

doings, and those who are not; and, before long, they leave the latter alone, and continue their insolences where they wound.

This is probably the kind of case in which men will seldom be wise or prudent until they have suffered themselves, and, perhaps, have, once or twice, made fools of themselves by uttering cries of distress. Such cries will only amuse the miscreants who commit crimes as heinous as murder, and shelter themselves, like cowards, from the consequences of their crime.

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Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XIII.*

AT THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.

THERE are, according to the last census, about 4,650 Quakers in Canada, and I understand a large proportion of these are farmers, and located in country districts. In the United States there are about 108,000, occupying 1,063 meeting houses, which would give an average congregation of about 100. In Great Britain there are, perhaps, 20,000, and there are small numbers in other countries. There are in the world, therefore, about as many Quakers as would equal three-fourths of the population of Toronto. They are an interesting sect; they have had their martyrs, and they have exerted a distinct influence on the religious life of the countries in which they have lived their simple, God-fearing lives. But they have not of late increased much in numbers, while there is a disposition in many of their congregations to modify the extreme views which were held by the old-fashioned Friends. Generally speaking they have been distinguished from other Christian bodies by their belief in the immediate teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and that no one should be paid or appointed by human authority for the exercise of the gift of the ministry. In obedience to this belief it is usual for them to hold their meetings without any prearranged service or sermon, and sometimes in total silence. Friends believe that the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper are to be taken spiritually, and not in any outward form. Their protests against the use of oaths and against the exaction of tithes and church-rates cost them much suffering and frequent imprisonment in years gone by. The absolute unlawfulness of war is one of the leading tenets of the society. It also appears that a leading characteristic of the Quakers is a great persistency in adhering to conscientious scruples. As to their history George Fox, their apostle, began to preach in 1648. In 1655 Quaker preachers numbered 73. In 1657 and 1658 laws were passed to prevent the introduction of Quakers into Massachusetts, and it was enacted that on the first conviction the tongue should be bored with a hot iron. Fines were laid on all who entertained Quakers, or were present at their meetings. Thereupon the Quakers rushed to Massachusetts as if invited, and the result was that the general court of the colony banished them on pain of death, and four Quakers, three men and one woman, were hanged for refusing to depart from the jurisdiction or obstinately returning within it. These circumstances of persecution were only similar to what they endured in the country in which the sect took its rise. In 1659 they stated in the British Parliament that 2,000 Friends had endured sufferings and imprisonment in Newgate, and 164 Friends offered themselves by name, to government, to be imprisoned in lieu of an equal number in danger (from confinement) of death. But in 1696, the "solemn affirmation" of Quakers was enacted to be taken in courts wherein oaths were required from other subjects, and in 1682 William Penn, who had obtained royal favour, founded his famous Quaker settlement on this side of the water.

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are:— I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James's Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of S. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th. XI. Rev. Wm. Patterson at Cooke's Church, May 3rd. XII. St. Peter's Church, Carleton Street, May 10th.

Thoughts of these things filled my mind as I made my way to Pembroke St., where the Friends' Meeting House is situated, last Sunday morning. I thought, too, of the last time when I attended a Friends' meeting, which was in a large town in England. I vividly remembered on that occasion getting to the place after the congregation had assembled and at first being filled with doubt as to how to enter. I remembered catching a glimpse through a glass door of rows of serious-looking men sitting in intent meditation, and feeling that I could not dare to intrude myself into their midst. A door-keeper kindly suggested the existence of gallery stairs. I remembered seeing from the gallery a plain, quadrangular, and rather spacious room, well lighted, and with galleries on three sides of it, its walls coloured a neat lavender, relieved with white pilasters. At the end opposite to that at which I entered was a sort of raised pew, extending nearly the whole width of the place, and in this, facing the audience, sat five Quakeresses, and two Quakers, accredited ministers of the denomination. On their right the women of the audience, and on their left the men, sat on stained and varnished benches, and I recollect that for some time after my entrance it seemed as if they would sit there forever. At last a young lady arose quietly in the body of the meeting, and in a calm, quiet, persistent, and rather solemn voice, enunciated the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," after which she spoke a few simple words illustrating that text; just a few quiet calm words, and then she sat down and silence fell on the assembly till a male member of the congregation arose and in a loud voice poured out his soul in prayer. A long silence and then one of the ladies in the elevated pew rose, clasped her hands, and, speaking in a strong, firm, cultivated voice, preached for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour from the text, "As many as touched were made perfectly whole." Then more silence and a short exhortation from an old gentleman in the body of the house, and, after another quiet interval, the congregation broke up. I remember it as if it were yesterday for it made a deep impression upon me. It taught me how impressive intervals of silence may be.

There is a legend or was, that the houses of no fewer than three judges are to be found on Pembroke Street. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt as to its eminent respectability. It is a quiet street of pleasant residences; the children of which do not sit about on the sidewalk, the residents of which do not sit about on the steps in their shirt sleeves and smoke, as they do in less correct and well-mannered streets. In Pembroke Street there is an air of cultured calm; the pleasant play of light and shadow caused by fine shade tree; turfed spaces around the houses, which look, many of them, like abodes of peace. I saw turn into this street on Sunday morning, a smart, capacious and notable high-wheeled family carriage, drawn by a very handsome team, perfectly groomed and with cropped tails, that looked as though the horses might have recently competed in the Horse Show. Wondering why the family party in this sportive turn-out chose this particular route on their way to St. James' Cathedral whither they were plainly bound, instead of the better-paved Jarvis Street or Sherbourne Street. I was amazed to see it come to a pause at last at the Friends' Meeting House, and deposit its occupants there, which was the first shock to my previously conceived views as to Quakerism in Toronto. For in the town in which I was brought up, I had been accustomed to see on Sundays or on Wednesdays, the Friends, when they did not walk, come quietly up in easy and comfortable, but very plain carriages, driven by coachmen who looked as though a work of grace had been begun in their hearts, and drawn by long tailed horses that looked nearly as pions and steady as the people behind them. A turn-out therefore that our smartest whip might be proud to drive to the Woodbine next week was a revelation.

Coming to the little meeting house I saw that it was an exceedingly plain building, absolutely without exterior architectural features. Here at any rate the traditions of the sect have been preserved. The church lot is large and grassy, and in the rear of it is a driving-shed for the Friends who come from a distance. I caught sight of an old fashioned buggy or two already put in there. Over the front door of the little meeting house is the inscription, "Friends's Meeting House. Strangers welcome." They could not welcome a large number of strangers, seeing that the building will