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UNCLE JOE LITTLE



LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF

JOSEPH RUSSELL LITTLE

L. BARTLETT

To
Rev. D. D. Gaynor, B. A.,
on the occasion of his
election as

President of the
London Conference

May 31st. 1949,

From the author,

L. Bartlett.

"UNCLE JOE LITTLE."

LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF
JOSEPH RUSSELL LITTLE.

BY
REV. L. BARTLETT.



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*How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation in their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !*

*How cheering is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."*

—ISAAC WATTS.

“Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions ; and in the world to come eternal life.”
—Mark x. 29, 30.



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INTRODUCTION.

METHODISM has never fully realized her debt to her laity; indeed, she can never fully appreciate their work. We have heard very much about the ordained ministers who have given us our glorious heritage. Among them we have had some great and good men, and they have done a mighty work. But if we were to stop at this the history would be but poorly written and the story hardly half told. We are convinced that it was under divine guidance that Mr. Wesley first admitted a layman, Thos. Maxfield, into his pulpit, and the seal of the Master's blessing has rested upon the ministrations of consecrated lay workers from that time to the present.

The story of the laity in Methodism reads very much like the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews:

By faith Silas Told accepted the Friend of Sinners and became the friend of the prisoners of the land, working with them in the dungeon and on the scaffold, until, with the weight of almost seventy years upon him, he saw the heavens opened with his Saviour standing to welcome him, and he exclaimed in ecstasy, "Lord, it is enough."

By faith John Nelson received emancipation when, at the conclusion of weeks of conviction and prayer, he cried: "Lord, thy will be done, damn or save." He endured persecutions such as few have been privileged to receive for their Master.

By faith Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, when she was fully awakened, refused to be satisfied with the hollow rottenness of the aristocracy, choosing rather to suffer reproach with the people called Methodists than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

By faith Gideon Ouseley, when he was called of God to go forth and preach the Gospel, though he knew nothing of sermons, went forth to tell dying men of the world-wide disease and the universal cure.

By faith "Uncle Joe" Little renounced the devil and all his works and became a living representation of the ministering Christ.

But what shall I more say? For time would fail me were I to tell of Mary Bosanquet, of Billy Bray, of Philip Embury, of Barbara Heck, of Captain Webb, of Strawbridge, and of others, who through faith subdued the wilderness, wrought righteousness, tested the promises, and braved the violence of mobs. Truly these were men and women of whom their world was not worthy.

In the entire roll of honor we can find none who was more constant and tireless in the Master's service than Joseph Russell Little, usually known as "Uncle Joe," though we do not know the origin of this title. Miss Agnes Kingston, at whose home he frequently stayed, writes: "In his first work here (Warwick) it

was always 'Brother Joe.' I do not know who it was who changed it to 'Uncle Joe.'" Another friend, Miss E. Bowes, writes: "How he got this title we do not know, unless, because of his sympathetic character, he could be better recognized in this way as one who had a very large family relationship, being connected with hundreds, or thousands, of families. This was at a time when every good uncle tried to help to ease the care that rested heavily on every household. I think it was because of his kindly disposition that he was called 'Uncle Joe.'"

Still it matters little how he came by the expressive, homely name. It is enough to say that it was exceedingly appropriate, that he wore it well, for his life showed him to be kin to all the world. It was with him as with his Divine Master, the poor and the destitute had the greater claim upon his sympathetic heart, and their very extremity made it the more certain that their claims would be acknowledged.

We think that no apology is necessary in sending forth a tribute to the memory of this honored servant of God, this "Israelite," or Christian, "indeed, in whom there was no guile," especially when, from the pens of faithful co-laborers, some of whom have entered upon their reward, we have such sentences as these:

"I often thought and said that I wished some person had gathered up the anecdotes and facts of his life as that life was seen and felt in that new country. It was one of the most romantic, devoted, self-sacrificing, benevolent Christian lives I ever knew." (Rev. John Webster.)

"I am glad that some person has undertaken a work to keep his memory alive. He did more than any other man to spread the Gospel, as it is taught in the Methodist Church, in the following townships, viz. : Adelaide, Warwick, Bosanquet, Plympton, Brooke and Enniskillen." (Rev. T. S. Howard.)

"He was a very unique character and we should perpetuate his name, and the good work he accomplished in planting Methodism in those western townships." (Rev. A. Langford, D.D.)

"Eleven years" of his life "have bequeathed to Warwick, and surrounding townships, a heritage of traditions of our 'Uncle Joe' which, if chronicled, would form a deeply interesting history in themselves. . . . 'Uncle Joe' lived for others, not for himself." (Rev. Jas. Whiting.)

"A finer specimen of the genuine Christian, all things considered, I never saw. . . . He was an essential part of Lambton County, and even of Canadian Methodism."

Even as far back as Nov. 27th, 1880, we find "An Old Subscriber," of Kincardine, appealing to the *London Advertiser* in the following words: "Canada has not so many rare characters but what their memories might be perpetuated, or, at least, their good deeds and works printed and circulated through the country. He must have some old friends in the County of Lambton who could furnish . . . his past history, which is full of innocent eccentricities and humors. We hope the world has not heard the last of good 'Uncle Joe.'"

We would wish that all the world might know something of this unique life which has been an inspiration to thousands. The world is hearing much, very much, about "success," and is asked to read many, very many, biographies of "successful men." We would say nothing against such literature. It has its mission. Still, is it not true that the idea of "success" embraces more than is to be found in very much of such literature? As we read we are almost led to believe that success is entirely dependent upon proficiency in the accumulation of wealth, or in the attainment of the world's applause. It is indeed sad if we have no higher and less sordid standard of success. We are in this world to honor and glorify God and to prepare for heaven. Count not that man successful who has overlooked these matters, and has helped others to forget, though he has gained the whole world. For "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Count not that man a failure who has despised the world's gold and spurned her allurements, but has lived a godlike life and has pointed lost souls to their Saviour. Herein is found the truer success. Among the many who are held up as "examples of success" we find too few who have been truly successful. Therefore the present volume is sent out to tell of one who, though a miserable failure according to the standards of a frivolous and mercenary world, was a glorious success in pointing guilty sinners to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Our only apology is found in the statement that

Mr. Little wrote very little, and in the fact that so many years were allowed to elapse between his death and the commencement of the present work. One of his closest friends, Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Shaw, writes: "He was not a man that ever put on paper a mite of either speech or sermon, and when away he was a very poor correspondent." At this date many who might have rendered almost invaluable assistance are with us no more, but, we trust, have joined him in the "nobler, sweeter song" of the redeemed in heaven.

The writer spent eight years in association with the work in Lambton County, and during that time heard so many good things of the grand old pioneer that he thought that the world would be the loser if they were not put in some permanent form. Therefore, the present work was decided upon. We are quite conscious of the fact that much important matter might have been secured at an earlier date which is unavailable at the present time; matter which has been lost as the old pioneers have gone to their rest. Each succeeding year but increased the loss. Material for this volume has been received from various sections of the entire country, literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Ireland as well. We have endeavored to present this as nearly as possible as it came from its almost innumerable sources, and this may explain, in part at least, a somewhat scrappy style. Considerable effort has been put forth to verify the information received that it might be sent forth with a good degree of confidence.

It may not be out of place to mention here the work

of the late Rev. James Whiting, who was an intimate acquaintance and ardent admirer of Mr. Little. Mr. Whiting was well qualified to write the biography of his friend, and he spent considerable time in collecting material for such a work, but, for some reason or other, that work never appeared. Possibly he thought that what he had gathered was not sufficient to justify publication in book form, or it may be that his sad and unexpected death found him still engaged upon the interesting task. He contributed an excellent article on "Uncle Joe" for the *Methodist Magazine* (May, 1881), and this article is quoted from more than once in the present volume.

In addition to this the writer desires to gratefully acknowledge the assistance which has been cheerfully given by scores of Mr. Little's friends and co-laborers, among whom the following are deserving of special mention: Rev. Joseph Russell Little, LL.D., Ireland, the late Rev. John Webster, Rev. Thos. S. Howard, Rev. P. W. Jones, Miss E. Bowes, Miss Agnes Kingston, Mr. Samuel Bellamy and Mr. Joseph Osborne.

May the Master use the Work.

L. B.

UNCLE JOE LITTLE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY HISTORY.

Fur Traders and Jesuits—"New France"—English—U. E. Loyalists—Settlement—Rise of Methodism—Other Denominations.

THE faithful servant of God whose life forms the basis of the present writing frequently described himself as the "Bishop of Warwick," and stated that his see extended from London to Lake Huron. It is true that he did noble service for his Master in various other sections of Ontario and Quebec, yet he considered that his mission was especially to the early settlers of the County of Lambton. His early ministry was spent almost entirely in going in and out among the forest homes from Adelaide to the River St. Clair. It is considered wise, therefore, that the reader be furnished with a few points of Lambton's history as an introduction to the work of Mr. Joseph Little.

The first "pale faces" to explore our water front were French fur-traders and Jesuit missionaries. It

is doubtful if more thrilling reading can be found anywhere than in the story of these explorations and of the work of the "Jesuits in North America."* As far back as 1626, at least, some of these missionaries visited a band of Indians, called the Neutrals, who held the entire peninsula of what has, until recently, been styled Western Ontario, and who were neutral in the wars between the Hurons and the Iroquois. In 1669 two missionaries and seven other Frenchmen from Montreal landed on the north shore of Lake Erie and wintered there. In virtue of this, Father Francois Dollier, priest of the Diocese of Nantes in Brittany, and Father de Galinée, deacon of the Diocese of Rennes in Brittany, in 1670, set up at the mouth of Kettle Creek (Port Stanley) a proclamation stating the facts, and thus formally took possession of the entire country in the name of Louis XIV. of France. Even then the land was full of promise, for De Galinée calls it "the terrestrial paradise of Canada." In 1679 the great French explorer, Sieur De La Salle, sailed up Lake and River St. Clair, on his famous journey to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Charlévoix passed through Lake Erie in 1721 and gave a very glowing description of the country along the north shore.

In 1683 the French built Fort St. Joseph, near the present site of Fort Gratiot, Michigan. This was one of a chain of forts for the protection of "New France," as our country was then called; but little or nothing was done toward the development of the western

section until after Wolfe subdued Quebec in 1759, when Canada passed into the hands of the British. Even under the new rule the progress was not very great for many years.

Canada benefited indirectly by the American Revolution. When the United States won their independence they offered but cold comfort and scant hospitality to those families which had supported the motherland in the great struggle. The British Parliament desired that these loyalists should suffer as little as possible and voted them over £3,000,000. In addition to this those who desired received grants of land in Canada, two hundred acres being given to each adult. These supporters of the old land were called United Empire Loyalists, and of the ten thousand who settled in Upper Canada (now Ontario) not a few came to that section now known as the County of Lambton. This was a great boon to the young and struggling colony, and many of Canada's sturdiest sons are the descendents of these loyal exiles. Still immigration was not very brisk for about forty years. At the end of that time, in 1827 the Indians were placed on reserves and a great impetus was given to the settlement of the upper provinces.

There was quite an influx of home-seekers about Adelaide in 1832, and a great many entered Warwick the following year. It was in 1833 that Mr. Park Duncan built the first log house in what is now the village of Watford. The village grew upon old United Empire property. Plympton received a good

share of immigrants that year, and Errol became a promising village and lake-port. Here justice was meted out for the township and here also the first school-house and the first church for the white people of the township were built in 1836. In the same year the first post-office for Plympton was established in this thriving village. Errol also possesses the honor of having supported the first newspaper published in the County of Lambton. This publication was sent forth as the *Samuel*, edited by George McKee. The village continued to thrive until the building of what is known as the London Road dealt its death blow by diverting the traffic of the county to Sarnia, which became the county town.

In 1849 the Municipal Institution Act constituted Lambton a county, and she received municipal independence three years later. The township of Warwick had been organized in 1835, and two hundred acres were set apart for village purposes at Warwick village. Lambton has made steady progress from those pioneer days to the present time, when her excellent highways and railways have made "backing" an almost unknown term.

It is unnecessary that we should enter into the details of the rise and expansion of Methodism, but it may be well to indicate the steps leading up to its establishment in Lambton. We think of that saintly mother whose two boys, John and Charles, united with others in Oxford's "Holy Club." Both of these boys became clergymen of the Church of England. John went to Georgia on mission work, but soon

returned to England. He experienced "justification by faith" in Jesus Christ, and went about teaching this doctrine. Soon he had a large following. He ordained and sent forth ministers for America. Most of these labored in the New England states, but a few came to Canada, such as Messrs. Coughlan and Black in the eastern provinces. In 1791 the Methodist Episcopal Church of New York sent Rev. Wm. Lossee to Canada, and he formed the first circuit in our country at Kingston. In 1795 what was known as the Niagara Circuit was formed, and included all of Upper Canada west of Toronto. This was divided and subdivided as the work progressed.

The St. Clair Indian Mission was established in 1824 under Rev. Wm. Griffis. By this time the Church in this province thought it was strong enough to organize into a separate conference, which it did in 1828. In 1874 this was one of the uniting bodies which constituted the "Methodist Church of Canada." There was a further union in 1884, when Methodism became one Church in Canada.

In 1834 Rev. James Evans, one of Methodism's great missionaries to the Indians, was sent to the Sarnia Reserve (St. Clair). He extended his trips that he might minister to the white people throughout the whole county. At least he went occasionally as far east as Warwick, preaching in private houses or any other available places. About the same time Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe entered the field at Warwick, and conducted service after the Episcopalian form in Burwell's tavern and elsewhere. These men were

preceded by some faithful local preachers and by a few ministers of other denominations.

It was in 1839 that Rev. Charles B. Goodrich was stationed on the Warwick and Adelaide Circuit, and under his charge and that of his successor, Rev. David Hardie, the work became more fully organized, though they still made use of private houses and barns as preaching places. A similar work was performed in the western portion of the county by the Rev. John Douse, who succeeded Mr. Evans, and by the Rev. Wm. Scott. Under these brethren the work extended far out into Plympton, Mr. Hardie being especially active in this township. Since that time Methodism has made a record of progress in Lambton of which she has no reason to be ashamed. Other denominations have also been signally owned of God.

It was in connection with the work of Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, at Warwick, that notice is first taken of an eccentric church worker in the person of a sturdy young Irishman by the name of Little. Joseph Little was then (1834) about twenty-two years of age. He, at this time, performed the duties of clerk for the struggling little cause.

CHAPTER II.

IN IRELAND.

Old Home—Parents—Mother's Death—Childhood and School
—Cleverness—Converted—Gideon Ouseley—Remaining
Relatives.

FOR centuries the heart of Ireland has throbbed at almost fever heat amid the strife and discord, civil and religious, to which she has been subject. The devoted "Emerald Isle" has suffered many things of many unsympathetic physicians and at the hands of sympathetic nurses, and yet she has made the world her debtor. This untiring, restless mother has been sending forth to the world her sturdy sons, born and bred to self-reliance, to become makers of history in every clime. They are to be found in the front rank often where least expected. Canada has been abundantly honored by them.

But a short distance from the centre of old Erin is to be found the ancient little town of Kenagh, in the County of Longford. Immediately to the north-east of Kenagh is the beautiful property of Mosstown, which had been the country-seat of Sir Thomas Newcommen, Bart., but which had passed into the

hands of the Kingstone family. Early in the last century this was the home of the late Arthur J. Kingstone.

Adjoining Mosstown was the farm of Coolnahinch, the property of one Colonel King Harman, M.P., which was the home of Mr. Thomas Little, a comparatively well-to-do farmer. The cottage, or farmhouse, was a plain, unpretentious structure, which has long since become a ruin. At the back of the house was a pretty and usually well-kept garden. A few steps from the house there was a slight eminence, from which one could get a fine view of a snug little lake, which formed the western boundary of the farm. This little body of fresh water was nearly two miles in circumference, and was almost a bather's paradise. It was considered quite a feat to swim around it. In the winter the water occasionally furnished a splendid sheet of ice for the skaters of the neighborhood. The farm was bounded on the south and the east by the great Royal Canal between Longford, in the centre of Ireland, and Dublin, on Dublin Bay, a branch of the Irish Sea. The Little boys were often taken to this canal to see the prettily-painted ply-boats which carried merchandise between the two cities. In after years they remembered especially the bathing in this canal. The finest view about the place is to be obtained when one stands on the eminence mentioned and looks toward the north-east. Over the tops of the trees and the property of Mosstown may be seen the handsome steeple of Kenagh Church, with its four graceful pinnacles, about one mile and a half away.

This is truly a beautiful sight, but there are many glorious views in that section of the Green Isle.

Mr. Thomas Little was one of the most respected tenant farmers of the county. He was considered of very good family, for he was connected with the Littles of the County of Sligo. He was also fortunate in the selection of a partner for life. Jane Russell Little was a close connection of the Russells of Meath, and was possessed of a beautiful character. Their home was blessed by the presence of one daughter and four sons, all of whom appear to have been unusually smart children.

The chubby little fellow who came to the home on the 28th of October, 1812, was named Joseph Russell Little. This was too long a name for so short a lad, and he was soon dubbed "Joe."

All too soon his young life was tinged with a great sorrow, for his mother died when he was but three years of age, and he and the rest of the children were denied the priceless advantage of a mother's training. She had not been with them long, but in that short time she had made an impression for life. Even little Joe never shook off the influence of his sainted mother. As her loved ones gathered about her bedside the night before she died, she gave expression to her complete resignation and triumphant faith, as she sang very sweetly those confident words of Charles Wesley:

" And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die :
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high."

Thus, at the age of thirty-five or thirty-six years, she left the "earthly house of this tabernacle" for the "building of God," the Father's house of many mansions. With the most tender solicitude the bereaved father set himself to the task of guiding the footsteps of his motherless children, and well did he fulfil the trust which God had thrust upon him.

The cleverness of the family is illustrated in the career of Joe's favorite brother, William, who was four years his senior. When this boy was only five years of age he took great delight in climbing up on his mother's work-box or writing-desk and reading the account of the battles of the Children of Israel as they are recorded in the book of Joshua. He could hardly remember the time when he was not able to read. Nor did he confine himself to the three "R's," but devoted considerable time to the study of various sciences, becoming quite proficient in astronomy. He married when quite young and made himself the loved and trusted companion of his children. They derived great pleasure from his fellowship, especially when he led them out among the stars.

As boys William and Joe were almost inseparable companions. Their tastes may have been dissimilar in some ways, but the attachment between them was no ordinary fraternal affection. The many long years of separation in after life were not sufficient to dampen this affection, for when the tidings of Joe's death reached William, then seventy-four years of age, it was feared that his body and mind could not withstand the shock. He survived, however, until 1885,

and when, at the age of about seventy-nine, he was laid to rest it was evident that he had earned a warm place in the hearts of the people of the community. The contractor who erected a tablet to his memory stated that, from all that he had heard from the people, they ought to carry on their backs the cut stones for the curbing about the burial plot. His son, the Rev. Joseph Russell Little, M.A., LL.D., named after his Uncle Joe, is now the incumbent of Killarney, in the Diocese of Kilmore, Ireland.

In the early days of the last century the school system of Ireland was far from perfect. Many of the rural schools were conducted as private enterprises and were independent of municipal or governmental control. The consequence was that some were very inefficient and poorly managed. The neighborhood about Coolnahinch was fortunate in having for a master a godly Methodist by the name of "Jack" Evans, who taught school in his own house. He was a very peculiar character, but he took a great interest in his scholars, paying particular attention to their religious welfare. This proved a great boon to the motherless Little family. He gave Mr. Little invaluable assistance in his great work. Thus three great forces joined hands in the formation of young Joe's character—a sainted mother's influence, a faithful father's religious oversight, and a godly teacher's guidance. Under the latter he received his education, which, though by no means thorough or comprehensive, was much better than that received by the average boy of his day. He was also very fortunate in the choice of his companions, for he made a

bosom friend of the son of a Methodist class-leader, and the two lads were quite frequent visitors at the class-meeting. Joe's parents were Methodists, but he had been brought up to attend the services of the Church of England also.

Although he had been under religious influences from childhood he refrained from making any profession of religion. He is spoken of as having been a God-fearing boy, very loving, and very dutiful to his father, but he had not received the transforming, life-giving touch of the Divine Man of Nazareth. When he was nineteen years of age Kenagh town received a visit from that tireless man of God, Gideon Ouseley, who was preaching up and down throughout his beloved Ireland. At Kenagh, as elsewhere, the eccentric, "crazy" Methodist made a great stir. Crowds of all sects and classes flocked to hear "what this babbler" would say. Many there were who went for no good purpose, but he exercised the utmost tact and usually succeeded in delivering his Master's message in such a way as to take hold of even the worst among his hearers.

Joe Little went with some of his friends to hear the evangelist. Under the faithful declaration of the Word of God he was led to see his lost condition. He saw himself as a hell-deserving sinner and his sin became an unendurable burden. He despised himself and hated his sin, but became more and more miserable. His old teacher, Jack Evans, stood by him in this the crisis of his life. Together they talked it over one night on the way home from the meeting, and the young man determined to yield. Peace did

not come at once, however. One night they forced their way into the crowded meeting-house and heard the preacher discourse upon the text, "Many of them said, He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" That night Joe caught a glimpse of his Saviour and laid hold upon Him by faith. He and others cried aloud for mercy, and that "peace which passeth all understanding" filled his soul. Then he could join, with all his ransomed powers, in singing Wesley's translation:

"Lo! God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love."

To the young convert it appeared that the glory of God filled the great hall as well as his own soul. Then there was no uncertainty, there was no room for doubt, for he simply took Christ at His word and knew that he was not cast out. He simply came to God in penitent confession and claimed the promises. Trusting in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ, the crucified and risen Son, he had the full assurance that his sins were forgiven and that he was justified before God and adopted, or received again, into the family of God. Many a time afterwards he delighted to sing:

"My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

He made a thorough consecration of his all, body, soul, spirit and possessions, to his Christ. From that

time his "life was hid with Christ in God." He became associated with the work of the Methodist Church and frequently used his wealth of Irish wit to good effect when the "swaddlers" were assailed by an enemy. He always looked upon Gideon Ouseley with special favor, considering him to be a model man and a model preacher. We think that it is not too much to say that his after-life reveals a more or less successful attempt to copy that model. It is worthy of note that the first man Joe won for God was his own friend who had years before led him to his first class-meeting.

Joe remained at home for about two years after his conversion and then turned his face to the "New World," as we shall see in the following chapter. Four years after this event his father sublet Coolnahinch and went to live with his son, William, who was then settled in Kenagh. They erected a very substantial, comfortable house, about which they planted many shrubs and trees, making a very pretty place. After a few more years Mr. Little sold his interest in Coolnahinch to the landlord. He died in 1843.

The mortality amongst the relatives, friends and neighbors of the Littles has been very great and very few remain with us at the present time. Besides, the Rev. Joseph Russell Little, son of William, and therefore nephew of "Uncle Joe," there are still living two of William's daughters, Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Hazen, and also a Miss Craig, daughter of Joe's only sister, who had married a Primitive Methodist minister of that name. Mr. Craig was at one time the President of the Irish Primitive Methodist Conference.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE FARM.

Steward on Kingstone Estate—Appearance—Prodigal Charity—Grist—Preparation for work—Library—Dismissed and gets farm which goes for taxes—Teaching school—Asleep on horseback—A generous gift.

THE Kingstones, of Mosstown, were a comparatively rich family, having received large grants of land in Ireland for military service under William of Orange. Early in the last century Canada was attracting the attention of some investors, and Mr. Arthur J. Kingstone purchased a large tract of land composed of some hundreds of acres in the backwoods of Upper Canada. The property was situated about six miles to the north-west of what is now known as Watford village, and two and one-half south-west of Warwick village, in the township of Warwick, county of Lambton. It has since become familiarly known as "Ellarton," including the well-known salt-works of that name. Mr. Kingstone spent only a part of his time upon his new property, and left its management almost entirely in the hands of a steward or agent.

In the year 1833 Mr. Kingstone engaged Joe Little then a lad of twenty-one years of age, to act as his managing agent in the New World. Therefore, on

April 10th, Joe said good-bye to the old home and the old, familiar faces, and went out into a land which he knew not, and to experiences of which he could hardly have dreamed. Very few of the old friends did he ever see again, and he never returned to the old home.

He did not go alone to the Canadian wilds, however. He had heard the voice of Him who said to Abraham, "Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward;" and to Moses, "I will be with thy mouth"; and to Gideon, "Surely I will be with thee. He had entered into partnership with the Son of the carpenter, and this fully, without reserve, so that none could have dealings with him without meeting the senior member of the firm. Hence many an hour, which would otherwise have been long and lonely, was spent in the best of company. It was in this partnership that he gained the moral courage which enabled him to face undauntedly the probable difficulties of the New World.

He was not a penniless emigrant, for when he left Ireland he had quite a considerable sum of money. He was not long in his new home, however, when it was quite evident that he was not cut out for a banker or a great financier.

In those early days the Atlantic was wont to sport for weeks with the little bark entrusted to its mighty billows. It had not yet been reduced by the great "greyhounds" to a mere pond, to be crossed and recrossed in a holiday outing. The trip across was long and boisterous. Even when the Irish feet rested upon the soil of the great western continent the jour-

ney was far from being at at end. Joe and his companions could not lean back in the upholstered seat of a first-class railway carriage and in a few short hours look out upon the garden of Ontario (then Upper Canada) which was to be his home for many years. Even the city of London did not know the railway in those days—in fact, not until 1854. Indeed the railway was unknown throughout the whole of Canada when Joe landed on our shores. The first line was built in Lower Canada in 1836, and in Upper Canada five years later. Navigation had been opened up to the great lakes, but even this would leave a considerable overland journey. What traffic there was went overland from Hamilton to London and other points. From London westward the country was almost an unbroken wilderness.

Our traveller did not telegraph for his friends to meet him, as the first telegraph wire did not reach London till twenty-six years later, and then it came from Sarnia. After a long and laborious trip he reached his destination in the very year which saw the building of the first house in Watford by Mr. Duncan.

The sturdy young Irishman threw himself manfully into the heavy manual labor of the new "estate," and it appeared that Mr. Kingstone had made a happy selection in the person of his manager or steward. "His personal appearance was very striking. His face, indeed, the whole make-up of the man, was one not easily to be forgotten. His face wore a peculiarly happy, peaceful, contented expression; always lit up

with a joyous smile 'which thinketh no evil.' His body and limbs were solid and compact, as if made to endure toil and hardship. He was a big-hearted Irishman."*

He is said to have been "a very Oliver Goldsmith of quaint good-heartedness, combined with prodigality, when he had anything to be prodigal with, and with a habit of letting the future, as to food and raiment, take care of itself."

