

the reach of the dogs. Here were suspended the carcasses of the deer and other game during the winter, subject to the daily consumption of the family.

Leaving the Tuscarora village we met a gentle current, and early in the afternoon we reached the farm of a well known white settler by the name of Burch. The elder Burch, now deceased, had, in an early day obtained a grant of a tract of land on the south bank of the river from the Chief Brandt, which he had converted into an excellent farm. The son, now the proprietor, had just completed the erection of a very comfortable farm-house, and the family consisting of the aged widow, her son, unmarried, and two daughters just reaching womanhood, seemed to be in possession of every comfort, and the enjoyment of great domestic happiness and contentment.

To us the change of the scene was very great. We had for several days been toiling through a primitive forest, in which the solitude was relieved only by a few small settlements of savages scarcely less primitive than the forest itself. But now, at a single step, we seem to find ourselves in the very heart of an excellent civilization—good buildings, fruitful fields, broad orchards, just bursting into bloom; flocks, and herds, and all the appointments of enlightened industrious life.

Nevertheless Mr. Burch's farm was itself a novelty; his nearest neighbour was some miles away; and his family must travel four miles to meeting or to school. Yet was neither the religion of the family, or the education of the children neglected. In the winter the children had the service of a pony and pump* to take them to school at Mount Pleasant. Thus the young Burch's had obtained as good an education as was usual, or as was considered necessary; viz., the three R's, minus perhaps one in the case of the girls,—for what could girls want with arithmetic? With this modicum of learning they were intelligent, enterprising, useful, and agreeable, and I feel a pleasure, after more than half a century, which has borne them all to their long home, to bear this testimony to their general worth.

Mr. Burch informed us that we would have no difficulty in navigating the river as far as the ferry, but owing to its tortuous course the distance would be about twenty miles, and that then we would be only three or four miles nearer our destination than at present. He advised therefore, that the boat should be discharged, and that we should take land carriage from this point. He kindly placed the old house, out of which he had just removed, at our service until teams could be procured; and he and his amiable family interested themselves in all respects, for our comfort.

In a few days the necessary teams were collected, and we took leave of our hospitable friends and wended our way westward. For two or three miles our course led along the brow of the high river bank. Here the banks of the river recede from each other and making a great circular sweep, enclose an alluvial plain, or flats, of five or six miles in diameter, resembling an immense park, as it had been tastefully planted by some skillful landscape engineer,—in part with shady

champs and groves, with the spaces filled in with broad topped single oaks, and tall spreading hickories. From our elevated position the river could be partially traced, meandering through this great natural park in the form of an exaggerated sigma, forming two attenuated peninsulas, lying side by side; the first of which was called the "Eagle's Nest," and the other the "Ox Bow," the latter being the site of what is now the celebrated "Low Park Farm," of the Hon. George Brown. In the midst of this magnificent sylvan was the great Mohawk village and castle. I see you start at the word 'castle.' But don't let your fancy deceive you with a picture drawn from this word, of massive walls, crowned with turrets and approached by draw-bridges, etc. The Mohawk castle was simply a modest wooden church. It got the name of castle, I suppose, on account of its being the only structure in the whole interior of the province with a tower and bell.

Our journey this day led us across the "plains" (i. e. lands nearly devoid of timber) for twelve or fourteen miles, without a human habitation. We then came to the timbered lands, passed the log houses of two or three settlers and at evening reached the settlement in the township of Blenheim, which for the present, was to be our resting place.

Whatever promise our settlement in the heart of a new country might hold out in a general way, there was one feature not very promising to the prospects of a family of young and growing children. There was not a school of any sort in the township, nor in the next adjoining township east, and only one in the next adjoining township south; while all north and west was unsettled wilderness.

But I weary you. I is time we should bring this long interview to a close. If you are not irrevocably bored, I may, at some future time, give you some sketches of my subsequent experiences.

Selected Articles.

PAUL AND THE MODERN PASTOR.

From the Examiner and Chronicle.

As we came from Sunday School not long since—the class had been studying that life-like account of Paul's meeting with the elders of Ephesus on the shore at Miletus—a plain-spoken but uniformly well-intentioned brother put to us the suggestive question, "How does Paul's conception of the pastoral office compare with that which is sometimes held at the present day?"

How, indeed? The twentieth chapter of Luke's narrative discloses to us—in contrast with Paul the preacher, vigorous and eloquent; or Paul the theologian, logical and convincing—Paul the pastor, faithful and loving, preaching not only publicly but "from house to house," keeping back nothing that might be profitable to his flock, warning every one night and day, with tears. It is this Paul, we confess, that especially attracts us. We thank God often for that marvellous bit of native which assures us that "the great apostle"—as we so often call him—was not only strong but tender and true. It is the

spirit which crops out just here—quite as much as the speech on Mars Hill, or the burning words that made Felix tremble—which accounts, to our mind, for Paul's triumphs and successes.

Yet, after all, it is the rare combination of qualities and aptitudes here evinced—a combination growing rarer every day, because one of the elements in it is systematically underrated—that deserves to be especially emphasized. Paul was not only a sound theologian and an eloquent preacher, but a good pastor. The three things are regarded, at the present day, as well nigh incompatible. They were not so to Paul. And this, we take it, not because he was an inspired apostle, so much as because he was a devoted and earnest Christian minister.

We find, to-day, a fair sprinkling of ministers who make a specialty of study; more who make a specialty of preaching; and here and there one who makes a specialty of pastoral work. But it seems to be tacitly conceded that a single man cannot do much in all three of these departments; although, if either is neglected, the minister soon finds himself cramped and enfeebled in his chosen sphere. Especially is this true, if the pastoral is neglected. The studious minister must atone in neglecting the people if he would gain the deepest insight into the truth of God. The preacher must pick up, from house to house, the sermons which he is publicly to deliver, if those sermons are to be anything better than mere rhetorical performances.

And yet the modern theory of the ministerial vocation reduces pastoral work to a minimum in the country, and altogether dispenses with it in the city. The minister has neither time nor strength for calling. He has no taste for it. He don't believe it does any good. He don't see why it is his business more than that of any other member of the church. And so the "from house to house" preaching which Paul so assiduously practised is given up. Even the city pastor will, of course, call on a family whose members he knows to be in affliction, or an individual whom he knows to be especially interested in religion; but when he calls in such circumstances he almost needs an introduction to the afflicted household or the convicted sinner, and is by no means in condition to bring the truth of God home to their hearts as if he had known their idiosyncrasies in other days.

We know well—no man better—the multitudinous and multitudinous calls that are made on a city pastor. We do not wonder that he seeks relief by putting off the duty which alone, of all his ministerial duties, can be put off. But Paul, during his three years' sojourn at Ephesus, was a city pastor. No Baptist minister in New-York or Brooklyn has, we suspect, so large a parish. No Baptist minister in either city has, we fancy, so many outside demands on his time as Paul had; though Paul didn't—so far as we are informed—deliver lyceum lectures, or write novels.

We have never supposed, because Paul was an inspired apostle, that he was a man of superhuman strength and endurance. Indeed, we have every reason to believe the contrary. But Paul managed in some way—besides preaching full as often and quite as well as the average city pastor—to find time and strength for pastoral work from house to house. And it never occurred to him that it

* A pump was a primitive sort of cutter or one horse sleigh, well known to the early settlers.