

## The John Brown Song.

[The original version of the John Brown Song is said to have been as follows]:

John Brown died on the scaffold for a slave;  
Heck was the hour when wed'g his hallowed  
grave;

Now God avenge the life he gladly gave,  
Freedom reigns to-day!

CHORUS.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed and the harvesters are  
we; [free;  
Honour to him who has made the bondsmen  
loved over more shall the noble ruler be,  
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the  
grave. [wave;  
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner  
lead for the millions he perilled all to save,  
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's soul through the world is  
marching on; [gone;  
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be  
All men will sing in the better day's dawn,  
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown dwells where the battle strife  
is o'er, [more;  
Hate cannot harm him nor sorrow afflict him  
Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore,  
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the  
grave: [brave;  
John Brown lives in the triumph of the  
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave,  
Freedom reigns to-day!

## BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—LAST MEMORIES.

ON the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Mattland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here on a gentle rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "Gods Acre," in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October, 1881, I made, in company with my friend the Rev. T. G. Williams, of Prescott, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. The whole land was ablaze with autumn's glowing tints, each bank and knoll and forest clump, like Moses' bush, "ever burning, ever unconsumed." An old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is used on funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it on every side "heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound," for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white marble slab on a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF  
PAUL HECK,  
BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

## BARBARA,

WIFE OF PAUL HECK,

BORN 1731, DIED AUG 17, 1804

And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity; no laboured epitaph; no fulsome eulogy; her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, whose tombstone bears the following inscription: "Rev. Samuel Heck, who laboured in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months, fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves lying side by side I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 83, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of a little Barbara Heck, aged three years and six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died in 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described by my friend Mr. Williams, who, while I made these notes, sketched the old church, as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who married at the age of sixteen Philip Embury. Here also is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honoured graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honours paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out a large tin box containing many interesting *souvenirs* of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon with the monogram

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stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's journal, dated 1743; Gen. Haldimand's "discharge" of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben daria zu lerna die Nider-reiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book:

"Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died. Dr. Able Stevens thus describes the scene: "Her death

was baffling to her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her life in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the greatest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in the Methodist Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, J. Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee-steward of three of the largest Methodist churches of Montreal.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr. George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large old-fashioned structure dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombard poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the windows are like its embrasures. The huge stone-flagged kitchen fire-place is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlour the panelling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must with little change have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago. Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulchre is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if in death as in life she belonged to each country.

The Methodists of the United States have worthily honoured the name of Barbara Heck by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., to be known forever as Heck Hall—a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies. "Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbled into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened the continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened

the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and in the order of providence it has received a monument which time years cannot crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her early piety in my hands, I felt myself brought nearer the springs of Methodism on the continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections chafed themselves into verse:

## AT BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the lowly grave where sleep  
The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose  
hand

Planted the vital seed wherfrom this land  
Hath ripened far and wide, from steep to  
deep,

The golden harvest which the angels reap,  
And garner home the sheaves to heaven's  
strand.

From out this low grave there doth ex-  
pand

A sacred vision and we dare not weep.  
Millions of hearts throughout the continent

Arise and call thee blessed of the Lord,  
His handmaiden on holiest mission sent—

To teach with holy life His Holy Word.  
O rain of God, descend in showers of grace,  
Refresh with dews divine each thirsty place.

BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn book  
Wherein the brave-souled woman oft hath  
read

The oracles divine, and inly fed  
Her soul with thoughts of God, and took  
Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and for-  
sook

All lesser learning for what God hath said;  
And by His guiding hand was gently led  
Into the land of rest from which we look.

Within her hand she held this book when  
came

The sudden call to join the white-robed  
throng.

Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,  
Her high-souled faith be theme of endless  
song.

O book divine, that fed that lofty faith,  
Embrace, like hers, our souls in hour of  
death.

END.

## Be Truthful.

"HARRY," said little Annie one day, after working a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this means? I forgot what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry. "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"Oh dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again. Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said; "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right!" cried Harry, springing up and flinging his book aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening." And within five minutes he was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy this afternoon?

"What signifies a man's trade?" said the King, George III., to one who spoke of a "man's" trade. "A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable, if he will."