Let it not be supposed for a moment that the young steward lapsed into immoral or intemperate habits, or that he in any way betrayed his Redeemer. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His "prodigality" consisted in a simple-hearted following of his Lord, and obedience of the injunctions regarding two coats and scrip. This was the secret of his failure, and, at the same time, of his tremendous success.

He was scrupulously honest and trustworthy, and worked well upon the "estate," and yet each succeeding year of his superintendence emphasized the fact that he was not well suited to the position. His charity amounted almost to a passion and was a stranger to prudence and discretion. "His sympathy for the poor in their distress in their forest homes, and the benevolent, great Irish heart which he possessed, could not let a quarter rest in his pocket while there was a hungry child wanting food."

There were some families which had no food for days at a time, except what they gathered in the woods, such as cow-cabbage, leeks, and other greens,

and roots of various kinds. He seemed to have the knack of finding out such cases and it was his very life to furnish relief. In this way the little money which he had brought from Ireland was soon exhausted and he began to draw upon his salary.

Stories of his liberality are almost beyond number. Protestants and Catholics, white or colored—it made no difference to this follower of the Nazarene—whoever was needy received of his little store and shared his bounty. He gave such as he had. Sometimes it was not silver or gold, but a hat, a coat, or a pair of mitts, socks, boots, or even trousers,—anything the occasion required, if it were within his power. His benevolence knew no bounds. One day he was driving Mr. Kingstone's fine team along the road when he overtook a man who was poorly clad. It was a very cold day and the holes in the poor man's boots allowed his toes to come in contact with the snow and the frosty ground. Joe stopped the team and, after looking at the man for a moment, pulled a fine pair of boots off his own feet and handed them down to his unfortunate brother. Then he wrapped his feet up in the horse blanket and drove off.

Upon another occasion he met a man whose clothes had long since seen their best days. The trousers, especially, were a combination of rags and patches. Joe stopped and asked the man why he wore such trousers. "Just because they are all I have got," came the reply from the stranger. It required but very few moments for the good man to spring from Toby's back, strip off a pair of trousers and hand to

the other. Joe had been wearing two pairs, perhaps one being the donation of some well-wisher, and this the most convenient way of carrying it.

Each year appears to have been sufficiently distressing to the pioneers away back in the thirties. Special mention is made of one season which was apparently more than usually trying. The winter had been severe and the stock of provisions had run very low. Summer came at last. Potatoes, which had been planted by the settlers in a few small clearings, now became available and relieved the situation to a great extent. There were also some small patches of wheat in some places.

One gentleman had quite a large field of wheat. Soon after harvest he threshed and got his wheat ready to send to the mill. There was no mill nearer than London, nearly forty miles to the east, or Sarnia, almost as far to the west. He engaged Mr. Little to take a load to London to get it ground. Of course, this was a heavy trip, as the roads were in those days, and required several days. On the return journey the big-hearted driver was assailed all along the road by people who were almost famishing for food. Of course, very few had money, and yet Joe kept dealing out his load of flour until, when at length he reached home, he had only two bags of flour out of twenty bushels of grain.

The farmer was naturally very much annoyed and commenced to find fault, but Joe's bright, happy face lit up with a smile, for a glow of satisfaction overspread his whole being at the thought of having been able to

feed a few persons who were nearly starving to death for the lack of bread. He quickly disarmed the angry farmer by asking:

"Didn't you want to sell that flour?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I did," was the answer.

"I knew you did," said the good Samaritan. "I will pay you for it." He pulled out his wallet and paid for all that he had given away. Shortly after this the farmer prepared another load of wheat, but this time he took it to mill himself. It is said that on several occasions Uncle Joe disposed of his load of flour or grist in this way.

There was a family in Adelaide Township composed of the parents and four children, two boys and two girls. The parents died when the eldest child, a girl, was about twelve or fourteen years of age, and the orphans were left in destitute circumstances. On one occasion they were about four weeks without any other food than such as could be gathered in the woods. If they succeeded in catching a squirrel, or even a chipmunk, they considered themselves fortunate and enjoyed a tasty meal. Flour rose to ten or twelve dollars per barrel. This and many similar cases appealed to Mr. Little, and called into play those noble traits of character which earned for him the title, first of "Brother Joe," and then of "Uncle Joe." Under the latter title his name is a household word throughout Lambton County and in many other sections of the country. It was simply impossible for him to resist the appeals of poverty in those early days. He could not keep money. Under the circum-

stances "to give him money was like pouring water into a sieve for safe keeping." Thus it was that God raised up a man for the times, a man to do a special work.

It will be seen, as we proceed, that in this the early part of Mr. Little's life God was preparing him for a much larger sphere of usefulness. In addition to his duties on the estate, he accepted the work of a local preacher among the different branches of Methodists, especially the Wesleyans. He had not been long in Canada before he threw himself, heart and soul, into his Master's work.

The newly-arrived settlers in the almost unbroken forest had very little opportunity of increasing their knowledge and of improving their intellectual life, for they had very few books and newspapers were rarely seen. Seeing this, Mr. Kingstone purchased a large number of books in Ireland and placed them at the disposal of the people for a circulating library. This library was deposited with a minister who was stationed at Warwick.

Mr. Kingstone was an admirer of Mr. Wesley, and among the books was one entitled, "The Life of Rev. John Wesley, M.A." Mr. Little read the book and was much pleased with it, but it appears that the minister who was in charge of the library did not think so much of it. Joe recommended the book to several patrons of the library, but it was always reported as being "out" when they asked for it. Several months went by and the book was not to be found. It was reported "lost."

One day Uncle Joe thought he would take a look for the lost volume. He caught sight of some books lying on the top of the book-case. He got a chair and, climbing up, found the missing article, with several others, all covered with dust. The minister was sitting in the room at the time and the cunning Irishman exclaimed :

“Why, here is Wesley’s ‘Life!’”

The librarian jumped up and ran towards him, at the same time saying :

“You can’t have it. It is not fit to give to any person to read,” and some more words of like import.

Joe ran around a table and the minister rushed after him, as Joe answered :

“Mr. Kingstone must have thought the book worth reading, or he would not have put it in the library.”

Two or three circles were made around the table when Joe seized his hat and bolted out through the door, laughing heartily. He carried the precious volume off in triumph. His friends were able to read the book after that.*

Mr. Kingstone spent the winters in Ireland and the summers on his estate in Warwick, but this estate did not yield him the returns he desired. As year after year rolled around he became convinced that he would have to get another steward. Things were not going quite satisfactorily. The accounts would not show the desired surplus. He did not think that his manager did anything wrong, intentionally at least. The poor had to be considered and the hungry chil-

*Rev. John Webster is authority for this incident.

dren provided for, and Joe's salary did not meet his outlay. There was an annual overdraft. The gentleman appears to have been in sympathy with his agent's charitable work, for each year he noticed the overdraft and yet retained his man. He even joined in helping the poor.

At length, however, after eleven years of service, Joseph Little was dismissed and another appointed in his place. Then he had nothing. He had given to the poor and the gospel all that he had, literally "all his living." His late master loved, admired, and yet pitied him, and, fearing that he would come to want and suffer with nothing to live on in his old age, desired to make some provision for him. He knew that it would be useless giving money or anything which could be turned over to the poor. He finally decided to give Mr. Little a farm of two hundred acres of good land, but so entailed that it could not be sold or given to the poor. In this act Mr. Kingstone showed that he had nothing against his late steward.

One would naturally suppose that Mr. Little had done well and that he was exceedingly fortunate in having such excellent provision made for the remainder of his life. He was still a comparatively young man, being only about thirty-two years of age, and, with the experience he had gained, should have been able to improve his farm into a very valuable piece of property. Even the timber would have given him a considerable income. Perhaps it would be as well to state here the disposition he afterwards made of his "entailed" farm.

Possibly no incident in the life of Mr. Little is more frequently referred to by the old settlers than the loss of his farm for taxes. There are many versions of the story, some reflecting not only upon the judgment, but also upon the honesty of Uncle Joe. Effort has been made to get at the truth regarding the matter, with the result that his character is lifted above question, though as much cannot be said regarding his judgment. This was one of the cases where his benevolence played havoc with his judgment, where his heart ran away with his head—at least, so the world would say. But Joe was not dealing with the world alone, he was working for his God.

Still, he may have displayed poor judgment, in that he kept his secret plan to himself too long—so long that he was not only pitied, but suspected of serious wrong-doing. If he had revealed his plan at the outset he would have saved himself no little indulgent suspicion. It is to be regretted that he allowed several years to elapse before he revealed his purpose, which, at an earlier date, would have allayed all unrest.

The Council made a great mistake when it appointed him to collect the taxes of Warwick Township for two years. Some throw all the blame on the Council for appointing such a man to such a work. His large-heartedness should have disqualified him. Though this was one of the most serious experiences of his life, the jolly, light-hearted Irishman humorously expressed it thus: "The very idea of sending me out

to collect taxes! Indeed, they might better have given me a bag of money and told me to go out and distribute it among the poor people."

In the various undertakings of his life he found ample opportunities for the exercise of that benevolence which might almost be called his ruling passion. This is especially true of the incident now under consideration. Other work might be suitable, "but," writes the late Rev. James Whiting, "the people of Benjamin were no more surprised to find 'Saul among the prophets' than we are to find our Uncle Joe among the publicans, though he was often among the sinners, but only to do them good.

"Pitiful were the tales of poverty that were poured into the ears of this philanthropic collector, and as quickly as the 'debtor of one hundred measures of oil' at the bidding of the steward 'sat down' and wrote 'fifty,' so quickly did Uncle Joe sit down and write 'paid' against the amounts charged by the inexorable assessors to those needy settlers."

It is just possible that some who were not in destitute circumstances took an unfair advantage of this unique and big-hearted "publican."

The following excellent account of this unfortunate experience is from the pen of the late Rev. John Webster:

"Uncle Joe got into financial difficulty. He was appointed 'tax-collector' for the Township of Warwick. He found a great many very poor people who had not the necessaries of life. Their children were scarcely half-fed or clothed. Uncle Joe had not

the conscience to distress such or to force them to pay their taxes. (He would simply give them a receipt and proceed.) The consequence was, that after giving up his salary, he was several hundreds of dollars deficient.

"It was thought that if he was appointed a second year he would be able to collect the back taxes, as well as those of the second year, but this was worse and worse.

"He stated that if they would only give him time he would pay the whole debt, and asked that his bailsmen should not be distressed. These men, the Messrs. Shaw, were reputed for their integrity and honesty throughout the township. They were, like their neighbors, struggling with the difficulties of clearing up a farm in their forest home. No one seemed desirous of pressing them. Uncle Joe was pitied, but not blamed. He continued to assure the authorities that the township 'should not suffer loss, only give me time.'

"However, the money was not forthcoming, he was sued, and had to appear in court at Sandwich. When the case was called, 'Uncle Joe' stepped forward in his peculiar style, his cheerful smile lighting up his bright, honest-looking face, and he confessed the debt. The judge asked him why he did not pay. The delinquent told of the great destitution and poverty of the people, and said he could not distress them. He pleaded for the Messrs. Shaw, his bailsmen, and asked for an extension of time, and promised to pay the whole debt. The judge granted him another year.

"When the year was up there was nothing paid on the debt. Uncle Joe had to take another trip to Sandwich and appear in court. He told about the same story, and the time was extended another year.

"It was a mystery how Uncle Joe expected to pay the taxes. It was known that he had the two hundred acres of land given him by Mr. Kingstone, but it was entailed, and he could not sell it. He knew that he could not sell it, but he had a secret which he kept to himself. He knew the sheriff could sell the lots for back taxes. Land was becoming valuable, and his lots were good value for what he owed. Uncle Joe knew a farmer who had some money. He went to him and told him that, if he would bid off the lots for the back taxes and pay what was owing the township, he could have the lots. His man consented, providing they were not run up on him.

"After making this agreement with his moneyed friend Uncle Joe went to see the sheriff, and laid his plans before him. The sheriff approved the plan, but it was to be kept a perfect secret with the three. The sheriff said :

"'I have several lots to sell. The sale is advertised to commence at twelve o'clock, noon. I will sell yours first, and the moment the hand of the watch is on twelve I will commence the sale. You had better come before the time and have your man there. I shall have to offer them three times for sale. If there is no bid but the one I shall knock them down.'

"There were only one or two persons present when

the sale commenced, beside the sheriff, Uncle Joe and his man. When the papers were all signed, the buyer said he would go with Mr. Little and pay the money to the treasurer, and get his receipt for the township taxes. They did so. Uncle Joe was relieved, and his bailsmen saved." The price was eight hundred dollars.

This appears to have been a genuine relief to this unworldly (or shall we say, other-worldly ?) man. The fact that he was a property-man had been somewhat of a restraint to him, but when he lost his farm, he saw the removal of the last barrier to entire consecration to his Master's service. He often expressed it in this way :

"Why, my good people, I like singing, and I like to sing all good hymns. Indeed, I could not be fully happy while I owned the farm, for while I had it there was one good hymn which I could never sing. But now, why, bless your heart, I can sing with all my might :

" 'No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness ;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.' "

From this time to the end of his life he threw himself heartily into any Christian work which presented itself, laboring in season and out of season, and becoming a true and noble successor of the Apostles.

He was glad to be relieved of the restraint which

his responsible position on the estate had placed upon him, and found more congenial employment in teaching the country school. He was not what might be called an educated man in the higher sense of the term, but he had made good use of his early opportunities, and had gained a good, common education, which was "sufficient in those pioneer days to teach the young idea how to shoot." He taught in a log building which stood at the corner of the side-road and concession nearly two miles south of Warwick village. His pupils to-day speak of him as a good man, very kind-hearted, but too easy for the average human nature.

For a short time he did good work, and it appeared that he had at length found his proper sphere. In his new situation he had greater opportunities of preaching the glorious gospel of his blessed Saviour to the settlers, whose numbers were increasing year by year. He travelled throughout the entire county, assisting the ordained ministers, and there was great need for this work, for at that time the ministers were very few and their circuits very large, in some cases covering whole counties.

We get some idea of the ground covered in those days from Mr. Webster, who wrote :

"When the Rev. George Kennedy and I were sent to the Adelaide and Warwick Mission in 1848, . . . our mission embraced the following townships, Adelaide, Warwick, Plympton Bosanquet, Brooke and Caradoc, with occasional visits to see a few Methodist families in the townships of Williams and Enniskillen.

We took the country from Lake Huron to what was called the Long Woods Road, to near where Mount Brydges now stands. I was almost daily in the saddle—at least five days out of the seven. I had to utilize the horse's back and the road as a study. I had to read and think on horseback, and the mosquitoes were no help."

Thus the schoolmaster's time was fully occupied, teaching the rising generation in the daytime, and "talking to the sinners" in the evenings and on the Sabbath. Sometimes he allowed himself little or no time for sleep. On one occasion he had been preaching out near Sarnia and started for his school (about twenty-five miles away) on Sunday night after service. He was found on Monday morning sitting on his horse fast asleep, the horse quietly feeding in Kingstone's "slashing" at Warwick. Joe said he remembered nothing after he got six miles from Sarnia till he was awakened in the morning by a neighbor who found him asleep on his horse. He had ridden about twenty miles asleep on horseback.

One Sabbath evening in the fall of the year he had an appointment at the house of Mr. James, on the lake shore in the township of Bosanquet. He was about sixteen miles from his school, but he stayed all night at the James' home. Long before daylight Mrs. James arose and prepared breakfast, for he had those sixteen miles to walk before nine o'clock that he might be in time to commence school. It was a cold and frosty morning and this good lady, than whom the Methodist preachers never had a better friend,

saw that he was well warmed and prepared for his trip before he started out. The road was what was called a "sled" road, and was exceedingly rough. It was only partially chopped or cleared, and in some places cut across some very low and swampy land. The ground was covered with a light snow, the great clods of clay were frozen quite hard, and the little puddles of water were hidden under a thin sheet of ice.

When he had traversed about four or five miles of his journey he came to a small clearing where a new mill had been erected. The light of the coming day was just beginning to grow stronger in the east when he met a poor fellow who had come about five miles to mill with a bag of wheat. The wheat was lying on a crotched stick which was drawn by a yoke of small steers. The driver was nearly perished, for he was very poorly clad. His elbows were sticking out of the sleeves of his coat, and his knees were knocking together through the great gaps in his trousers.

"Why, man!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, "What did you come out with such a coat as that for, such a morning as this? Why, my good fellow, you will freeze!"

"Because I have no better," was the reply of the shivering figure.

"And haven't you got any better pants than those?" asked Joe.

"I have not," came almost stoically from the farmer.

Mr. Little looked down at the feet of the stranger and saw that his toes were peeping out to see the coming day, for he had no socks on.

"And haven't you got any better boots either?" he asked at length.

"I have not," was the reply which escaped between chattering teeth.

"Well, what did you come out for? Don't you know that you will freeze a morning like this?"

The poor fellow was the picture of misery and his story was a tale of woe.

"My wife and children have had no bread for several days, and they will have no breakfast until I get home with this flour. I got some work last week and succeeded in getting this bag of wheat on Saturday night. I left home this morning a little after midnight to come to the mill."

This was all the big heart of Uncle Joe could stand—nay, it was more. He had on a pair of fine new boots. He raised one foot, pulled off a boot and threw it to the unfortunate man. "Put that on," he said in a tone of command. Up went the other foot and off came its boot, and, as it followed its companion in the direction of the stranger, it was accompanied with the command, "Put that on."

It was all done in but a moment and the poor fellow was taken by storm. Before recovering from his surprise he asked:

"But what will you do?"

"I have my socks," replied Uncle Joe, and without waiting for protest or thanks, he struck off through the slush to finish his journey in his stocking feet.

The sun had risen and was shining brightly when this follower of Christ reached the home of a Mr.

West, whose wife told the story. Mrs. West saw him coming from the road to the house and went to the door to meet him. When he saw her he gave his usual Irish morning salutation. He took off his hat and gave it a whirl around his head as he shouted :

"The top of the morning to you, Madam !"

She returned the salutation somewhat more conventionally, but as he drew nearer she saw that he was literally in his bare feet, and she exclaimed :

"Why, what is the matter that you are out in such a state as this ?"

He entered the house and related the whole story at the conclusion of which he said :

"I knew that when I would get to my old friend West's I should get an old pair of boots."

His feet were cut and bleeding and Mrs. West honored herself as she followed the example of that other woman who "hath done what she could." She got warm water and washed and anointed the disciple's feet. Then she gave him a warm pair of socks and a pair of her husband's boots. Thus fixed up he started for his school as happy as a king. He rejoiced in the knowledge that he was the King's son, and that he was counted worthy to toil, and even to suffer, in the King's service.

At another time he was riding through Bosanquet in about the same kind of weather when he came upon a man who was ditching at the side of the road. The spade had worn great holes in the poor fellow's boots and his feet were exposed to the slush and cold.

"Pull off those boots and I'll trade with you," said

the big-hearted Christian, and, sure enough, the trade was made. Uncle Joe rode on a few miles with the old wet boots on. At length his feet got pretty cold and he called at a friend's house to get warm. He told the story of the trade and was soon presented with a fine new pair of boots.

There is a sense in which some might think that he did not properly appreciate the gifts which he received from time to time. There was no telling how long he would remain in possession of any article of which he was made the recipient. He has been known to receive a pair of mittens in the morning, mittens which had been knitted specially for him, and before noon he would be going about with bare hands, having given them to some poor fellow who had none. Of course his benefactors would know that their gifts were put to good use, even if Uncle Joe did not retain them for his own comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

AT HOME EVERYWHERE.

At J. B. Shaw's—Other homes—Morris'—Infidels—Roman Catholics—A Joker—"Rest in Heaven."

WHEN Mr. Little left the employ of Mr. Kingstone he had to seek a new home. In Warwick Township there were several families who had come from his old home in Longford, Ireland. Among these was that of John B. Shaw, a distant relative, who settled on an excellent piece of land, now known as the east half of lot ten in the third concession, S.E.R., Warwick, and about one quarter of a mile east of the corner where Mr. Little taught school. The farm is at present owned by Mr. David Rogers. The school teacher was very fortunate in having Mr. Shaw's home thrown open to him. He was always willing to lend a hand in the work of the farm. He might have been found at the plough, in the hay field, or on the grain stock—anywhere he could be useful. It is said that he was an expert grain stacker. He was pleased to speak of the place as the Rosedale Farm, and the visitor to-day will be shown a shade tree which Uncle Joe planted near the back door of the house. He became a member of this family to such an extent that the surviving members say that

he was as much connected with their early life as were their parents. The home-picture would be incomplete without Uncle Joe, and they speak of him as one of the best men that ever lived. He was still the same rollicking, typical Irishman as before, buoyant and benevolent, and possessed of the happy faculty of making everybody his friend. To those in the home he was the same bright and happy friend that he appeared to the world. He was constantly on the alert for some way to assist the other members of the family. To those who were in daily association with him, as well as to the casual acquaintance, it was evident that "it was the man himself, his personality, that made him so different from every one else. No thought of self ever entered into anything he did." He wanted the family circle to be a Christian home, where loving care is extended to every one. It is quite possible that his association with this family will furnish a satisfactory explanation of the change of title from "Brother" Joe to "Uncle" Joe. One of the family states that home can be as easily imagined without father and mother as without Uncle Joe. They had the old familiar titles for their parents, but what should they call this newcomer? What would be more natural than to call him "Uncle" Joe?

He and a neighbor were assisting Mr. Shaw in the butchering of some hogs. One large fellow had been killed and everything was in readiness for scalding. All hands laid hold of the porker and slid him over to the scalding barrel. He went in like a charm, but

he did not come out so readily. He was too big for the barrel, or the barrel was too small for him. The fact was that he was about the right size to make a good cork for the mouth of the barrel and thus excluded the air and made it almost impossible to withdraw him. Joe was convulsed with an uncontrollable fit of laughter and became powerless. The disease became contagious and the others could do very little. Mr. Shaw feared that the overscalding would set the hair and became excited as he cried :

“D—d— don’t laugh, Joe.”

“Ha, ha, I can’t help it; I can’t help it,” replied the incorrigible helper.

The fit passed off at length, however, and the task was completed.

As the years rolled away, and Mr. Little devoted himself more and more to his gospel work, Rosedale farm became his permanent headquarters rather than his home. Therefore, in devoting a few pages to “Uncle Joe at Home,” we must think of the place he occupied in the hearts and homes of the people. His home was anywhere and everywhere he chose to call.

“Uncle Joe was a welcome guest in every family because he was in unison and love with every sorrowing son and daughter of Adam. Thus it was that he bowed down to raise mankind to a higher life.”*

The early settlers were never surprised to see him come along for a meal or a night’s lodging. He was liable to turn up at any time, and he made himself of

*Miss E. Bowes.

no bother. He did not expect to be waited upon hand and foot. People were glad to minister unto him, but he knew how to put up with things as he found them. One night he went to stay at the home of a friend who did not know that he was in the neighborhood. He found the house in darkness, for the family had retired. This did not trouble him. He knew he would be welcome. He stepped boldly to the door, but, instead of knocking, lifted the latch and walked in. He knew where the spare bedroom was and retired as quickly and as quietly as possible. In the morning the members of the household arose and went about their usual duties all unconscious of the presence of the visitor. The lady of the house was startled when the door opened and Uncle Joe stepped into the kitchen. Her look was one of horror or dismay rather than of surprise. She imagined the fate of some goose eggs which she was keeping for a setting, and which she had placed in that spare bed as a precaution against frost or chill. Mr. Little appeared to divine her thought, for he saluted her with :

“Oh! Your goose eggs are all right. I lay in that bed all night, but they are none the worse for all that. They are all right. I saw them and removed them very carefully.”

The countenance of the hostess cleared instantly and she did her best to entertain him.

When he was travelling through a section where he had not yet become very well known he put up for the night with a young couple who had not been housekeeping very long. They had only one bed in

the house, and when the time came for retiring the lady prepared a bed on the floor for herself and husband. She went in to fix up her own bed for the visitor, but while she was thus engaged he slipped off a few things and piled into the emergency bed on the floor. On her return she was greeted with:

"Now you go back to your own bed. This is good enough for me."

On one of his trips he had occasion to pass through the County of Huron, where he was a complete stranger. Night overtook him while he was yet many miles from the homes of his friends. He stopped at a farm-house by the roadside and requested accommodation for the night. To his surprise the lady of the house replied:

"No, sir. We never keep strangers."

"Well, my dear woman," was his undaunted reply, "it is time you did. I am going to stay. Toby has made up his mind that he will not go any further."

He went and fixed Toby up for the night and returned to the house. The man of the house was away but returned later in the evening, and his treatment of the stranger was decidedly cool. Before retiring the preacher read and had prayer with the family. That prayer reached not only the heart of the Eternal, but also the hearts of the host and hostess. In the morning the way was clear for the Master's message, and the opportunity was not allowed to go unimproved. When he started away he was invited to call again. He put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief that he might "wipe away a

little salt water," when, to his surprise, he found a new pair of socks stuffed in there. His heart was too full to express his thanks and he merely gave Toby the signal to get along.

He would go into the homes of new arrivals and ask of what church they were adherents. If there was one of their 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.

In 1851 a family by the name of Morris blazed the way into the backwoods of Warwick and put up a small shanty. Uncle Joe was not long in finding them out. They had just felled enough trees to build their shanty when the irregular "circuit rider" noticed the fresh blaze upon the trees. He was curious to know what it meant, and turned aside to follow the trail as indicated by the primitive guide-posts. At length he came to the small clearing and was glad to find a white family. He greeted the settler heartily in this style:—

"Hello, neighbor! I am glad to see you. Thank the Lord that I ran across you. I was just going up to Ravenswood to talk to the sinners, when I noticed your blaze. I followed it thinking that I should find some Indians, but when I saw a little white head I knew that there were no Indians here."

He was made welcome then and ever afterwards, and from that time the family in the wilderness had few, if any, truer friends than the old Irish preacher. To this day it is said that a Methodist preacher is always sure of a welcome in the homes of that family.

He showed the sympathy of his big heart when that family passed through the waters of affliction. The mother had scarcely recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, when a daughter, Caroline, a beautiful girl of twenty-four years, was stricken down. After a brief illness, she died on October 18th, 1869. The Rev. James Broley, who was pastor of the circuit at that time, fearing that he would break down if he attempted to conduct the funeral service, requested Rev. William Hicks, of Moore, to officiate. Mr. Hicks was preaching missionary sermons for Mr. Broley and consented to take charge of the funeral. When the minister stepped to the pulpit he found a note from Uncle Joe Little telling of the deceased girl's beautiful Christian character and many estimable good qualities. He made this note the basis of his remarks. During the service Uncle Joe could hardly control himself. He paced up and down the aisles, but so carefully and almost noiselessly did he tread that the people could scarcely hear him.

Upon that day of sadness the hand of disease touched another daughter in that home, and within a week the death angel had claimed Margaret Ann, a girl of fifteen. During these dark and trying days the true, big-hearted Irishman was a friend indeed.

