

GOD IN NATURE.

When I view the midnight sky, With its thousand worlds portay'd...

If the forest be my choice And on mountain's side I stray...

Lawrencetown, Halifax Co.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON. ESSAY I.—LOYAL ORIGIN OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

Methodism exists throughout the seven provinces of the Canadian Dominion, with its more than a thousand ministers, its more than one hundred thousand communicants...

The birthplace of Methodism in Canada was in the bosom of loyalty and in the heart of benevolence; it was first preached by men who had borne arms in defence of their King and country...

Barbara Heck, with her husband and all her sons (John, Jacob and Samuel), removed to Camden, N. Y., (the new home of Embury), in 1770 or 1771, and thence to Canada as early as 1774; in 1778 they were in Upper Canada, and resided in Augusta...

It is thus seen that Methodism in New York and Canada was founded by the same parties; that it was first preached in both Lower and Upper Canada by officers of the British army...

It was thus from the British army came the first Methodist preachers in both Lower and Upper Canada—true soldiers of both an earthly and a heavenly King.

Nor was it in the first preachers alone that Methodism in Canada had a loyal origin; it was also in the first emigrants, and in the first Missionary preachers that followed them into the wilderness...

The exodus of Methodists from New York State, and their migration to Canada; on the ground of loyalty to the King of Great-Britain, commenced with the first year of the American Revolution in 1774.

Philip Embury and his little society soon proceeded to erect a place of worship in John Street, 60 feet by 42 feet, called Wesley Chapel, in which Mr. Embury exercised the pastoral office for three years.

Losee was accompanied the following year by Darius Preham, and afterwards by other preachers who volunteered to come to Canada and labor among the sparse inhabitants...

The removal of Barbara Heck and family, and the surviving members of the family of Philip Embury to Canada, is thus stated by three different writers:—

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In 1774, various persons emigrated into Canada from New York; and among the rest Paul and Barbara Heck and their family (three sons, John, Jacob and Samuel), who assisted in the beginning of Methodism in New York.

In 1774, in consequence of the evidently approaching revolutionary storm, and being ardently attached to British institutions, the Heck family; John Lawrence, who had married the widow of Philip Embury; David Embury, brother to Philip; and many more of the Palatines of Ashgrove—emigrated to Lower Canada...

Such also were the loyal feelings and devotion of the first regular Methodist ministers who volunteered and were sent to minister to the wants of the new settlements in Canada in compliance with their earnest petitions.

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before they left the United States. He desired to see them, and to preach to them the glad tidings of salvation. Had he been on the revolutionary side, the warm loyalists would not have received him—rather would have driven him from the country.

The good impression made by Losee on his first coming, was strengthened by his second. The people received the word with a ready mind, and a number were soon enjoying the salvation of the gospel.

Losee was accompanied the following year by Darius Preham, and afterwards by other preachers who volunteered to come to Canada and labor among the sparse inhabitants, and who were of like British feelings and self-sacrificing zeal with Losee himself.

Amidst privations, and labours, and sufferings—to be noted hereafter—the pioneer Methodist preachers toiled on their vast circuits, and adding new ones, until the war of the United States against Great Britain from 1812 to 1815, during the whole of which not a single Methodist was found in the ranks of the invaders of their country...

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and educational institutions of the country. The "Clergy Reserves" consisted of one-seventh of all the surveyed lands of Upper Canada, set apart by the "Constitutional Act," 31st George the Third, chapter 31, which established the parliamentary government of Upper Canada...

It was now claimed that the Protestant clergy of the Constitution Act of 1791 were the clergy of the Church of England alone, which, it was maintained, was the established Church of Upper Canada as well as of England and Ireland.

But even this monstrous system might not have excited much attention or opposition, had it not appeared, from the documents and papers which projected and advocated it, that the great object of the whole scheme was not merely the support of the Church of England in the country...

But as this great and protracted controversy will be the subject of a distinct paper, in this series of Essays, I will only here remark that the parties assailed combined and put forth their united efforts in vindication of their character and rights...

It may be added, that, in compliance with the petitions of various denominations, the Commons House of Assembly appointed a Select Committee which examined and reported the evidence of no less than fifty-three witnesses...

We humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty that the insinuation against the Methodist preachers in this Province do much injustice to a body of pious and deserving men, who justly enjoy the confidence and are the spiritual instructors of a large portion of your Majesty's subjects in this province.

UNCLE DICK CURNOW'S CONVERSION.

A STORY OF EARLY CORNISH METHODISM.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE. I got the story from old Miss Jennie. To ask "Miss Jennie who?" would be to provoke a stare of the utmost amazement. There was but one Miss Jennie in all the world—that is to say, in all St. Ivart's...

life and soul of the place. St. Ivart's might think all the world of itself, but unquestionably the pithard was all the world to St. Ivart's.

Here lived Miss Jennie. Up a narrow street that led from the rough stone pier, and you came to a house rather bigger and better than its neighbours, with white-washed walls topped with the feathery tamarisks, enclosing an old-fashioned garden in which big fuschias and thick-stemmed geraniums flourished all the year round.

Here she lived—when she was at home; which was not very often. For Miss Jennie was everything. She was class-leader, prayer-leader, and general society-manager; she was the visitor of every sick and poor lady in the place; she was the looker-up of all absentees from school or from class...

To say that Miss Jennie was loved would not be true. The fact was that everybody was afraid of her. And yet if you asked any of them about her, they all declared that Miss Jennie was the best friend they ever had, and that nothing seemed right unless she came in to manage it.

Altogether, Miss Jennie was one of those uncommon people whom everybody spoke of as a "character." Tall, square-shouldered, with a large, square face; thick and bushy eyebrows hung over a pair of piercing eyes; a hooked nose; a mouth that could be shut up very tight if she pleased, and yet that whistled and chirped to the babies in a way that fascinated them instantly even in their most furious fits...

Or perhaps you came upon her staying to read a chapter from the Bible to some old sick saint. Ah, then was the time to catch Miss Jennie. Till then you wondered that anybody could ever think of calling her an angel. Everything that was artistic, æsthetic, traditional, imaginative, angrily repudiated the suggestion. Angels are graceful, angels are young with golden hair and soft eyes, and beautiful complexion.

That was how ever came to cling to dreadful nights suddenly, and the dering in the bay, were at sea, the Miss Jennie's rood ed that she spent at such times; a troubled mother; creep to the little Jennie "to mind" in peril on the sea back again, calm had heard through per "Fear not!" lieve then the ste one summer and come into the bay the sea threaten Want was already among them, a prospects of the night Miss Jennie weekly prayer-me seemed, as near to any ever came of how that, going them have already coming. And th the cry rang from "Heva, Heva," as with the fish.

Miss Jennie's ec ens of St. Ivart's phasied the fan later times. "G Don't, don't. Th I dare say; but lot o' ghastly old siently followed readily gave to once some darin el her, feeling h subject. But it "nipped in the b or who had come timidly tried to br her his arm on the was pushed away rproof. "For s'ettin' all the b Sunday." Anot fine, but someh up in such a way to impress the stu ed upon her in th ion, asking her to turned upon him You come to your thinkin' o' such o you go home an' world."

Unsentimental was having her most things, and l having the courag Quiet sympathy, women's hearts, a cious gift, was n Jennie's nature. It was not. Whee iture would have b and triumphed. of her family, she as a girl with th snubbing which h her treatment, p position than the it was only the lition that appear phemon of the cler much worse was borers and fisheru ple can do with h and respectably. Methoism cu ed real Lord Bishopc ers, it would hav horrors—would b ther above mine therefore let all t ful.

IN WHICH WE

I had come do in purges about t Everybody give "Iss—the ovid can mind be, ev everybody know. But there, if you thin' about 'em, at Miss Jennie. At that I got door and knowl separate me of already to know. "Come in, s'ed. And the ture might be h heat of the tim cover I was abo the man's hand or lower part o' smel of the sud than 'savoying. Miss Jennie's s'avepart, her h hand, whilst s spoon with whi as she spoke, s she said she giv a hundred note was 12. What was my br. What was my br. The moment I of Dick Curnow changed. "Don said she, at onc ish, and using which is often a those parts. Sh off the fire, held