

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

BY THE REV. LEROY HOOKER.

IN the brave old revolution days,  
So by our sires tis told,  
Kings men and rebels, all ablaze  
With wrath and wrong,  
Stroke hard and long;  
And, fearsome to behold,  
O'er town and wilderness afar,  
O'er quaking land and sea and air,  
All dark and stern the clouds of war  
In bursting thunders rolled.

Men of one blood—of British blood,  
Rushed to the mortal strife;  
Men brothers born,  
In hate and scorn  
Shed each the other's life.  
Which had the right and which the wrong  
It boots not now to say;  
But when at last  
The war-clouds passed  
Cornwallis sailed away;  
He sailed away and left the field  
To those who know right well to wield  
The powers of war, but not to yield,  
Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left  
Full many a loyal man,  
Who wore the red,  
And fought and bled  
Till Royal George's banner fled  
Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,  
When Britain's cause was lost?  
Did they consent,  
And dwell content  
Where crown and law and parliament  
Were trampled in the dust?

Dear were their homes where they were born;  
Where slept their honoured dead;  
And rich and wide  
On every side  
The fruitful acres spread;  
But dearer to their faithful hearts,  
Than home or gold or lands,  
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,  
And Britain's flag of long renown,  
And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old  
To grasp the gaudy new;  
Of yesterday's rebellion born  
They held the upstart power in scorn—  
To Britain they stood true

With high resolve they looked their last  
On home and native land;  
And sore they wept  
O'er those that slept  
In honoured graves that must be kept  
By grace of stranger's hand.

They looked their last and got them out  
Into the wilderness,  
The stern old wilderness!  
All dark and rude  
And unsubdued;  
The savage wilderness:  
Where wild beasts howled  
And Indians prowled;  
The lonely wilderness!  
Where social joys must be forgot,

And budding childhood grow untaught,  
Where hopeless hunger might assail  
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;  
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,  
Might slay their dear ones at its will;  
Where they must lay  
Their dead away  
Without the man of God to say  
The sad sweet words, how dear to men,  
Of resurrection hope; but then  
'Twas British wilderness!  
Where they might sing  
God save the King  
And live protected by his laws,  
And loyally uphold his cause;

'Twas welcome wilderness!  
Though dark and rude  
And unsubdued;  
Though wild beasts howled  
And Indians prowled;  
For there their sturdy hands  
By hated treason undivided  
Might win, from the Canadian wild,  
A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada!  
These men of proof, whose test  
Was in the fevered pulse of strife  
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;  
And in the stern behest  
When right must toil for scanty bread  
While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,

And men must choose between;  
When wright must shelter 'neath the skies  
While wrong in lordly mansion lies,  
And men must choose between;  
When right is cursed and crucified  
While wrong is cheered and glorified,  
And men must choose between.  
Stern was the test,  
And sorely pressed,  
That proved their blood best of the best;  
And when for Canada you pray,  
Implore kind Heaven  
That, like a leaven,  
The hero-blood which then was given  
May quicken in her veins always,—  
That from those worthy sires may spring,  
In numbers as the stars,  
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying  
Shall be in right,  
Through recreant Might  
Be strong against her in the fight,  
And many be her scars.  
So, like the sun, her honoured name  
Shall shine to latest years the same.  
—Canadian Methodist Magazine for June.

THE PIONEER PREACHER OF  
UPPER CANADA.\*

AT the close of a sultry day in the  
midsummer of 1790 there rode  
into the Heck Settlement a  
man of somewhat notable ap-  
pearance. He was about eight-and-  
twenty years of age, of tall and well-  
knit figure, save that one arm seemed  
quite shrivelled or paralyzed. Never-  
theless, he was a fearless horseman,  
riding at a gallop through the root-  
entangled forest paths, and boldly  
leaping his horse across the pools made  
by the recent rains. He wore a coarse  
felt hat, home-spun snuff coloured coat,  
to which a somewhat clerical air was  
given by a strait collar and cut-away  
skirts, and leathern leggings. Behind  
him were the inevitable saddle-bags  
and his coarse frieze coat. Riding up  
to the house of Paul Heck, without  
dismounting, he knocked with his  
riding whip on one of the posts of the  
"stoop."