He was very fond of the children, and devoted a

great part of his time to them. In the homes of the people he taught the little ones to climb on his knees and put their arms around his neck, while he told them stories, taught them to sing, and pointed them to the Saviour. He was a great comforter in all their troubles.

There were two little girls who enjoyed each other's society to such an extent that they kept almost entirely to themselves. While others had their games these two found their pleasure in their own companionship. But a disagreement arose between even these two friends, and the schoolteacher noticed their quarrel. He detained them after school, and was chastising them for fighting between themselves, especially when they held aloof from the other girls. Mr. Little was passing the school and heard that there was trouble. He went in and asked what was the matter and the teacher stated the case. Joe began to plead for the girls and the teacher left them in his hands. It was not long before he started them off with their arms around each other, as happy as though there had been no trouble.

The influence of a godly life upon even the children is illustrated by the following incident: When the present Dr. Kingston, of Crosswell, Mich., was a child five years old, Mr. Little was a constant visitor at the farm house. One day the little fellow heard the preacher singing some hymns, and ran to his mother exclaiming:

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

Even the child had found the secret of the man's success, which lay, not in his uncommon talents, but in his whole-souled goodness. All may be thus truly great.

The story is told that upon one occasion he was guilty of kidnapping, and his action caused one of his friends no little distress of mind. In the course of a tour of pastoral visitation he came to a home where he received no response to his knock. Within the house an infant was crying at a terrific rate, but there appeared to be no one else about the place. Mr. Little hesitated a moment, and then entered the house and undertook the pacification of the little one. He had not the advantage of a father's experience, but he was wonderfully successful under the circumstances. Then he looked around for the mother, but could find her nowhere. Neighbors were few and the clearances small, and the self-appointed nurse thought that there was nothing for it but to extend his search into the woods, taking with him the now happy child.

During his absence the mother returned, and was horrified at the loss of her baby. Her first thought was that some treacherous Indian had watched his chance and had hurried off with her sleeping child. She quickly searched every possible place. There was no baby to be found. She feared the worst, and became almost prostrated in her despair. Then she thought of God and gave expression to prayers which were almost hysterical.

"O God!" she cried. "Save, oh save my child! O Jesus, give me back my child. Save, oh save my poor innocent babe!"

She was thus engaged when the kidnapper returned with the little one resting peacefully in his arms.

"My good woman," said Uncle Joe, "how can you expect God to save your child when you refuse to let Him save you?"

He had to explain all about the affair, and concluded by reminding her that God had permitted no evil to befall her child, but had returned it safe and sound. She ought to be grateful to the good Father. She ought to accept the Saviour for herself that she might be able to point her precious offspring to eternal salvation. So earnestly and faithfully did he improve the opportunity that he prevailed upon her to consecrate herself to the loving Saviour.

Some have wondered that one who was so estimable and lovable should have avoided the bonds of matrimony. It was truly said of him:

"He had not a wife, yet the women received him
As a true friend, who never beguiled."

Many a time his friends would ask him why he never got married and he was never at a loss for an answer. On one occasion his reply was:

"Why, haven't you heard of my marriage? Just wait till I tell you about it. When I was a young fellow I married Dame Fortune's eldest daughter, Miss Fortune (misfortune), and, as I never got a divorce from her, I have not seen my way clear to marry any one else."

One of his lady friends once rallied him on the subject in this way.

"It is evident that you do not think much of women, Uncle Joe."

"Why, what makes you think that, Mrs.—?"

"Because you haven't a wife."

"Why, bless you," he replied, with a beaming smile, "I think too much of the dear creatures. You know I could not be good enough to them."

"Now, now," he replied to another, "how could I marry one of the dear creatures when I loved them all?"

It is just possible that, in the providence of God, it was better that this man should remain unmarried. God had called him to a peculiar work for which a peculiar preparation was necessary. Home ties would have made his life-work almost an impossibility.

Some time in the fifties Mr. Little was riding through the Township of West Williams and arrived at the home of a Gaelic family by the name of McNeil just about meal-time. A pot of cornmeal porridge was over the fire-place all ready for supper. Mrs. McNeil became quite worried because she had nothing extra prepared for the minister. She was like a great many women to-day and, as a result, the ministers are made the victims of too much extra preparation. She thought that mush and milk was not good enough for the good man and she hurried the teakettle on to make tea. "Ah, no! my good woman," said Uncle Joe. "Mush and milk for me, if you please. There would not be so much dyspepsia if we all lived like this." And he sat down with them to their plain meal.

Upon his return to the home of a friend after a long

absence, he knocked at the door and was greeted by the lady of the house thus :

“ Why, you’re quite a stranger, Uncle Joe.”

He answered the salutation by lustily singing :

“ A pilgrim and a stranger here ;
Happy, happy, happy ;
I serve the Lord with filial fear ;
Happy in the Lord.

CHORUS.

“ We’ll cross the river of Jordan ;
Happy, happy, happy ;
We’ll cross the river of Jordan ;
Happy in the Lord.”

On one occasion he was jogging along when he came upon a woman, whom he did not recognize, just turning off from the road in front of her home. She looked up and accosted him something after this style :

“ You’ve got awful bigfeeling lately. You never come to see us now.”

“ I’m coming right now,” and he jumped to the ground. But he had no sooner alighted than she discovered her mistake, having supposed him to be an entirely different person. She asked his pardon and expected him to pass on.

“ Oh, no harm done,” said he cheerfully, as he started to follow her. “ I may as well call, anyway.”

“ Oh ! but we are infidels in here,” said she, discouragingly.

“ That makes no difference. You spoke of me coming in, and I’m going to come in.”

He went in with her and, after a short conversation, engaged in prayer. As he was leaving he said he would call again, which he did, and more than once. He kept on until he had the family won from their infidelity to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

At another time he was returning from a tour of Sombra and Moore when he felt very much fatigued. He called at a house by the wayside and asked for a drink of buttermilk. As he was drinking he engaged the lady of the house in conversation and soon found that she and her family were Roman Catholics. This in no wise discouraged him, but he soon began talking religion to her. Before long she wanted to know who he was, and he answered that his name was Little.

“What, Uncle Joe Little?” she asked in surprise.

“Yes; I’m Uncle Joe.”

“Well, now!” she continued. “I must ask you to stay right here. My husband has often heard of you and has wanted to see you for this long time.” He stayed till evening and then they prevailed upon him to remain all night, and in the morning they presented him with many articles of wearing apparel.

He had a similar experience on one of his journeys from London to Warwick. One cold frosty morning he had just crossed old Blackfriars bridge, on the west of London, when he noticed a lady sweeping off her doorstep. He turned Toby to the hitching-post at the roadside and tied him. Then he stepped up to the busy lady, extended his hand and saluted her:

“Good morning, my good woman.”

She was very much surprised, and made no effort to conceal the fact as she responded :

" You're a stranger to me, sir ! "

" Yes, ma'am," he continued, as a smile overspread his good-natured countenance. " So are you a stranger to me, but we are both interested in the same home-land."

Probably she understood this to be some reference to the land of her birth, for she invited him in and placed a chair for him. He seated himself and, after a few remarks, he surprised her again by asking :

" May I take the liberty of praying with you ? "

" Sir," she answered almost coldly, " we're Roman Catholics here."

" Oh, well," said the undaunted missionary, " Roman Catholics have souls to save, too."

He drew out his Bible, read a chapter, and together they knelt before the throne of grace while he prayed as one who was a frequent supplicant at this place of mercy. When they rose from their knees she was in tears. As soon as she was able she inquired about his home and he answered :

" My home is every place I go. I find a home everywhere, but I am on my way to our Father's house."

She went into another room and upon her return presented him with a pair of new socks of her own make. When he continued his journey she invited him to call again whenever he passed that way.

Uncle Joe was always ready to give or take a joke. He was not one to take offence easily and very few

ever thought of getting angry at him. He did not believe in a religion which stretched the face "as long as a fiddle," but in a religion which was full of joy. It was a part of his mission to keep people in good humor and few have been more successful at this than he. To him there was nearly always the humorous side to the experiences of life. He frequently told of the days when he had to live on rather hard fare.

"Why," he would say, "we used to eat potatoes and 'point.' We would pick up our potato, point it at the one herring which was hung up by the tail, and then eat it. Sometimes we were a trifle better off, when we had potatoes and bread for breakfast with a change for dinner, bread and potatoes."

He was present upon one occasion when several were amusing themselves by asking and guessing conundrums. After enjoying this for some time he said: "Here's one for you, boys. Which did God make first, elbows or knees?" This was a stunner and all had to give it up. "Knees, of course," said Joe, with a smile. "Because cattle were created before man."

Uncle Joe had been attending Quarterly meeting at the village of Wanstead. On his return he overtook a lady who was walking home from the same service, and he politely offered her a ride, which she accepted. They talked of the service and the blessing they had received thereat until they overtook another lady walking in the same direction. The old preacher jumped out of the buggy and told this lady also to get in and ride. She declined, saying that he had load

enough already. He would not take "no" for an answer, but insisted upon her riding.

"But where will you ride?" asked she, as she looked at the one in the carriage and saw that there would be no room for him on the seat, as both ladies were very stout.

"Oh, you get in and ride. Never mind me. I'll find a place, all right." She got in and he climbed up and stood on the hind axle and so acted as coachman.

Upon another occasion he was driving along when he overtook two ladies walking. As usual, he offered them a "lift." They objected that there would hardly be room. He soon made room by jumping out, and as they climbed into the seat he climbed up on some sticks of stove-wood which he had in the back box of the buggy. In this way they rode until they came to the outskirts of the town or village whither they were going. Here the ladies said they would get out, but he knew their motive and made up his mind that if the arrangements were good enough for them while riding along the country roads they should not be too proud to continue it in the streets of the town. Therefore he told them that they need not get out, as it would not be out of his way to take them right into town, and on he drove. In any case it would make little difference if it were out of his way. He has been known to go twelve miles out of his way merely to give a traveller a "lift." This he counted a joy, for he was ever on the alert to be of some help to some fellow-being.

In the fall of the year 1858 or 1859 a rousing

missionary meeting was held in the mission church on the Sarnia reserve, just south of Sarnia, and some of Sarnia's most prominent people were among the crowds who attended. The night settled in very dark, cold and foggy, and some of the good people found some difficulty in getting home, for it was possible to see but a short distance. More than one started off in great haste only to flounder, sooner or later, in the mud. By the side of the road was a very deep ditch, the edges of which were very slippery and treacherous. Two of Sarnia's belles were hurrying along when one of them noticed what appeared to be a footpath, but when she started to walk upon it she found it to be the slimy edge of the ditch. The result was that she went to the bottom. Her friend went to her assistance, but only to slide down the bank into the water. They were in a sad plight, indeed, when the cheery voice of Uncle Joe rang out, asking if they would accept his assistance. They were only too glad to make use of him, and were just beginning to congratulate themselves when his foot slipped and he was in the mud with them.

"There it is again," he exclaimed, laughingly. "The Saviour says, 'Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.' True enough this time."

They joked away until they got out, but they took a liberal supply of mud out with them.

Uncle Joe hunted up a man who seldom went to church and, after remonstrating with him and pointing out the great privilege and responsibility of having

the church so near, he invited him to come up and hear a saved Irishman preach. After the manner of his kind the worldly man hunted for an excuse and finally burst out :

“ Well, I would go, but I have no boots to wear.”

“ Will you go if I lend you my boots ? ” said Uncle Joe, with a twinkle.

“ Oh, but you would tell the people that I had your boots on,” said the man as he began to see that he was caught.

“ No, I won't tell them. Now will you go ? ”

“ Yes, I guess I'll go, if you won't tell.”

The boots were handed over and both men were soon at church. The lack of boots did not bother the preacher for he had good understanding, boots or no boots. After the service the people were in no hurry to get away, but many were standing about the door when Uncle Joe placed his hand upon the shoulders of the wearer of his boots and exclaimed, so that all could hear :

“ There now, brother C——, I didn't tell them that you had my boots on. Did I, now ? ” The amusement may be imagined.

Here are two versions of an incident which shows either his simplicity or his depth of humor. Some tell us that early one bitterly cold morning he met two men who were on their way to the woods with their axes on their shoulders.

“ Boys, can you give me a pin, for I've lost the button of my coat ? ” said the old man, as he tried to pull both sides of his coat together.

"Why didn't you button it on the other side, Uncle Joe?" asked one of the woodsmen.

"Why, now I never thought of that. Thank you, I believe two heads are better than one yet."

Others say that as he was riding along in the cold morning he held his coat together with one hand. When he met a friend he talked of other things for a while and then remarked :

"I guess I shall have to get a button sewed on my coat."

"Why, there is a whole row of them on the other side, Uncle Joe," replied his friend.

"Sure enough, so there is. Why didn't you tell me before?"

When the Revs. G. A. Mitchell and E. Tuckley were stationed on the Petrolea Circuit the latter boarded at the home of a Mr. Lancaster. Mr. Little called to see Mr. Mitchell, who took him over to call on Mr. Tuckley at his boarding house. It was just after noon and the three men went to Mr. Tuckley's room to enjoy their conversation. After spending some time in this way they returned to the family living-room, and Mr. Mitchell proposed that they engage in prayer. Mr. Tuckley noticed that Joseph Lancaster, a son in the home, had just come in and had not yet had his dinner. He mentioned this to his visitors and suggested that the hungry lad be allowed to have his dinner before prayer.

"Oh," said Uncle Joe, "we'll have fasting and prayer—we will pray and Joseph will fast."

We fear that this is the way with too many of us,

we are willing to do the praying, someone else can have all the fasting. But Mr. Little's life was one of constant fasting in the true sense, it was throughout a life of self-denial. He knew how to fast as well as to pray.

Mrs. Peter Kingston was engaged in conversation with an Irish Roman Catholic whom we will call Pat. Pat had been talking about Protestants and preachers, when she said :

"Well, now, Pat, there's Uncle Joe Little; I think everybody likes Uncle Joe."

"Och, Mrs. Kingston," was the hearty reply; "I'd be after having a poor opinion of a dog that didn't like Uncle Joe."

Very much the same idea was expressed by the man from Longford who was engaged to dig Mr. Little's grave, and his expression is more appropriate here than in a later chapter. The Irishman was to dig the grave and also fill it in at the proper time. A slight advance of cash had been made to ensure the presence of the workman at the proper time. The grave was dug in due time, but the man was nowhere to be found at the conclusion of the ceremonies, so others were called upon to take his place. When taken to task afterwards for his absence and breach of contract, he stated :

"Well, I was there and dug the grave all right, but I vowed to God that I would never throw a shovelful of dirt in the old man's face."

Certainly no one would seek a better answer to explain the delinquent's absence upon that occasion, but whether it was correct or not is another question.

As already stated, Uncle Joe had left his home in Ireland when about twenty-one years of age. Several times he thought he had made up his mind to return and visit "his home and the friends of his youth." Time after time he started on his farewell tour of his large field, that he might say "good-bye" to his friends. But they appeared to feel the parting so much, and he saw that there was so much to be done, that he could never carry out the desire. With no little personal sacrifice he remained at his work until relieved by the summons to the better home and the meeting with the friends who had gone before.

He seldom wrote home, especially after his father's death. The reason may be learned from the following extract :

"READING, December 11th.

"Dear —.

"This is the fifth epistle for me to-day. One was to my brother. I met with his likeness which you brought to me. It deeply affected my heart. It made me weep and cry and resolve to take up my pen and write to him. Oh, it was a task! If I were in Warwick it would give me a bilious attack. However, now that it is done, I feel better."

Far from his native land, and without any home which he could call his own, this pilgrim looked forward to the promised land, to the Father's house of many mansions. He often sang of that heavenly home. He was a good singer, and his clear voice often rang out the words of the following hymn, which was one of his favorites :

UNCLE JOE LITTLE.

REST IN HEAVEN.

How often I am weary,
How often sad and dreary,
What then but this could cheer me ?
I soon shall rest in heaven.

CHORUS.

When this poor body lies mouldering,
Mouldering in the tomb,
When soft winds gently sighing,
O'er its quiet home,
When strange, sweet flowers in beauty,
In beauty o'er it bloom,
I shall rest at home ;
I shall rest at home.

What then of tribulation ?
What then of sore temptation ?
Be this my consolation,
I soon shall rest in heaven.

Then welcome death and mourning,
I see the night approaching,
Joy cometh in the morning,
The day of rest in heaven.

There shall my happy spirit
Sing to my Saviour's merit,
Who brought me to inherit
Eternal rest in heaven.

Oh brother, shall I meet you ;
Oh sister, shall I greet you ;
Oh sinner, shall I see you,
Among the blest in heaven ?

"Now, my dear friends," he would sometimes say, "if I'd had the writing of that hymn I would not have written that first verse just like that. You know I think there is a brighter, happier Christian experience than that for every one of us. We have too many sad and dreary Christians with faces as long as fiddles. At least they call themselves Christians. Beloved, we must get on higher ground. Let us learn something of the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' If I had written that hymn I should have put it like this :

" ' How seldom am I weary,
And never sad and dreary.' "

"Come now, friends, let us leave all the dreariness to the Prince of Darkness and his children, but we who are 'the children of light' should 'walk in the light as He,' our Master, 'is in the light.' Even in the depressing moments of the world's revilings, persecutions and evil-speaking, we are to 'rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven,'—and 'we shall soon rest in heaven.' "

He was returning home with some friends from a preaching service when a heavy snowstorm came on. As great white flakes fell quickly upon the oxen and the sleighload of people, the clear, bell-like voice of Uncle Joe was heard, as he started to sing :

" We'll stand the storm ; it won't be long ;
We'll anchor by-and-bye." "

In his visiting he sought to neglect none, and went where he thought he could do the most good. He

paid special attention to the sick and others in trouble. More than once he accepted the post of nurse, and stayed at the bedside until the patient either recovered or passed to the great realities beyond. But once he declined to visit a young man who was dying. He was asked to go and see the sick man, but was told that if he went he was not to say a word about religion. He could not accept the condition, and remained away.

CHAPTER V.

TOBY.

Left School-teaching—Book Agent—Toby Called to the Ministry
—Knew Sinners—Trustworthy—Bad Companions—"Good
Understanding"—"Backsliding"—Leaping Ditch—Run-
ning the Toll-gate—A Horse-breaker—Toby a Teetotaler.

IT has been said of Uncle Joe that "for a short time he did good work" as a school-teacher, but it was not long before he allowed his pulpit and platform work to interfere very seriously with his school duties. Many times he was off at a tea-meeting or a preaching service when he should have been preparing his work for the following day at school. Sometimes the scholars assembled at the school and waited in vain for the master, for quite frequently after doing some work for God in a distant part of the country, he found it impossible to reach his school in time to take up the day's duties. He continued teaching school as long as he could, but in a very few years his restless spirit demanded greater freedom. He also felt that the time had come when he should devote himself more fully to the work which had now so grown upon him as to become, not only his joy, but his very life. He therefore decided to give up his school so

that he might have more time for house-to-house visiting in his work as a local preacher.

He accepted an agency with the Religious Tract Society, believing that he could do a good work by placing helpful books in the homes of the people, and that this would furnish opportunities for inquiring into the spiritual state of all whom he met. He appears to have met with some success as a salesman, but he lent the proceeds of his first stock, and, as he never got the money back, he realized the impossibility of success in this line and quit the business.

It was at this time that Uncle Joe tried his hand as a tax collector, working in the daytime in the neighborhood where he desired to preach in the evening. We have already seen the result of this venture.

All of this was but the preparation for the great work unto which God had called him, a work for which he was so eminently fitted and which could have been done by no other man. God had opened up the way, and the man had walked therein. When the loving Saviour was presented he had yielded his heart and life fully. When, as steward or publican, he saw the poor and needy he supplied their need, though some found fault with him for his lavish generosity. His many acts of charity had opened the homes and the hearts of the people for the man of God and his message. His harvest was to be an hundred fold in a spiritual ingathering.

When, in the providence of God, he found himself bound by no tie of kindred or estate, he consecrated the remainder of his days to God and to his fellow-

men. He adopted the life of a homeless itinerant lay preacher and pastor. He still made his headquarters at Mr. Shaw's, but his home was found in the hearts of the people. From that time he "considered the lilies of the field" and "beheld the fowls of the air," and trusted their God, who saw that he never lacked something to eat, and something to wear, and somewhere to lay his head.

At last he had found his proper sphere, the very life which his nature demanded. In this field he made his mark and became the beloved Uncle Joe of Lambton, an essential feature of the county. Week after week was spent in "peregrinating" on horse-back, with a sheep-skin saddle, or footing it through the woods along the blazed path. "Many were his eccentricities and oddities, but his earnest devoutness and practical loving activity made them all virtues which endeared him the more to every acquaintance."* "In his broad open countenance his loving soul found beautiful expression, which gave him the passport to the confidence of the early settlers of whatever creed or character. No one whom we ever knew could so completely disarm prejudice and bring bigotry to the blush as Uncle Joe."†

His almost constant and sole companion through his various journeys was a little chunk of an Indian pony which he called "Toby." There appeared to be a perfect understanding between these two companions. The master loved his four-footed friend and, we think,

* *Watford Guide*.

† Rev. Jas. Whiting in *Methodist Magazine*, May, 1881.

it is not too much to say that he received no small degree of affection in return.

There were at least two ponies of this name which did service for Uncle Joe. Both were highly intelligent, almost as much so as the animal which supported the false prophet, as recorded in the Book of Numbers, but the favorite was Toby No. 1. This faithful animal appears to have been, we might almost say, "called to the ministry." Like his master, he was eminently qualified for his work. It really appeared as though he knew his master's wish. If his biography were written it would puzzle those people who confidently assert that animals are not possessed of reason.

One great qualification for Toby's work was to be found in the fact that he "knew every sinner he met" —at least, that is how his master expressed it. What is more, he would almost always stop when he met a sinner and thus give Joe an opportunity to get in a shot. It was this way: Whenever Mr. Little met anyone on the road he would stop for a little conversation. Toby got so used to this that he would stop of his own accord on meeting anyone, and Joe would say, with a smile, "See that! Toby knows every sinner he meets," and nearly all would consider where it came from and enjoy the joke.

It was Joe's usual custom to let Toby pick up a part of his living during the hour of service. The appointments were often very far apart and that would be Toby's only chance. Joe would ride up to the church or schoolhouse, fix the bridle or take it off

altogether, and let the pony go that he might feed by the roadside. The question was often asked :

"Aren't you afraid your horse will go off and leave you sometime?"

"Oh, no," would come the answer in confident tones. "Toby knows that I have some more work to do for the Lord to-day, and he won't go off without me." Seldom, if ever, did the faithful beast betray the confidence reposed in him.

On one occasion Joe came out from a preaching service in Bosanquet, but Toby was nowhere to be seen. Some friends gathered around and rather enjoyed the thought that for once the horse had gone off alone.

"I guess he has got away from you this time, Uncle Joe," said one of the bystanders, with a smile.

"No, not he," said Joe. "Why, Toby don't know where I've got to preach to-night, and he wouldn't start off without knowing where to go to. He's not far gone." And, sure enough, almost as he finished speaking they espied the pony lying in a fence corner but a few rods away.

Sometimes Joe would come out of a place and find that Toby had wandered a short distance in the direction opposite to that in which he intended to go. He would not go back for the horse, but would strike off down the road and call, "Come, Toby, come on!" Very soon the pony would catch up and off they would go.

Joe thought Toby was like a good many other Christians; they must be very careful or they will be

led into evil. The pony had been turned loose in a pasture-field in which there were several other horses, and which did not bear so good a reputation as he did. All went well until the master went to catch him. Then Toby stuck out his tail and followed the others around the field. It took Joe over an hour to catch him. This incident was often used to illustrate the evil influence of bad companions.

In Adelaide Township there lived a blacksmith who had the reputation of being rather wild. He was not a churchman, or by any means a lover of preachers, but he took a fancy to Uncle Joe and could never do too much for him. Toby was sure of good shoeing at his hands, for which no charge was made. The preacher would ride up to the house and ask :

“ Well, how's my friend Jack ? ”

“ Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Little.”

“ Well, I guess Toby wants to see him.”

When the jolly blacksmith put in an appearance, he was greeted with : “ Toby wants to see you, Jack, He knows where he gets good understanding.”

Upon a similar occasion he marched into a blacksmith's shop and exclaimed :

“ Can you fix a horse's understanding ? ”

“ Yes, sir, and a man's too,” was the reply.

“ Thank you, but I guess I'll just let you try your hand on Toby for this time,” responded Uncle Joe.

On one of his trips to Sarnia Uncle Joe stopped at a blacksmith shop to get Toby's shoes set. There had been a thaw in the winter, followed by severe freezing, with the result that the roads were very slip-

pery, making it almost impossible to travel unless the horse was very sharply shod. Toby's shoes were rather smooth, therefore his master stepped into the shop and exclaimed:

"Good morning! Can you do anything to Toby to keep him from backsliding?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle Joe," was the reply. "Bring him in and we will fix up his sole."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the traveller, "That's what he wants."

After Toby was fixed up, "free, gratis, for nothing," the preacher said:

"That's the way I like to work, too, I like to treat souls free. But oh, if I could only fix up backsliding sinners as easily as you have fixed Toby I might hope to get a lot of you fellows into heaven." This was his parting shot.

During one of his trips in the spring of the year Joe came to a ditch which was unusually full of water.

"Well, Toby! We must get across here somehow. But how are you going to do it, eh, Toby?"

He then backed the faithful beast for some distance, perhaps a rod or two, and urged him to a run, with the intention of jumping across. They were moving at a pretty good rate when they reached the edge of the water, and the venerable rider was beginning to congratulate himself on the success of the venture, when Toby suddenly changed his mind. He planted his front feet firmly at the edge of the ditch and came to a full stop. Uncle Joe was not prepared

for this; indeed, he had no thought of stopping, but went flying over his pony's head as if he were shot from a catapult. He landed safely on the other shore, then straightening himself up, he turned and said: "Well, Toby; that's all right for me, but how are you going to get across?" We are not told how Toby overcame his difficulty.

No doubt we may find an explanation of Toby's intelligence in the fact that his master was a great lover of animals and a thorough student of the horse nature. He was kind and quiet, and yet firm, with the beast which he desired to direct. The horse in hand, even though reported to be wild, soon learned to know a master's hand and yielded to his control. Patient perseverance accomplished wonderful results, or very little would have been heard of Toby. It was a common thing for Uncle Joe to go out among the horses with the boys. The latter were always glad to get the good-natured horseman to show them how to manage a refractory animal. He was always happy when thus engaged, and in this way he bound the hearts of the lads to himself. Sometimes he would say:

"I ride Toby and he has never thrown me yet. If I go into a yard and they have a young beast, the boys want me to get on and break him in. You know it would not make much difference if Joe's neck got broke. He would be ready for home, anyway, and perhaps some of the rest would not."

