

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

Life's rugged road,  
As we journey each day,  
Far, far more of sunshine  
Would brighten the way;  
If forgetful of self  
And our troubles, we had  
The will, and would try,  
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth  
We have little in store,  
And labour to keep  
Grim want from the door,  
With a hand that is kind  
And a heart that is true,  
To make others glad  
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,  
A smile or a tear,  
Though seeming but trifles,  
Full often may cheer,  
Each day to our lives  
Some treasure would add  
To be conscious that we  
Had made somebody glad.

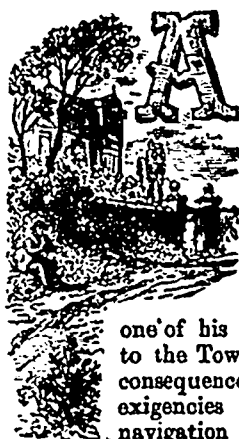
Those who sit in the darkness  
Of sorrow so drear  
Have need of a word  
Of solace and cheer.  
There are homes that are desolate,  
Hearts that are sad—  
Do something for some one,  
Make somebody glad.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.\*

TORONTO OF OLD.



FTER the burning of Niagara, and the complete disorganization of his circuit by the border strife, Neville Trueman sought an interview with his Presiding Elder during

one of his periodical visits to the Town of York. In consequence of the military exigencies of the time, navigation was maintained across the lake by armed brigs and schooners during the greater part of the winter. Taking advantage of one of these trips, Neville obtained permission from the military authorities to take passage in the armed schooner *Princess Charlotte* to York. The voyage was tedious and the weather bleak, so he suffered severely from the cold. As York harbour was frozen over, he landed on the ice, and made his way to the twice-captured capital. It presented anything but a striking appearance, unless for dreariness and ruin. The half-burned timbers of the Parliament Building, Jail, and Court-house, showed in all their hideous blackness through the snow that failed to conceal beneath its mantle of white the desolation of the scene. In its most flourishing estate before the war, the town hardly numbered some nine hundred inhabitants, whose residences, for the most part humble, wooden structures, were grouped along the loyally-named King

street, near the River Don. At the western extremity of the struggling town were the ruin-mounds of the fort, rent and torn by the terrific explosion of its magazine. On the banks of the Don, and commanding the bridge across that sluggish stream, as though the enemy thought it not worth the trouble of destroying, stood a rude log block-house, loop-holed for musketry, the upper story projecting over the lower, after the manner of such structures.\*

Neville proceeded to the hospitable house of Dr. Stoyles, on King street, near the intersection of the little-used road leading to the country,—Yongo street, now the great artery of the circulation of the city. Till the erection of the first humble meeting-house, the Methodist preaching was often held in Dr. Stoyles' house. That gentleman also gave a cordial welcome to the travelling preachers of the day, and here Trueman found, as he expected, Presiding Elder Henry Ryan.

The first place of public worship of the Methodists in York was a long, low, wooden building, running north and south, and placed a little way back from the street. Its dimensions were forty by sixty feet. In the gable end towards the street were two doors, one for each sex. Within, the custom obtained of dividing the men from the women; the former sitting on the right hand on entering the building, the latter on the left.

This old church was situated on the south side of King street, on the corner of Jordan street, so named from Mr. Jordan Post, the pioneer goldsmith of the capital, while the street in the rear commemorates the name of Melinda, his wife. When the Adelaide street Church, which, for the time, was a very imposing brick structure, was built on what was then the public square, the old mother church was converted into a "Theatre Royal,"—to what base uses must we come!

All this, however, at the time of which we write, was still in the future; and Elder Ryan preached and prayed and exhorted to a little company in the worthy Dr. Stoyles' great kitchen, which was employed for that purpose as being the most commodious room in the house. It was the day of small things for Methodism in the capital of Upper Canada. But of the religious zeal of the little company of believers, we may judge from the fact that several of the members of the society came from two to eight miles, through the proverbially wretched roads of "Muddy York," to the class-meeting.†

A QUARTERLY MEETING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Having enjoyed the counsels and encouragements of his Presiding Elder, Neville gladly embraced the invitation to ride with him in his substantial sleigh, well filled with wheat straw, on which they sat, to the village of Ancaster, where a grand Quarterly Meeting was to be held, to which the people came for many miles around. Religious privileges at that time were few, and these occasions were made the most of by the Methodists of the day. There was preaching on the Saturday; then

a business meeting, when the contributions of the several classes were received. Of money there was very little; but promises of contributions of flour, pork, potatoes, hay, and oats were gladly received instead.

