

George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large old-fashioned structure dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombardy poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the window are like its embrasures. The huge stone-flagged kitchen fireplace is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions, which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlor the paneling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must, with little change, have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago.

Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of