

are being educated in our schools will be the mothers, and when they will have the training of the next generation. Many of the girls are converted before they leave us, and those who are not converted are very different girls when they leave our school than when they entered it. When they return to their homes many of them will not have the opportunity of hearing a sermon, as there will be no missionary near, but before leaving school some of them band themselves together, those who are able to hear a sermon promising to write it again and send it to some one else, and so the good seed is sown.

Nearer Thee.

"Nearer my God to Thee."

Those sweet, sweet words learned long ago, to-day
Are dearer far to me.
They come with sanctifying power,
And help in life's most darks - me hour
To bring me nearer Thee.

"E'en though it be a cross,"

This lesson learned through microscopes of tears
And bitter sense of loss.
A cross to bring me nearer Thee,
'Till I could wish all else might be
As nothing more than dross.

"That raiseth me,"

To feel and know the heights of Thy great love,
Which e'er unchangingly
To me each day is given from above,
That I its richness here may prove
And brings me nearer Thee.

"Still all my song shall be,"

That nearer, nearer to Thee day by day
Thou ever wilt lead me.
Till life's work done, I gladly may
Come close to Thee, there to stay
Through Thine eternity.

—J. H.

Reminiscences.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COL. LAND.

BEING anxious to obtain some information in connection with the early history of our Church and Sunday School, Mr. Thomas Morris, jr., superintendent of the school, and the writer wended their way on Saturday afternoon, July 26th, to the pleasant home of Col. John Land, Wentworth street North. This homestead of the descendant of Hamilton's first settler is indeed an attractive spot for the venerable Colonel to pass the evening of his life in. Entering through a gate on the east side of Wentworth just below Barton street, we passed up a gravel walk to the house. On the right

was a small forest of pine trees which we fondly imagined to be a portion of the primeval forest that once flourished where our beautiful city now stands. However, as will be seen, we labored under a delusion. To the left stretched a lawn, rendered the more attractive and homelike by the presence of a number of stately pine trees, interspersed here and there with an exotic in the shape of a palm or a tree-fern. The house is a large frame, painted white, with a verandah facing the west. The Colonel had not quite finished his dinner when we arrived, and we were kindly invited by his grandson, Mr. J. G. Y. Burkholder, to make ourselves comfortable under the verandah. In a few minutes the Colonel made his appearance. Mr. Burkholder introduced us, telling the Colonel what our mission was. After shaking hands the venerable gentleman expressed his willingness to afford us any information in his power, and prepared for action by requesting us to be seated. We opened fire by telling him that we wanted to know something about the beginnings of our church, and the subsequent conversation was much as follows:

"It was your grandfather that gave the land to the church, was it not?"

"No, it was my father who gave the ground, an acre and a quarter; my grandfather died shortly after the war of 1812."

"Was it not in the year 1822 that your father gave the land to the Methodists?"

"I cannot state what year it was, but think that it was earlier than 1822."

"Did your farm include the present church site?"

"Yes, it extended as far as Main street on the south, and the northern boundary was Barton street. It was a hundred acres that my father bought in addition to the homestead of 300 acres that was granted to my grandfather for services rendered during the Revolution. My father bought the hundred acres for a low price, money being very scarce in those days. The man he bought it from gave a yoke of steers and a barrel of pork for it."

"What were the boundaries?"

"It was bounded on the west by Wellington street (formerly called 'Land's lane'), on the north by Main, south by Barton, and on the east by Emerald. Where the vinegar works now stand, there was a building which was turned into a tavern and kept by a man named Samuel Price. When my grandfather first came here he built a little shanty which stood near where John's house is on Barton street.