

paring to take the risk he thought necessary, a little glimmer of light appeared on Lonely island, and a moment later a bright blaze shot up from the faggots that had been gathered by Mate Playter and the sailors. That fire was kept alive all night, and with the help of its guidance, the Atlantic was kept working off and on the land until daylight came and the storm subsided. But although the steamer was sheltered from the sea, the Captain as he stood on the bridge during the long hours of darkness was exposed to the full force of the stinging blast and blinding snow. Few men could have faced the storm even for an hour. The patient courage, and steady endurance shown by Captain Campbell during that awful night made a record that has not been surpassed during the Transvaal war.—Sun.

EARLY DAYS ROUND ORILLIA.

Early in the thirties a negro settlement was formed in the upper part of the Township of Oro, north of Lake Simcoe. This settlement was made up of run-away slaves, and the Rev. Mr. Raymond, a brother of the Raymond of sewing machine fame, appears to have been mainly instrumental in the formation of the settlement. The Government furnished free land. "Some of the best land in the township was," says James Smith of Edgar, "allotted to these negroes. What is now the village of Edgar was the centre of their settlement. The farm at the north-west corner of Edgar, belonged to Nelson Morrison, and the farm at the north-east corner to a negro named Munro. All told there were three families of Morrisons, and big families they were. There were also four families of the Bushes, besides the Jennings, Cases, Barbers, Smoots, St. Daney's, Thompsons, (two families), Turners, Jacksons Banks, Johnsons, Hawkins, Eddies, and others. Turner was an exceptionally big man and Jackson was a preacher."

But the attempt to found a negro settlement in the bush proved a failure. "The negroes were" says Mr. Smith, "splendid choppers, but their energy was exhausted in chopping down bush, and in a few years their little clearings were as thickly wooded as ever. The huts they built in

starting remained to the end. The only effect of the formation of this negro settlement was to delay the development of the township." "How, then, did the negroes make their living?" I asked. "They lived cheap," was the reply, "A little corn and the proceeds of the hunt went a long way. Then, while poor workers on their own places, they did well working on farms belonging to others. They were excellent choppers and made good hands at loggings and in the harvest field."

Still the settlement did not prosper. Of the thirty or forty families that were granted farms only four held on until this spring, and one of these has since sold out. The great majority got their farms under mortgage to a Barrie capitalist, and then the descent was easy. To-day, outside of three families still on the homesteads little remains of a settlement from which so much was expected by well-meaning philanthropists. Here and there may be found a whitewashed hut, in which lives the family of a negro labourer. "The great majority of those who left," says Mr. Smith, "went to the towns—Barrie, Collingwood, Chatham and Toronto. Few tried farming again." Some intermarried with whites, but the offspring of these marriages does not appear to be any improvement on the original black stock. The negroes seem, too, after their removal to the bush, to have experienced a revival of something of the fierce spirit of their savage ancestry. In the early days it was a very unsafe thing to insult one of the negroes, and they were particularly touchy in the matter of their color.

A short distance west of Edgar, there is a frame building that has been there for a generation. This is the old negro church. Services are still held regularly in that building. "That church has witnessed some strange scenes," said Mr. Smith. "The first preacher among the negroes was a man named Sorrocks—a run-away slave. During the old-time revivals the colored congregations went fairly crazy under the spell of this man's passionate eloquence. Some of the people even tried to climb the church walls on the way to heaven. The last night of importance with them. On that night the service was kept up all night long."

White people occasionally attended