

Rev. George M. W. Carey, D. D.

A few incidents selected from the life of our dear departed brother may be of interest to those of our readers who knew him, for to know him was to love him. I shall confine my present remarks almost exclusively to that portion of his life which bears a relation to the city of Ottawa. In the summer of 1889 he occupied the pulpit of the First Baptist church for a few Sabbaths, during a vacancy in the pastorate, when I met him and heard him preach for the first time in this city. After his first sermon to us I asked him if he remembered the text from which he preached in Halifax many years previously on the eve of his departure for Liverpool, England. He immediately repeated the text, "If I go not away the Spirit will not come." It always seemed to me that I could recall more of that sermon than of any other I ever listened to.

His pastorate over the First Baptist church of Ottawa commenced early in November, 1889, and terminated the last of July, 1893, when, as you know, he returned to the city of St. John, the scene of his former labors, the place that he loved so dearly, and whose people he never tired of praising. Time would fail me now to attempt even an epitome of his pastorate here. I may say, however, that he was universally esteemed and beloved by the church and congregation, in short by all who knew him. His labors were eminently successful. His fame as a preacher was recognized far and wide. The piety and purity of his character were so deep and impressive that one seemed to absorb from his companionship something of the spirit that ruled his whole life. He was always generous, sympathetic, helpful and, if need be, self-sacrificing. His big heart seemed to overflow with loving kindness. He never looked for faults in others and, apparently never found any. There was no place in his nature for ill-will, malice or evil thoughts. But he was much more than kind-hearted and good-natured. His cultured mind, his clear perception, his tactful judgment, his happy facility of expression, his studious habits, his breadth of thought, his deep theological training, his earnest devotion to the work together with his sincere and genuine consecration to the spirit of the Master, raised him to a high and permanent eminence among the preachers and teachers of his time.

The first visit that our dear ex-pastor made to this city after his departure was in February, 1894, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Mary to Mr. Joseph B. Tyrell, who has attained fame as an explorer in the northern regions of Canada. He next visited us in December of 1898 when for the last time the entire family enjoyed their Christmas anniversary together. On the occasion of this visit he preached to the people of his former charge with his usual power and old-time eloquence. He next came to Ottawa early in April last, soon after closing his pastorate in St. John. On Sunday the 8th of April he took part in the services at the First Baptist church. On the 12th of April he officiated at the marriage of his daughter Alice to Mr. E. C. Whitman of Canso, a good Baptist and well known throughout the Maritime Provinces. On the 20th of April Dr. Carey was present at the dedicatory services of the new Baptist church in the southern part of this city. He was chosen moderator and also preached the sermon. On the 23rd of April he preached for the First church. This was his last message to us as a congregation. It was good again to hear the old familiar voice; but it was not quite the old familiar voice. There were unmistakable signs of weakness, although he spoke with great energy and with his usual eloquence. On Sunday, the 30th of April, he preached the annual sermon to the Odd-Fellows of this district, of which order he had long been a prominent member, and who but a few days afterwards showed their appreciation of their late lamented brother by attending his funeral in a body and accompanying his remains to their last resting place in the city of St. Catharines. A few days before his decease he was planning to visit what the family called their "permanent home" at Port Rowan in Western Ontario, but the illness and death of an old friend caused him to postpone his visit. On Tuesday, the 16th of May, at about one o'clock he lay down to sleep and asked to be called in time for the funeral of his departed friend which was to take place that afternoon. Half an hour later when some member of the family went to awake him he was found to be still asleep, but it was the sleep of death. He seemed to have departed without a struggle or pain. His funeral took place on Wednesday the 17th instant. The services were conducted by our present pastor, Rev. A. A. Cameron, assisted by Rev. Dr. Herridge, Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. Rose, Methodist, Rev. Frith and Higgins, Baptist.

When I looked for the last time on the placid features of my dear old pastor, and one of the dearest friends that I ever met on earth, I felt my heart saying,

O for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord.
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

Ottawa, May 22nd.