On Saturday night a rousing prayer-meeting was held in the log meeting-house. Fervent exhortations were given, for the preachers looked for immediate results of their labours, and they were not disappointed. Several of the brethren and sisters "got happy," and expressed their religious enjoyment in hymns and spiritual songs, often of rugged rhyme, but sung with fervour as they were, they seemed to bear up the soul as on wings to the very gate of heaven. Most of these hymns had a refrain of simple yet striking melody, in which every one in the house took part. A great favourite was the following:—

"Oh, the house of the Lord shall be filled  
With glory, hallelujah!  
With glory, hallelujah!  
With glory, hallelujah! Amen.

"Let the preachers be filled with Thy love,  
Sing glory, hallelujah! etc.

"Let the members be filled with Thy love,  
Sing glory, hallelujah! etc.

"And the work of Lord shall revive,  
Sing glory, hallelujah! Amen!"

The tides of religious feeling rose higher and higher. The standing invitation of Methodism to weary souls seeking the forgiveness of their sins, was given. Several persons presented themselves at the "penitent bench," most of whom were enabled to rejoice in a sense of conscious pardon.

Sunday was indeed a "high day" at the old Ancaster log meeting-house. From near and far, in sleighs, on horseback, and on foot, came Methodist worshippers, and found hospitable welcome with the families of the neighbourhood. First, there was love-feast at nine o'clock. The cruel war had not left unscratched that rustic congregation. There were rusty weeds of woe,—a black ribbon, a bit of crape, or a widow's cap,—that bore witness to the loss of husband or son in the sad conflict. The empty sleeve, pinned across the breast of one stout young fellow, showed that the strong right arm with which he had hoped to fight his battle of life, and hew out a home in the wilderness, had been buried in a gory trench with the bodies of his slain friends and neighbours.

But their temporal sufferings seemed to have driven these simple-minded people nearer to the source of all comfort and consolation. Many of the experiences and hymns had quite a martial ring. One of the latter was as follows:—

"Ye soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,  
Prepare for the battle, the Gospel alarm.  
The signal of victory, hark! hark! from the sky:  
Shout, shout, ye brave armies, the watchmen all cry,  
Come with us, come with us,  
Come with us in love,  
Let us all march together to Heaven above.

"To battle, to battle, the trumpets do sound,  
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around;  
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they cry,  
In the strength of King Jesus, all hell we defy.  
Come with us," etc.

As this was taken up by one after another and swelled into a grand chorus, it was impossible not to share the enthusiasm that it created. An other prime favourite was the following:—

"Jesus, my king, proclaims the war;  
I want to die in the army;  
Awake, the powers of hell are near,  
I want to die in the army.

"To arms! to arms! I hear the cry,  
'Tis yours to conquer or to die,  
Oh, the army, the army, the army of the Lord!  
I want to die in the army."

The god-fearing Canadian yeomanry, as they sang these strains, nourished at once their religious feelings and their patriotic enthusiasm. They felt in their hearts that love of king and country, and their valiant defence and self-sacrifice on their behalf, were also an acceptable service to God.

After the love-feast was a short intermission, during which a luncheon of seed-cake, comfits, and doughnuts were eaten as a preparation for the after service. Elder Ryan, whose warm, emotional, Irish nature had been deeply affected by the experiences of the love-feast, preached one of his most spirit-stirring sermons. It was like the peal of a clarion calling to the battle of Armageddon the warriors of God against the powers of darkness. He was interrupted, but not the least disconcerted, by exclamations of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" They seemed rather to give wings to his eloquence, for soaring in still loftier flights of eloquence.

After the sermon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to those devout worshippers. By these sacred ordinances, amid the carking cares and tribulations of the present life, were kept in view the far more important realities of the life that is to come, and the souls of the people were enbraved and strengthened for the conflicts, both literal and figurative, to which they were called.

MRS. BEECHER.

HE wife of Henry Ward Beecher has recently been communicating some interesting details of her early housekeeping experiences to an inquisitive reporter. When she married, Mr. Beecher was the minister of a small church out West, with a stipend of £75 per annum. As the congregation consisted of twenty-four women and one solitary man, who was afterwards excommunicated, the only wonder is that they were able to raise so much. They began housekeeping in two small rooms over a store; and this is the way in which they furnished them; "My brother gave us a piece of carpet, and other members of the family gave us a cooking stove and two lamps. A classmate of Mr. Beecher gave him a set of knives and forks, and a friend gave a set of crockery. When we got home we asked permission to paint the dirty floor. The proprietor denied our request, because he was afraid it would rot the wood. Mr. Beecher threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and helped me to scrub the rooms with soap, water and sand. They had a hard struggle in making both ends meet, but Mrs. Beecher agrees with her husband in regarding these early days as the happiest in their life.

\* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled, "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

\* A cut of this is given in "Lossing's Field Book of the War."

† Carroll's "Case and his Contemporaries," Vol. II, p. 167.