Mr. Little once went his rounds on a very young horse, which became so troublesome that he found it

necessary to use a switch rather freely. He was a good rider, and therefore was not alarmed at the capers of his charger. Some friends, however, were quite concerned for the welfare of the aged rider and, when they got a chance, asked him :

"How is it that you are on such a beast as that, Uncle Joe? What is the matter with Toby? Is he dead?"

"No," replied the horseman, "I saw some man back in Warwick who was very rough with his horses. He wanted to get his crop in, but this poor colt did not know how he wanted it to go. I just left Toby with him and told him that I would break this one in." We are told that he made a good job of it.

On another occasion he borrowed a horse which did not "know every sinner he met." It did not want to stop when the rider wished to have a word with some one by the roadside. This grieved the good man, for he said that folks would get the idea that he was getting proud.

Once he met a Scotchman who was driving a fiery team of horses. They shied as they were passing Toby, and Joe called out to the driver :

"Ah, Sandy, it is easy to see that your horses are not Irish. If you had a pair of good Irish horses they would not get frightened at a common Irishman."

Toby, like his master, was always welcome, and received the best of treatment. Joe would put it about this way :

"Oh, the boys look after Toby, and the girls look after me."

The boys often met the travellers long before they reached the barn. Joe would roll off and the boys would pile on.

"Now, boys, be good to Toby," he would say, and off they would go. Some are proud to state that they have often cut grass with a jack-knife for the faithful animal. Joe rode into the yard of a Baptist family.

"Now, boys, can you make room for Toby?" he asked. "He's a good horse, he won't quarrel with your Baptist horses."

Thus it was that the pony was always in good condition. The people seemed to know that it was to their credit to keep the preacher's horse looking well.

"Is there any room for Toby?" the rider would sometimes ask, for he knew that there would be room for him if there was for his horse.

One evening he rode up to the hotel in Arkona and called to the landlord:

"Now, Mr. S——, be good to Toby. Give him all the hay and oats he can eat."

"All right, Uncle Joe," was the hearty response of the publican. "I'll see that he is fixed up all right."

"But, say," called the preacher, as he was moving away, "don't give him any of that stuff you keep in those bottles in the bar. You know Toby is a tectotaler."

Joe frequently stated that there was at least one thing which did not trouble him very much, and that was his will, for, after losing his property, he had nothing to "will" but Toby.

In the year 1865 Rev. John Webster returned from

Lower Canada, where he had labored for nine years, and was stationed in Ainleyville (now Brussels), on the Goderich district. Shortly after his arrival he and his family were returning from a drive when, to their great surprise and delight, they saw their old friend, Uncle Joe, sitting on the doorstep of the parsonage. When he saw them coming he arose and gave them his old-time Irish salute. The evening was spent in talking over past times, the prosperity of the church, and how all had been led by the unerring hand of an all-wise God. He was asked to remain over the Sabbath and preach in Ainleyville. He replied that he could not, as he had promised to preach for the minister on the adjacent circuit. He spent two nights and one day with the Websters, and promised to give them another visit the following week, on his return trip.

Among Uncle Joe's hearers on the following Sabbath was a friend of Mr. Webster, also a local preacher, who afterwards reported to him the following extract from the sermon :

"I have been over to see my old friend Webster, at Ainleyville," said the preacher. "He has been down in Lower Canada for nine years, and has just come back. Now, do you think I would be so near him and not go to see him? I tell you I would not, for Webster is a first-rate fellow, and his wife is twice as good."

According to promise he called at Ainleyville the next week and gave an account of his trip. On Saturday he journeyed through a section of country

where he was an entire stranger. He had ridden several miles when he came to a gravel road, and, being a little weary, he dismounted to rest by walking awhile. He took the bit out of Toby's mouth and allowed him to linger behind and enjoy a feed of grass.

It was some time before the horse raised his head to look after his master, and when he did so he whinnied and started to follow at a brisk trot. When he overtook Uncle Joe, the two walked along side by side, until they neared a tollgate. The pony was then sent on ahead, and passed through the gate unchallenged. Not so Uncle Joe. He smiled to the lady who kept the gate, said "Good-day," and was walking on, when she demanded toll.

"Toll, ma'am!" said he, in well-feigned surprise. "Why, I thought footmen did not pay toll!"

"It is for your horse," she replied.

"But, ma'am, I am on foot," responded the traveller.

"But it is for your horse. Is not that your horse?"

"Well, if it is for the horse, why did you not make him pay before you let him through the gate? But I suppose I had better pay. It would be a grand thing if we could all get through the gate of heaven so easily, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it would," she replied.

"Well, we can," said the follower of Him who sat upon the well of Samaria.

"How?" asked the hungry soul.

He told her of the great Price which had paid the

toll. He asked her where she attended church, and for reply she invited him in and asked :

“Are you a minister?”

“No,” was his reply.

“Who are you, then?” she asked.

“Well, I belong to a people who are called ‘Swaddlers’ in Ireland, but in this country they are called Methodists.”

“Well, sir, I have not been to church since I began keeping the toll-gate, and no one has been in to read and pray with me, or to offer any help in that way.”

The gray-haired itinerant read and prayed with her, and when they arose her eyes were suffused with tears. As he gave her some parting counsel she asked him if he would return that way. He replied that he expected to return the following week, and she gave him a pressing invitation to call, which he promised to do. On his return he was warmly welcomed at the toll-gate. He made the best use of the time in pointing her to the Lamb of God, and they again knelt in prayer. When they arose from their knees she presented him with a pair of socks, which she had knitted for him since the preceding visit, and he left her with a hearty “God bless you.”

After leaving the toll-gate on the Saturday afternoon, he jogged along until near sundown, when he pulled up in front of a house which stood near the roadside and enquired the way. The man of the house came to the door and asked the stranger to come in and have some tea. Joe made some excuse, and said that he thought he had better get along.

"If you will come in and have tea," said the man, "I will show you the road. You have plenty of time."

"All right; if those are the conditions I will come in."

During the course of the meal the subject of religion was introduced. The lady of the house did not like the Methodists, for she thought they gave the Scriptures too much of a spiritual meaning. The Bible should be taken literally, just as it read.

"Well, ma'am," said the humble preacher, "how would you explain certain passages if you only considered them literally? For instance, what about our Saviour's words, 'I am the vine, and ye are the branches,' or 'ye are the salt of the earth'?"

She attempted no explanation, but, after they had knelt in prayer, she and her husband gave him a hearty invitation to call and see them again if he ever came anywhere near.

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CHAPTER VI.

SIN, INTEMPERANCE, ETC.

Not Hunting for Sin—His Life a Reproof—Sabbath Desecration — Swearing — Intemperance — Public Meetings — “Drink if Toby Will”—“If Ask God’s Blessing”—Treats — Song in Hotel—In a Fight—Prayer at a Dance—Sabbath Breaking—Quarrels—A Reconciliation—Joe is Cured of Rheumatism—Threshed Grain.

UNCLE JOE was at no time, nor in any sense, an evil-minded man given to evil thinking. He was one of those happy, generous spirits who see the bright side of things, and are looking for the virtues and overlooking the faults of other people. Herein may be found one of the secrets of his cheerful life. Continually seeking the virtues rather than the vices of those with whom he came in contact, he found a virtuous atmosphere, even where another, in looking for evil, would have found an evil atmosphere. Some say that this was true to such an extent that he overlooked sin entirely and allowed even the flagrant sinner to go unreproved. If this were true it would reveal a serious defect in the work of a prophet of God; but this good man himself lived such a pure and godly life in the midst of sin and

corruption, that his very presence acted as a restraint and a rebuke to the sinner. Sin would hide its face from his eye, and the sinner would hang his head, though the servant of God uttered no verbal reproof. One Sabbath Joe had an appointment at Port Franks, a village near the shore of Lake Huron. On his way he walked along the lake shore and ran across some fishermen making a haul with their nets. They knew him, of course, and expected a lecture on the spot, for his goodness was a reproof to them in their sin. Therefore, they were much surprised when he let them off with, "Oh, you sinners! what do you mean by fishing there to-day? Now, you had better come along up and hear an old Irishman preach." Accepting the invitation, they left their work and followed him, fully believing that he was but reserving the lecture that he might hit them all the harder at the meeting. He made no reference to the incident, however, and they loved him none the less on that account. It was lecture enough to be caught in sin by one whom they knew to be a man of righteousness and of God.

Upon another occasion Mr. Little was riding to his Sabbath appointment when he saw ahead of him a man carrying an auger. Hearing the horse behind him, the man glanced over his shoulder and as soon as he saw Joe he slipped the auger under his coat on his right side, and hurried on. Joe's plan was soon decided upon. Quickly overtaking the pedestrian he accosted him in the usual manner and then, as his eyes sparkled, he held out his hand. As expected, the

other found it difficult to raise his arm to clasp the proffered hand without allowing his auger to drop. At length he managed it, but not without bringing the hidden article slightly into view. Joe started and exclaimed: "My good friend, what is that you have under your coat? Ah! You might hide it from Joe Little, but you cannot hide it from God. Well, I wish you God-speed. I must be going." He left the man with the all-seeing God.

The restraint of his presence upon the ungodly is well illustrated by an incident in connection with the building of what was known as Irwin's Methodist church, on the fourth line of Sarnia Township. He was one of the prime movers in the building of this church, the first log being turned out by his axe. One day he was assisting one of the men in getting out the logs. They were using a yoke of oxen which behaved very badly. The patience of the owner was about exhausted, but what could he do? He thought that those beasts needed a tirade of swearing, but he could not administer this with Uncle Joe at hand. A happy thought struck him. He had left his axe in the bush. He turned to the preacher, and, saying that he had forgotten the axe, asked him to go back for it. Joe obeyed, and as soon as he was out of hearing the oxen received the necessary compliments.

Still, it is not true that he always contented himself with the "silent reproof," as in the incidents just recorded. He displayed considerable tact in this kind of work and, when the circumstances seemed to demand it, administered reproof in his own peculiar and forceful manner, as the following will show.

The old itinerant was jogging along through Warwick Township one day when he overheard a man blaspheming and taking the name of God in vain. Uncle Joe was horrified that one could so far forget himself as to use such language regarding the Creator, and he was not slow in embracing the opportunity for putting in a word in season or out of season. He therefore approached the man and exclaimed:

"Oh, you miserable fellow! I can't permit you to speak in that way. You were speaking about my Father, the King. I am the King's son, and I will not allow you to blaspheme my Father. Now, look here, my friend, if you want to blaspheme *your own father*, well all right. Go ahead. Blaspheme him all you like. The devil deserves it all, but don't speak that way about my Father any more. He is the King, and one day you and I will stand before His judgment throne. Come now, my Father will be your Father too, if you will have Him."

Then, having administered the well-merited reproof, he followed it up with exhortation and persuasion in the endeavor to win the wanderer to the sin-pardoning God. In this way he brought the vilest to God and saw them become honored officials in the Church. Though at times his words were sharp, his whole-souled love robbed them of their sting and they seldom gave offence.

When riding along he met an old acquaintance whose life did not always harmonize with that of the Christ.

"Well, Uncle Luke," exclaimed the preacher, "how are you getting along to-day?"

"Oh, about in the same old way," was the reply.

"Then, may God help you; for it is a mighty poor way, for sure. Get up, Toby," and he was off.

As a temperance worker Uncle Joe was a rigid total abstainer. The cause had very few more active promoters in his day. In this work he believed in starting right, for he spent much of his time in prosecuting the pledge-signing campaign. He would visit the schools and his manner was such as to reveal to the children a man who was trustworthy. He won their confidence and advised them to sign the pledge. Large numbers did so and still feel the benediction of the prayer then offered in their behalf.

He organized temperance lodges and arranged public meetings wherever possible. At these meetings he had no difficulty in maintaining order, and he delivered his message with no uncertain sound. A meeting had been called in a comparatively new section of country. At the time appointed quite a crowd had gathered, but no one had been secured to take the chair. Joe arose, looked around upon the people, and said :

"These meetings require a chairman to keep order and I appoint Joe Little."

It was quite evident that this appointment met with the approval of the gathering, for the applause was general as the chairman took his place.

Mr. Little was engaged on some temperance work in the town of Sarnia, and he left Toby at the hotel stables for a few days. When he called for the horse he asked the proprietor of the hotel to make out his bill.

"Indeed, I have already made out your bill, for you have been doing me no end of harm while your horse has been here," said the boss, apparently in great anger.

"Well, make out your bill, whatever it is, said Mr. Little, and, to his surprise, Mr. Barleycorn put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of silver money as he replied :

"Here, Uncle Joe, take this, and your bill is paid."

He took the money, for he considered that he did a good work in reclaiming it from the iniquitous traffic and giving it to the poor.

Many people will still remember the hoop-skirt, which was so popular with the ladies away back in the dark ages of the last century. When this craze was at its height Uncle Joe was delivering a temperance speech, in the course of which he said :

"Well, friends, Old Nick's abroad in the land. Ah, yes! Old Nick is abroad in the land to-day. I met him, and would you believe it, he had hoops on, too. Now, hear that, ladies. Old Nick had hoops on. Mind that now. You see, it was this way. As I was going along to-day I met a man who had a waggon-load of whiskey barrels. That was Old Nick in hoops."

In another speech he was telling what a wicked thing it was to drink. He appealed to his own experience to show how liquor demoralizes our manhood. It robbed a man of sound judgment, for on one occasion he drank enough to make him think he could walk on eggs.

A rousing temperance meeting was being held in what was then known as Boughton's Grove, in the northern portion of Lambton. When Mr. Little was called upon for an address he pulled a small torn remnant of newspaper out of his pocket, and held it up before the crowd as he said :

" Friends, before I commence my address I'd like to ask a question. On this paper which I have picked up I find the letters 'k-e-n-n-e-s-s.' Can you tell me what that means? I want you to tell me if any of you know. Can you?" There was no answer. " What, does no one know? I really want to know the meaning of that strange word. Won't some of you tell me?" Still no one answered. " Well, I have it. I know more than you all. Part of that word has been torn off, but its meaning can't be hidden. That word means ' Drunkenness,' and that is what I am going to speak about to-day. You know you can't hide drunkenness. It is sure to show its tail end, to have its trail somewhere in sight." And he proceeded with his address.

Not only on the platform, but in his daily contact with men he did all in his power to stem the tide of drunkenness and to arrest the course of the monster throughout our land. Certainly we are still reaping the benefit of the work of this ardent prohibitionist. His glimpses of the trail of the serpent were characteristic of the man.

He was walking along the roadside when he came across a man lying in a fence corner. The unfortunate fellow was just passing through the sea-sickness

stage of intoxication. Joe stopped and looked a moment, and then exclaimed :

“ Poor man, he would have been better if he had taken a drink of buttermilk.”

He was riding out of the village of Forest one day when he stopped to talk with a number of men who were repairing a bridge. Some moments had passed in pleasant chat when one of the workmen pulled a little brown jug out from its cool and sheltered nook. The men were by no means backward in drinking as it was passed from one to another. Finally the jug was handed to the preacher, with an invitation to help himself. He took it and exclaimed laughingly :

“ Yes, boys ; I'll drink if Toby will.”

He offered the liquor to his travelling companion, but that sensible beast turned away and began nibbling at the grass on the roadside.

“ There now, boys ! ” cried Mr. Little, triumphantly. “ You see even Toby knows that stuff is not fit for a beast to drink. See how he turns up his nose in disgust at it. He knows a good thing when he sees it. Say, now, you fellows must be worse than the beast.”

Then followed a characteristic lecture on temperance, with an exhortation to the men to prove that they were superior to the brute creation. The result of this faithful effort is not known.

As Joe and a Roman Catholic friend neared the hotel at Warwick village on one occasion, his friend exclaimed :

“ Come on, now, Uncle Joe, you have never treated me in your life.”

"Haven't I?" said the big-hearted Irishman, who was never backward in sharing whatever he had. "Come along then."

He entered the bar-room, picked up the large pitcher which stood on the counter, took it out and filled it with water at the pump, and, as he began filling the glasses, exclaimed:

"There, now, don't ever say again that I never treated you. You are welcome to all you can drink."

Upon another occasion he was travelling east from Sarnia along the London Road when he came near a tavern and was invited by an acquaintance to go in and have a drink. He replied:

"Yes, if you will let me ask God's blessing on it, I will go in and drink like a brute."

"All right, Uncle. You can do that as much as you like," replied the other, who apparently thought it would be a great joke to have the preacher "drink like a brute," even if he did apply a little salve to his conscience in the form of prayer. As the two stepped up to the bar the white-haired ambassador of the Majesty on high took off his hat and prayed earnestly that the King would have mercy upon the rebel who stood by. At the conclusion of his prayer he turned and took a refreshing drink from the water pitcher, after which he said:

"There now, you never saw a brute drink whiskey. A brute drinks water and I don't want to be any worse."

When he was passing a tavern one day he saw a number of young men standing about the door and

asked them to go and hear him preach that evening. The boys cheered and laughed, and then asked him to go in and have a drink with them. He said that if they would promise to go to the meeting that night, he would go in and drink like a hog. They promised, but winked and whispered to each other, saying that they would soon have him drunk. He entered the bar-room with them and they filled up the glasses. He turned and filled a glass with cold water. Then, pointing at the glass of liquor, he said: "A hog would not drink that," but he raised the water and gulped it down. The boys went to hear him preach and went again and again until they were converted and started on a better life.

In the rounds of his visiting, this faithful lay pastor did not overlook the hotels. In the old days there was an hotel about eleven miles from Sarnia, on the London Road, in Plympton Township. During one of his trips he called in here to display his famous "Methodist trick." It was a cold day and he was chilled through when he entered the house. Mrs. J——, the proprietor's wife, noticed this and offered him some wine to warm him up. He declined, stating that this would be contrary to his principles. Still she urged him, for he was shivering at a great rate, but he answered, laughingly:

"Oh, my good woman, I couldn't. You want to kill me with kindness."

Another day he dropped into this hotel, or tavern, as it was called in those days. Several old toppers were lounging about the bar-room. They were pleased

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to see the preacher enter, and soon asked him for a song. At first he declined, but after some urging he consented and lustily rendered the hymn which contains the following stanzas :

“Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu ;
Still in God’s ways delight ;
And grace and peace shall be with you ;
God night, good night, good night.

“And when Christ’s banner is unfurled,
The signal for our flight,
We’ll each one say to this vain world,
Good night, good night, good night.

“But when we reach yon happy shore,
And view that glorious sight,
We’ll sing his praise forevermore ;
Good night, dear friends, good night.”*

With a few well-chosen words he delivered his message and went on his way.

When it is stated, in connection with the following incident, that Mr. Little “got into a fight,” it must not be understood that he lost his temper. He played his part in his own good-natured, cheerful way, treating the whole affair as a piece of pleasantries. The only thing he regretted was the intoxication of his friend. Had it been otherwise he would not have

* It was quite customary for Mr. Little to sing a hymn while his congregation was dispersing after a preaching service. Perhaps the verses most frequently used at such times were those quoted above. Another favorite hymn which was often used in a similar way was : “ Shall we gather at the river ? ”

found it necessary to defend himself, for nearly every man in the countryside would have deemed it an honor to have championed the cause of the good man. It would not have been well for his tormentor.

Warwick village was celebrating the 12th of July, or some public holiday, and was crowded with visitors from the surrounding country. Uncle Joe was there with the rest, but he had not been there very long before he got into a fight. A brawny Irishman, who was sadly under the influence of liquor, stepped up and challenged the preacher to fight. He refused, but the other said he would have to or take a thrashing. His reply was that he could not fight with one of his nephews. The bully then told him to prepare for his thrashing which he proceeded to administer. Our friend thought he had let the thing go about far enough, and with a deft movement he threw his antagonist upon his back on the ground, and seated himself upon his chest with an arm under each knee. Then he glanced about in happy triumph as he began to slap the prostrate man's face backwards and forwards with both hands. In this way he beat time to the tune of the hymn, which he sang with his usual fervor :

“Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name ;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.”

As he sang the crowd was by no means backward with its applause. He continued to administer the dose until the culprit had enough. Some say that

this man was never afterwards known to be under the influence of liquor, and all state that he became one of the preacher's staunchest friends.

At another time, in the fall of 1852, Uncle Joe came to Warwick village with a basket of provisions for the minister's wife. The village was all in an uproar. Some Orangemen and Roman Catholics were engaging in a rough and tumble fight in front of the hotel and in full view of the parsonage. The affair was getting rather hot, for the excited fellows had peeled off their coats, and even their shirts, had tied their braces around their waists, and were pitching into each other in savage style. The language was such as is common in a bar-room brawl.

"What is this all about?" asked Uncle Joe, as he handed his basket to the lady of the parsonage. "I must go and see about this. This will never do."

He hurried right over into the very midst of the battle and said:

"Come now, boys, stop your fighting. We cannot have such work as this in our village. It is a shame. Men, put on your coats and go home. Let us be men."

Only a few words were necessary and every man put on his clothes and started for home. Within a very few minutes after Joe had commenced to speak the mob was dispersed and, to the great relief of the villagers, all was quiet.

The proprietor of a certain hotel in the village of Arkona invited the sturdy preacher to come up and stay with him. Mr. Little said that he could not at that time, but that he might later on. The would-be

host then tendered a standing invitation to use the accommodation of his house at any time which might be convenient. Some months afterwards preparations were made for the holding of a great dance at this hotel. Uncle Joe thought that he would never have a better time to avail himself of his invitation, and decided to attend the ball.

Nearly all the guests had arrived, the various couples had taken their places, and all was in readiness for the opening of the whirl, when, to the surprise of all present, in walked the man of God. In the moment of hesitation which followed his entrance he raised his hand and requested that they all kneel while he opened the proceedings with prayer.

He prayed as only they can pray who are upon intimate terms with the King. As he interceded at the throne of grace for those who were present they remembered their days of innocency, when they knelt at their mothers' knees. They saw how far they had wandered, how low they had fallen. Then many a heart was melted as they heard of the grace and mercy of God. When that prayer ceased many eyes were full of tears and the dance was over for that night at least.

Mr. Little was a persistent advocate of Sabbath observance. He regarded the day as the Lord's Day; not merely a day of rest, but a day to be kept holy by Christlike living and service. The Sabbath-breaker received merited condemnation at his hands, both privately and in his sermons.

One Sabbath afternoon Uncle Joe was on his way

to his appointment when he heard the sound of axes at work in a new house standing not far from the road. He dismounted and went over to see what was going on. As he drew near the sounds ceased and when he looked in there was no one in sight.

"Yes, there was," said he afterwards. "There was Old Nick standing right out in the middle of the floor. No wonder the axes were working on the Sabbath, but they needed Old Nick to put them up to it." He saw a jug of whiskey sitting on the floor and this he called "Old Nick."

In the course of a sermon Mr. Little told of coming upon a lot of boys one Sabbath day. "And what do you think they were doing?" he asked, as he looked earnestly into the faces of his hearers. "This is what they were doing," said he, as he stepped out of the pulpit into the aisle. He straightened himself up, then ran down the aisle and gave a big jump. He returned to the front of the church, swung his arms backwards and forwards, and then repeated the performance. He returned to the pulpit and said: "Now that is what those fellows were doing on the Sabbath, the Lord's Day." He then gave them a stirring exhortation on Sabbath observance.

In those early days when wood was of very little value, fire was used as an important assistant in clearing up the farms. Frequently a number of logs would be drawn together and set on fire. These log fires required occasional attention, or they would die out and leave large charred brands unburned, usually the ends of the logs. "Branding" was the term applied

to the work of pushing these brands up to the fire that they might be consumed. One Sabbath Mr. Little saw some men doing this work and referred to it in his sermon.

“What do you think, friends?” asked the preacher. “As I came along to-day I saw some men out in the bush branding just as if this were not the Lord’s Day at all. Now I tell you what, if men do not quit that kind of work they will become brands for the eternal burning. The Bible says that the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever. Mind that now.”

In the early days of Sarnia Township there was considerable trouble over the schools on the second and fourth concessions. For a while there was but one school for both neighborhoods. Then another was built, but, as there was only the one teacher, they followed some kind of an alternating arrangement which was very unsatisfactory. The trouble was increased by the management of a circulating library. This library belonged to the general public and had been kept in a private house, but when the new school was built the supporters of this school said that this would be the proper place to keep the library. They knew that there was strong opposition to this course and that there might be an effort made to retain the books in the private house, but they said that the library was to go to the school even if they had to use force, and they sent a number of men to see that it was removed.

When Mr. Little came to preach he heard the whole

story and commented upon it in his sermon. He stated a few of the facts and then turned to one of the elderly brethren present and asked :

"Brother S——, isn't that so? Isn't that so, Brother S——?"

Then he leaned over the pulpit, raised the hymn-book and threw it forcibly to the floor, and continued :

"Now, dear friends, if you don't turn around and be converted you'll go to hell just as sure as I dropped that hymn-book."

He gave them a talk on charity and the spirit of Christ.

Upon another occasion he undertook to refer to the school trouble in his sermon, when someone interrupted him with :

"Now, Uncle Joe, you have no business with that here."

"I believe that's so," responded the preacher. "I believe the devil put it into my head only to make the matter worse."

Uncle Joe's good offices were accepted in the endeavor to effect a reconciliation between some church members who had become entangled over a misunderstanding. He was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism at the time, but he called for a prayer-meeting in the neighborhood, though he had to proceed to the place of meeting on crutches. The Spirit of God moved mightily upon the hearts of the people and the result was a complete reconciliation. Uncle Joe's "joy was so great that the rheumatism left him and he left the crutches, as he had no further

use for them." By the blessing of God he was restored to bodily health.

This incident is supported by the best authority, and Mr. Little referred to it himself in one of his tea-meeting speeches. Anniversary services were being held in the new Mount Zion Methodist Church, about three miles north-west of Strathroy. Uncle Joe told the audience that he liked their new church very much, but that he liked the old log building much better.

"I like that one better," said the speaker, "because the Lord cured me of rheumatism in there in less than a minute, and now I can jump higher than your new church."

Some of the people smiled at such a statement, but he just stepped out so that all could see him, and jumped about a foot or a foot and a half high.

"Now, let us wait and see the church jump," he continued, as the audience generally joined in the laugh. "Can your church jump that high? No, thank God, it is here good and solid."

This joke was made to do service upon many occasions. Sometimes it was slightly varied.

From other sources comes another version of the rheumatism cure. According to this a misunderstanding arose between two church members, and the people of the community took sides and thus formed two opposing parties. The result was that the spiritual life declined and the work of God was greatly obstructed. As is usual in such cases, each succeeding week but added fuel to the fire, and it

appeared that the Prince of Darkness was about to score a triumph. That can hardly be wondered at when the church members and professed Christians were working hand-in-hand with him to that end. But such was not to be the case. Some of the wiser leaders, seeing the trend of events and fearing the probable results, decided to bury private and imaginary differences in the interest of the cause of God and the welfare of the community. Thus a reconciliation was effected and the cause of righteousness triumphed over the powers of darkness. It was decided to consummate and celebrate this event by gathering all the interested parties and their neighbors together in the church.

