

"Oh! Mollie, daint, shall we niver see yer purty face again! Shure it's as beautiful as the face of the Virgin herself," went on the inconsolable creature, addressing a very young woman, who looked the lovelier for her tears. "The very sight o' ye was better than the prais's bleasin'! But I'll not forget the good words ye've tould me; and Mr. Philip, and swate Barbara Heck and her good man, Paul. The Lord love ye and kepe ye all; and all the saints protect ye." The good woman had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and had not shaken off her old manner of speech, although she had for some time been won by the singing and simple, heartfelt prayers of her Palatine neighbours to the warm-hearted Methodist worship.

The voyagers at length, one by one, climbed the gangway to the vessel's deck, amid much wringing of hands and parting words, not unmingled with tears and sorrowful faces. The apparent leader of the party, a young man of singularly grave demeanour for his years, dressed in dark frieze coat, not unlike the sort now called "Ulsters," approaching the taffrail of the vessel, and taking from his breast-pocket a well-worn Bible, read to those around and to those upon the quay that sublime passage in the Hundred and Seventh Psalm, beginning with these words:

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

As he continued to read, his voice gathered strength and volume till it rang out loud and clear, and with an exulting tone in the closing words:

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

"Yes, my brethren," continued the speaker, "God opened a way through the sea for our fathers from the presence of their enemies, and led them into this fair and goodly land. But now it has become too strait for us, and we go to seek new homes in the land of promise in the West. We go forth with God as our Protector and our Guide. He is as near by water as by land. Many of our brethren have gone before us to that land, and many of you, we trust, will follow after. But on whichever side of the sea we dwell, we dwell beneath His care; and for the rest,—the way to heaven is as near from the wilds of America as from the shores of dear old Ireland."

"Thrus for ye;" "It's even so, so it is," ejaculated several of his auditors, while others answered mutely with their tears.

"What mean ye to weep and break our hearts!" said the first speaker, thinking of another parting on the seashore.\* "Is that all the God-speed ye have for us? Come, let us sing a verse to cheer up our souls a bit;" and, with a mellow, resonant voice, he began to sing a hymn, which one after another took up till it swelled into an exultant psalm of triumph:—

"And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair,—  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

"Oh let our heart and mind  
Continue to ascend,  
That haven of repose to find  
Where all our labours end;

\* Acts xxi. 5-14.

"Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain,—  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again."

"And now let us commend one another to God and the word of His grace," continued the youthful speaker; and, kneeling down upon the deck, in a fervent prayer he invoked God's blessing and protection on those who would brave the perils of the deep and on those who remained on the shore.

"Now, Mr. Embury," said the boat-swain, touching his cap, when this unusual service was over, "we must haul in the hawsers. 'Time and tide wait for no man.' See, the current is already turning. We must fall down the river with this tide. Shake out your topsails, there," he shouted to the men in the shrouds; and to those on the shore, "Throw off the moorings; let go the stern line." And gently the vessel began to glide upon her way.

Farewell words and loving greetings are spoken from the ship and from the shore. Wistful eyes look through their gathering tears. Many a fervent "God bless you," "God keep you," is uttered. As the last adieux are waved, and as the vessel onward glides, are heard, borne fitfully upon the breeze, the strain,

"Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again."

The sailing of that little vessel was an apparently insignificant event, and, save the friends of those on board, little would the great world have recked had it foundered in the deep. But that frail bark was a new *Mayflower*, freighted with the germs of an immortal harvest which was destined to fill the whole land, the fruit whereof should shake like Lebanon. Those earnest souls, in the flush of youth and hope and love, bore with them the immortal leaven which was to leaven with its spiritual life a whole continent.

Of the leader of this little company we have already spoken. By the side of Philip Embury stood his youthful wife, Mary Embury, a blooming young matron of remarkable personal beauty, not yet eighteen, and already two years married. As the vessel glided down the winding Shannon, her eyes looked wistfully through her tears upon the emerald banks and purple uplands she should never see again.

"Do you repent leaving the dear old home?" asked her husband, as he threw his arm caressingly around her.

"Wherever you are, Philip, there is home," she said, nestling in his arms and smiling through her tears, like the sun shining through a shower of summer rain. "Wherever thou goest I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Near by stood Paul Heck, a man of grave appearance and devout manner, and by his side his wife, Barbara Heck, a blushing bride of a few weeks, although nearly ten years older than her bosom friend, Mary Embury. Around them were grouped others whose names were destined to become familiar to future generations as among the pilgrim fathers and founders of Upper Canada. Among these were two brothers of Philip Embury, with their families; Peter Sweitzer, Embury's brother-in-law; the Morgans, Dulmages, and others.

