

## War.

Let night amid the mighty clash and swell  
Of grand orchestral music, with closed  
eyes  
I seemed to see, as summoned by a spell,  
Vast hosts before me rise.

And all the armies since the birth of time  
That ever went forth to dire, ensanguined  
war,  
Thronged by with measured tread and mien  
sublime,  
Conquered and conqueror.

Forth from proud Nineveh's embattled  
towers,  
To sound of timbrels and sweet psalteries,  
Leading her van in chariot decked with  
flowers,  
Came great Semiramis.

And then I saw on parched Assyrian plains  
Beneath the tortures of a tropic sun,  
Driving their Jewish captives home in chains,  
The lords of Babylon.

Vain Xerxes passed with those barbarian  
hordes  
Who climbed the mountains by the shim-  
mering sea,  
And met the Spartans with fierce clash of  
swords  
At lone Thermopylae.

After him the Macedonian boy  
Whose pathway was a track of flaming fire  
Across all Asia, strode with shouts of joy  
From the razed walls of Tyre.

And following slow, with melancholy brows,  
The Trojan heroes trod in stately line,—  
Achilles, breathing wrathful vengeance vows,  
And Nestor, the divine.

Ere long, amid the ever surging crowd,  
The great of haughty Hannibal upreared;  
And Caesar's serried legions, stern and proud,  
Rank upon rank appeared.

And when the cohorts of imperial Rome  
Had vanished in their splendour, I descried  
With lawless front on charger white with  
foam  
The fierce Alaric ride.

Wild Attila his ravaging hordes led by,  
Weighed down with bloody spoils from  
field and fane,  
And speeding on, with holy battle-cry,  
Swept conquering Charlemagne.

And I beheld the lion-hearted king  
Who strove the sacred sepulchre to win;  
And, holding high a crescent glimmering,  
The swarthy Saladin.

Then in the music's sudden deafening crash  
I heard the thunder of the cannonade;  
My vision caught the vivid lightning flash  
A million muskets made.

No more I saw the glistening axe and spear,  
The burnished shield, the dinted coat of  
mail,  
But bristling bayonets, rising tier on tier,  
And storms of iron hail.

And foremost 'mong the swiftly marching  
throng  
Two faces bronzed by battles' breath I  
knew;—  
The two who urged the tide of war along  
At gory Waterloo.

And, ere the pageant faded quite away,  
The music faltered, and I seemed to see,  
Before the troops drawn up in dense array,  
Ride veterans Grant and Lee.

The chords that throbbled with such tumul-  
tuous stress  
Grew slowly silent, and I saw no more,  
But caught a far-off strain of happiness  
Borne from a distant shore.

And this I deemed prophetic of a time  
When all the horrors of red war would  
cease,  
The radiant dawning of that most sublime  
And sovereign reign of peace!

—*Tinton Scollard.*

To carry on the business of life you  
must have surplus power. Be fit for  
more than the thing you are now doing.  
Let every one know that you have a  
reserve in yourself, that you have more  
power than you are now using. If you  
are not too large for the place you  
occupy you are too small for it.

## BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.—METHODISM COMES  
TO CANADA

FOR some time before the death of  
Embury, the war clouds had been  
gathering which were to wrap the con-  
tinent in a blaze.

At length at Concord and Lexington  
(April 19, 1775), while Embury lay  
upon his death-bed, occurred the col-  
lision between the armed colonists and  
the soldiers of the King, which pre-  
cipitated the War of Independence,  
and the loss to Great Britain of her  
American colonies. The bruits of war  
became louder and louder, and filled  
the whole land.

"Nay, dear heart," Embury had  
said to his faithful and loving wife, as  
she repeated the rumours of the out-  
break which had reached the quiet  
valley in which they dwelt; "nay,  
dear heart; this is only some temporary  
tumult. The colonists will not wick-  
edly rebel against his Majesty, God  
bless him, when every Sunday in all  
the churches they pray, 'From all  
sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion,  
Good Lord deliver us!'"

