

day I left a heavy snow storm had done its worst to make the roads impassable; and on the second morning the thermometer had sunk to 15° below zero. In the forenoon I had travelled some seven or eight miles and preached at noon in a lumber shanty. The next was thirteen miles away; I was urged to remain where I was that day and I would have a full shanty at night to hear me. My time did not allow of this delay, and though I was warned of the difficulty before me, I set out immediately after dinner. In three miles I had passed the clearances, and G—'s shanty roads, and before me lay ten miles of unbroken forest ere I would reach my destination. The road was only a shanty one, ill-broken at that, and a foot of fresh snow nearly obliterated the old track. It lay over the height of land, whose broken hill-tops resembled the "ridgings of creation." My pony sank to the knees every step it took. Often did it stagger, shiver, stumble and fall, when I would have to draw away the cutter, tramp the snow around it, and then urge it to rise. It had always been my fortune to pioneer alone, and many a risk I have run in forest and morrass, on mountain and flood, and yet I survived every danger, and by the help of the Almighty I would not be stuck now. Just last year I went this way with a jumper on one runner, and for the first time, and after five hours struggling emerged from the woods. I walked up the hills and rode down the other side. It soon became apparent that a life and death struggle was before me. Shall I return? Return! I never yet returned. What a fool to go alone, with a single horse, and with no provision against accident, or spending the night unsheltered! Nay with a single horse and light cutter I am far safer than with a companion. Several years ago I travelled tandem for three days with the Rev. Mr. McE., then of P., and in that time only accomplished twenty miles. I broke the road for the horse, it followed after, and he brought up the rear at some distance off. Then though the snow had filled the roads to the top of the fences, we were always within sight of some home. He will remember among other incidents of that memorable journey how nearly my life was in being quenched when the horse fell against me with one of my legs under it. But this is too serious for tandem with five hours between me and any human aid. The horse by and by showed that it was getting played out. In mission work I have offered up more horse flesh than any other minister, and I have had to use violent remedies four times already to save this one from an untimely fate. I dread another such trial. The Home Mission Fund is low. I have always borne lightly on it. But while it helps the missionary it does not promise anything to his horse, and if mine die it will not grant me a substitute. For four hours I had neither heard nor seen trace of a living creature, and the noisomeness of silence alone rang in my ears. The shades of evening were now closing in and I had yet to be entangled with innumerable shanty roads, more bewildering than the streets of London to a foreigner. Had a load of hay recently passed this way—I might have guided myself by the straws and a lucifer match; but I had neither. Had I been travelling on the Queen's highway, I could have guided my steps by selecting always the narrow path; but this too failed me, and a very dark night was before me without pilot or compass. In this emergency I lifted up my heart in prayer to Him who has promised deliverance in the time of need, that He who had often helped me in as trying circumstances as the present, would guide me straight to B—'s shanty. The tension on the brain was very severe, but the faith was strong. I had a dim recollection of a string of three lakes, and the last as crooked as to make three itself, lying between me and it. On reaching the first, the horse broke through the upper ice, trembled and would not move. I got out to lead it, but the ice could not bear me either. At every step my cloth boots grew heavier with the freezing water. What a spectacle to the discoverer if I were to be converted into a pillar of ice, before I gained the opposite side! My eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fire on the banks of the second lake—the first trace of man for the last five hours. Is it the shanty? Alas, no. Were it not for my poor pony I would spend the night here, but that would be death to it. I shall make one more effort, and if I fail, may I not lose my bearing back to this morsel of human comfort. The timber roads are now thick as net work, and to crown all, the darkness is excessive. A third lake with piles of saw logs at the one end of it is come to at last. Am I near my destination? How am I to steer my way? Oh! yonder is a belated woods-

man, the first living creature seen in six hours. The bow is unbent in a moment; I had threaded my way with perfect accuracy. At eight o'clock I alighted at the shanty door, and with a hammer relieved my feet of their load of ice. The men wondered at my achievement. Yarns were spun of bewilderingments and fatal results. A teamster that morning left for the settlements with an empty sleigh, and returned after making only four miles at nightfall with the news I could never get through. I preached to a fine congregation of forty-five men of all creeds. My horse was able next morning to continue the journey, and so I was not under the necessity of presenting a bill of damages to the Convener of the Home Mission Fund or to the Convener of the Mission to the Lumbermen to be repudiated. MADOC.

NOTES FROM BRANTFORD.

A stranger visiting Brantford for the first time will not talk long to his friends or acquaintances until he is asked "What do you think of our city?" when he is at once reminded that what was lately but a town, though a prosperous and flourishing one, has been raised to the dignity of a city, and no mean city either. Situated in the centre of a rich agricultural district, with good railway facilities and an industrious population, it is after all no marvel that what was known as the town of Brantford a few years ago is now one of the cities of our fair Dominion, determined not to be outdone in the honest race for prestige, power and wealth. The site of the city was originally known as Brant's Ford, and owes its name to an Indian Chief named Joseph Brant; hence we have now the rather euphonious name of Brantford. The town began to be settled in 1830, and was incorporated in 1847; and so rapid has been its progress that at present the population exceeds 11,000. The fact that this large population is kept in order by one policeman speaks well for the character of the people. The city is nicely laid out. In the centre is Victoria Square, with its ornamental trees and shrubbery, while the smiling waters of the Grand River flow rapidly past relieving the monotony which might otherwise exist. Brantford can claim the credit of having educational appliances equal, if not superior, to most of the towns and cities in the Dominion; but as your paper is conducted in the special interests of Presbyterianism, I will content myself with noticing briefly the following:

YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE.