How came this group of Teutonic emigrants to be leaving the shores of Old Ireland for the New World? The

answer to this question will carry us far back in the history of Europe, and we will therefore take the liberty of quoting from our previous work, "The Worthies of Early Methodism":

"In the providence of God, times and places most remote from one another are often linked together by chains of sequence—by relations of cause and effect. The vast organization of Methodism on this continent has a definite relation to the persecuting bigotry of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century. That dissolute monarch, moved by insane ambition, twice ruthlessly invaded the German Palatinate. Eighty thousand men, trained in the art of slaughter, were let loose upon the hapless country, which they ravaged with fire and sword. 'Crops, farms, vines, orchards, fruit trees,' says a veracious chronicler, 'were all destroyed; and this once rich and smiling land was converted into a desolate wilderness.' In the bleak and bitter winter weather a hundred thousand homeless peasants—gray-haired sires, and childing mothers, and helpless children—wandered about in abject misery. Everywhere were found the corpses of men frozen to death.

"Thousands of the wretched fugitives took refuge within the lines of the English General, Marlborough, and sought the shelter of that flag whose protection is never denied to the oppressed. Ships were sent to bring them from Rotterdam to England. More than six thousand came to London, reduced from affluence to poverty, and were fed by the dole of public charity. A number immigrated to Ireland, and settled in the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale. They received grants of eight acres of land for each person, young and old, for which the Government paid the rent for twenty years. In a contemporary list of these 'Irish Palatines' occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described as frugal and honest, better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their houses are remarkably clean, besides which they have a stable, cow-house, and neat kitchen garden. The women are very industrious.

"In the good Protestant soil of those hearts providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant 'helpers' penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England.

"In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. Her family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrens. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers."

As the sun went down beneath the

† Withrow's "Worthies of Methodism," pp. 107-113.

western wave, the little company of emigrants on shipboard gathered on the deck to take their last look at the dear old land which had been to most of them the land of their birth. Not many words were spoken, but not a few tears trickled silently down the cheeks of the women, whose separation from their native land wrung their very heartstrings. The rising wind whistled through the shrouds. The long roll of the Atlantic rocked the frail bark like a cradle in the deep, and made retirement to the crowded little cabin agreeable to most of the party.

By the light of the swaying lamp, Philip Embury—who, though almost the youngest man of the company, was its acknowledged leader and head—read words of comfort from the Book Divine. As the waves smote with an ominous sound upon the wooden walls which seemed such a frail defence between them and the unfathomable sea, they embraced their hearts by singing the grand old hymn, to which their present position gave a new depth of meaning—

"The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky  
And calms the roaring seas;

"This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers  
And carry us above."

Embury then called on the grave, God-fearing Paul Heck to lead the devotions of the little band, and with deep emotion he commended them all to the Fatherly keeping of that God who guides the winds in their course and holds the seas in the hollow of His hand.

Many weary weeks of storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, passed by, the dreary monotony of sea and sky rimmed by the unbroken horizon, without sight of sail or shore. At last was heard the joyous cry of "Land! Land ahead!" Eager eyes scanned the horizon, rising higher and becoming more clearly defined.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Mary Embury, as, wan and weak with long sea-sickness, she leaned upon the vessel's rail at her husband's side, as the wooded heights of Staten Island came in view. And as the splendid bay of New York, with its crowded shipping, opened out, she exclaimed, with child-like surprise, "Why, I believe it's as large as Limerick! Who would have thought it in this New World!"

Still greater was the surprise of the whole party when, on the 10th of August, 1760, a day memorable in the religious history of this continent, they landed in New York and beheld the crowded and busy streets of a city which, even then, was more populous than any in Ireland, not excepting the ancient capital, Dublin; than which they were slow to believe there was anything finer upon earth.

A feeling of loneliness, however, came over their hearts as they left the floating house in which they had lived for twelve long weeks, to seek new homes in the land of strangers. But soon they discovered some of their countrymen, and even a few former acquaintances who had previously emigrated, and to whom they felt themselves knit by closer ties because all others were such utter strangers. Philip Embury soon obtained employment at his trade as a house carpenter