

lost by the transition is a subject worthy the serious consideration both of teachers and taught.

We had a short visit during the summer from the Rev. William Ryerson. His route from Toronto as afterwards described by himself, was—up Yonge Street to Holland Landing, and across Lake Simcoe to Barrie, thence over a portage of seven miles to a branch of the Nottawasaga River, and down the river to its mouth. From thence he was conveyed by religious friends in a small boat to St. Vincent, where he held a camp-meeting. He was then brought to the Indian Village (now Brooke) where he held another meeting. I attended service on Sunday, and have a vivid recollection of a picture he drew of "the trader that would give whiskey to the poor Indian in order that he might the more easily deprive him of his fish and furs." In concluding this part of his sermon he said "that the Devil himself would be ashamed of such a low, miserable creature, and if there were in Hell a low foul corner unfit for the habitation of the ordinary subjects of his Satanic Majesty, it was there he would place this disgrace to men and devils." Though his language was forcible and severe, its force and severity were so intensified by his manner of delivery that it could only be appreciated by those who heard him. Before leaving this part of the country he came to see us, and was entertained with his friends at the house of W. C. Boyd, which was then the free head-quarters of all teachers of Christianity. On leaving us he was conveyed to the head of Colpoys Bay, across by land and water to Lake Huron, and down the coast to the Indian Village at Saugeen, where he again held a camp-meeting, and finally returned home by Goderich, thus completing what would generally be considered a very desirable and agreeable excursion. But from his own account of the trip, as published in one of the

Toronto newspapers, he evidently did not regard it in that light. He gave a graphic description of the hardships he endured, and the miserable condition in which he found the people. He spoke of our village as being "a small white settlement the inhabitants of which were in a state of starvation for want of temporal and spiritual food." How he could make such statements without drawing largely upon his imagination is to me a mystery. Of a lack of temporal food he certainly saw no indication, as the table at which he was entertained he would find supplied in no grudging manner, and I feel confident that none of the inhabitants complained to him of a scarcity, for nothing of the kind existed. As for spiritual food, we felt disposed to enjoy what we had and patiently wait till the improvement in our circumstances would allow us a more liberal supply.

While such romancing may not be indulged in for the purpose of deception it has nevertheless a tendency to deceive and cast discredit upon all missionary literature. It is therefore to be regretted that men who undertake to teach, not only by precept but by example, should allow themselves to be so carried away by inordinate zeal as to adopt a course of such questionable morality.

On my arrival at Owen Sound I had found W. C. Boyd quartered in the emigrant house, his journey here having been accomplished on the schooner Fly, a vessel of about fifteen tons, which he had purchased in Toronto in order to convey with him, his family and a cargo of supplies such as would be needed in a new settlement. He had a number of men employed in preparing materials for a building and clearing off a place on which to erect it. As I had come to stay, and had been accustomed to earn my own living, I went to work with the rest, without asking any questions as to time or wages. Having spent the great-