The whole undertaking was a glorious success. Uncle Joe was there with his crutches, and the influence upon him was so great that he was cured of his rheumatism and was enabled to discard his supports.

Difficulty arose between two church members in the township of Bosanquet and threatened to rend the church asunder. As the story is usually told, one man put in grain or pease in shares on the other man's property. Everything went well until the crop was gathered in and the dispute arose over the threshing. Each man declared that he would not do the work, the stuff could rot first. The affair was influencing the entire community when Uncle Joe came upon the scene. He was very much depressed as the whole story was related to him. After a little thought, he exclaimed:

“By the help of my God I'll settle that thing.”

It is commonly reported that he went to the barn, threw off his coat, and flailed the crop, thus settling the dispute. This is true, but certain facts are omitted. Parties who had a hand in the affair state that Mr. Little went to the two interested farmers and asked how much they would take for their share of the stuff. Each one considered his share of little value, under the circumstances of deadlock, and named a very nominal price. Joe put up the money, bought out both parties, threshed and marketed the grain and made a good thing out of it. While this settled the dispute in a sense, in that the immediate cause was removed and each man received what he asked, there is another sense in which it was never fully settled. The peacemaker was all right, but the evil spirit remained.

The popular story states that a short time afterwards Joe was passing through the village of Arkona when a storekeeper ran out and asked him how long he had been threshing that crop.

"Five days," was the reply, whereupon the storekeeper counted out five one dollar bills and handed them to the preacher. We cannot verify this, however, though it may have some foundation in fact.

Mr. Little appears to have been quite as strongly opposed to the use of tobacco as he was to any form of sin which has been mentioned. He believed that professed Christians should keep the temple of the Holy Ghost pure, and that they should worship God with clean lips. Those who used the filthy weed dreaded to meet this man of God, at least with the stuff in their mouths.

CHAPTER VII.

A CATHOLIC METHODIST.

Methodist Breadth and Tolerance—Went to All Classes—Discouraged Bigotry—Confirmation—Baptism—Kneel at Prayer—Collections—Received Presents—A “Curse” Removed—New Clothes.

WHILE it has been said that Mr. Little was a Methodist, it must not be understood that he confined his services to that denomination, for he was a broad and tolerant Christian. He worked, publicly and privately, among the members of all denominations. In this he but proved himself to be a true son of his own Church.

Mr. Little exemplified this catholicity during his entire life. As already stated, in early life he frequently attended the services of the Church of England and though he was converted among and joined the Methodists, his first church work in Canada was performed as clerk of the Anglican minister. In those early days he committed to memory a great many of the prayers and other beautiful passages from the magnificent services of the Prayer Book. In after life he could repeat them more readily than a great many

could read them, and he sometimes used them to great advantage.

He preached and opened up appointments for nearly every branch of the Christian Church. Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Baptists, as well as Methodists, received sheep of his finding. He was ready to preach anywhere and for any people. He cared little for the label. People of all denominations, including Roman Catholics, flocked to hear him. Rough and wicked men, who never attended other religious services, would go to hear Uncle Joe preach. In his pastoral visiting, too, he sought to overlook nobody, Protestant or Catholic, white or black, and he found his way into the hearts of all classes.

There was no room for bigotry in his make-up, and it met with no favor wherever he found it, whether in a Methodist or in one of another denomination. He and his pastor called at a certain home one day and during the conversation the minister asked the lady of the house if she knew the denomination of some neighbors who had recently moved in. Joe told him that it made no difference who they were. They were the Lord's sheep and the shepherd should look after them.

His great love for children led him to pay very much attention to the Sabbath School, but even here he guarded the rights of other denominations. A union Sabbath School had been established in one section and it was decided to purchase a library for the use of the scholars. Slight difficulty arose over

the selection of the books. Some wanted to include Methodist catechisms, but, as there were children of all denominations in the school, others objected. At length it was decided to get the catechisms and they were included in the list. In the morning Mr. Little called to look over the list of books selected. When he came to the catechisms he exclaimed :

“What is this? Strike that off. I will see Mr. W—— about it and it will be all right.”

Nothing more was heard about the matter, and the catechisms did not arrive.

During one of his visits at the home of Mr. Thos. Brown, Sarnia Township, Mr. Little asked the family if they had ever heard of Mr. Wesley's dream or vision. Upon receiving a negative answer he proceeded to relate the story in words such as these :

“One night Mr. Wesley dreamed that he was dead and had left this world to visit the places of the hereafter. Naturally, he first sought out heaven, the home of the saved. Having found the door, or, rather, the narrow gateway, he knocked for admittance. An angel answered the summons and asked what was wanted. Mr. Wesley desired information regarding the inhabitants of that happy place and asked if there were any Episcopalians there.

“‘No,’ replied the doorkeeper. ‘There are no Episcopalians here.’

“‘Is that so?’ asked the pilgrim, in surprise. ‘Are there any Presbyterians in there?’

“‘No, sir! No Presbyterians here,’ was the reply.

“Mr. Wesley asked the same question regarding

several other denominations and received the same answer in each case. Finally he asked :

“ ‘ Are there any Methodists here, then ? ’

“ ‘ No, sir.’

“ ‘ Then who are in there ? ’ was the earnest question.

“ ‘ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’

“ Mr. Wesley turned away and sought out the broader way leading to the wider gate which leadeth unto death. He found it easily, and in response to his knock one of the devils responded and asked what was wanted.

“ ‘ Are there any Episcopalians in there ? ’ asked the traveller.

“ ‘ Episcopalians ! Yes, hosts of them,’ was the reply. The same answer was returned regarding each denomination in turn until the Methodists were mentioned.

“ ‘ But surely there are no Methodists there ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, yes there are ; lots and lots of them.’

“ Mr. Wesley was saddened, but he set us the example of a very broad and charitable Christianity.”

The great Methodist has had no broader-sprited, more charitable follower than Joseph Russell Little.

A prominent Church of England family invited a few friends to dine with them upon the occasion of the baptism of one of the children. Uncle Joe was present, but the church minister was the principal guest. The latter had once been a Methodist, and

his name appears twice in the Minutes of Conference as a probationer for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. After entering the Episcopal ministry he desired that his connection with the Methodists should be forgotten. He especially wanted the affair kept a secret from his Anglican friends. During the course of the meal he tried to banter Mr. Little about the Methodists and about Joe's preaching. It was all taken in good part, but the old local preacher was just awaiting his opportunity. It came at last.

"After all, Mr. Little," said the minister, "I suppose that if you were going to get married you would have me, a minister of the old Church, to marry you."

"Well, yes," answered Joe, "I do not know but I would just as soon have you to marry me as to have John Wesley."

"I don't understand," responded the tormentor. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said Mr. Little, with a smile, "John Wesley was a Church minister and he became a Methodist preacher; you were a Methodist preacher and became a Church minister, so I don't see that it would make any difference which of you should marry me."

The minister looked mortified and crestfallen, but bothered the old Methodist no more. A secret had been let out.

There were two ladies in London who claimed Uncle Joe as a relative, for one of his brothers had married their cousin. Therefore they welcomed him to their beautiful homes whenever he chose to call, and he frequently availed himself of their hospitality.

During one of his visits at one of these homes the lady of the house began teasing him about his preaching and about the Methodists. Among other things the camp-meetings came in for criticism, the good lady stating that it was a "terrible" thing to hold meetings in the woods.

"Have you ever attended a camp-meeting?" asked the old Methodist.

"No, I haven't," was her reply. "They were holding one out in London Township and several of us drove out to it. Just as we were driving through the woods from the road to the camp ground we heard them singing, and it sounded so dreadful that we turned right around and drove home without going to the grounds."

"Well, now, that's pretty good," said Joe, good-naturedly. "For once you were fulfilling the Scriptures. You know we read that 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

This was enough for that time. She found no more fault.

Her sister had a son well up in his teens, who thought himself clever enough to teach the simple old Methodist a lesson by showing the great superiority of the English Church over that of John Wesley.

"And there is another thing," he said, in the course of the patronizing lecture. "You Methodists make an objectionably loud profession of religion."

"Now, look here," said Uncle Joe, as he turned upon the young man. "I have known you ever since you were a baby. I have nursed you on that knee,"

and he slapped his knee. "I have dandled you in my arms, I was present at your baptism and I heard the vows your godfather and godmother vowed in your name. I was present when you were confirmed, when you released your godfather and godmother, and took the vows upon yourself. Never in my life have I heard any Methodist make a louder profession of religion than you did before a church filled with people."

"Oh, but you are mistaken," said the lad. "I never made any profession of religion at all."

"Didn't you? Just listen." He repeated the greater part of the Confirmation service of the Church of England. "Now," he continued, "do you remember assuming those vows and renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil?"

"Oh, now be easy," responded the young fellow. "Those questions are not in the Prayer Book and I never gave such answers as those."

"You are a pretty Churchman," exclaimed the confident Wesleyan. "You do not know your own Prayer Book. Get your Prayer Book and see if I have not quoted it correctly."

The argument was not carried any further, but the book was not produced immediately. The lad kept quiet for a while, as though uncomfortably hedged in, but after a few minutes he quietly went to the bookcase, which was behind Uncle Joe. Apparently he did not want his companion to know what he was doing, but Joe saw what was going on. The Prayer Book was taken down and studied for a few moments,

after which the young fellow put it back and returned to his chair, but did not seem disposed to continue the conversation. Uncle Joe turned to him and asked :

“ Well, am I correct ? Did I quote correctly ? ”

“ Yes,” reluctantly replied the other.

“ I knew I was. You are a fine Churchman not to know your own Prayer Book.”

This put an end to the catechising for that time, at least.

At another time he was taken to task by a lady, who was also a member of the Episcopal Church. She objected strongly to what she termed the Methodist doctrine of holiness, taking exception, especially, to Uncle Joe's way of presenting it.

“ Why, my good lady,” said he, “ Your Church is a strong advocate of this same doctrine.”

“ Oh, no, sir ! ” was her reply. “ You surely do not know our Church.”

“ No ? ” was his questioning response. “ Let me see ; you are a member of the English Church, are you not ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ You were confirmed, I suppose ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Do you remember the Bishop asking if you renewed the solemn promise and vow made on your behalf at your baptism by your godparents ? ”

“ Yes, I think he did.”

“ And you answered, ‘ I do, ’ didn't you ? ”

“ I suppose I did.”

"Do you remember the solemn renunciation of 'the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh'?"

"But sir," said she, in confusion, "I was but an ignorant girl when I was confirmed."

"Oh, my dear lady," responded the old man, seriously, "it is an awful thing to be *confirmed in ignorance*." She troubled him no more.

While Uncle Joe was staying at the home of some Baptist friends he found it necessary to resist their attempts to draw him into a discussion on the question of baptism by immersion. They persisted, and he turned to leave them as he said:

"Now, now, good people, see the great army of believers who are on the outside of your Church, and see how few there are who believe in immersion."

"Yes," was the reply. "Remember that our Saviour has said that broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many go in thereat."

After a year or two he returned and called upon his Baptist friends. As he entered the house he exclaimed:

"Well, Toby and I have been trying to keep out of the broad way ever since."

He was calling on a Baptist family and, after considerable conversation, he asked for a Bible that he might read and have prayer. They handed him one of a version which had the "immerse," "immersion," and "Immerser" substituted for the "baptize," "baptism," and "Baptist" of the Authorized Version, at

least in some places. Uncle Joe noticed this at once and returned it to the table, as he asked :

“Haven't you got the Word of God to read a chapter out of?”

They then produced a copy of the Authorized Version.

In one of his services he requested all to kneel in prayer.

“Other churches,” he said, “may have other customs and when we go there it is but right that we should conform to their custom. And so when other people attend church where the custom is to kneel it is only courteous that they should conform to the custom by kneeling. And it won't hurt you. Why, I've been kneeling for fifty years, and I'm neither ring-boned nor spavined.”

The opinion of the Roman Catholics was aptly expressed by an old and faithful adherent of the ancient Church when she exclaimed :

“Faith, now, Uncle Joe, and it's a moighty foine mon ye'd be, if yez only was a Catholic!”

“Concerning the collection” Mr. Little held views which were somewhat peculiar. Some might say that he was illogical and inconsistent. He was, at any rate, opposed to the taking of collections in the church service for any purpose, but especially for ministerial support. Some say that he was never known to take up a collection, though that is hardly correct. On one occasion he was asked to announce for a certain service at which some special contribution would be asked.

"I can't do that," said the preacher. "I will say that there is to be a meeting and somebody else can tell about the collection. Whatever else I am, I am not a Judas. I do not carry any bag."

Still there were few who could surpass him in raising funds at a tea-meeting and other such occasions. His services were in great demand when a church debt was to be tackled. Such a meeting was being held in the Irwin church on the fourth line of Sarnia. The time for subscriptions had come and Uncle Joe was the centre of enthusiasm. His good-natured wit had been effective in bringing the audience into the proper frame of mind.

"I'll start this with five dollars," he exclaimed, as his face shone with the expression of his great spirit. "I haven't got anything like that much, and I don't know where it is to come from, but God will give it to me somehow."

"Here's your five dollars," said brother T. B— immediately, as he handed that amount to the front.

"I'll give another five ; God will give me that, too."

It was produced, and under the influence of his consecrated enthusiasm the subscription list swelled rapidly.

His objection appears to have been to the taking of a collection at a distinctly religious service. He desired to present a free gospel. He did not object to free-will offerings under other circumstances. He gave freely to the cause of God and to the needy, and he, in turn, often became the recipient of tokens of esteem at the hands of generous and admiring friends.

Other men sometimes intrusted him with money so that he might act as their proxy in giving.

A few well-wishers presented the good man with a watch, which he was glad to use in his Master's service. The next time he preached at Corunna, in Moore, he informed his hearers of his good fortune, and he did so in his own unique way. In the congregation was a man who had a habit of taking out his watch frequently during the service. The preacher had often noticed this, but had made his sermons none the shorter in consequence. On the occasion in question the watch came out as usual, when, to the surprise of all, the preacher stopped short, pulled out his own timepiece, and exclaimed, "Ah, ha! Brother M——. You need not time me to-day. You see I have a watch of my own now. I shall be able to see when it is time for me to stop." He then told of the kindness of his friends.

The saddle which he used for many years was made by a saddler named John Watson, and was the gift of Mr. H. Tuck and one or two others. Toby lost his saddle somewhere in the swale just behind the salt works on the Kingstone estate. Search was made for it, but without success. Many years afterwards a very curious dark-grey stone was picked up in the neighborhood. It resembled grey limestone and in shape it was somewhat similar to many of our present-day bicycle saddles, or to the skeleton of a cowboy's buckskin saddle. This stone passed from hand to hand until it was picked up by one, Pat Duck, a travelling curio collector and exhibitor, who made it

a prominent feature of his show. He made it his great drawing card, for he advertised it as the long-lost saddle which had so often "sustained the gospel in that section of country" in the person of Uncle Joe Little. It is said that this worthy showman had a story, or a history, for each article he carried. Of course he wanted a true story to relate to his patrons, but if the truth were not sufficiently important, romantic, or otherwise interesting, he would touch it up somewhat. This fiction regarding "Toby's petrified saddle" proved to be quite a catch. Another feature of his show was the "Talking Duck," which was himself.

Uncle Joe had been making a tour of the eastern section of Lambton when he received an invitation to attend a field pic-nic and tea-meeting in the neighborhood of Sarnia. He was told that he *must* be on hand, as the success of the whole thing depended upon the presence of Uncle Joe. He struck off across the country and when he reached the place appointed he found that the whole countryside had turned out. This just suited him, and he was quite in his element as he went through the crowds, chatting in his genial way with his many friends. He did not object when he was told that he was to take part in the programme. He was prepared for a speech, or a song, or almost anything. He was not prepared for what followed, however. Somebody drove up in a fine new buggy, behind a nice trim little driver which wore a new set of harness, and almost before the grey-haired, faithful minister knew what was going on, an address was

being delivered him, and with the address he was made the recipient of the entire outfit. As soon as the presentation was completed, he was so overcome that he wept like a child. He could not express his thanks.

Mr. James Brown and some others had collected the funds, purchased the various articles, and presented them to the common benefactor on behalf of the community.

Upon such occasions as this Mr. Little used to say: "My dear friends, you often make me think of the words of our dear Saviour, and I sometimes wonder if His curse should be upon me. You know He has said: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'"

A day of rejoicing came to the dear old Christian when this point was cleared up to his satisfaction. He was riding out of Warwick village when he met an intoxicated man who was quite boisterous. He threatened to thrash the preacher, and, with that end in view, ran at him and tried to pull him off his horse. In this he failed, and Joe went on his way rejoicing that the "curse was removed" from him.

At one time it was somewhat difficult to secure a marshal in the "Old Watford Shield" lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars. After spending considerable time to very little purpose, one of the young ladies said that she would accept the office if no one else would. She had hardly uttered the words when Mr. Little shouted:

"And I'll be deputy, so none of you boys will get a chance at all."

While none of the boys wanted the office of marshal, many of them would have been glad to act as deputy in association with a popular young lady. The lady who accepted office upon that occasion was one of Uncle Joe's closest friends, and is at present a resident of the town of Forest.

This lodge desired to honor the veteran worker, and raised enough money to purchase him a suit of clothes. Upon the occasion of the presentation he wanted to know what they meant. He asked if they thought that he was too shabby to go around among them. It was with some difficulty that they convinced him that they intended no reflection upon his past appearance, and that he would be welcome whether dressed in broadcloth or not.

When a number of his friends desired to present him with a suit of clothes they were at a loss to get his "measure" without revealing their intentions. Finally they lured him off in the direction of a shop kept by a tailor by the name of Showler. They started a dispute about the relative sizes of Uncle Joe and one or two other men. To settle the dispute they repaired to the shop of Mr. Showler, who was one of the conspirators. The different men were measured, and the next Mr. Little heard of the affair was when a handsome new suit was placed in his hands and he was told how he had been victimized.

Many a time his friends imposed upon him by making him an unwitting promoter of his own confusion. It was decided to hold an "Uncle Joe Little Complimentary Tea-Meeting," and they did not know

how to keep it from him, as he was almost an essential factor in the tea-meetings of the community. Someone asked him if he would assist a certain church in getting up their tea-meeting. He gladly consented, and was one of the chief workers until the very afternoon of the celebration, when some person thoughtlessly "let the cat out of the bag," and the old man sat down and cried. He worked no more for that event.

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CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE PULPIT.

Used Bible Freely—Joseph Osborne's First Interview—Punctual—Plain Truth—Gossip—Quaint Illustrations—"Paddy from Cork"—College Training—Wit—Not "Rev. Mr. Little"—A Gospel Singer—"The Faithful Sentinel"—"Only Minister Any Good."

MR. LITTLE was not such a preacher as one would select for the Chair of Homiletics in a theological college. Were it not for the purity of his Christlike life he would have made no marked impression in the pulpit, for he was not a great preacher. Yet no great preacher was in more popular demand with his parishioners than was Uncle Joe among the country folk. Truly "the common people heard him gladly." Imperfections were either overlooked in Uncle Joe, or obscured entirely by his great earnestness and boundless love. But the important point was, that his sermons, whether masterpieces or not, were accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit of God. Sinners were convicted of sin and converted to God. This was his great object, and in this he had wonderful success.

He considered that his mission was to act as a forerunner to the ordained and better-qualified ministers

of the Gospel. He was as "one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord." The settlers hailed him with delight, whether he carried to them the message of love on the Sabbath or on the week night. His preaching was explanatory and his manner conversational. He was exceedingly well versed in the Scriptures.

Rev. Peter W. Jones, to whom reference will be made in a succeeding chapter as Mr. Little's Superintendent on the Garafraxa mission, writes in this connection :

"Uncle Joe had, perhaps, the most perfect command of Scripture of any man I ever knew. He was not content to give the sense merely, but was scrupulously careful to quote the exact words. He was, indeed, a master of our English Bible.

"I have seldom known a preacher who quoted more copiously from the living oracles in his sermons, and who could more aptly apply his quotations to the subject he had in hand. But, if it would not be out of place to criticise so good a man, I would add that it was, to my mind, a weakness in his preaching in that he was wont to carry his quotations so far as to obscure the point he aimed at illustrating. Another weakness, I thought, was to be found in the fact that he frequently switched off from the main line of his discourse to follow up some catch word or thought, not to get back again, or not until his main line of thought had become a sort of dissolving view to his audience. Again, I have never been able to get entirely away from the thought that his extreme eccentricity was an obstruction to the effectiveness of his preaching. His best work was pastoral, in the homes of the people."

He could repeat chapter after chapter from either Old or New Testament. He always went well prepared to give chapter and verse to prove whatever he taught. Methodist doctrine was greatly criticized by some who belonged to other denominations. When he pressed a little closely on some of their views he would pause, quote several passages of Scripture, then call someone by name and ask :

"Is it not so ? Did I not quote the Scriptures correctly, Bro. S——?"

Bro.S—— would answer "Yes." Then the preacher would turn to the congregation and ask :

"Did you hear that ? I asked Bro. S—— because he reads the Bible and knows if I quoted it correctly."

Sometimes his questions would excite a smile, or even laughter. Then he would proceed with his subject as if nothing unusual had taken place.

One evening he was speaking about man's "free agency," and the great responsibility which that involves. He saw a very intelligent Presbyterian lady sitting close down in front of him. He was pressing Calvinism pretty closely and therefore called up his witnesses from the Bible. He gave each verse separately and distinctly; and then turned to the lady and said :

"Mrs. H ——, is not that so?"

"Yes," she answered, and he then made a few remarks about asking her because he knew that she was a good Biblical scholar.

In one of his sermons he was telling how to read the Bible and he treated his audience to an exhibition

of his own method of Scripture reading. "This is how I read my Bible," said he, as he placed his book on a chair and knelt beside it. He glanced a moment at the opened book, then clasped his hands and reverently raised his eyes to God. He repeated this several times as though solemnly reading and praying alternately. The utmost silence prevailed as the people watched his movements.

When preaching from the text, "So run that ye may obtain" (1 Cor. ix. 24), he said :

"There are different ways of running. Some run with horses and some run on foot, but these are not the only ways of running. Neither of these is the way meant here. Indeed, it is quite the reverse, so far as I have been able to ascertain. Sit down and take your book like this." (Sitting down with the open Bible in his hand, as if to read.) "That's one of the ways of running. You will make more speed for the great prize in that way than in the foot race or the horse race."

A thorough Bible student, who often heard Mr. Little, both in public and private, states that only once did he hear the preacher misquote Scripture. They were dining together upon one occasion when eggs formed a part of the meal. Someone at table made the request: "Will you please pass the salt."

"Yes," was the ready response of the good man, "for as the Bible says: 'Is there any taste in an egg without salt?'" No doubt this was a reference to Job vi. 6.

In the course of one of his sermons in Corunna he

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was telling of the great obligations resting upon man to praise the Lord, who was the great Provider, the giver of all good, the merciful God.

"Why," he proceeded, "there is one Psalm in which every verse includes the expression, 'For his mercy endureth for ever.' Now do any of you know which Psalm that is?" He waited for the answer, but there was silence. No one answered. "Bro. W——," he continued, addressing a prominent church official in the audience, "can you tell us which Psalm that is?" Still there was silence. "Well, it is Psalm cxxxvi."

"I first met Uncle Joe in 1868, at a week night service in the little Gore Church on the St. George Circuit," writes Mr. Jones. "He went with me for the night to my home in the beautiful stone residence of Bro. Solomon Smith, in the Gore of Beverly. Before retiring the Bible was handed to him. He placed it, unopened, upon his knees and with eyes closed repeated a chapter with unhesitating readiness and remarkable accuracy, after which he led in prayer."

Because of some unforeseen circumstance, the people where he stayed one night, on the sixth line of Plympton, had no means of producing a light. They conversed in the darkness and were in nowise inconvenienced until the time came to retire. Then the daughter in the home asked what could be done to provide a light for the usual Scripture reading.

"Oh, never mind a light," said "the Bishop." "I can read without any light." He then quoted a chapter from one of the epistles and conducted family worship.

He used this, or a similar occasion, as an illustration in a sermon which he was delivering in a school-house in the township of Brooke, at what is now known as Walnut.

"It is a good thing," he said, "to commit the Word of God to memory. You see it sometimes comes in handy. Now I was down in the west part of the county some time ago and the good people where I was staying had no light. When it came time to go to bed I just repeated a couple of chapters of Scripture and had prayer. Then we went to bed."

Mr. Little did not pose as a model of conventional ministerial deportment. He was free and easy everywhere, in the pulpit and out of it. He paid greater attention to comfort than to fashion or custom. Those who went to his services expecting to see a minister arrayed in a black ministerial suit with the familiar white tie were often disappointed. In favorable weather he frequently wore some kind of light-colored goods, white linen being used for his coat. He wanted nothing stiff or straightlaced, and he did not commend it to others. He heard of a minister who was told to obey a certain order "in so far as his dignity would allow."

"God help his dignity," said the plain Irishman, "If that's all. Dignity indeed! All the dignity there is about a Methodist preacher is very little, I assure you."

In the following contribution Mr. Joseph Osborne, of Wyoming, gives us an idea of the impression made by Mr. Little upon a stranger:

"On a pleasant Sabbath afternoon in the fall of 1853 I formed one of a group of expectant worshippers seated on fallen trees opposite the little log school-house, the first and, at that time, the only one in the township of Enniskillen, where the town of Petrolea now stands. The week before word had been brought in that Joe Little would preach in the school-house on the following Sabbath.

"I had heard a good deal about Mr. Little as a local preacher in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist body. Indeed I was but a short time in Canada till I heard him mentioned as a good man, well liked by everyone, both Catholic and Protestant, but as somewhat eccentric in the pulpit, disposed to make an audience laugh by his homely, quaint utterances. Little incidents, too, were related of his exceptionally open-hearted charity.

"I had not had the pleasure, so far, of seeing this wonderful man, but now that an opportunity was at hand of gratifying my wish, expectancy ran high. At that time the whole population of the township would not cram some of our town churches, but such was the reputation of Uncle Joe that, from a small and scattered—well, I cannot call it 'settlement,' for there was none on the tenth line—population, as many as fifteen or sixteen old and young turned out to hear him. The hour announced for the meeting was 2 or 2.30 p.m. The hour arrived, but no preacher. At that time the tenth concession of Enniskillen was but partly chopped out, yet we could see a considerable distance to the west, but the view to the east was obstructed by the hill at Bear Creek. It was from the west we expected Mr. Little, and we expected to see him come on Toby. Our seats were the trees that had been cut down as a safeguard against their falling on the school-house, for the whole surroundings was one dense bush, with not a house in sight.