But the loyal heart did not rightly  
interpret the signs of the times. The  
country was ripe for revolt. From the  
mountains of Vermont to the ever-  
glades of Georgia, a patriotic enthusi-  
asm burst forth. By this time, how-  
ever, Philip Embury had passed away  
from the strifes and tumults of earth  
to the everlasting peace and beatitude  
of heaven. The loyal Palatines main-  
tained their allegiance to the old flag  
by removing to Lower Canada. It  
was not without a wrench of their  
heart-strings that they left the pleasant  
homes that they had made, and the  
grave of their departed religious  
teacher and guide, and set their faces  
once more resolutely toward the wil-  
derness.

"Why not cast in your lot with us  
and fight for your rights and liberty?"  
asked one of their neighbours who had  
caught the fever of revolt.

"The service that we love is no  
bondage," spoke up brave-hearted Bar-  
bara Heck, "but truest liberty; and  
we have, under the dear old flag be-  
neath which we were born, all the  
rights that we want—the right to wor-  
ship God according to the dictates of  
our conscience, none daring to molest  
us or make us afraid."

"If fight we must," chimed in Paul  
Heck, although he was a man of un-  
warlike disposition, "we will fight for  
the old flag under which we have en-  
joyed peace and prosperity—the flag  
that may have known disaster, but  
never knew disgrace. Our fathers  
sought refuge beneath its folds, and we  
will not desert it now. My religion  
teaches me, as well as to fear God, to  
honour the King—to be a true and  
faithful subject of my earthly as well  
as of my heavenly sovereign."

For conscience sake, therefore, this  
little band of loyal subjects left their  
fertile farms, their pleasant homes,  
their flocks and herds. They sold  
what they could, at great sacrifice, to  
their revolutionary neighbours, who,  
while they respected their character,  
were not averse to make gain out of  
what they regarded as their fanatical  
loyalty. When the wheat harvest had  
been reaped, the exiles, reserving suffi-

cient for their maintenance during  
their journey, turned the rest into  
money for their future necessities.

Two well-looking and unwieldy  
batteaux had been provided for the  
long journey over unknown waters to  
the King's loyal province of Canada.  
In one were placed some simple house-  
hold gear—bedding and other necessi-  
ties. Among the most precious articles  
of freight were Philip Embury's much-  
prized Old Testament and Barbara Heck's  
old German Bible. A nest was made  
in the bedding for the five children of  
Paul and Barbara Heck—the oldest  
and youngest, bright-eyed girls, aged  
ten and two respectively, the others  
three sturdy boys—and for the young  
children of Mary Embury. The fair  
young widow sat in the stern to steer  
the little bark which bore the germs  
of Canadian Methodism, while the  
matronly Barbara cared for the chil-  
dren. Paul Heck took his place at  
the oar—aided by his friend, John  
Lawrence, a grave, God-fearing Meth-  
odist, who had been his companion in  
travel from their dear old island home.  
In another boat were their fellow-  
voyagers, Peter Sweitzer and Joel Dul-  
mage, with their wives and little ones.  
Several of their neighbours, who in-  
tended soon after to follow them, came  
down to the river side to see them off  
and wish them "Godspeed."

"God will be our guide as He was  
the guide of our fathers," said Paul  
Heck, reverently, as he knelt upon the  
thwarts and commended to His care  
both those who journeyed and those  
who, for the present, should remain.

"My heart feels strangely glad,"  
said Barbara Heck, the light of faith  
burning in her eyes; "we are in the  
hollow of God's hand and shall be  
kept as the apple of His eye. Naught  
can harm us while He is on our side."

The last farewells were spoken, the  
oars struck the water, the batteaux  
glided down the stream, the voices of  
the voyagers and of those upon the  
shore blending sweetly in the hymn:

"Our souls are in His mighty hand,  
And He shall keep them still,  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Zion's hill.

"O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed;  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our heads.

"Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end  
And keep the prize in view."

