

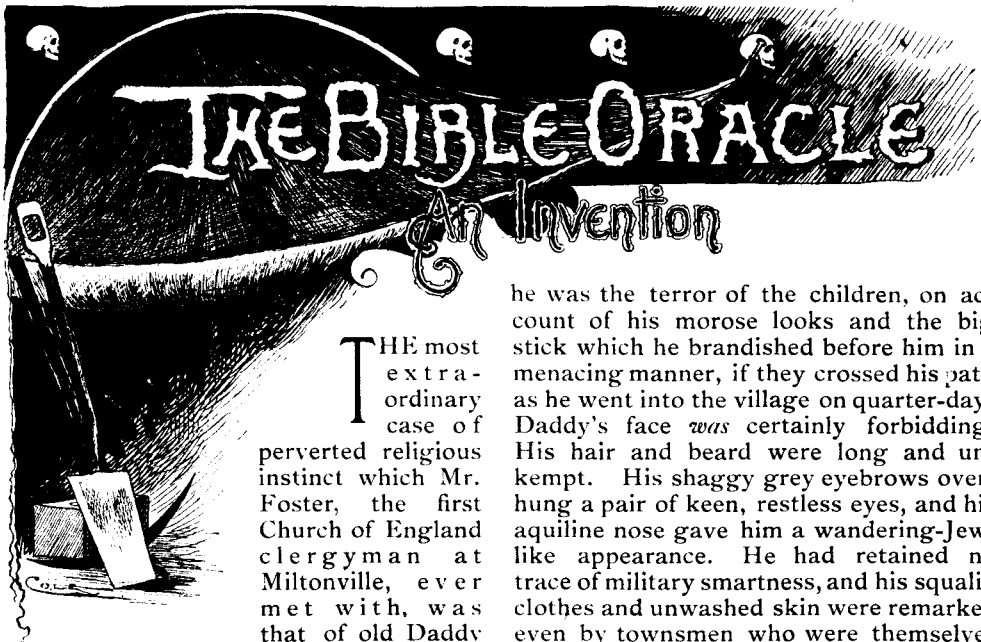


ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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THE most extraordinary case of perverted religious instinct which Mr. Foster, the first Church of England clergyman at Miltonville, ever met with, was that of old Daddy

Williams. Daddy, like the celebrated Taffy, was a Welshman, and was a man of somewhat superior intelligence and education. When the 16th regiment was disbanded here on the cessation of the war of 1812, the primeval forest was portioned out among the men, and Daddy's estate, which was a very stony one, lay down at the mouth of the Black River, on the banks of the St. Francis. He had a tiny log cabin, enshrining an enormous box stove, a great luxury for him, one cat, one tame crow, an old gun, a wooden chest, a few ragged semi-military clothes, some books, his pension, and that was all, so far as anybody knew. He never visited, he never welcomed his neighbours at his hearth or rather his stove, and

he was the terror of the children, on account of his morose looks and the big stick which he brandished before him in a menacing manner, if they crossed his path as he went into the village on quarter-day. Daddy's face *was* certainly forbidding. His hair and beard were long and unkempt. His shaggy grey eyebrows overhung a pair of keen, restless eyes, and his aquiline nose gave him a wandering-Jew-like appearance. He had retained no trace of military smartness, and his squalid clothes and unwashed skin were remarked even by townsmen who were themselves least particular in the matter of cleanliness.

Daddy Williams was a trial to good old Mr. Foster. Year after year the clergyman had paid him periodical visits, but these apparently had borne no fruit. The old man was obdurate in abstaining from church attendance, and though he was never surly or impertinent he gave Mr. Foster pretty plainly to understand at each visit that a repetition was unnecessary, and that he had, if he chose to use it, a source of comfort and consolation of his own, while he hinted darkly at special messages which it was in his power to receive daily from God. Such conduct, coupled with the wild appearance of the man, naturally afforded pretty good grounds for