This was before the days of oil derricks, steam whistles, or railways, in that township. The precious petroleum lay in a pig-wallow in the flats west of the bridge, but its illuminating properties were not then dreamed of.

"After we had waited considerably beyond the time, with no appearance of Toby or Uncle Joe, all concluded that it was a disappointment and we prepared to separate. But just at that moment a rustling was heard amongst the bushes to the south, where a block of brick buildings now stands, and in a moment after out popped Mr. Little in his shirt sleeves, with his coat over his arm, but on foot and no Toby. The day being sunny, the exertion in making his way through the woods had brought the flush to his face and gave him the very picture of health and robustness. He appeared to be a man of about forty years of age, of a well-built frame, not tall but well put together and of a pleasant, attractive countenance. The first salute was a 'blowing-up' to us all for not coming to hunt him up. I understood him to say that in making his way from a distant settlement he had gone astray in the woods, but by some mark he had got his bearings and had made the spot, though a little behind time. Then, with a hearty shake of the hand and a kindly enquiry after each one, he went round the whole group and made us all fast friends before we entered the building.

"Mr. Little made a very fine impression on me. There was pleasantness in his face and kindness in the tone of his voice. As I followed him into the school-house I felt a 'man of God' had been sent that day into that wilderness to preach the gospel of glad tidings. We all felt constrained to give him an attentive hearing, for we all liked the man.

"Uncle Joe Little had to perform the whole service himself; he sang, prayed, read a chapter and preached.

We admired the rich, musical voice and distinct utterance in reading, singing and speaking. Except his own Bible and hymn-book, I am not sure if there was another in the meeting, but, according to the Methodist custom then, he read the lines in singing, two and two at a time. Those of us who could drone helped him a little. I have no recollection of the text or the sermon, but I noticed in reading the chapter that Mr. Little was a scholar, for when the opportunity offered I turned up the dictionary and found that I had been placing the accent on the wrong syllable in a Latin word in the chapter, while Mr. Little had the correct pronunciation. The service being over, another round of hand-shaking took place and a kindly word to all."

Mr. Little endeavored to be punctual upon all occasions and would not allow mere trifles to keep him late for an appointment, as will be seen from the following incident:

In the early days he usually had to act as his own barber and depended very much upon his friends for the loan of a razor and other necessaries. Occasionally he had to make use of a bad tool, as upon the occasion to which we refer. His face showed a considerable growth of "stubble," and he thought that the latter must be removed if he would be presentable for his next service. The razor exhibited anything but a promising edge, but he thought there was nothing for it but to make the attempt. With considerable effort and no little pains—and pain—he succeeded in getting one side of his face tolerably clean, but could not complete the task, and the hour of his appointment was almost at hand. What was he to do? Three courses

were open—he could hastily finish the ordeal and get to service a little late ; he could stay away altogether ; or he could start off, half shaved as he was, and punctually fill his appointment. The latter was decided upon. His face was not clean but his conscience was clear, and his heart was right with that God who looketh not upon the outward appearance.

Mr. Little told some friends that he was somewhat afraid that he would not be able to reach his appointments on a certain Sabbath. He was to preach at several places and, as he had quite a distance to go before reaching his morning service, he was afraid that he might oversleep himself and be late. He prayed that he would not be allowed to sleep too long if the Master wanted him to take the work that day. He slept soundly, and early in the morning a robin perched on his window-sill and woke him up with its morning song. Believing that this signified that the Lord had accepted his service for that day, he went from one appointment to another with a light heart. Punctual himself, he liked to have the people on time as well. Sometimes he would make some direct reference to a tardy worshipper, as in the following instance. He was preaching on the ninth concession of Brooke, in the home of one who was known in the neighborhood as "Father Clarke." He had been speaking some time when a prominent neighbor entered the room. The newcomer wore a long, heavy beard, somewhat grey. The preacher paused a moment, pointed at the surprised man, and said :

"There's Father Abraham, or someone like him."

The sermon was then continued as though nothing had occurred.

Perhaps he went a little too far upon one occasion, for he was not infallible. Even he sometimes erred in judgment. He was assisting in some special services in a community where some young people were engaged in certain employment which made it impossible for them to walk the necessary three miles and reach the place of meeting on time. They went in late and Mr. Little told them that, if they could not come to church at the proper time, they would do better to remain at home. The result was that they stayed at home after that. In emphasizing an important point he appears to have lost sight of one which was more important.

A lady came very late to one of his services and while she was standing a moment on the church steps the wind blew her skirts back and forth slightly. Two girls inside the church caught sight of the dress and began guessing in whispers as to the owner. The preacher had just made a statement in his sermon when he noticed the whispering. He stopped short, and, fixing his eye upon the thoughtless ones, exclaimed :

“ Yes, it *is* so. It is right here in the Book.”

He was disturbed no more by those girls.

Even this apostle of punctuality was sometimes himself late for his appointments, but he usually had some good reason to offer to his assembled congregation. One Sunday afternoon he and another local preacher, a very young man, were on their way to fill

an appointment when they saw some hogs making havoc in a field of grain not far from the road. Both preachers were on horseback. Joe reined up suddenly and addressed his companion :

“ Now that man doesn't know that those pigs are in there. You must go and put them out.”

“ But if we stop to do that it will make us late for our service,” objected the young fellow.

“ That does not matter,” was the unexpected reply of the man who had a reputation for punctuality. “ We must always perform those duties which are nearest our hand. Those animals must be put out, so I'll hold your horse while you go and drive them to the road.”

No further objection was offered. The hogs were driven out of the grain and the two men proceeded with the consciousness that the little time required for the performance of the neighborly act had not been time lost.

His congregation had almost become tired of waiting one evening, but at length he put in an appearance.

“ Friends,” he explained, “ I expected to be here on time to-night. I started out in lots of time, and the road was not bad, but Toby, the rascal, 'trun' a shoe and I had to go to the blacksmith's and get him shod. You see, that fellow is mighty particular. He never likes to go to meeting barefoot.”

Uncle Joe had been announced to preach at a certain hour in the school-house on the fourth line of Sarnia. At the appointed hour a large congregation

had assembled, but there was no sign of the preacher. The people waited patiently until at length he was seen approaching at a pretty good rate. When he arrived he was surprised to find that he was so much behind time. During the service he said :

"Now, my dear friends, I am sorry I was late to-day. But you mustn't blame me. And you mustn't blame Toby. And you mustn't blame the good woman where I got my dinner, but you must blame her clock. It was too slow."

One very rainy Sabbath the minister of the Warwick Circuit did not go to his appointment. Mr. Little was there and expressed surprise at the absence of the preacher. On Monday morning he went over to the parsonage to see what was the matter. When he arrived the pastor was out, but Joe asked his wife why he was not at his work the preceding day, and she answered :

"Why, Mr. Little, he was afraid he would be drowned in the ditches."

"If he should be drowned I should bury him," replied the local preacher.

"Well, no," she said with some hesitation, "if Mr. S—— should be drowned I would get a minister to bury him."

One afternoon the itinerant was preaching to a small gathering in a private house on the sixth line of Warwick. One member of the family possessed a reputation by no means good ; in fact, he was looked upon as a thoroughly bad character, especially addicted to stealing. However, he liked Uncle Joe, and heard

him preach whenever possible. He was present on the occasion to which we refer. The preacher had been talking for some time on the "wages of sin," when he called to his sinful hearer:

"Oh, John, John! You'll have to mend your ways or you'll go to hell."

The poor fellow's mother laughed out and exclaimed: "I had religion down the country, but I lost it on the way up."

"I'm afraid the poor woman didn't have very much to lose," said the preacher, and he continued his sermon. We get some idea of the influence and power of this peculiar servant of God when we learn that his hearers did not resent his message. Such expressions would have been tolerated from no other man, but he seldom gave offence. It was enough to know that it came from Uncle Joe.

But there were exceptions, and in such cases the good old man had his own way of winning his brother that there might be no permanent estrangement. That way is illustrated in the following incident, for which I am indebted to the Rev. Charles Bartrop, who relates it as it was given to him by the narrator, a compatriot of Uncle Joe:

"Misther Little was a good man, indade he was. An' I was first brought to see thru religion by what he did. Misther Little prached a sermon, an' as I thought, said some hard things in it to me, because I had not been to class. He said right in his sermon, 'A Methodist was an ass that didn't love the class.' So I made up my moind that I'd spake to him no more, so I wouldn't.

"I was walkin' from Warwick village to Mr. Shaw's, an' I sees Mистер Little comin' on the road, an' we met nearly opposite where the ould parsonage used to stand. There was a slash of logs an' fallen trees on the west side. I passed on the west side of the road and Mистер Little on the east. But I was goin' to say nothin' to him.

"'Stop, sir!' says Mистер Little.

"'Why should I stop?' says I.

"Mистер Little came over to the west side of the road.

"'Stop, sir, on the north side of that fallen log,' says he.

"I wondered what he was goin' to do, so I says:

"'Why should I do that?'

"'Do it, sir,' says Mистер Little.

"So I did. Then he tould me:

"'Put yer right knee on that log,' says he.

"I did so. Then he kneeled his right knee agin moine on the other side.

"'Put yer left arm over my right shoulder,' says he.

"I did so, an' he did the same to me. Och! but ye should have heard the prayer he prayed. I couldn't pray for cryin'. An' I thin made up me moind that I'd never think hard of Mистер Little agin. He made me feel ashamed of myself before we parted, when I heard him prayin' for a blessin' on my head. Ye couldn't help likin' Mистер Little, he was so good."

At another time he was dwelling upon the incident, recorded in Matt. xix. 16-22, of the rich young man who came to Christ, asking, "Good Master, wha good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?"

In his audience was a man who was very close-fisted, who was seldom known to give anything to any good cause. Uncle Joe was always glad to get a shot at such a person, for there was no room in his big heart for such niggardliness. Nothing unusual occurred, however, until he reached the final command of Jesus to, "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor." Then he stepped back a short distance, threw his head and shoulders back as far as possible, and cried :

"There was a drawback here, Brother J——, wasn't there? You see, he went away sorrowful, for he didn't want to give. May God pity the stingy man, but 'the Lord loveth the cheerful giver.'"

He wanted to send the message home, and did not miss his mark.

In the course of a sermon on "Forgiveness" he said: "It is a very hard thing to forgive a wrong. You and I know that, Brother Mark." Brother Mark's countenance showed that he was not entirely ignorant of the implication.

All ages were welcomed to Uncle Joe's services, and he was always pleased to have the mothers attend and bring their children with them. If the children became restless and a mother prepared to go out, he would say :

"Now, sit down, my good woman. If you take the baby out it will want to go out again. Sit down."

And on one occasion he continued :

"I can understand a child becoming restless and wanting to go out, but I cannot understand why those three young men went out just when I was going to

read the Word of God. I cannot understand what they are doing out there on the fence, or why they could not hear the Word of God read."

When discoursing on holy living he made use of some words of the Apostle Paul. Desiring to emphasize his remarks he appealed to an elderly brother in the congregation in this way :

"What do you think about it, Friend T——?"

Friend T—— had not been following the discourse closely just at that stage, and did not know to what the sudden question referred. He therefore kept discreetly quiet, and the preacher proceeded :

"Well, friend T—— does not answer, so I guess we will stick to what St. Paul says about it. He is quite as good an authority."

Down in the audience one day he saw a man who was holding his head down on the back of the seat in front. Mr. Little thought he was sleeping, and, considering that the house of God was not the proper place, he stepped over to the unsuspecting brother, drew his fingers through the heavy, curly hair, and exclaimed :

"Wake up, Brother E——."

Needless to say, Brother E—— abstained from the very appearance of the evil for the remainder of the service.

Uncle Joe was not a gossip nor did he encourage one who was. That such an one might expect summary treatment at his hand we learn from an incident which occurred when the old itinerant returned to a certain village in Bosanquet after a long absence.

He stayed Saturday night at the home of a friend, as he was to preach in the village church on the following Sabbath. During the evening his host, whom we will call John Jones, gave him a detailed account of all that had transpired since his last visit to the neighborhood. He dwelt very much upon the failings of the individual church members. The man of charity thought that he made entirely too much of this unpleasant side. He said little at the time, however. In his sermon the next morning he said:

"Friends, I have heard a great deal of your wrongdoings."

Then he told them what he had heard that Bro. S—— had been doing, and what Sister W—— had been saying, and retailed all the gossip he had heard. He concluded the reference by saying:

"Now, you'd wonder where I heard all this. Perhaps I had better not tell you, but I've a good mind to give you the initials of the name. They are John Jones."

We do not know whether it was intentional on his part or not, but instead of giving the initials merely he gave the full name. John Jones became angry and immediately left the church. It is needless to say that he received no more gossip in that home.

His illustrations were made as realistic as possible, as when he would lie down and roll over two or three times to show how the drunkard falls.

He was discoursing on the fall of Adam and Eve, and when he came to that point where Adam is represented as hiding from God, he held the attention

of every listener in his own way. As he read the passage he illustrated by suddenly dropping down behind the teacher's desk which he was using for a pulpit, and thus hid himself from his congregation. When he read the call of God, "Adam, where art thou?" he just peeped his head out at the side of the desk, thus depicting the frightened, cringing coward, the conscience-stricken culprit, more vividly than by the use of language.

"That is how sin serves a man," said the preacher. "It unmans him, makes him a coward who seeks concealment from the eyes of purity and goodness. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Oh, sinner! How shall you stand when the voice of God calls?"

In one of his sermons he was dealing with the thought "Almost, but lost," and he illustrated it in this way.

"Dear friends, do you know how near you can get to heaven and not get in?" he asked, and then paused, walked across the platform to the door, upon which he knocked very loudly and solemnly. He waited a moment and knocked again. Then he turned to his audience, which had been closely watching his actions, and exclaimed:

"Yes, friends, you may get that near to heaven, so near as to knock at the very door, and yet remain on the outside, and hear the voice saying 'Depart from me, I never knew you.' Almost! but lost!"

In preaching from the text, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed" (Ps. xxxvii. 3), he dwelt very

much upon the promises of God. It was evident that he lived on them, and found them so good that he could ask others to rest on them also. In comparing "things present" with "things to come" he said:

"If there is no hereafter, I have made a poor choice, for I have not as much in this world as a goose can stand on." And, lifting one foot, he showed the audience how a goose can stand.

In another sermon our friend was speaking of the lack of judgment displayed by some well-meaning people in showing their kindness, and related this incident: "A few nights ago I went to stay over night at the home of a friend. We enjoyed our conversation upon God's goodness and providence. It was getting rather late when the old family Bible was taken down and we commended ourselves to the care of the Great Father. The good lady then showed me into the best room in the house. It was the prophet's chamber. That bed was a thing of beauty to a tired man. It was one of the softest of feather beds. What was I that I should have such luxury? But that night the ague seized me and I wished, many times I wished, that those damp feathers were on the backs of the geese yet. I wished that my back had never been placed upon them. The lady was very kind, but—well, I cannot say so much for her thoughtfulness."

Upon one occasion Uncle Joe was preaching in the neighborhood of what is now known as the Zion Methodist Church, on the sixth concession of Wallace Township. The subject of his discourse was the

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“Return of Jacob” from Padan-aram. He described the great gifts which he prepared for his brother, Esau, and continued :

“No doubt he was trying to make amends for the sharp bargain he had driven when he gave a paltry mess of porridge in exchange for his brother’s birth-right. Why, the present he prepared for Esau was sufficient to purchase a string of pottage which would reach from here to Listowel.” (Nine or ten miles.)

Mr. Little was discoursing upon Daniel ii. 31-35, and in considering the head of this great and peculiar image he said :

“Just listen to that now, friends. ‘This image’s head was of fine gold.’ A head of gold—pure gold. Why, I tell you what! If any man had a head like that he would be for running home with it under his arm, so he would.”

In one of his talks on the fourth line of Sarnia Township he said :

“Dear friends, I have just lately received the best news I ever had in my life,” and then he worked their curiosity up to the highest pitch. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a letter and read—read words which told of the conversion of his brother in Ireland. He then told them that he had prayed for that brother for years and knew that God would answer his prayers, and that during his lifetime. He then urged his hearers to be more faithful in lifting up their loved ones before the throne of grace.

“Yes,” he said on another occasion, “some people call me ‘Old Uncle Joe,’ but such news as that makes me feel as young as a four-year-old.”

He would quite frequently announce his services weeks, months or perhaps even a year in advance. In this way he announced, several months ahead, that he would preach in the Baptist church on the second line of Plympton, on a certain date, at a given time. He was there on time, but apparently the people had lost track, for he found no one present and the church unopened. He stood a while and then repeated aloud: "The Jews have refused the Word. 'Lo, we turn unto the Gentiles.'"

Usually the place of meeting would be crowded when it was announced that Uncle Joe Little was going to preach. One Saturday he called at the home of Mr. Morrison, near the old Oban church, London Road, Plympton. He found no one at home, but as he went down the road he met Mrs. P. Young and accosted her with: "Where are Mr. and Mrs. Morrison?"

"They are gone to Sarnia, I think," was the answer.

"Well, tell him to announce in the Sunday School to-morrow that I am going to preach at the church service," said the preacher.

"But who shall I tell him it was?" asked she, not knowing him.

"Tell him," said Joe, with appropriate dignity, "that it's Paddy from Cork, the wild Irishman." When Mr. Morrison came home Mrs. Young went over and told him that some man said he was going to preach in the church and that he called himself "Paddy from Cork the wild Irishman."

Mr. Morrison burst out laughing and exclaimed :

" Oh, that's Uncle Joe Little."

The announcement was made. At the hour of service the old church was overcrowded. During the service the preacher took occasion to say that he knew Mr. Morrison would know whom he meant by " Paddy from Cork, the wild Irishman."

Sometimes upon his return to a place after a long absence he would ask his audience if any remembered his previous text, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for the vilest man in the crowd to repeat the text of months before.

In a certain neighborhood there had been no service for some weeks. One Sabbath afternoon a Presbyterian elder called at one of the prominent homes and stated :

" If we can get a meeting together we can have Uncle Joe Little."

" Then why not get around and call the meeting?" was the questioning response. Friends went in different directions to announce the service. When the veteran itinerant arrived he found the building packed to the doors. The sight was too much for him and he broke down. As soon as he could control his voice, he asked :

" Friends, is it Uncle Joe Little you came to see or to hear the Gospel of Christ?"

" Both!" was the hearty response from several throats.

" Well, I didn't know," he continued. " I haven't

had time to prepare, but as I came along I thought, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' I will tell you about them."

Mr. Little did not consider a college education an essential qualification for efficient gospel preaching. He frequently expressed himself in this way:

"A great many people think that the only preaching which is worth listening to is that of the preacher who has rubbed his back against college walls. Some think that college training is necessary to preach. I do not read that Peter, James and John attended any college, and yet they were very excellent preachers—they were very 'sons of thunder.'"

Still, it can hardly be said that Uncle Joe never saw the inside of a college. When on his way to Anticosti he stopped over for a short time at Montreal. The honored and sainted Dr. Douglas was then Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College. Having the welfare of the students at heart, he desired to bring inspiring examples before them whenever possible. He invited great men of all denominations to address the boys at the college prayer-meetings. He heard of Uncle Joe's presence in the city, and asked him up for the service. A few of the students had heard of the venerable preacher, and had some idea what to expect. The majority, however, did not expect very much, while some of them thought seriously of the question asked by certain philosophers at Athens concerning Paul (Acts xvii. 18). The speaker had not proceeded far before

all criticism was forgotten, and his hearers realized that they were listening to one who lived very near the throne. His earnest spirituality and his easy use of God's Word commanded the respect of all. He was not the least of the great men who have stood upon that platform in the James Ferrier Hall.

Uncle Joe's wit was absolutely irrepressible. It was liable to bubble over at any time and under any circumstances. His sermons were full of it. In one of his services in a Baptist home he had occasion to use the family Bible, which was lying on the table before him. Finding some of the leaves did not separate very readily, he remarked with a twinkle of dry humor :

"Dear me, I wonder if there is anything in here against baptism, and if Sister S—— has glued these leaves together to hide it."

"The Rev. Mr. Little" had been announced to preach in a certain church down in the County of Oxford, where he was entirely unknown. Late in the afternoon of the day in question a travel-stained old gentleman, on a little chunk of a pony, rode up to one of the farm-houses of the section and requested accommodation. The request was granted. After the pony was fed, his master was invited in to supper. He noticed that during the meal the family became somewhat uneasy. Frequently someone would go to the window, or even out to the road, and look up and down as though expecting some person who failed to appear. Shortly after supper the head of the home remarked :

"I am afraid that man is not coming."

"It would be too bad to have a disappointment," said one of the girls.

"Oh, it may be that he has stopped somewhere else," replied the wife and mother.

"No," returned the father; "he was to come here. You didn't see any clergyman this afternoon, did you, stranger?" he asked, as he turned to his guest.

"No sir," was the reply. "I do not remember having seen one."

"Well, girls, perhaps you had better clear away the things. He may not get here now." Again he turned to the old man. "Where are you going, my friend?"

"I do not know just how far I have to go yet," was the reply.

"Perhaps you had better stay here with us to-night," said the host.

"Indeed, I shall be glad to, if it is convenient to you," responded the traveller.

"We were going over to a meeting in our little church. We expected a Rev. Mr. Little to preach to us to-night, but he has not arrived yet. Still, perhaps, we had better go over, for it's getting pretty near the time for the service."

"I shall be glad to go with you if you have no objection," said the stranger.

When they reached the church they found quite a large crowd assembled, but no preacher. Some went in and were seated, the stranger taking a place in

the back seat. The people became quite anxious at the non-arrival of the minister. At the appointed hour of service the aged stranger jumped up and startled them by saying:

"Friends, you were expecting to hear the Rev. Mr. Little to-night. He will not be able to come, but if you will take your seats Uncle Joe Little will talk to you for a little while." It is needless to say that he had gained their attention.

In all his work he used the service of sacred song to great advantage. He sang the blessed gospel of salvation into the souls of some who might not have been reached by preaching. He had a strong, clear voice, well adapted to the leading of the congregations in those days when chapel organs were scarce. Among his favorite hymns was the one which appears below. It was composed by the Rev. William Hunter, and is based on the dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond. This hymn was made to do service on various occasions, notably funeral services and farewell services, especially when he was leaving for the east, or for the Island of Anticosti.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of salvation and truth ;
For the love of his Lord and to seek for the lost ;
Soon, alas ! was his fall, but he died at his post.

The stranger's eye wept that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

He wept not himself, for his warfare was done :
The battle was fought, and the victory won ;
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,
“ *Tell the brethren, for me, that I died at my post.*”

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse ;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse ;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

And can we the words of our brother forget ?
Oh, no ! They are fresh in our memory yet :
An example so sacred shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

A number of men were conversing in the store at Aberarder, at the close of a meeting of the local branch of the Farmers' Institute, about twenty years after Mr. Little had left that part of the country. They had discussed various topics until the brethren in the ministry came in for a share of attention.

“ Oh, the ministers,” said an old non-church goer, scornfully. “ Most of them ought to be shot.” This remark was followed by silence for a few moments. At length a faithful church-member, not wishing such a statement to pass unchallenged, stood forth and asked :

“ What reason have you for such a statement ? Why should they be shot ?”

"Why? Because most of them are hypocrites," answered the uncharitable one. "The only one we ever had around here who was any good was old Uncle Joe Little."

He was forced to admit that there was one some good, and if there were one there might possibly be more.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE PLATFORM.

“Professor of Tea Meetings”—Irrepressible Wit—In Great Demand—“Irishmen Worse than the Devil”—“Irishmen See Around a Corner”—Jumped Higher than a Church—A Latin Scholar—A Missionary Collector.

IT was on the platform that Mr. Little appeared to best advantage. Here he was undoubtedly successful, just as he was in the homes of the people. He was known far and near as the “Professor of Tea-meetings,” and he frequently stated that he knew more about that subject than all the rest of the men, women and children in Canada West put together. He was in the best of humor when “full of his subject,” when he had done ample justice to the good things provided by the ladies. He was eagerly sought after for church openings, anniversaries, missionary meetings and all similar events, for upon such occasions his fund of wit found free, unrestrained expression. But even here his eccentricities frequently shocked someone’s sense of propriety. No one knew just what to expect from him. The people learned to be ready for anything at any time, and he saw to it that they were not disappointed.

Great crowds had assembled at a tea-meeting in the

village of Douglas, in Garafraxa. Uncle Joe had been expected, and the affair felt rather flat when he did not put in an appearance. After a time the audience was startled by a shrill voice shouting out from among the boys on the back seat :

“Would you like to hear something on an Irish harp?”

The people were not slow in expressing their approval, and Uncle Joe arose and struck up one of his favorite melodies. There was no more dullness.

A great temperance meeting was being held in the Methodist church at Sarnia. Early in the meeting the chairman called for the Rev. Mr. Little. There was no response.

“If Mr. Little is in the audience will he please come forward.” Still there was no response. For the third time the chairman called him.

“If Joseph Little is present we would like to have him on the platform.” That brought him. He jumped up and was soon on the platform, dressed in his plain suit of homespun. In a short time he was called upon for a speech. In his opening remarks he said :

“Friends, I am just like a fish out of water. Why? Well, up here among all these black coats I feel out of place. My place is away out there among the backwoods of Warwick.” And then he went on and gave them a rousing temperance speech, such a speech as only he could give.

Upon another occasion he attended a tea-meeting at Maxwell's Church, Plympton, and was sitting near the door, when the chairman called in vain for Rev.

Mr. Little and for Rev. Joseph Little. At length Uncle Joe was called for. He immediately jumped up and started up the aisle singing :

“The Gospel ship is onward sailing,
Bound for Canaan’s blissful shore,” etc.

It is needless to state that he brought down the house.

After a service in Arkona, during the pastorate of the Rev. James Kennedy, Uncle Joe went home with that gentleman to stay all night. Both gentlemen were to go to a tea-meeting at a country appointment on the following evening. After breakfast Mr. Little said he thought that he would strike out on his way to the meeting.

“Oh, you needn’t be in a hurry,” said his host. You had better wait and have dinner with us and then I shall go along with you.”

That would be very nice,” replied the visitor, “but I think I had better go now. There is someone sick out that way and I want to call. I guess I’ll be getting along,” and off he went.

The night turned out very unfavorable and wet. As a result the attendance was very poor and the proceeds correspondingly low. This was not satisfactory to the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, who was the minister in charge. He desired to raise a certain sum for church purposes and decided to start a subscription list.

“Who will give one dollar ?” asked the minister.

"I will," responded Uncle Joe, but no notice was taken. Perhaps it was thought that he did not have a dollar.

