

another his enemies came after him with clubs and stones, they were in a summary manner disposed of, one by one, by his adherents. The first two were easily handled, but the third came on with greater fury; but, "he was encountered by the butcher of the town (not a Methodist), who used him as he would an ox, bestowing one or two hearty blows upon his head. This cooled his courage, especially as none took his part; so I quietly finished my discourse," he adds.

We can also almost see a smile light up his expressive features when he records at St. Ives: "No Methodist had preached in this town; so I thought it high time to begin, and about one I preached to a very well-dressed and yet well behaved congregation." This touch reminds us of one of our own humorists who confesses that he was born of "rich, but honest parents."

The Gideon Ouseley of Ontario.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE other day I found upon my office table a new book, left for review. There was nothing remarkable in this, but my interest was aroused when I discovered that the volume purported to be the life of "Uncle Joe Little."

To most of the readers of this paper, this name is entirely unknown, but to me it is exceedingly familiar, and recalls delightful recollections. "Uncle Joe" used to come to my father's house, in my boyhood days, and no visitor was more welcome. Every member of the family rejoiced when, "Toby," Mr. Little's horse, was seen jogging down the road in the direction of the parsonage. Uncle Joe's entrance to the home was like the coming of a ray of sunshine, and to the lads and ladies it was a memorable occasion, for the good old man loved children, and liked nothing better than to take them on his knee and tell them wonderful stories.

It is rather remarkable that the biography of this peculiar man should not have been written before, as he died in 1880, but it is an evidence of the permanent influence of his life and work, that after twenty-two years there should be sufficient interest in him to call forth this volume.

The author, Rev. L. Bartlett, has done his work exceedingly well, and has gathered together a rare collection of anecdotes concerning this remarkable Irishman. I picked up the book after ten o'clock at night intending merely to glance through its pages before sleeping, but so interesting was it that I read on with smiles and tears and could not lay it aside until the last page was reached.

In some respects "Uncle Joe Little" resembled Peter McKenzie, and in the character of the pioneer work that he performed he was not unlike Peter Cartright, but on the whole he was more like Gideon Ouseley, the fearless preacher of Ireland. He was fully as witty as Ouseley, and was animated by the same quenchless zeal and love for humanity. His life story is quite as full of interesting incidents as that of the apostle to the Irish.

"Uncle Joe" was the most unselfish man I ever knew, and one of the best Christians that ever breathed the air of heaven.

Joseph Russel Little was simply a plain, unlettered lay preacher, who spent almost his entire life, after the age of twenty, in the County of Lambton, like his Divine Master, going about doing good. He was frequently known as "the Bishop of Warwick," and it is a simple statement of truth to say that everybody knew him, and everybody loved him throughout all that section of country.

After coming to Canada, for some time he worked for and with a Mr. Kingstone on a farm in Warwick township. He was scrupulously honest and trustworthy, but

ENTIRELY TOO GENEROUS

in his disposition to make a good farm manager. As one has said of him, "His sympathy for the poor in their distress in their forest homes, and the benevolent Irish heart which he possessed, could not let a quarter rest in his pocket while there was a hungry child wanting food." Stories of his liberality abound. Upon more than one occasion he was known to take the boots off his own feet and give them to some unfortunate fellow on the road.

One day in winter a farmer sent "Joe" to London, a distance of forty miles, with a load of wheat to get it ground. On the return journey he met many people who were almost starving for food, and began to deal out the flour to them until by the time he reached home he only had two bags of flour out of twenty bushels of grain. The farmer was, of course, much annoyed, but Joe was not a bit disturbed. Turning to the farmer, he said, "didn't you want to sell that flour?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I did," was the reply.

"All right," said the generous young Irishman. "I will pay you for it," and he paid for all he had given away.

Some time after this Mr. Little was appointed tax collector for the township, and a greater mistake never was made. When he came to people who pleaded inability to pay their taxes because of poverty, he simply wrote the word "settled" on the tax bill, and rode on. Of course he was held personally responsible for all these amounts, and it took him some time to pay up.

His employer, Mr. Kingstone, gave him a farm, and knowing his weakness, had the property entailed so that it could not be sold. Joe outwitted him by simply neglecting to pay the taxes, and thus the land was thrown into the market to meet tax arrears. Then Uncle Joe was happy, for he said he could now sing,

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness."

From this date he gave his entire time to religious work, without fee or reward. The people welcomed him to their homes, and provided for his simple wants, but every dollar that came into his hands was immediately given away to the poor.

The early settlers were never surprised to see him come along for a meal or a night's lodging. He was liable to come in at any time, and he made himself of no bother. He would go into the homes of new arrivals and ask of what church they were adherents. If there was one of their own denomination near he would direct them to it; if not, he would invite them to the Methodist services. Then, in all probability, he would say:

"Now, I want to show you a Methodist trick. I carry it with me all the time."

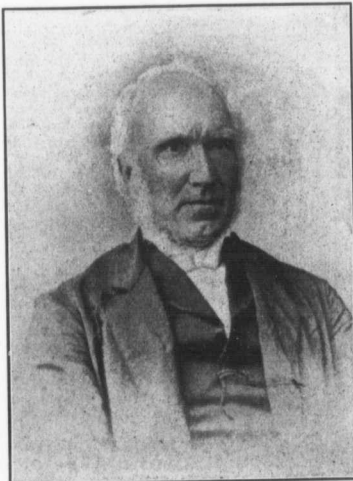
Out would come his Bible, and he would read, sing and have prayer. That was his "Methodist trick." He usually used the Psalms in this work.

The effect of this good man's presence in the home is shown by the story of a little boy who heard him singing some hymns, and ran to his mother, exclaiming:

"Mother, if Mr. Little were here all the time I'd be a better boy."

A PECULIAR PREACHER.

For a number of years Uncle Joe gave his entire time to religious work. He would go into the most remote places and establish a preaching appointment. After a time he



"UNCLE JOE LITTLE."