H. H. BUGH.

The Whitethroat.

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear—
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir,
And echoes thy part!

Now willow reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down,
And silence strings her lutes
The Whitethroat to crown.

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear—
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

—THEODORE H. RAND.

I clipped this sonnet from the Toronto Globe, in which paper it first saw the light. After reading it, I am not sure but I had a little dash of envy! Why could I not have understood what Whitethroat says? Of birds of song that pipe and play, that carol and sing on perch of cage or tilting twigs of bush or tree, what throat is my favorite musician.

Memories fresh and sweet come careering across the mind at the touch of this little sonnet. Again I hear, as oft I have heard, the free exultant song of Whitethroat. Responding to a call for an evening hymn when the heavens were aflame with the glories of the setting sun, who has not listened to the responsive music of Whitethroat's in tops of fir or pine around the scented field? But it never occurred to me to listen for the words of the delightful carol. This I have often tried to do when hearing soloists and choirs, and when my labored attempts failed and I got nothing but sound, I have inwardly said, confound your howling, when perhaps the music was of faultless melody—for those who have ears to hear are therefore commanded to hear; but it never occurred to me to hold our song birds responsible for good English in their morning and evening hymns. Now at this late day I wake up to the fact, or rather am waked up to the fact, that Whitethroat, at least, has been loyally futing his stirring music in good English, at least ever since the confederation of these English colonies, and I so dense as never to have heard or understood!

Had it not been for our poet, I would have died in ignorance of the loyal English of my musical friends the Whitethroats. Why could I not have heard as well as he? Here is the humiliation and perhaps the envy. If the latter, it is offset by a touch of gratitude, that, at last, one Canadian whose ears have been dull of hearing, has found an interpreter. Listen: "I—love—dear." Draw out the sound of "I," of "love," of "dear," and then say "Canada" three times rapidly and rhythmically; and Whitethroat's song-words become English as plain as the poetic speech of our author, Roberts or Campman.

And Whitethroat is as loyal in his carol as are our poets in their patriotic songs. After this when our Whitethroats "cleave our northern air so clear" "Thy notes prolong, prolong. I listen, I hear, our souls respond."

E. M. S.

Ontario Letter.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT.

The Convention season began with the annual meeting of the

WOMAN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY,

which met in Ingersoll on Wednesday, May 18th, with Mrs. C. J. Holman of Toronto in the chair. The election of officers resulted in the re-election of Mrs. Holman as president, with Mrs. R. W. Laird, Toronto, 1st vice, and Mrs. D. Hutchinson, Brantford, 2nd. Mrs. A. C. Mackay, Toronto, was elected secretary. Appropriations were made during the year as follows: Scandinavian work, \$1,050; French work, \$950; Ontario, \$2,740. Numerically the circles are 204, Bands 79, and the amount received since organization, \$51,000. The program included addresses on the work among the 12000 Galicians of Manitoba, the Forward Movement and Christian giving.

THE FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

met in the same place on Thursday, May 19th, Mrs. Booker, (formerly Mrs. Timpany), presiding. The election resulted in the choice of Mrs. Booker for president; First Vice, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Toronto; Second Vice, Mrs. Freeland; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Moyle. The ordinary receipts of the year were \$6,573.45, of which \$998.57 came from 100 Bands. Thankofferings from circles \$667.90; from Bands \$31.14. The speakers and topics were: Mrs. Warker of India, "Wives and Mothers"; Mrs. H. L. Stark, Toronto, "Bolivia and its Mission"; Dr. Farmer, McMaster University, "Our need." It was announced that Miss Morrow of Quebec had been appointed to the Foreign Field. Greetings were received from the local women's societies of the town and from China, Eastern Ontario, Manitoba, McAll Mission and Maritime Provinces.

The General Convention meets in Toronto May 24th to 31st and a report will be forwarded immediately upon adjournment.

Port Hope, Ontario.

Reverence.

BY REV. R. OSGOOD MORSE, M. A.

