

have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara, and the St. Clair rivers. The population of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful Bay of Quinte on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

To each United Empire Loyalist was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child, even to those born after immigration, on their coming of age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing, and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe, and spade; a plough and one cow were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessities of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were, for the most part, poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.

We return now to trace more minutely the fortunes of the principal characters in our little story. During the long years of the war, they lived quietly in the town of Montreal, where growth was stimulated to fictitious prosperity by the military movements upon the adjacent frontier. The little group of loyalist exiles shared this prosperity. Paul Heck found constant employment, notwithstanding his honest scruples about fighting, in the construction of gun-carriages and other military carpentry; and John Lawrence as house-joiner. The latter, soon after his return from Quebec, built a small, neat house for himself in the suburbs, where St. Lawrence Main Street began to stretch out into the country. Hither, the following spring, he brought as his bride the blooming young widow, Mary Embury. It was a very quiet wedding. They were married by the military chaplain, in the little English church which had been erected for the use of the growing English population. Theirs being the first marriage celebrated in the church, they received from the church-wardens the present of as handsome a Bible and Prayer Book as the store of the principal grocer and draper of the town, who was also the only bookseller, contained. After the marriage ceremony, they received a hearty "infare" to their own house,

under the motherly management of Barbara Heck. Nor was this little group of Methodists without the chastening effects of sorrow. Two children, the daughters of Paul and Barbara Heck—sweet girls about twelve and eight years old—within a short period of each other, died. The parent's heart was stricken sore, but smiling through her tears, Barbara consoled her husband with the holy words: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Such were the difficulties and obstructions of travel during the war, that none of their old loyalist neighbours in the revolted province of New York were able to carry out their purpose of escaping to the great northern province which remained still loyal to the King. At the close of the war, however, a number of them reached Montreal, and after a temporary sojourn there, sought new homes in what was then the virgin wilderness of Upper Canada, and was recently erected into a province. The Hecks and Lawrences, desirous of returning to the simple agricultural life in which they had been bred, resolved to join them. The sturdy boys of Paul and Barbara Heck were growing up almost to man's estate; indeed, the oldest was over twenty-one. The little company of Methodist pioneers, therefore, again set their faces to the wilderness.*

"We go, as our father like Abraham, not knowing whether we go," said Barbara Heck; but with the prescient instinct of a mother in Israel, she added, "but I have faith to believe that this is my last removal, and that God will give us a home, and to our seed after us. A many changes have I seen; I seek now a quiet resting-place, and a grave among my children and my children's children."

Prophetic words! She now sleeps her last sleep amid her kinsfolk after the flesh; and her spiritual kinsfolk—the great Methodist community of whom she was the mother and pioneer in this new province—far and wide have filled the land.

At Lachine, above the rapids, the little company embarked their household gear in a brigade of stout batteaux. Along the river's bank the boys drove the cattle that were to stock the future farms. The oxen were employed, also, in dragging the batteaux at the Cedar and Galops rapids. Night after night they drew up their boats and pitched their tents in the shadows of the primeval forest. At length, after a week's strenuous toil, these pioneers of civilization reached the newly-surveyed township of Augusta, in which were the allotted lands for which they held the patents of the Crown. They lay on the broad upland slope of the St. Lawrence, in full view of the rushing river, near the spot where the pretty village of Maitland now stands. They found, with little difficulty, the blazed trees with the surveyor's marks, by which they recognized their several allotments. The tents were pitched beneath the forest shade, the boats unladen, the fires kindled, and in the long twilight—it was the early spring—they ate their bread in their new home, if home it could be

*Dr. Stevens, in his history of the M. E. Church, gives an earlier date, 1778, as that of their removal to Upper Canada; but in his Centenary volume on Methodism, written after fuller investigation, he corrects his error, and gives the date of their removal to Upper Canada as 1785.

called, while not yet a tree was felled, with gladness and singleness of heart; and, like Jacob at Bethel, erected an altar and worshipped the God of their fathers in that lofty-vaulted and solemn-aisled cathedral of the forest.