"Who'll give one dollar," asked Mr. Atkinson, again. "I will," repeated Mr. Little. Still no one paid any attention to him, and he stepped up and laid his bill on the table. He afterwards told Mr. Kennedy that it was a good thing that he started for the tea-meeting before dinner or he would not have had the dollar to give to the church. He had not gone very far on his way when he met a Baptist who gave him the bill.

"Well, Uncle Joe," said Mr. Kennedy, "You had better not tell the Baptists that you took that Baptist dollar and gave it to the Methodists."

At that time the children of the various denominations attended a union Sabbath School which was held in the Arkona Baptist Church. Great preparations had been made for an entertainment in connection with this school. The church had been beautifully decorated with an abundance of evergreens and a great many lamps. Several speakers were to take part on the programme and each was limited to twenty minutes. Rev. Mr. Kennedy was just getting nicely under way with his speech when Mr. Little, catching the skirt of his coat, exclaimed:

"Hold on! your time is up."

Mr. Kennedy looked at his watch and was surprised to find that his friend was not more than a minute or two out in his calculation, though he had simply made a guess, for he had no watch.

Most of the speakers referred in nowise briefly to the elaborate decorations. Mr. Little thought that they carried the thing altogether too far. Therefore, when he was called upon to speak, he counted the lamps and, turning to one who could speak with authority, asked :

“ Mr. B——, what are these lamps worth ? ” and he waited until Mr. B—— saw fit to answer.

“ Well, I suppose about fourteen or fifteen dollars,” was the reply.

“ Fourteen or fifteen dollars,” continued Uncle Joe. “ Well, I was at a meeting in a school house the other night. There were not very many people out that night, and they had only one light, which was held by one of the men of the neighborhood. But, friends, the candlestick he wouldn't take one thousand dollars for and the snuffers he wouldn't take one thousand dollars for. When the candle needed snuffing he just did this——.” Here the speaker wet his fingers with his tongue and made a motion as though he were snuffing a candle. The candlestick was one hand and the snuffers were the other. When the people saw that Uncle Joe was making light of all that had been said about the elaborate decorations they united in an outburst of applause.

For many years Mr. Little attended the Christmas tree entertainments at Arkona. His presence always added materially to the interest and pleasure of the occasion. Many still remember the last Christmas that he was there. He did not arrive until very late,

and the programme was well under way when he went in and took a seat near the door. The chairman, on being informed of his arrival, called out:

"If Uncle Joe Little has arrived, will he please come to the platform?"

He rose to his feet, but as soon as the people saw him they began clapping their hands and stamping their feet at a great rate. He stood still for a while and they continued their applause. He then sat down and waited till the chairman had restored order, and had requested them to keep quiet till Mr. Little got to the platform. This they did, allowing the old preacher to advance amid almost perfect silence, but the moment he reached the front of the church they burst forth again with loud and prolonged applause. For some time the chairman found it impossible to gain a hearing. As soon as possible Uncle Joe stepped forward and told them that they thought they were very smart in "kicking up such a fuss over an old Irishman."

"You might think, friends," he said, in one of his discourses, "that the preachers have very easy work and that theirs is always a smooth road. Well, that isn't so. Preaching is an up and down road, just like this old plank road out here," referring to the many pitch holes where the plank had worn away.

The question of annexation with the neighboring republic was sometimes discussed in those early days.

Uncle Joe once delivered himself on the great question in about these words:

"Annexation! Why, annexation will go on in spite

of you. Our boys will go over there to Port Huron and the girls of Port Huron will come over here, and then there will be annexation, and don't you forget it."

The people at Warwick village had made great preparations for a rousing tea-meeting. A platform had been erected over the altar railing, and a curtain was stretched around the edge, reaching from the floor to nearly two feet above the platform. Several small boys stood on tip-toe, or climbed up, and tried to peep over the curtain. Mr. Little, who was upon the platform, rose from his seat and, imitating the boys in their endeavor to peer over the top, smiled upon them as he said :

"Well, my little boys, would you like to see what color the music is?"

Among others to take part in the entertainment were the Revs. James Whiting and John Salmon. When Mr. Little was called upon for his speech he used words such as these :

"Friends, do you know we are going to have the finest treat to-night? We all like fish, so long as it is of the right sort and we don't get too much of it. Well, besides the good things which the ladies have provided, we have on the bill of fare for to-night a Whiting and a Salmon. They are both of the right sort and I guess we won't get too much of them."

In one of his discourses on the fourth line of Sarnia Township our eccentric preacher astounded his hearers with this expression: "The Irish are queer people. I can prove to you that an Irishman is worse

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than the devil himself." The people looked one at another in evident surprise that the preacher should say anything against the race to which he belonged. The boldest almost held his breath for a time, but, after allowing due time for his statement to take effect, the speaker continued: "You know it is written, and written in this blessed Book which I hold in my hand" (and he held the Bible up at arm's length), 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' But resist an Irishman and he will fly at you every time." He then proceeded to exhort his hearers not to surpass his Satanic majesty in any manner of iniquity.

At the opening of the old Bethel church, just north of the present village of Camlachie, the boys and young men had taken possession of the small gallery at the back. Some of them were making a little noise and an old gentleman by the name of Barber went up to preserve order. He was a very conventional man who was easily shocked by anything out of the ordinary. He was disgusted with Mr. Little on this occasion. When the latter was called upon for an address, he commenced:

"Well, friends, I have travelled far to-day. Early this morning I went down to Jericho (near Thedford). Then I took a ride up to Mt. Zion (just back of Port Huron). Now I have come back to rest at Bethel."

"Awful, awful!" exclaimed Mr. Barber. "To think that the man would tell such stories!"

Some years later Uncle Joe was announced to take part at a tea-meeting in this same church (Bethel)

There was considerable snow on the ground, and he was jogging along on Toby behind a sleigh-load of light-hearted young people. Trudging through the snow were a man and his wife, the latter carrying a very heavy child. The party in the sleigh took no notice of the pedestrians, but when Joe overtook them he stopped and took the child up to ride with him. In the course of his speech he severely scored the thoughtless young people. He referred especially to the driver, saying that "he surely must be a nasty, musty, rusty, crusty old bachelor." Not every bachelor of his years' standing would have so referred to a brother bachelor.

The "professor" was present at a tea-meeting which was held in the old Methodist Episcopal church of Arkona, the object being to raise a sum of money. Among those present was a bald-headed Irish bachelor by the name of Darlington. When the call for subscriptions was made Uncle Joe shouted:

"I'll give one dollar if every bald-headed man in the house will do the same."

"Put down my name for one dollar," said Mr. Darlington immediately.

Upon another occasion several speakers were on the programme. As one after another was introduced there were apologies for lack of preparation, etc. It appears that the wife of one of the speakers had arrived some time in the afternoon, and he had followed later. When he was called upon for his speech he said he was sorry that he had not been able to prepare something suitable for the occasion,

He supposed, however, that he was something like a certain tinker who usually sent his wife on ahead of him to tell the people that he was coming. When Mr. Little was introduced he began :

“ Well, friends, I am not like one of the previous speakers. I am both wife and tinker in one. More than that, I have come here prepared and I am going to deliver my speech.” As he proceeded he proved that it is best to prepare one’s self for any work which may be undertaken.

Mr. Little was present at the first, or one of the first, tea-meetings held near the village of Wyoming. He was much surprised at the conduct of some of the young men present, and referred to it in his speech after this manner :

“ My dear friends, I have been surprised at the actions of some who are present at this meeting. I saw some who were not satisfied with filling themselves with all they could eat, but they must fill their pockets with all they would hold. We might expect such a thing from little boys, but these were not little boys or little girls either. They were not little at all. No, they were only *small*.”

A social was being held at the home of Mr. Fuller in Watford. The question arose as to where the next one would be held, and no one appeared very eager to entertain the crowd. Mr. Little jumped up and said :

“ If I had a house you could all come to mine.” He told of the great preparations he would make for their entertainment. He described how he would

cook and bake various articles, dwelling especially upon his method of making what he called "ash cakes."

"Well, Mr. Little," interrupted a young lady, "I'm afraid I couldn't eat your cake. It would be so hard my teeth couldn't get through it."

"Oh, well," he retorted, with a wave of his hand, "we'll make a pot of mush for you."

Uncle Joe and a companion were one dark night approaching a church where a tea-meeting was being held at which the former was to speak. They were discussing the probable distance to be covered before reaching the church, the lights of which were plainly visible ahead, when Joe exclaimed in surprise :

"Why, Bro. S——, I never knew before that the church had four windows on the side."

"It hasn't it, either," was the reply ; "it has only three."

"Well, I can see four, anyway, and seeing is believing."

"We'll see when we get there," said his friend.

When Mr. Little was called upon for his speech he related what had been said about the windows. He could see then that there were only three on the side, with one at the end. He maintained that, as he had distinctly seen four, it was proof of the old saying that an Irishman could see round the corner. Of course, the fact was that they were approaching the building at such an angle that both side and end windows were in view.

Joe was once down for an address at a missionary

meeting at which the chairman was a rather elderly gentleman with face clean-shaven save for a very short moustache. Joe noticed this and in his speech referred to him as having his "eyebrows under his nose." Certainly this brought down the house.

When the Maxwell's Methodist Church on the sixth line of Plympton was opened there was much disappointment that Joe would not be able to be present for the Sabbath services. He was expected, however, for the tea-meeting on Monday night. The people waited until it became quite late, but, fearing that something had prevented his coming, they at length had tea and started the programme. Someone was heard approaching on the road and the cry was raised, "Hurrah! Here's Uncle Joe." Many of the people rushed out to meet him, but he shouted, "No, you're not going to carry me in!" They did not heed him, for they fairly bore him into the church. Of course he was down for a speech. In the course of this he reminded them of the good times they had in Mr. Maxwell's house, where they used to meet before the church was built. He said that many good sermons had been preached in that house, for he himself had preached there. Indeed he thought that they would hear no better sermons in their new church.

It is said that Joe was present at an entertainment in this church after the shed was built. In his remarks he told the people that he was good at jumping. "You can take your shed, put it right up on the top of the church, then, if you let me take off my shoes, I can jump over both of them" (the shoes).

He displayed his marvellous jumping powers upon many occasions and some objected to this.

A very dignified clergyman of another denomination had been invited to address a Sabbath School picnic, but when he came and found that Uncle Joe Little was also to be one of the speakers, he would not stay and be associated with such a man.

At one of his tea-meetings Uncle Joe met a very clever Greek scholar by the name of Mills. Mr. Mills was a good speaker and was quite conscious of it. He did not forget to display his learning, for in his address he showed the great benefit of the study of the Greek language. He advised all to study both Greek and Latin, and even went so far as to say that it was impossible to understand the Bible without knowing these languages.

When Uncle Joe was called he commenced :

“ Infirtaris,
Inoaknoneis,
Inmudeelis,
Inclaynoneis.

“ Parse that if you can. That’s all the Latin I know.”

Mr. Mills was highly offended at this direct shot. Mr. Little showed that even the poor wayfaring man might know enough of the will of God and the plan of salvation to save his soul and live a good life without the Greek or Latin. His Latin quotation, or rather, composition, becomes very simple when we look up the derivation of his words. Here we have it :

In fir tar is,
In oak none is,
In mud eel is,
In clay none is.

These words must be said very rapidly to make *Latin*.

In the latter part of June, 1867, Mr. Little attended a picnic in Bosanquet, and was called upon for a speech. Several speakers had preceded him and they had told of the increasing prosperity of the country. Some had tried to point out the great benefits to be derived from the confederation of the various sections of British North America. During his speech the witty Irishman put it this way :

“ You have heard very much to-day about our country and the blessings of Confederation, but there is one thing which has not been told. I have been among you for many years now, but I shall never be seen again in Upper Canada after 12 o'clock the day after to-morrow.” (The people received this announcement with evident surprise and sorrow.) “ Now do not look so serious, my friends. You know this will not be Upper Canada any more, but Ontario.”

A rousing missionary meeting was being held in Warwick, but no one had been appointed to act as chairman. When the time for opening the service arrived someone proposed that Mr. Little be requested to preside. This appeared to meet with general approval, but he declined the honor. After considerable urging he arose and said :

"Friends, there is one great difficulty in the way of what you request. You know that the chairman is expected to head the subscription list with at least four dollars. Now I haven't got the four dollars."

"Brother Shaw will head the list for you!" cried someone in the audience. Uncle Joe waited a moment or two and then proceeded to the front of the building. When he reached the platform he commenced his speech by saying:

"Well, I guess it will be all right for me to take the chair now. I looked at Brother Shaw and then at Sister Shaw, and she nodded her head to me, so it will be all right."

A great missionary meeting was being held in the village of Wyoming and Mr. Little was one of the speakers. In the course of his remarks he related his experience as a collector for the good work. He told of the great preparation he had made for the canvass and of the success which had attended his efforts.

"All went well," he said, "until I came to Brother S—

"How much will you give to save the world, Brother S—?" I asked.

"He scratched his head and responded slowly:

"Oh, I guess you can put me down for three dollars."

"Very good," said I, and asked again: "But who is this for, yourself or your wife?"

"I tell you, friends, you should have seen him scratch his head then. In a little while he replied:

"Put one dollar for my wife and two for me."

"Oh, ay!" I exclaimed, as I eyed the rascal. "And

you count yourself twice as good as your wife. Well, I don't. I'll put you down for one dollar and a half each, for I think your wife is as good as you are any day.'

"Isn't that right, now, friends?" asked the collector.

"Yes," answered a man who sat just below the pulpit. Uncle Joe looked to see who had answered, and when he saw that it was an old bachelor he exclaimed :

"Who is saying 'yes?' Go and do thou likewise."

CHAPTER X.

AN ASSISTANT MINISTER—WEST.

Probation for the Ministry—Rev. J. Webster at Warwick—Rev. T. S. Howard's Experiences with Uncle Joe—Tribute by Jos. Osborne—Almost Lost his "License"—Appointed "Assistant Minister"—Conference at Belleville—Leaves Lambton—Work Done?—Camp-meetings near Owen Sound—At Garafraxa—Assistant Minister—Samuel Bellamy's Estimate—Becomes a Poet—"The Promised Land"—His Portrait.

IT would not be strictly correct to call Mr. Little a "probationer for the ministry," for he was never received and recognized as such by the Conference. For many years he did practically a probationer's work, but only in the capacity of a local preacher.

In the Methodist Church of Canada prospective ministers are required to engage in a course of preparation which varies from four to seven years in length. As a rule the first two or three years of this course are spent upon a circuit under the superintendency of an ordained minister, and the remaining years at college, there being certain studies assigned for each year of the entire course. This period of preparation is called "probation," and one engaged therein is styled a "probationer."

As already stated, Mr. Little spent much of his time, after he left Mr. Kingstone, in preparing for and assisting the ordained ministers. He was engaged in

this kind of work, in addition to school teaching, in 1848, when the Rev. John Webster was appointed to the Adelaide and Warwick Mission as a probationer. Mr. Little's name then appeared on the plan for regular work as a local preacher, but his appointments on this plan gave but a faint idea of the number of services held. He generally took two or three appointments on Sunday and three or four during the week.

At the Conference in 1851 the Adelaide and Warwick Mission was divided. Formerly it had been a double mission, that is, it had been worked by two men, one ordained and the other a probationer. At this Conference, also, Mr. Webster was ordained and appointed to the full charge of Warwick Mission. He had not been ordained very long before he married, and when he came to his new field he found himself in a somewhat awkward position. He and his bride received a right hearty Irish welcome from his old friend, Uncle Joe, but there was no parsonage for their accommodation and the prospects for salary were very poor. Indeed the stringency was so great that the maintenance of the minister's family and of the entire mission was endangered. Mr. Little exerted himself to the utmost in the interest of the young couple. The cloud appeared to lift when Mr. Simpson Shepherd magnanimously came forward and undertook the boarding of the minister and his wife. This arrangement continued for about a year, when the new parsonage was erected.

The first meeting of the Quarterly Official Board was held in Hume's Meeting House on Aug. 9th, 1851. The minister, Mr. Webster, presided, and present with

him were Joseph Little, Henry Shaw, John Hume, Simpson Shepperd, Thos. Saunders and Benjamin Richmond. Some idea of the affluence in which the ministers lived in those days may be gained from the provision made by that meeting for "ministerial support." The appropriation for salary, above expenses, was the magnificent sum of 13s. 6d. (\$3.24). It is also a matter of record that Joseph Little collected eight bushels of oats for salary. At this meeting he and four others were appointed a committee to select a site for the new parsonage. They bargained with Hon. M. Cameron for Lots 6 and 7 of Warwick village, the price to be paid being £12 10s. This selection was adopted and Mr. Little was made one of the trustees.

From this time Uncle Joe's name appears in many of the church records. It is included in the list of trustees for the Plympton Ridge Church, in the list of local preachers of 1851 and 1852, and the list of stewards of 1852. He very frequently took something to the parsonage, and seldom went to the village without calling to see if the minister's wife needed anything.

In 1852 Mr. Webster was removed to the Devonshire Circuit and was succeeded at Warwick by Rev. Geo. Case. The work seems to have advanced steadily under the oversight of Mr. Case, and that of Revs. John Wesley Savage and Thos. Crews, until 1857, when it again became a double field under the superintendency of Rev. Thomas Howard, who had associated with him Rev. Alexander Langford (now Dr. Langford).

Mr. Howard, who now resides at Hagersville, Ont., gives us a fine account of his first experience with Mr. Little :

“ I was leaving Mount Brydges in the year 1857,” writes Mr. Howard, “ and was appointed to the Warwick Mission. The mission had a little frame parsonage in the woods, about a half mile from the little village of Warwick. Uncle Joe got two teams and waggons and came to Mount Brydges and moved us to Warwick. That was our first introduction.

“ After we got fixed in the new home, Joe said :

“ Come now, and I will be your guide through these townships, and show you where you had better take up work.”

“ The mission had been made what is known as a ‘ double mission,’ and as I was the first to have a colleague, or helper, I was expected to take up double work.

“ Joe led me through forests, over logs and through swamps, sometimes for many miles without any road but the blaze of trees. But he knew every person and every place, and among the poorest, and even the Catholics, he was received as an angel of God.

“ Once we came to a pond and could not see our way around it. He looked around for a few minutes, and saw the track of a horse going into the pond, and said :

“ ‘ Some person has gone through, and if any man can, we can.’

“ We ventured and succeeded.

“ When we would come to a shanty and there was no feed for his horse, Toby, he would take off the bridle, leave on the saddle, and Toby would feed by the road-side till Joe came out and called. Then Toby would come, having made good use of his time, ready for another call.

“ He would announce meetings in the little school-

houses or shanties for nearly every night in the week in those days.

"He was above all men most charitable. It is said that as he was riding along the lake shore one day he met a man walking barefooted, and his feet were bleeding. Joe took off his boots and gave them to the stranger, saying:

"'I can ride in my stocking-feet, but, as you have no horse, take the boots.'

"At another time he came to our place with a handkerchief tied on his head, and my wife said to him:

"'Where is your hat?'

"'I met a poor fellow who had no hat,' he replied, 'and I gave it to him. Some person will give me a hat.'

"Sometimes persons would say:

"'Brother Joe, where is your home?'

"'Wherever night overtakes me,' he would reply, and sometimes add, 'When my hat is on my house is thatched.'

"I was once holding special services in what they called Longly's S.S., near the present village of Cam-lachie. Uncle Joe was with us and we were having a glorious time. A man called Captain Hide was the principal trustee and he told Joe he would put us out of the school-house. Uncle Joe asked him if he had been at the meetings at all, and he answered in the negative.

"'Come to-night,' said Joe, 'and I will not tell the preacher you are coming, and after service you can turn us out if you see anything bad, but you should see for yourself before you condemn us.'

"'All right,' was the response, 'I'll be there.'

"That day I went down to the lake shore and spent the afternoon thinking and praying that God would direct me and speak through me to the people. I was directed to the passage of the rich man and Lazarus.

"When I commenced the house was full to the door. I saw a stranger standing in the doorway, but did not know him. He stood all through the meeting. I described the rich man as a charitable man. The poor man had often been fed from what was left after the rich were satisfied, which was food good for the poor. Then, what was the matter? Simply, he had no religion. He loved fine clothes and a fine spread and he had them. The poor man loved God above all things, and when death came, the rich man was sent to hell and the poor man to paradise. When we gave an invitation to seekers to come forward about thirty came as seekers of salvation.

"Joe went to the Captain when the service was over and said:

"'Now, Captain, you can turn us out if you think you ought to do so.'

"'I will not trouble you,' he replied, and at the close of that meeting we had ninety-five hand in their names as probationers to the Methodist Church."

"During the winter months Uncle Joe used to make 'bees' to cut and bring wood to the parsonage, and as a result the preacher's wood cost him nothing on that field."

Some time after Mr. Howard left Warwick Uncle Joe was assisting him in a series of special services in the township of Mersea. After the meeting one fine moonlight night a man of the community said to Joe:

"I cannot see it as the preacher put things to-night."

"Can you see the moon?" asked Joe.

"Yes," was the reply; "I see it very plainly."

"Now," said Uncle Joe, "put your hand over your eyes and look. Now," he continued, as the man obeyed, "do you see the moon?"

"No," was the answer; "how can I?"

"Oh," said Mr. Little, "you could see it, but you have blinded your own eyes. Now this is the trouble with you. You have blinded your eyes to the truth as it is in Jesus."

Under Messrs. Howard and Langford the work was considerably extended and advanced. A new church was erected at Wyoming village in 1857. Before that time services had been held in the Anderson school-house and private houses. Mr. Little became one of the trustees of the new church, and was quite active in the work involved.

In 1859 two married men, Revs. William Chapman and Thomas Culbert, were appointed to Warwick. This created another difficulty, as there was but one parsonage. On August 30th, Joseph Little and four others were appointed a committee to build a new parsonage, and it was built quite close to the old one. These two men, Chapman and Culbert, appear to have been very energetic and devoted workers, and their faithful labors were blessed with remarkable success. At Wyoming, at Ridge, and at Brook's Corner, on the town line of Enniskillen, south-west of Wyoming, special services were held which resulted in great gatherings. It is in this connection that Uncle Joe is mentioned in a little pamphlet entitled, "Methodism in Wyoming," by Joseph Osborne, from which we quote:

"We must not omit to place on record the valuable services rendered by the late Joseph Little in the cause of Methodism at this time and years before it.

Well do we remember the pleasure and interest his very presence threw into the revivals held at the appointments mentioned, where he was a constant attendant night after night, when his other appointments in more remote parts of the country would permit. The success of the work was largely due to the disinterested labors of this pioneer of Methodism, whose praise was in every household and whose sympathies went out to every member of the human family. Many a mile, with no companion but 'Toby,' did Uncle Joe travel in a circuit that stretched, as he himself termed it, 'from Strathroy to Lake Huron,' carrying the King's message and pointing sinners to the Lamb of God."

He and eleven others were appointed a committee to manage the great camp-meeting which commenced on September 7th, 1860, and Mr. Osborne continues:

"Both at the picnic and camp-meeting the cheery face of Uncle Joe Little was conspicuous amongst a large crowd."

During the pastorate of Messrs. Chapman and Culbert an incident occurred which illustrates a peculiar trait of Mr. Little's character. The Quarterly Board was in session, and the local preachers were undergoing their annual examination prior to the renewal of their licenses. Rev. Mr. Chapman was in the chair, and he was in no hurry to pass Uncle Joe's name. The fact was that the latter did not just like his superintendent's ways and methods.

Mr. Chapman was a strict disciplinarian, and Joe wasn't. Mr. Little had failed to take an appointment for which he had been planned, and Mr. Chapman wanted to know why he had so failed in his duty.

He answered that he would have taken the work, but that his Master had sent him elsewhere. He was asked if he did not know that he must do the work for which he was planned, and he replied that he did not think so, if God wanted him to do something else. He was told that he would have to conform to the rules or give up the work.

"But I will go somewhere else to preach," he replied.

"We will have your license taken away, and you will have no authority to preach."

"I have a license to preach which you can't take away, and nobody else," said Mr. Little, as he withdrew.

It was evident that a very serious breach was imminent, such a breach as would greatly retard the work of God. Seeing this, Mr. Culbert took a hand in the affair, and was instrumental in effecting a reconciliation, and Uncle Joe continued his work.

It was quite apparent that the old local preacher found regular work somewhat irksome. He preferred perfect freedom that he might go and work wherever he thought he might be of any use. At times this phase of his character threatened to seriously impair the usefulness of the good man.

About that time and in 1866, he wandered occasionally up as far as Parkhill. There was no church there in those days, and the services were held in an "upper room" which was called Noble's Hall.

In 1861 Wyoming was set off from Warwick, and Rev. Thomas Atkinson was stationed at the latter

place. He was followed in 1864 by Rev. Oliver E. Burch. Mr. Little's name appears on the committee to manage the building of a new church at Watford, and on the Trustee Board of the Plympton Ridge Burying-ground (1864).

It appears that in the days when Arkona and Warwick were included in the London District the Chairman, Rev. Louis Warner, endeavored to get Mr. Little to take the regular work of an assistant minister on one field. The attempt was only partially successful, for the zealous "irregular" wanted to go everywhere. Better results were obtained when he was sent to Mooretown as the assistant of his old friend, Rev. Thomas Hulbert in 1867, and of Rev. William Hicks in 1868.

On this field he did good work, and won for himself the love of all the people. That he was not idle we learn from a letter written on June 8th, 1869, to his intimate friend, David Williams, of Arkona.

"I will give you one week's work," he writes, "and then you will see why I forgot to write to you. Next Sabbath I have three appointments on the river; Monday, start for Enniskillen, north of Petrolea; Tuesday, south-east of Petrolea; Wednesday, to Oil Springs; Thursday, to Brother Brock's; Friday, to a school-house on the twelfth concession. 'Men shall run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge shall increase.' . . . Oh, the folly and madness of thousands that think their happiness consists in the enjoyment of the things of this life! Oh, what a delusion! About four weeks ago I witnessed an affecting scene at Oil Springs. A man that was con-

sidered to be the wickedest blasphemer that could be found was taken down with heart disease and a tumor on the liver. He told different persons to send me to his home as soon as I would come. Accordingly I went, and when I came he was propped up with pillows in a chair. He could not lie down. The Bible was soon laid on the table. I read two or three chapters, sang part of the first hymn, and if ever I prayed for a sinner it was for that man. After prayer he told his wife to get that passage, to ask me to explain to them Matt. xii. 30, 31. I told him the very circumstance of having a desire to be saved was proof that he had not committed the unpardonable sin. These desires were produced by the Spirit. I called again the next morning, read and prayed and talked to him about 'the ability and willingness of Christ to save. He died that day, but told his father that he was pardoned, and that now he could die happy.

