

what the progress and results of the missionary operations of the church. The plan has never failed where it has been fairly, systematically and perseveringly tried.

EARLY MEMORIES.

CONTINUED.

It is time we now return to Canada. We at first settled in a new township but recently surveyed, and now first opened for sale. The land was excellent, the climate salubrious and healthy, and the prospect delightful, being a mixture of plains and excellent timber. We fully expected that the settlement would be rapid, and that we should soon be surrounded by a numerous population. In this we were disappointed. After the end of a year we had only four or five neighbours within a radius of as many miles. I was now a lad of fifteen, healthy and strong, and full of youthful enthusiasm. I entered heartily into the enterprise of hewing out a new home. But alas! at the very commencement of this exciting career I was smitten down with a fearful disease. For weeks a raging fever threatened to terminate my existence. At length there was a determination of the disease to one of my limbs, and I was a helpless cripple. Slowly, very slowly I recovered strength and it was many weeks before I was able to move languidly about with the aid of a pair of crutches, to be my only means of locomotion for many months to come. When I went into my sick room, though the winter was over, the snow had disappeared; a few birds had arrived, and field operations had commenced, yet the effect of winter still remained. The trees were all bare and the plains were sere and grey. When I came out and got my first view of the landscape there was the glory of early summer. And what a vision! Innumerable clumps of verdure—shrubs, or as the people called them, *grubs*—shot up a few feet in height, in every direction; and the broad topped trees—oak for the most part—growing widely assunder, bore each an immense cloud of verdure—as though it had stolen a single colour from the rainbow and wrapped it in innumerable sinuous folds around its gigantic head. The spaces of earth between the *grubs* were covered with a carpet of the liveliest green, flecked every where with a profusion of wild flowers of the gayest colours and the most elegant forms; and the variety was equal to the profusion. The vision was too much for me; I was overcome by it, and almost fainting begged to be carried back to my dingy corner till the too suddenly excited sensations should have time to subside.

Gradually I acquired more strength, and kind hands would carry me out day by day and place my chair in the shade of a tree, a wild oak on the wild plains; for as yet there was no cultivation for miles around. And here I would sit and ruminate, or read,—What? Books? Alas, there were no books in the settlement.—*The Book*. And you might suppose that having barely escaped from death, as I had, this exercise would afford me great comfort. But it was not so. It was to me, to a great extent, a sealed book. At least it revealed nothing upon which I could fix a steadfast hope. I

unquestioningly received it as a Divine Revelation: I read it with reverence; it searched my heart and discovered to me my sins; but in view of my needs I could find nothing further than that God of His great love had given His Son to be the Saviour of the world. *The great world*. So He causes His sun to rise upon all, and with His rain equally refreshes the fields of all. Nor could I find any warrant for claiming any relation to Him other than those which arose out of my membership in the great human family. That the blessed Christ could be animated by such a special love as could induce Him to seek out an individual helpless soul, lift it from its mire, create it anew in Himself, and impart to it a life and a righteousness common with His own,—this was a truth—the great gospel truth that I had not yet learned; and hence, to me, the Bible was simply a wonderful history of wonderful people, and wonderful events.

As soon as I was able to be the journey we removed to an old settlement about twelve miles distant. Here there was a larger population and more wealth—such wealth as then existed in the country—consisting not of gold and silver, but of cattle and cultivated lands and their products.

You may conceive how lonely was my condition, and how tedious to me were the long months of the summer. There was no school. I had no books except a few torn volumes which I chiefly knew by heart. One weekly paper, and only one came to the settlement—a little dingy sheet published in Little York at \$4. a year. But the post office, to which there came a weekly mail, was eight miles distant by a bridle path through the woods. By a road admitting the passage of a summer vehicle, the distance would be twice as great. It often happened, therefore, that we had no communication with the post office for two or three weeks together. When the paper did come I sometimes would get the reading of it.

From my helpless condition I could of course have no companionship with the boys of the neighbourhood. There was however one exception. Our next neighbour, except one, was a very important personage. He was M. P. for the county, a Justice of the Peace, Colonel of Militia, Registrar of deeds, &c. He had a numerous family of sons. One of them, Isaac, was about my own age. He was an intelligent lad, full of life and frolic, and fond of exercise and field sports. But he was thoughtful and inquisitive far beyond the average of his peers. Strange as it may seem we were strongly attracted to each other. Isaac would leave his sports and lay aside his fishing rod or his gun—and come and sit with me under the shade of a tree for hours in conversation on subjects which the boys around us had never thought of. He had gained nothing from books. It was too much trouble for him to read, but he would patiently and with the greatest interest, listen to my recitals of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or the fairy fables of the Arabian Nights tales, which my extraordinary memory enabled me to repeat almost verbatim. But our conversations were not confined to these lighter subjects. We had remarked some of the wonderful phenomena of the visible world, and were hungry for the explanations. I remember that we were especially puzzled to account

for the strange fact—strange to us—that the pole star always appeared in the same place notwithstanding the motions of the earth, a confused notion of which we had gathered from the introduction to an old school geography, a torn copy of which I happened to possess. Thus we puzzled our young brains, generally in vain, having no one to guide us.

One day I had swung myself along upon my crutches till I came opposite the *Squire's* house and Isaac invited me in. We entered a narrow hall. Near the entrance on the left a door opened into the *office*. It was merely a closet; not more than six feet wide and perhaps ten in depth. There was a narrow writing table under the window and the far end was covered with shelves, drawers, and pigeon-holes for depositing papers, documents, &c. On the side opposite the window was a long shelf supported by brackets, and this was filled with a closely packed row of bound books. My eyes were riveted upon these. "O Isaac," I exclaimed, "do you think your father would lend me some of those books?" Isaac replied "they would do you no good; they are old musty law books." "No Isaac,—there are some *scintillates* at the end;—I suppose that means law; but look here;—I'm running over the titles on the backs of the volumes,"—*Hume's History of England*, two, three, four volumes! "It proved to be a broken set however, with several volumes missing." "How I should like to know something of the history of England. And see here, the works of 'Flavius Josephus,' vol. I; 'Antiquities of the Jews,' vol. II. 'Wars of Jews.' How I should like to read it, to see if it agree with the Bible history of the Jews. This great volume is marked 'Plutarch's Lives.' I don't know what it is, but I should like to know. And here is Johnson's Lives of the Poets' four volumes." And Milton, Pope, Cowper. (There were a few others, the titles of which were erased, or did not appear on the back.) "Don't you think I could borrow some of these books from your father?" Struck—perhaps amused—with the eagerness with which I had scanned the little library, Isaac replied, "I don't know; I will ask him." Almost at the same moment the door opened and the *Squire* entered. He was a man of commanding appearance, fair stature, a little inclined to corpulency, and with a manner and address that apprised you, at once, that he expected a certain amount of deference from all who approached him; but no more, I dare say, than his superior position, and perhaps his superior attainments justly entitled him to. I had always been awed by his presence, and now I was greatly alarmed, fearing he would be displeased at finding me in his *sanctum*, and in the very act of finger- ing at his books, though I had removed none of them from their places. I thought also, that Isaac was embarrassed. There was no occasion, as it proved: He spoke to me kindly and even playfully; enquired about my lameness, joked me about my crutches, and panned upon my name. In short, he put me quite at my ease. Isaac perceiving the good humor he was in, popped the important question: I anxiously watched for the reply. He was silent for a moment; then casting his eyes along the row of books he turned to me and said "These are not