

resigned the church, to go to San Diego, California, the Winnipeg folk never seemed for a moment to think of anybody else but Mr. Pedley for a successor.

In the meantime Mr. Pedley was "running down;" he looked ill, it was just one of those cases where a "change" was needed; a neglect of which would soon render a change unnecessary. The treadmill round of daily duty in a small town, was gradually wearing him out. And his people saw that a change was impending. One of them said to us a couple of years ago: "I don't know what we should *ever* do, if Mr. Pedley should leave us! Why, for these eight years, he has been like a *mother* to us!" And the big-souled fellow, who would weigh *two* Pedleys on the warehouse scales, was perfectly earnest in what he said.

And so, the Missionary Executive, determined to make a movement in the North-West, sent up Mr. Pedley, (who now resigned his pastorate in Cobourg,) to see what could be done. He determined to begin settled work at Vancouver, the Pacific terminus of the C. P. Railway. Then a "call" from Winnipeg: a consultation with the *Missionary Committee*, which ended in, "We won't interfere with you; do what you believe to be best;" a decision in favor of Winnipeg; and a removal there in February, 1888. One element in this decision, was the conviction that his brother *James* would worthily fill his place in Vancouver; and he would be near enough—(only 1,000 miles away; but they don't count that much in the West!) to advise, help, and occasionally visit him. And James is doing a grand work in that new Pacific city; and ten years after this, we shall be glad to put his portrait, (with all the intermediary improvements in the art of wood-engraving!) in the *INDEPENDENT*, as one of the leading ministers of the denomination.

Mr. Pedley is deservedly popular in Winnipeg; not with his own people merely, but in the general public as well. The man, and the position, are admirably fitted for each other.

BARRIE.

"I gaed up to Barrie, the ither day," said Peter Sinclair, a quaint old Scotch philanthropist, thirty years ago; "and what d'ye think is the biggest

hoose in a' Barrie?—the jaail! And I gaed into the jaail, and there waur thirteen men there. And I said to the first, 'And what brocht *you* here?' 'The drink, Sir.' And I said to the second, 'And what brocht *you* here?' And it was still the drink. And so I tried to get them to sign the *pledge*; and they a' signed but *ane*. And what d'ye think *he* was? He was a *tavern-keeper*!"

Well, we went up to Barrie "the other day," too. But the "jail" is by no means the largest house in Barrie now. It has grown to be a very fine town; and some good work is done for the great Master there. Our Brother Black, of the Congregational Church, is most indefatigable. He put his brains to steep over the question of children running on the streets on Sunday, when they should be in the Sunday Schools. And he solved it in this wise: First, he organized "A Hunting-up Committee," whose duty it should be to "hunt up" these idle children, and get them to Sunday School. Soon it was apparent to him that this *Committee* would do a great deal more effectual work if he were with them. So he changed the hour of "Bible-class"—for there he found his workers—to 1.30 p.m.; and at 2.40 they all sallied out. The Sunday Schools are at 3; and all children, not evidently on their way to Sunday School, were spoken to, and accompanied home, and "fixed up," and escorted to school. In consequence of these aggressive movements, the School has risen from 50 to 175 on the roll; and the Sunday we preached there, though in the midst of the holiday season, we found 102 present. And many *parents* have been reached thus, who before were entirely beyond the influence of the church. But there is a shade in every landscape; and this ceaseless activity began to tell on Mr. Black. A few Sundays ago he fainted in the pulpit, simply from long-continued over-exertion and exhaustion. His deacons insisted on his taking a month's rest. When we were there, he was off on "his holidays." It was an original movement, and is not "patented." Barrie is just in the region where "holidays are spent;" so he need not go far away. He went out to the banks of the Nottawasaga, to an unused house on a friend's farm, where there is plenty of grass, wild berries, good fishing and wild flowers; and there spends his "month." And he takes his *cow* with him (it is only thirteen miles away, and