



TRIVITT MEMORIAL CHURCH,—INTERIOR VIEW.

RETURNING TO THE CHURCH.

BY F. C. IRELAND, TORONTO.

SHORTLY after the war of 1812-15 a Colonel in the British army settled with his wife and family in the county of Northumberland, Ontario. He was possessor of a large tract of land, and there soon settled around him a class of industrious, well-to-do people, chiefly from England. The Colonel built a magnificent residence for his future home, on a slight eminence near what is now called the Murray Canal, after General Murray of historic fame. This new residence was the grandest piece of architecture to be seen anywhere between Kingston and York (Toronto, in those early days), and its internal arrangements were as complete as its outward appearance was imposing. The Colonel had made it a principle from the earliest days of settlement in his new home to inaugurate religious services, and every Sunday one of the large rooms of his new house was set apart and the settlers invited to attend service, which was conducted by the Colonel himself.

The old Prayer Book—it is old looking now—that was used was a large 8-vo. volume, bound in leather, and contained the register of the births, baptisms, and confirmations of the family, and since has the marriages and deaths.

One of the most attentive worshippers at these services was the Colonel's eldest daughter. Besides being beautiful, accomplished and exceedingly attractive in conversation, her education and travels had so influenced her that she was as much at home in the wilds of the new settlement as in the refined society she had been accustomed to in older settled places of civilization. This young lady began to appreciate the Church service and its adaptability to the conditions and circumstances of mankind as she had never done before. She saw Christ in the Church. The services seemed as sweet and precious in a private room, conducted by a layman as in a Cathedral, conducted by a Bishop. She began to love the Church, and found as her love for it increased she loved the Saviour more. To love the one was to love the other. This idea led her to see that there was no one or the other, but they were both one—that the Church was Christ's body. Here for the first time she learned to realize the unity and became enraptured in the flame of devotion that weekly arose from the services of the Church.

Among the number of those who attended the regular Sunday morning service in the Colonel's house was a young man named William, recently from Yorkshire, who had taken up land and became a resident of the neighborhood. He was a tall, well-built, pleasant looking young man, with