Reverence commends anyone. Ours is an irreverent age. We are fast forgetting that some things are sacred. But God's call to reverence is written large. It is borne to us above the murmuring of Babel's babbling tongues. It thunders from the holy mount of law-giving. It flashes from Perez-Uzzah where the sacrilege was committed. It brightly blazes in the burning bush. It gave terror to the scourge of chords which drove from the temple its polluters. It gives character to incisive utterances in the Sermon on the Mount. It sweetly breathes in the model prayer. It is the message of the living beasts whose cadences ascribe,—"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord, God, Almighty!"

Life is full of God's call to reverence: The thousand mysteries which make nature the fascinating study of the scientist, the very mystery of human life, and the higher mystery of the Christian life all call for reverence to the God who made them. His holy presence making glorious his sanctuary, as the Shekinah of old calls for reverence for his house and its hallowed associations.

There is nothing more beautiful in a character than reverence,—reverence for age, reverence for worth, reverence for authority, reverence for God's house, reverence for God. A young man can have no better business recommendation, nothing else adds such charms to true womanhood.

Guy'sboro, N. S.

The Hordes of Europe.

Talk of foreign missions! Canada seems likely before a year more is gone by to have upon her own domain a foreign mission work a hundredfold greater than any she has ever done, in the task of Canadianizing the masses of Continentals now being poured on her shores at a rate that must sensibly affect the abundance of her public domain and very seriously influence her future. We should give thanks to God that, now that this long-impending flood has broken loose, it has come in so mitigated a form: The populations that are being driven here from eastern Europe are, in large proportion, the pick and flower of those hopeless and stagnant regions from whose intolerable conditions they are fleeing to a land of freedom and hope. The Doukhobors, a people purified and morally braced in the furnace of oppression, bring a benediction with them. The Finns, but that they are not Anglo-Saxons, are otherwise the very people that we should choose, and the treacherous way in which they are to-day being bereft by a benevolent, peace-loving Czar of the liberties he had personally sworn to protect them in, is calculated to breed in them the same love for the liberties, and for the very soil, of the land which offers them hospitality which the Doukhobors have on occasion so touchingly and passionately manifested.

But those who are coming are not all either Doukhobors or Finns, and there is every reason to expect, possibly to dread, a wholesale migration of the semi civilized, peasantries of Poland, Hungary and Russia. Readers of the Witness will remember how, over a year ago, they were forewarned in these columns, from sources not usually open to the public, of the movement that had not then developed, but which is now in full swing. A Hamburg despatch a day or two ago states that "fully fifty thousand Galicians are on their way or preparing to leave" for America, that is, for Canada. All the steerage capacity of the steamships is taken by these people, who are "fleeing from oppression and famine at home." The various railways are prepared to handle this traffic, and will convey these people to the west, where, if permitted, they will settle together in large communities. It is of the utmost importance that this last should not occur, as only those who have travelled in the country they come from can tell what it would mean to have a new Galicia in Canada. A railway management whose stock is being rapidly appreciated by the profits of this traffic, and still more by the increased value it gives to railway lands in the Northwest, looks of course with the most cheerful optimism on the movement, and assures us that the conditions of life in America will in time turn these people into citizens like ourselves. Those, however, who have at all observed the persistence of race characteristics will realize that if this revolution is left to passive conditions it will be a work of centuries; "coelum non animam, mutant, qui trans mare currunt"—they change their sky, but not their nature, who cross the sea. And the more remote the customs and traditions of the old home become, the more charming and sacred they are apt to appear. As, however, for well or ill, this migration has actually begun, and is bound to go on, and as we have no more right to forbid it than we should have to cast back a shipwrecked and perishing sailor from our roomy and prosperous boat, it becomes us to be wide awake and do the best we can for the poor strangers who must be the fathers of our coming nation. We can look to Mr. Sifton to scatter them well, but no more. We must look to Canadians to show them kindness, to win their hearts, and, as ancient scripture puts it, to teach them the manner of the God of the land.—Montreal Witness.