

of the arrangement by the amount of fine imposed for its violation. It was common to vote the young men or young women privileges to build seats for themselves in the galleries. In Newbury, in 1677, the select men allowed several young women to build a new seat in the south corner of the gallery. This proceeding, simple enough in many places, stirred the embers of previous fires. The separation of these particular young women from their sisters of the congregation excited the ire of certain young men. They asserted their independence by smashing the seats: for this breach of public order they were convicted and sentenced. This ferment and seething of the social order of Newbury appears to have worked itself into a gradual calm, for in 1682, twenty-nine men and thirty-one women were 'seated' in five new seats of the gallery."

"Going to Church" in the country is an entirely different thing from attending service in the city or town. On commencing mission work in some rural district where the settlement is new or the farmers poor, one's first experience is likely to be that of a very small and sparsely furnished school house, built of logs, with a roof meeting from the four sides in a point in the centre—somewhat in the form of a pyramid. The missionary enters, wearied, it may be, after a tedious journey through snow, slush or mud, and finds the people assembled, men on one side, women on the other, keeping as close as possible to the huge, brown, cracked stove which sends forth its heat to counteract the chilly air which comes rushing through the numerous chinks in the wall. Divesting himself of his overcoat, and securing his surplice from his satchel, he proceeds, usually with some embarrassment, to robe before the congregation. This done, service begins. As a rule, very few have prayer books, and many probably could not use them if they had; but they all know the order of the service pretty well, and, except in the Psalms, can mumble through the responses. The Psalms are often a great difficulty, for the one or two who may have prayer books find it rather trying that their voices only should be heard in the congregation. These are the defects which the missionary has to seek to remedy, and in time, by means of choir practices and other gatherings, an improvement can be effected. The sermon over, he must not be surprised at seeing some aged farmer gravely rise with an old and tattered fur cap in his hand, and go round with it to "collect the coppers"—for that is really the only coin that he will get. In such manner has many a mission station been opened, and in time a parish established with a church built, and all necessary appointments for securing "decency and order." The writer well remembers what a boon he thought it when the farmers of a remote and poor district built a new school house, and discarded the little, old,

square log hut. It seemed like the sudden acquisition of wealth.

One of the signs of prosperity in a rural parish is a shed for the horses. Strange to say, farmers, though fond of their horses, and careful of them, will let them shiver in the cold or drench in the rain rather than exert themselves or spend a little money to build a shed, and it is usually a sign of considerable enlightenment on their part, and energy on the part of the clergyman, when one is secured. These sheds are unsightly appendages to a church, but they are merciful things to the dumb brutes that must otherwise wait in all kinds of weather outside. In pioneer days, however, the shed was a luxury not to be thought of, and blankets and sleigh robes had to perform the work of keeping the patient quadrupeds warm, so far as such a result could be secured.

So have the pioneer days gone by for many lands, but it should be remembered that in many new districts they exist still, and the "early settler" has his trials as of old, and his appeal for help, in a spiritual way, to the older and more wealthy communities, seems not only reasonable, but imperative.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 53.—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PETERBOROUGH.



STARTING from Montreal on the Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway that runs from that city to Toronto, one is struck, as he proceeds on his way, with the paucity of large towns that lie on his route. There are many stations, but most of them at villages without much pretension either as to size or form. One is left to imagine the growth of these places in the future. There is, however, at least one notable exception in the town of Peterborough, which presents at once the appearance of a large and flourishing place. It is now a great agricultural and lumbering centre, and is in a fair way of becoming in time an important city.

As is the case with most of these towns, Peterborough had its origin in a site chosen for a mill. Some men from Cobourg ascended the Otonabee river prospecting for a mill site, and at last pitched upon a spot which seemed to serve the purpose well. The site chosen was what is now the corner of King and Water streets. The Township of North Monaghan was surveyed by Mr. Richard Birdsall in the year 1818, under the direction of the Hon. Zaccheus Burnham. Houses gradually clustered round this mill site, shops of various kinds erected, and at last, in 1825, it was laid out as a town under the name of Scott's Plains.