"I am a Methodist preacher," he  
said; "can I preach here to-morrow?"  
—for it was Saturday evening.

"Fain and glad will we be to have  
you," said Paul Heck, as he came  
forward.

"Can I have lodging and provender  
for myself and horse?" continued the  
preacher.

"Ay, and welcome. Get you down,"  
said Paul, extending his hand in  
friendly greeting.

"Tell me first, will you warn the  
neighbours of the preaching? If not,  
I will do so myself before I dismount,  
although I have had a long ride to-  
day."

"Ay, will we; far and near. Here,  
Barbara, is a Methodist preacher,"  
Paul called to his good wife within the  
house.

"We wish you good luck, in the  
name of the Lord," said that hospitable  
matron, using the language of the  
Prayer Book, with which she had long  
been familiar. "Thank God, I live  
to see the day," she went on. "We  
are Methodists, too, and we have pined  
and hungered for the preaching of the  
Word as the hungry long for food."

"Bless the Lord," said the preacher,  
"the lines have fallen to me in pleas-  
ant places. I knew not that there was  
a Methodist in Canada, and here, the  
very day I enter the country, I find  
some."

"Ah, and you'll find a-many more  
scattered up and down, and fain and  
glad they'll be to see you," said Paul,

\* Condensed from "Barbara Heck, a tale  
of the founding of Upper Canada." Toronto.  
William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

using his customary formula of wel-  
come.

While the new preacher, whose  
name they learned was William Losee,  
the pioneer of the goodly band of  
Methodist itinerants who now range  
the country, was doing ample justice  
to the generous meal set before him—  
for he had ridden forty miles that day  
—Jacob Heck, Paul's son, proceeded  
to "warn" the neighbours near and  
far of the preaching at his father's  
house next day.

The great "living room" and ad-  
joining kitchen were both filled, and  
on Sunday morning the preacher stood  
in the doorway between the two, with  
a chair before him to support his Bible  
and hymn-book. Having announced  
his text, "Repent ye, therefore, and  
be converted, that your sins may be  
blotted out when the times of refresh-  
ing shall come from the presence of the  
Lord," he closed his book, and delivered,  
not an exposition, but a fervent exhor-  
tation, mingled on the part of both  
speaker and hearers with strong cry-  
ing and tears. The class-meeting, in  
which the Hecks, Lawrences, Samuel  
Embury, and others who now for the  
first time met, was held, and was a  
Bethel of delight. The afternoon and  
evening congregations were so large  
that the preaching had to be held in  
the large barn. By night the fame of  
the preacher had spread far and wide,  
and, moved by devotion, by curiosity,  
or by a desire to scoff and scorn, the  
whole neighbourhood was present.  
Of the latter class was a wild and  
reckless young man, Joe Brouse by  
name, who, standing near the door,  
was attempting to turn into mockery  
and derision the solemnities of Divine  
worship. Aroused to holy indignation  
by the sacrilege, Losee lifted his eyes  
and hands to heaven, and cried out  
like one of the Hebrew prophets,  
"Smite him, my God! My God,  
smite him!" "He fell like a bullock  
under the stroke of the butcher's axe,"  
writes the historian of the scene, "and  
writhed on the floor in agony, until  
the Lord in mercy set his soul at  
liberty." The emotion of that rustic  
congregation became uncontrollable.  
Signs and groans and tears were heard  
on every side. Preaching was im-  
possible, and Losee and the members  
of the little Methodist class gave them-  
selves to prayer, to counselling the  
seekers after salvation, and to the sing-  
ing of hymns, which had a strangely  
tranquillizing effect upon the congre-  
gation.

