dying, whom no other form of Christianity could then reach.

Much has been truly written by Parkman and others in praise of the early Jesuit missionaries among the Canadian Indians; but, strange to say, the heroic work