This valuable seminary is in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, was erected in 1874 at a cost of \$30,000, and under the able Presidency of Rev. Dr. Cochrane is proving very successful. I attended the Easter concert given by the pupils under the direction of Mr. McIntyre the Principal, and I am pleased to say that all who took part acquitted themselves creditably. The College building is situated on Brant Avenue, and was formerly the handsome residence of Judge Wood, now of Manitoba. The College grounds comprise over four acres, which are tastefully laid out. I understand that the College is being liberally supported, there being over forty pupils under course of instruction. In the interests of Presbyterianism, and in the interests of the female youth of the important section of the country of which Brantford is the centre, I wish this institution increased prosperity.

THE INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

Although this is not purely a denominational institution, yet a proportion of the inmates belong to our communion. Out of a total of 175 pupils I find that there are fifty-five Presbyterians. The buildings which are very extensive, were erected by the Provincial Government about seven years ago, and are situated in a very handsome part of the city. The education which is imparted in this institution is of the most interesting and important kind. We can estimate it when we think that those deprived of the blessing of sight can be so educated and trained as to make them self-sustaining in life, and intelligent members of society. I heard one boy about sixteen years of age examined in Canadian History, and the proficiency which he showed was calculated to make more pretentious people blush. The following from Mr. Langmuir's report will be read with interest: "The ages of the pupils vary from 6 to 37 years, but 125 of them are found between 11 and 22, both inclusive, while the remaining 50 are to be divided among the other ages within the limits specified. Of the 175 pupils, 15 are the children of carpenters, 69 of farmers,

33 of labourers, 8 of merchants, 3 of millers, 3 of shoemakers, 2 of butchers, 2 of coopers, 2 of blacksmiths, 4 of hotel-keepers, and the balance divided among twenty-eight different occupations. Since the opening of the Institution in 1872, 238 pupils have been admitted—133 males and 105 females." The institution would seem to be in a high state of efficiency; the Principal and teachers deserve the thanks of the Christian public, for, after all no matter what the remuneration they receive, their efforts to instruct such a class must be a "labour of love." Mr. Walter Hossie is the Bursar, and gives the most courteous attention to visitors. Before passing from this I may say that the pupils, in addition to a good English and musical education, are taught sewing with hand and machine, bead-work, basket-making, and knitting.

THE CHURCHES.

Brantford is well supplied with churches. I understand that there are some fifteen in all, reflecting the various forms of faith which are to be met with in similar places.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

is situated on Wellington street, is a handsome and imposing structure, and has been only recently dedicated for public worship. This congregation was organized in 1845, and is one of the landmarks of the city. The Rev. Thomas Lowry is the esteemed pastor. Although he has borne the burden and heat of the day he is still active and vigorous, and to all appearance has many years of active work before him yet. Mr. Lowry is a native of Ireland, and may be said to be a descendant of the "tribe of Levi," having a number of near relatives in the ministry in the fatherland.

ZION CHURCH,

of which the Rev. William Cochrane, D.D., is the pastor, is a fine building, and was erected at a cost of over \$20,000. The congregation was organized in 1853, and has been among the most prosperous congregations within the bounds of the General Assembly, which must be attributed largely to the ability and persevering labours of the eloquent pastor, who, although attending closely to the duties of his congregation, has for some years taken a large share in the public business of the Church. As a proof of the estimation in which he is held by his brethren, he has been nominated by a number of Presbyteries as the next Moderator of the General Assembly, which meets at Ottawa in June.

In connection with Zion Church there is a mission church which was erected in 1877, and which is looked upon as the nucleus of another congregation.

THE REVIVAL IN BRANTFORD

excited considerable attention. Union meetings were held in various churches and in Wickliffe Hall, and no doubt good was done. I attended the first of a series of congregational meetings which were to be held in Zion Church. The lecture room was well filled, and a deep feeling of earnestness pervaded the meeting. Dr. Cochrane presided, and delivered an earnest address from the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." He was succeeded by some members of the congregation who gave brief addresses. *Kerby House, Brantford, April, 1879.* K.

THE AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

MR. EDITOR,—Your last issue contains a very interesting article on the above subject over the signature of "A. McL. Sinclair." Will the writer solve the seeming contradiction in his article? He says, "the object of this fund, it must be remembered, is not to reward men for their services, but to support those who are laid aside from active service;" yet he ends with recommending a scheme based on this very principle of rewarding according to the amount of service done! He says he would give \$200 to every minister permitted to retire after ten years' service, and an additional \$10 a year for every year over twenty years' service. If this is not rewarding men for their service, I should like to know what is?

From the last report of the Committee appointed by the General Assembly, it appears that this fund is diminishing at a rate that will speedily cause its extinction if something is not done to check it, and they recommend appeals to be made to congregations to come to the rescue. But I am afraid appeals to that source will be of little effect while the ministers, for whose benefit the fund was raised, set such a bad example;