Day after day the keen-edged axes ring through the woods. The immemorial monarchs of the forest are felled to earth, and soon, shorn of their branches, lie out in log lengths on the sward. Strong arms and brave hearts build the first rude log houses. The children gather moss to stuff the chimneys. The rough "stick chimney" is constructed, but most of the cooking is still done out of doors by the women, beneath the shade of broad-armed maples. The straining oxen, with much shouting and "haw-gee"ing of their drivers, drag the huge logs into heaps, and all hands, including women and children, help to gather the brush and branches of the felled trees. These soon drying in the sun, help to kindle the log heaps, which blaze and smoulder day after day, like the funeral pyre of some sylvan Sardanapalus, till only a bed of ashes tells of the cremation of these old forest kings. The rich alluvial soil is rudely scratched with a harrow, and the seed wheat and corn and potatoes are committed to its care, and soon the late stern and frothing wilderness laughs with the waving harvest.

The dim forest aisles are full of sounds of mystery and delight. The noisy finches call out unceasingly, "Sow the wheat! sow the wheat!" The chattering blue-jay, who, clad in regal coat purple, sows not neither does he reap, laughs derisively as the farmers toil. The scarlet-crowned woodpecker, like some proud cardinal, haughtily raps upon the hollow beech. In the penitive twilight, the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will is heard; and at the solemn midnight, from the top of the blasted pine, shrieks the ghostly whoop of the great horned owl, as if demanding who dare molest his ancient solitary reign. The wild flowers are to the children a perpetual delight—the snowy trilliums, the sweet wood violet, the purple iris, the waxen and fragrant pond-lily, with its target-like floating leaf; and, like Moses' bush, ever burning, ever unconsumed, the flame-like brilliance of the cardinal flower.

Before winter the transformation of the scene was wonderful. A cluster of houses formed a nucleus of civilization in the wilderness. The cattle were comfortably housed in a combined stable and barn, one deep bay of which was filled with the golden sheaves of ripened grain. While the wind howled loud without, the regular thud, thud, of the falling flail made sweet music to the farmer's ear. The wind-winnowed grain was either pounded with a wooden pestle in a hollowed tree stump, or ground in hand-mills by those fortunate enough to possess them. Not unfrequently would be heard, in the long drear nights of winter, when the trees snapped with frost and the ice on the river rent with an explosion like cannon, the melancholy long-drawn howl of the pack of wolves, and more than once the sheep-pen was invaded and their snowy victim was devoured to the very bones. Amid such privations and hardships as these did the pilgrim fathers of Canada lay the foundations of the grand Dominion of to-day.

Amid all their secular labours, the pioneers did not forget nor neglect their

spiritual husbandry. True to their providential mission, they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada, as they had been in the United States. In the house of John and Mary Lawrence, the latter the widow of Philip Embury, a class meeting was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, a promising young man, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Among its first members were Paul and Barbara Heck; and the names of their three sons, recorded on its roll, perpetuate the godly traditions of their house, which, like the house of Jacob, has never failed to have a man "to stand before the Lord." "They thus anticipated," remarks Dr. Stevens, "and in part prepared, the way for the Methodist itinerancy in Canada, as they had in the United States, for William Luce, the first regular Methodist preacher in Canada, did not enter the province till 1790. The germ of Canadian Methodism was planted by these memorable families five or six years before Luce's arrival."

In Dreamland.

The tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the stony stairs they climb
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies,
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave
And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly;
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a Holy saint,
Their prayers they murmur K. W. Y.

Good night! The tired heads are still,
On pillows soft reposing;
The dim and daisy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begins to creep,
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore,
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming.

—M. Johnson.

He Never Failed Me.

A GENTLEMAN once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "There is a boy I can trust: he never failed me." We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, to the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him: he has a reputation either favourable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him: he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He that is faithful in little will be faithful in much.

Alcohol is the worst thing to help preserve a live man, but the best to help to keep a dead man.