Early the next morning Losee was  
on his way to the Bay of Quinte and  
Niagara Settlements, leaving an ap-  
pointment for that day four weeks.  
Such was the aggressive mode of Gospel  
warfare of the pioneer itinerant.

The little communities scattered  
through the far-spreading wilderness  
were cheered by the visits of that  
heroic band of missionaries who tra-  
versed the forests, and forded the  
streams, and slept oftentimes beneath  
the broad canopy of heaven. Here  
came the since famous Nathan Bangs,  
who records that when he reached the  
Niagara river to enter Canada there  
were but two log-houses where the  
great city of Buffalo now stands. His  
written Life recounts his strange ad-  
ventures with enraged and drunken  
Indians and still more desperate white  
traders, with backslidden Christians in  
whom he often re-awoke conviction  
for sin, and with earnest souls to  
whom he broke with gladness the

bread of life. It was a day of uncon-  
ventional freedom of manners. If the  
preacher could obtain no lodging-place  
but the village tavern, he would warn  
the revellers whom he found there to  
repent and flee from the wrath to  
come. When in a settler's shanty he  
preached the Word of Life, he was  
subject to the frequent interruption of  
some lounger at the door or window—  
"How know you that?" or the remon-  
strance from some conscience-stung  
soul—"What are you driving at me  
for?"

Here, too, came the venerable Bishop  
Asbury, then in age and feebleness  
extreme, but untiring in his zeal for  
the cause of God. "We crossed the  
St. Lawrence," writes his companion  
in travel, "in romantic style. We  
hired four Indians to paddle us over.  
They lashed three canoes together  
(they must have been wooden dug-  
outs), and put our horses in them—  
their fore feet in one, their hind feet  
in another. We were a long time in  
crossing; it was nearly three miles,  
and part of the way was rough, especi-  
ally the rapids." As Mr. Asbury was  
leading his horse over a bridge of  
poles, its legs slipped between them,  
and sank into mud and water. "Away  
went the saddle-bags; the books and  
clothes were wet, and the horse was  
fast. We got a pole under him to pry  
him out. The roads through the  
woods, over rocks, down gullies, over  
stumps, and through the mud, were  
indescribable. They were enough to  
jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a  
poor infirm old man near the grave.  
He was very lame from inflammatory  
rheumatism, but suffered like a martyr.  
The heat, too, was intolerable."

Yet the venerable bishop made light  
of his afflictions. "I was weak in  
body," he wrote, after preaching at the  
Heck Settlement, "but was greatly  
helped in speaking. Here is a decent,  
loving people; my soul is much united  
to them." After a twelve miles' ride  
before breakfast, he wrote, "This is  
one of the finest countries I have ever  
seen. The timber is of noble size; the  
crops abundant, on a most fruitful  
soil. Surely this is a land that God  
the Lord hath blessed."

Crossing from Kingston to Sackett's  
Harbour in an open boat they were  
nearly wrecked. "The wind was  
howling," writes his companion, "and  
the storm beating upon us. I fixed  
the canvas over the bishop like a tent  
to keep off the wind and rain. Then  
I lay down on the bottom of the boat  
on some stones placed there for ballast,  
which I covered with some hay I pro-  
cured in Kingston for our horses." They  
reached land "sick, sore, lame  
and weary, and hungry." Yet the old  
bishop set out in a thunderstorm to  
reach his appointment. Such was the  
heroic stuff of which the pioneer mis-  
sionaries of Canada were made.

The story goes on to tell how Losee  
and Dunham, the first two Methodist  
preachers in Upper Canada, both fell  
in love with the same young lady.  
How Dunham won her, and Losee lost  
his wits in consequence, and had to  
desist from preaching. The whole  
romantic and touching story will be  
found at length in Dr. Carroll's "Case  
and his Contemporaries," and in With-  
row's "Barbara Heck."

Why is Mrs. Jones putting baby  
William to bed like a gentleman  
paying his account? Because they are  
both settling a little Bill (bill).