All day they glided down the wind-  
ing stream, through scenes of sylvan  
loveliness. Towards sunset they caught  
a glimpse of the golden sheen of the  
beautiful South Bay, a narrow inlet of  
Lake Champlain, glowing in the light  
of the fading day like the sea of glass  
mingled with fire. They landed for  
the night on the site of the pleasant  
town of Whitehall, then a dense forest.  
A rude tent was erected among the  
trees for the women and children, and  
a simple booth of branches for the  
men. The camp-fire was built. The  
bacon frying in the pan sent forth  
its savoury odour, and the wheaten  
cakes were baked on the hot griddle.  
The children, with shouts of merry  
glee, gathered wild raspberries in the  
woods. A little carefully hoarded tea  
—a great luxury at the time—was  
steeped, and, that nothing might be  
lost, the leaves were afterwards eaten  
with bread. A hearty, happy meal  
was made; a hymn and prayer con-

cluded the evening; and the same  
simple service began the morning, after  
a night of refreshing sleep.

Day after day the rude batteaux,  
impelled by oar and sail, glided up the  
broad and beautiful Lake Champlain.  
Its gently sloping shores were then  
almost a wilderness—with only here  
and there the solitary clearing of an  
adventurous pioneer. All went well  
with the exiles till the afternoon of  
the fifth day. While in the widest  
part of the lake, wearily rowing in a  
dead calm, a sudden thunderstorm  
arose that for a time threatened them  
with no small peril. The day had been  
very sultry, with not a breath of air  
stirring. The burning sunlight was  
reflected from the steel-like surface of  
the water. The children were fretful  
with the heat and the oarsmen weary  
with their toil. Presently a grateful  
coolness stole through the air, and a  
gentle breeze refreshed their frames  
and filled the swelling sails, and at the  
same time a cloud veiled the fervid  
beams of the sun.

"Thank God," said Barbara Heck,  
"for this change," and the children  
laughed with glee.

Presently, Paul Heck, who had been  
leisurely scanning the horizon, sprang  
up with a start.

"Down with your sail!" he shouted  
to his fellow-voyagers, Sweitzer and  
Dulmage, whose boat was not far off,  
pointing at the same time toward the  
western horizon, and then eagerly  
taking in and close-reefing his own sail.  
To a careless eye there was no sign of  
danger, but a closer observation re-  
vealed a white line of foam, advancing  
like a race-horse over the waves.

"Lawrence, take the helm! get her  
before the squall," he continued; and  
scarcely had the movement been ac-  
complished when what seemed a hurri-  
cane smote their frail bark. The waters  
were lashed to foam. The rising waves  
raced alongside as if eager to over-  
whelm them. The air grew suddenly  
dark, the lurid lightning flashed, fol-  
lowed instantly by the loud roll of  
thunder and by a drenching torrent of  
rain.

"The Lord preserve us," exclaimed  
Lawrence, "I can scarcely keep her  
head before the wind; and if one of  
these waves strikes us abeam it will  
shatter or overturn the batteau."

But Barbara Heck, unmoved by the  
rush of the storm, sat serene and  
calm, holding the youngest child in her  
arms, while the others nestled in terror  
at her feet. In the words of another  
storm-tossed voyager upon another  
boisterous sea seventeen hundred years  
before, she said quietly—

"Fear not; be of good cheer; there  
shall not a hair fall from the head of  
one of us."

"Enheartened by her faith and cour-  
age, her husband toiled manfully to  
keep the frail batteau from falling  
into the trough of the sea. Lightly it  
rode the crested waves, and at last,  
after a strenuous struggle, both boats  
got under the lee of Isle-aux-Noix, and  
the voyagers gladly disembarked in a  
sheltered cove, their limbs cramped  
and stiffened by long crouching, in  
their water-soaked clothing, in the  
bottom of the boats. A bright fire  
was soon blazing, the wet clothes dried  
as fast as possible, and over a hearty  
meal of bacon, bread and coffee, they  
gave thanks with glad hearts for their  
providential deliverance.

Embarking once more, they urged  
their batteaux down the Richelieu and