

noons. The records extant give the following list of superintendents for the years indicated:—1856-57, Mr. Connolly; 1858-64, Mr. Pickup; 1864-65, Mr. Rosevear; 1867-73, Mr. A. W. Hood; 1874-76, Mr. A. Irwin; 1877-78, Mr. McCracken; 1878-79, Mr. T. B. Johnston; 1879, Mr. And. Irwin and Hy. Armstrong; 1880, Mr. H. Armstrong; 1881, Mr. T. McComb; 1882-84, Mr. Jas. Murray; 1885-86, the Rev. Jas. Kines; 1887-88, Mr. J. H. Ferns; 1889, Mr. J. H. Ferns; 1890-93, Mr. J. Flower; 1894, the Rev. F. McAmmond; 1895-96, Mr. Andrew Irwin; from 1897 to 1903, Mr. Geo. Deacon who was ably assisted by Mr. A. G. E. Ahern.

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A morning school was started also in 1856, which was kept up until 1876 under the following superintendents: Mr. Pickup, D. McMillen, Mr. Eckroyd, Mr. Vine, Andrew Irwin and Mr. Ellis Dickson. The names of Mr. A. C. Bennett as secretary and Mr. Fred. Bennett librarian, are also tenderly remembered.

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Prof. A. W. Kneeland was connected with the old church for many years. He filled the office of circuit steward in a very able manner. As a local preacher he frequently preached from the old pulpit. By request he has written the following, concerning it:

The old pulpit of the East End Methodist Church was the most quaint and at the same time the most elegant piece of furnishing in the building.

Standing high on four beautifully wrought supports, at first sight it seemed frail and, to a timid man, somewhat dangerous; but when the man of God had reached his seat within, he found it his ideal of comfort; and the perfect command of every part of the large edifice which it afforded, at once destroyed his first feeling of dislike, while the splendid character of its construction was soon made manifest by the unyielding firmness of the structure.

Just as the change of a single word in a passage of Scripture, often mars the beauty of the whole group, so the slightest change in the form or position of the old pulpit seemed to mar its beauty and render it out of harmony with the architecture of the edifice. Indeed the pulpit seemed designed for the Church and the Church for the pulpit; so far as form and position were concerned. But when the past worshippers in the East End Church come to recall the great and good men who have adorned the old pulpit and who from it have expounded the word of God to trusting believers, uttered blessed promises to weary and discouraged pilgrims and in no uncertain tones declared God's judgments upon the impenitent, then a feeling akin both to awe and love is awakened; and to anyone who would lay ruthless hands upon that sacred thing, one would be constrained to use words similar to those of the poet—"Woodman, spare that tree; In youth it sheltered me; And I'll protect it still."

There is little in the beauty of the design; there is little in the excellency of the material; but in the sacred memories that cling around the old pulpit, there is more than a passing sentiment.