“ ‘ Oh, the blood of Jesus,
The precious blood of Jesus !
It cleanses from all sin.’ ”

Mr. Little remained on the Mooretown work until his successor arrived, some time in July or August, 1869, when he returned to Warwick and was soon appointed assistant minister on that field, where he labored with Rev. James Broley. In 1870 Rev. William Hicks was appointed to the united Warwick and Watford field, with Joseph Little as assistant. The records show that “ John B. Shaw moved, and Andrew Shepherd seconded, ‘ That Joseph Little take the regular work of assistant minister.’ ” After due consideration this motion was adopted, and one hundred and forty dollars was appropriated as the “ young man’s ” salary.

He served but one year as assistant to Mr. Hicks, for the Conference of 1871 sent William Maxwell to that field, and Joe looked elsewhere for work.

The Conference of that year met in Belleville. Mr. Hicks and some friends thought that it would be nice to have the "assistant minister" attend its sessions. The great difficulty was the expense, for he had been able to save none of his salary. This difficulty was soon overcome, however, for two ladies circulated a subscription list and soon had all they required. The money was placed at the disposal of Mr. Hicks, for it was not thought wise to give it to Uncle Joe. The first draft upon the funds was for a suit of clothes, and after the ticket for Belleville was purchased and a few minor expenses paid, there still remained enough for the purchase of a new set of harness.

Then it was that the County of Lambton practically lost its Uncle Joe. Before that date his "work of faith and labor of love" had been confined almost entirely to that section of country. There it was that his greatest work for God was done. Not only had he been prepared, in a peculiar manner, for the peculiar work of those pioneer days, but the soil had been prepared for his sowing, and the harvest for his ingathering, as the hearts of the people had been opened to the man and his message. The course of preparation, in the latter case as well as in the former, had covered a period of many years, and it was impossible that this peculiar and eccentric man should be as eminently successful in a new field which lacked this preparation, that is, among people who did not know his life, and were not able to understand him.

The people of Lambton appeared to think that the grand old man—for he was fifty-nine years of age—belonged to them, that he was a part of the county. He had given them his silver and his gold, and such as he had of other things; he had given them his energy and his life, his very all, until they came to look upon him almost as a piece of public property. He had served and helped them amid the struggles of poverty and they thought that they had the right to share with him, in his old age, the blessings of their prosperity. But this was the very point upon which he differed with them.

He considered that his work amongst them was done, that the place which had needed him now needed him no more. He believed his mission to be to the back settlements and isolated sections which seldom or never heard the voice of the ordained clergyman. but as the years rolled away the number of ministers had increased, and he thought that the time had come when they were quite capable of looking after the work. He therefore considered himself out of a situation. Lambton thinks to this day that his work within her borders was by no means done, and that no man, that no band of men, has been able to take up his work and fill his place. "To the 'sinners' of this county the greater part of his life was devoted, and the memory of no single man lives so deeply in the hearts of the people as Uncle Joe." But few visits were afterwards paid to the old familiar haunts, and on such occasions he was received with tears of gladness and open arms; some of the people even fell upon his neck and kissed him.

Shortly after the Conference of 1871 we find Uncle Joe assisting those great evangelists, Doctor and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, in some rousing camp-meetings at Howick and Owen Sound. It was at these meetings that Rev. Ephraim B. Harper, M.A., a district chairman, saw something of the power of this simple man of God. Camp-meetings near and far received an impetus from the presence and the labor of Mr. Little. For a time it appeared that he was going to devote himself entirely to that class of work, and probably he would have done so if other and more regular work had not been opened up for him, for that kind of life just suited him.

In the autumn of that year, 1871, he was all alive at a camp-meeting which was being held at Norval, a few miles from Brampton. Here he met at least one old acquaintance in the person of Rev. P. W. Jones, to whom reference has been made in a preceding chapter. Mr. Jones was at that time the superintendent of the Garafraxa Circuit. As the Sabbath drew near Mr. Jones thought he would like to stay at the meeting, but to do so it would be necessary to find a supply for his Sabbath services. He requested Mr. Little to favor him in this respect, and the good-natured Irishman cheerfully consented. He used Mr. Jones' horse and rig and drove across the country, glad to have another opportunity of helping a brother and, at the same time, of carrying the Gospel to the people.

When he returned on the following Monday he surprised Mr. Jones by stating that he had promised

the people that he would return to them. When Mr. Jones got back to his home at Douglas, or Belwood, as it is now called, he found that his "supply" had created quite a stir. His peculiar methods and great eccentricity had provoked a lively agitation. Many and diverse opinions were expressed with regard to his probable usefulness. All of the people thought that he was a good and earnest man, but some feared that little good would result from his work.

It was not long before he fulfilled his promise and reappeared among them. He immediately threw all his energies into the work of pastoral visitation, at which his superintendent tells us that he excelled. There was plenty of the work to keep him busy, for the circuit comprised the greater part of the townships of Garafraxa and Luther. Several weeks were spent in hard and faithful work, when his case was referred to Dr. Harper, the Chairman of the District. The latter had a very favorable impression of the old preacher, and secured for him a small missionary grant, so that he could remain on the field as the colleague of Mr. Jones, in the capacity of hired local preacher.

This position, however, was not altogether to Uncle Joe's liking, for his restless, independent spirit yearned for greater freedom than was possible in the routine work of a circuit, especially under the superintendence of a much younger man. At Garafraxa he was more conscious of this restraint than he had been when acting in a similar capacity on the Watford Circuit, where he could make frequent excursions among his

friends of the surrounding district. Nevertheless he applied himself to his task and did good and faithful work on the field for nearly two years.

Though far away from the old haunts his heart yearned for them and the loved ones there. In a letter written on October 20th, 1871, he tells of the glorious scenery of the Georgian Bay and the Highlands of Ontario, scenery which "would put you in mind of fairy land." But in the same letter he writes: "Why, when I begin to think of you all, if I had a pair of wings, I tell you, I would soon be in old Warwick." . . . "I am afraid if I wait much longer without hearing from old Warwick I will get the blues, or get married, or do something to keep me from thinking about you. There is not a day passes but I remember you all at the throne of grace. God bless you. I suppose I shall have to stay here till Conference. I have enjoyed myself wonderfully, physically and spiritually." In another letter he wrote: "Why! I'd be glad to see a dog from Warwick up here."

But it was not long before he struck off for the dear old place. Within a very few days after writing the above epistle he accepted an opportunity to sell his horse, and bought a ticket for Lambton, where he had a young colt. His friends were glad to see him and he stayed with them for their quarterly services. Then he saddled his colt, Topsy, which had never been in harness, and undertook to ride back to Garafraxa. He gives an account of the trip in the following extract of a letter written a few days after:

17th November, 1871.

DEAR ———,

I know you must be expecting a letter from me before now, but circumstances alter cases. I must tell you about my trip from Warwick. I got on nicely to Adelaide village. Called to see Bro. Mahan and his good lady. They vowed and declared that I should dine with them. There was a fine turkey in the oven. I ate a very hearty meal, mounted my excellent steed, got on fine for two and a half miles, and came to the gravel road. I wanted to keep Topsy on the grass, but she wanted to go on the gravel. In a short time we were both on the gravel, she stretched along on her side and my right leg under her. However, she jumped up and stood quietly till I gathered myself up, with my foot hurt, my knee badly hurt, my back hurt, my elbow hurt, my shoulder hurt, and my broken rib* not much improved by such a transaction. Well, what is to be done now, Miss ———? After a while I managed to mount again and started for Mr. Isaac Langford's, fifteenth concession, London. Was well cared for by him and his excellent lady. Started next morning, got to St. Mary's, called at Dr. Phillips', took dinner with them, got some liniment from the doctor for my sprains and bruises. Started again, got to Stratford. Stopped at Curry's hotel. Went to bed at eight, but not to sleep. I intended to start early next morning. Heard the town bell ring for six, tried to get up, but could not. Lay there sprawling and moaning and groaning till the Word of the Lord gave me a start. These were the words: 'Nothing but bonds and afflictions await me.' When I began to compare my situation with that of the apostle, I felt ashamed of myself. I soon scrambled out of bed, I tell you. No

*He had fallen and broken a rib some weeks before.

more conferring with flesh and blood. Got breakfast and was on the road three minutes to eight. Got that night to a tavern on the town line between Peel and Woolwich. When I tried to get off Topsy's back I had a time of it. When my right foot touched the ground it bent under me like a straw, and I tumbled down quick. Took a light supper, a small slice of bread and milk, got to bed to moan and groan again. It took two men to put me on Topsy's back the next morning. I got to Salem about eleven o'clock—'faint, yet pursuing.' I stopped at a hotel, asked for a dinner of mush and milk. A Dutch girl made a fine dishful, and was not I sorry that I could only take two spoonfuls? However, by the blessing of God, I arrived on the circuit at four o'clock on Saturday, and found that my superintendent was away to meet his brother. However, a good local brother took the matter in hand. All the appointments were filled last Sabbath but one. I lay in bed Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. Wednesday I got up to breakfast. Yesterday went to a Thanksgiving service in the forenoon, made two visits to see sick persons in the afternoon.

"Thank God, I am now nearly well. I am with a kind family. My worthy hostess is just the ditto of your mamma. She would sail into my room every morning with a fine plate of mush and a bowl of milk, a cup of tea and soda biscuits and roast apples. I am now going to start about five miles to visit that part of the mission. With God's blessing I will take my three appointments on Sunday.

"Topsy is one of the quietest, gentle, tractable horses that ever I had. She travelled so easy with me, as if she knew I was hurt. The fall was altogether accidental. I had pleasant weather for travelling last week."

When Uncle Joe was ready for the road he offered to remunerate his hostess, but this she would not allow. He handed her a copy of Punshon's "Sermons and Lectures" as a token of thankful remembrance.

When he was leaving Garafraxa, however, Mrs. Bellamy asked him for his *photo*. He smiled and repeated the first and second commandments and hurried away.

Others appear to have met with success, however, though he did not have his photo taken very often.

On his return from Sarnia one day Mr. Little stopped at the home of Mr. Peter Kingston. Among various other topics the conversation turned to the subject of photos.

"Uncle Joe," said Mrs. Kingston, as she turned and looked him fairly in the face, "I'd like to have your picture. I'd give anything for your picture. I think you are mean to us; so I do."

"Och! Mrs. Kingston," said he, as his face broadened with his brightest smile. "Surely you know the commandments. You know there is one that says, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness,'" etc. As he repeated the passage the visitor coolly drew a photo from his inside breast pocket, and, as he handed it out, asked:

"Now, Mrs. Kingston, what would you give for it, anyway?"

It was received with many expressions of gratitude and is retained as one of the family treasures at the present time. It was the first the preacher ever had taken, and many of his friends think it is the best

that they have seen. A reproduction of this photo appears as frontispiece in the present volume.

There appears to have been some difficulty in securing a boarding place for Uncle Joe at Garafraxa. It was feared that, in view of his extreme eccentricity, no person would be willing to take him as a permanent boarder. As may be supposed, it was here as it had been elsewhere, he had the unquestioned freedom of every home for a meal or a night's lodging. In this respect he was welcome anywhere and everywhere, and, as a result, he floated along for a considerable time without any particular home. This style of life was in no wise distasteful to him, and probably he would have been satisfied if no other arrangement had been made, were it not that the interests of the work and the requirements of study made it advisable that he should have some recognized headquarters.

Mr. Thomas Duffy possessed a fine house, but he was a great invalid and had a very large family. At length Mr. Duffy said that they would not think of boarding the preacher, but he might come for a short time till some other and permanent arrangement might be made. Mr. Little went to this good man's home and soon secured a warm place in every heart, from the parents down to the baby. He was then found to be no encumbrance, and by degrees he made himself almost a necessity in the home. He exercised a sort of patriarchal supervision of affairs in general on the farm.

He appears to have changed very little from the

familiar Uncle Joe of Lambton. Change there may have been, but it was of the nature of growth—a growth in grace—for Mr. Jones tells us that he has never known a more perfect example of unselfish devotion to every form of human need and suffering. That his new surroundings and altered circumstances did not spoil our Uncle Joe, or obscure his Christlike life, we learn from the following tribute from the pen of an old associate local preacher, Mr. Samuel Bellamy, of Belwood, Garafraxa:

“Uncle Joe Little, as he called himself by way of introduction, both among friends and strangers, was a jolly, cheery man. He was stout, robust, erect, nimble on foot, and of a very pleasant countenance. To meet and behold this rare specimen of fallen humanity was a means of grace, a benediction. A manly man, a friend to all, an enemy to none, he could make himself at home among all grades of society, if by any means he could do them good. He felt himself a debtor to all classes of the community. He was a Methodist of the old stamp, sincere, devout, simple as a child, full of fervor and importunity, generous to a fault, and full of sympathy and lovingkindness. He went about doing good, sowing the seed of the kingdom with a liberal hand, and, to the utmost of his ability, relieving cases of sore distress.

“He was a lover of his Bible, a man of one book, a man of prayer, of faith, of love, of peace, of forbearance, and of tenderness. He was spotless, free from worldly ambitions. He could see the sins of the age, and in his preaching, which was spiritual and full of Bible truths, could lift up his warning voice without fear or favor. His name is a household word. All had a good word for our dear brother. A finer speci-

men of a genuine Christian, all things considered, I never knew.

"Such was my dear friend, Uncle Joe. May I meet him in heaven."

Uncle Joe was still "a lover of his Bible," "and," writes his superintendent, "he was not at a loss for a sanctum for study and devotion. One cold winter day I was driving through the wilds of Luther when my attention was suddenly attracted to a shining spot a few rods to my right in the slashing. Moses like, I thought I would turn aside and see what it was, but a voice within whispered, 'Draw not nigh hither, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' It was Uncle Joe's bald head that I had seen. He was seated on a log reading his Bible. It would be a very cold day when Uncle Joe would read his Bible with covered head."

He took a great interest in the erection of the first Methodist church in Grand Valley, assisting in the manual labor just as he had been accustomed to do in the old days. He took his own horse and rig and brought the door-frames, and other portions of the framework, all the way from Guelph. He was happy to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water.

It was during his term on Garafraxa that Uncle Joe displayed his talent as a poet. Among his productions the following appears to have been his favorite, and he took great delight in teaching the children and others to sing it.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain ;
Come, view your home beyond the tide ;
Hear now the voices of your loved ones,
What they sing on the other side.

There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green ;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.

Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended,
I shall join those who've passed on before ;
For my loved ones—oh, how I miss them—
I must pass on and meet them once more.

Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne ;
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
And He'll welcome the faithful home.

Would you sit by the banks of the river,
With those you have loved by your side ?
Would you join in the song of the angels ?
Then be ready to follow your Guide.

CHAPTER XI.

ASSISTANT MINISTER—EAST.

Conference in London—Mattawa—Westmeath Circuit—Letter to S. Bellamy—Clarendon Circuit—Anticosti—Franktown Mission—Letter to Alexander Shaw—Arundel—Letter to D. Williams—Arden—Afflictions--Letter to Rev. R. Whiting—Gaspé—Fox Bay Settlers—"An Angel of God"—Privation—Letters—Death—Letters of Revs. LeRoy Hooker and R. Whiting in the *Christian Guardian*.

MR. LITTLE attended the Conference that was held in London in 1873, and which has become known as the "Long Conference," because of the unusual length of time required for the transaction of business and the discussion of the work of the Church. He was billeted with Rev. Jas. Kennedy and the late Rev. James Whiting at the home of a Mr. Brown, a former resident of Arkona. At that time it was somewhat difficult to secure suitable workers for certain rather difficult fields in Quebec and the eastern portion of Ontario. Rev. Richard Whiting (died at Kingston, March 4th, 1900), a brother of the above mentioned James, was then Chairman of the Pembroke District, and he was hunting for some true man, who was not afraid of hard work, whom he might send to labor among the lumbermen of the Mattawa River.

He asked his brother, James, if he knew of anyone suitable for this work. Mr. James Whiting had been stationed at Arkona and was therefore well acquainted with Uncle Joe and his life-story, and he immediately recommended the sturdy Irishman for the difficult field, saying that he would be the exact man, if willing to go. When the proposition was made to Mr. Little his reply was characteristic of the man.

"I must ask about it," said the grey-haired "circuit-rider."

It was not hard to guess where he would go with his question. When he left the brothers he retired for prayer, and at the feet of his Master he "asked about it." During the night he received his answer, for the next morning he sought out Mr. Whiting and wanted to "get his directions" to Pembroke. Therefore he left Conference, destined, as he supposed, for the lumber camps of the Mattawa.

During the Conference he and the Rev. Wm. Maxwell went out to spend a day with Warwick friends. He told them that he would try and get out to see them again, but in this he failed. The reasons for this failure are found in a letter written while on his journey to the east.

"PORT HOPE, July 16th, 1873.

"DEAR —,

"As I am now resting on my oars, waiting for the evening train for Brockville, I feel it meet and my duty to make some apology for not fulfilling my promise to go back to Warwick to see my dear friends once more before leaving for Mattawa. Open confession is good for the soul. Well, in the first place,

I dreaded the operation of bidding you farewell to go about five hundred miles from old Warwick with its associations. Parting with friends has a sickening, killing effect on me. That is one pleasing feature in my idea of heaven. There will be no parting of friends. Glory to God for the hope of heaven!

“Well, in the next place, I was laid up a short time with sickness, but thank God, all right again. Thirdly, I would feel unhappy to neglect the Mattawa mission too long. I am now two weeks behind time. But I made provision for this time. I told the chairman I could not reach Pembroke till about the middle of the month, reserving a whole week for Warwick. But the good Lord altered my programme just a little. Bless His name, He does all things well.”

He did not go to the Mattawa, however, and he gives the reason in the following letter, along with an account of his trip and his arrival at Pembroke.

“BEACHBURG, Aug. 6th, 1873.

“DEAR —,

“I dropped a line to you from Port Hope, with an apology for not going back to Warwick. I told you to direct to me at Mattawa. I am now one hundred miles from the Mattawa, on the Westmeath Circuit. A very kind people. I can tell you the kind of reception I met with at Pembroke, and my journey from Port Hope. I left Port Hope at ten o'clock, in company with Rev. Geo. Young from Red River, to Brockville, where we arrived at five a.m. At seven-thirty I started for Sand Point, seventy-four miles from Brockville, on the great Ottawa River. Got aboard one of the Minor Forwarding Company's steamers for Portage du Port, then a stage for thirteen miles to Cobden, then steamer down the Muskrat for eighteen or twenty miles to within three miles of Pembroke,

county town of Renfrew, stage again those three miles, landing me at Copeland Hotel.

"Next morning I walked up deliberately to Mr. Whiting's. But then if you knew the way he received me, after going such a long journey, would not you laugh? Well, M——, I will tell you. As I walked up the sidewalk on the other side of the street I heard a door slam *wide open*. I looked across the street. I saw my chairman bowing and scraping and welcoming the stranger to Pembroke. And then when he got me in—what will I call it? It was not scolding. Well, say interrogating me. Why I did not jump off the stage at midnight and rap them up, as they were expecting me. He told me plainly his home was my home for a few days.

"He wanted to send me to the Westmeath Circuit. about fifteen miles from Pembroke, as Bro. Maudsley had to retire like Bro. Hicks, his lungs being weak. This was Friday morning; I proposed to go to Westmeath right off. 'No, you must stay with me till you get rested.' And I not one bit tired," etc.

A little later he sent the following letter to his old friend at Garafraxa, Mr. Samuel Bellamy :

"BEACHBURG, August 22nd, 1873.

"BRO. BELLAMY,

"I have just got round my circuit. Four weeks tomorrow I arrived here, after stopping a week with my chairman at Pembroke, the county town of Renfrew. He is a noble fellow. On Sabbath morning he took for his text, 'Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' I tell you it made my heart bound with joy to hear such doctrine preached by my chairman. That is the doctrine that is to save this sin-cursed world of ours. Oh that it was preached in all our pulpits and practised by our people! What

glorious times we would then have! I spent the first four weeks visiting. I sang and read and prayed with about one hundred and fifty families. A very kind people, something like the Garafractians and Lutherans.

"My superintendent is a kind, unselfish man. You will see by the Minutes his name is John Howes. This circuit was, like Garry, a two-man. Bro. Maudsley, that was appointed, took sick, so I have to take his place, so I will not go to the Mattawa. I still remain in the bounds of civilization, one hundred and twenty miles from where I intended to go—up to the lumber woods.

"I see nothing here for me but peace and prosperity and happiness. Glory, glory be to my Heavenly Father that causes the lines to fall to me in such pleasant places and gives me so goodly an heritage.

"The Quarterly Board made arrangements for my lodgings and horse-keep for one hundred and seventy dollars, and in four weeks I have just been four nights at home. I have scores of friends here already. My superintendent drove me round through the circuit three days; then I learned to paddle my own canoe since.

"Week after next we commence a protracted meeting, God willing. May the Lord pour His Spirit upon us and revive His work.

"You must write soon and let me know how things are going on. I hope you will have good times. I am about seventy or eighty miles from Mr. Brown. I expect to see him in winter as I may be over that way at missionary meetings. Let me know how the Luther Church is getting on. When will they have it opened?

"Remember me to Mrs. Bellamy, Martha, and the boys, the Townsends, Goughs and Lindsays—Oh, I must stop, for I might go on and say every man,

woman and child in Garafraxa and Luther. I can thank my God upon every remembrance of you all, making mention of you in my prayers. For the kindness I received everywhere and from every person may the Lord reward you all, for I never can. Amen.

"This is a fine, healthy climate, like yours; no ague. I suppose Mrs. Edwards has been up from Wallaceburg. However, when you write, give me all the news you can about the West, as I am here on the banks of the great Ottawa River, looking over into Lower Canada every day. I preached once on Allumet Island in the Province of Quebec. There is one church belonging to this Church over the river.

"Farewell. Peace be with you and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Yours in the bonds of Christian love,

"JOE LITTLE."

He thus describes his work on Westmeath :

"New Year's Day had part of the hind leg of an overgrown gobbler. For the life of me I could not eat it all. I then started off thirteen miles to the head of the circuit to a tea-meeting with the Good Templars. Started the next morning over the Cologne Lake to Lower Canada, visited thirteen families, all the Protestants in the settlement. Preached twice to them on the first Sabbath. Stayed with them till Wednesday. Started for Allumet Island. Stayed two nights with the islanders, then across Allumet to Pembroke, thence to the township of Ross, and so on, and so on.

"I have a nice colt. I intended to get a jumper made, as I left my cutter in Garafraxa. I got a crook for the runners, but what do you think? My friends in Westmeath would not allow me to ride around

with a jumper, so they presented me with a cutter and \$10.00 in cash. Not bad for strangers, is it? I just mention these things, as I know it will please you all to know how the Lord raises up friends for me everywhere.

““Oh to grace how great a debtor!””

On May 7th, 1874, he wrote:

“I spent a pleasant winter, I tell you. I made Toby step out. I came to this circuit the 26th of July, preached one hundred and sixty-six times, eleven missionary meetings, four protracted meetings, seven tea-meetings, seven temperance meetings, made over 800 pastoral visits. Do you think I ate the bread of idleness? How could you expect a poor sinner running that there way can write many epistles to the Gentiles? . . . Two weeks from yesterday our District Meeting commences at Pembroke. I do not know whether the chairman will need me any longer. If not I must return to the West once more. I suppose next year I will have to superannuate, as the New Connexion will come in. There will be lots of men for Canada. I must strike off for Manitoba, or ‘Ould Ireland,’ or some place where I will have elbow room.”

The Conference of 1874 sent him as “junior” pastor to the Clarendon Circuit, where he is still remembered by loving friends as “Uncle Joe,” and is spoken of as a fine man, a good reader and a good singer. Special mention is made of his humor. Here he became known as “a dear old Christian, who had nothing to live for but the salvation of souls.” He usually carried his Bible under his arm, and when he was offered other books to read he would reply that he had no time to read anything but the Word.

Soon after reaching Clarendon Circuit he commenced a letter to western friends in this way:

“CLARENDON CENTRE, Aug. 6th, 1874.

“DEAR —,

“Long threatening come at last. About two months on the spree! Conference, camp-meetings, and moving into Quebec kept me so busy that I could not write. Clarendon is a regular Irish settlement, very kind people. I hope to have a good time.”

That winter he had three ribs broken, but he did not miss an appointment. He kept going all the while till he got well.

The following incident reveals him as the same old “Uncle Joe”:

Sometime during his year on this circuit (1874-5) some difficulty arose and he was called to court as a witness. On the following Sabbath he commenced his address by announcing to the assembled congregation:

“I was a-courting last week. What do you think of that for an old bachelor nearly sixty-five years old?”

During Mr. Little's year at Clarendon Rev. Dr. Douglas, at that time President of the General Conference, paid a visit to some Methodist people on the Island of Anticosti. He was accompanied by the Rev. Jno. Lawrence, who gave an account of the trip in a lengthy letter to the *Christian Guardian*. In this letter he described the neglected condition of these people, stating that there were over one hun-

dred and fifty Protestants, many of them professed Christians who had been brought up Wesleyan Methodists, who had no religious services whatever. "There is no part of our Dominion," he wrote, "that needs the aid and attention of our noble Missionary Society to-day more speedily than this island. It is not to be disguised that any visitant to this island must be prepared to face storm, tempest and a degree of discomfort not found in the ordinary experiences of life."

In response to the appeal made in this letter Mr. Little volunteered for this new field, and arrangements were being made with a view to his appointment at the Conference of 1875. These arrangements fell through, but through no fault of his, and he was sent to the Franktown mission (now Montague), at that time one of the poorest missions on the Perth District.

Here he appears to have found more congenial work than had fallen to his lot since he was a free lance in Lambton. He liked to be his own master, and he wrote in his characteristic style :

"FRANKTOWN, July 26th, 1875.

" — — — ,

"Where do you think I am now? Just superintendent of the Franktown mission in the townships of Beckwith, Montague and Marlborough.

" 'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.' "

"I have been as busy as a nailer this month. Down

at Goulbourne camp-meeting, then back to Clarendon to initiate Dr. Mark into the Clarendon Circuit, then out here, and on the run every day since I came here. I know more people here now than the habitants themselves. I intend to go this week to the International camp-meeting. You know I must go while I am young. Never felt better, happy in the Lord. Cannot go to Ireland this year. Must work up this mission now."

The following typical letter was written to a young man in whom he was interested :

"FRANKTOWN, March 29th, 1876.

"MY DEAR —,

"I now just take my my seat to acknowledge the receipt of a very long epistle from your very self. I thank you for the photo. It put me in mind of days gone by, and brought vividly before my mind the whole family at Rosedale. Some parties I showed it to pronounced it handsome. At first sight I could hardly persuade myself that it was the very delicate boy I was so intimately acquainted with at Warwick, but now I can see plainly every feature in that open countenance. God bless you. You ought to be a good man. Well, I hope you are. I trust you are making sure work for eternity. 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' The Lord called you early to seek His face. I sincerely hope you can, in the language of the poet, say :

" 'O happy day that fixed my choice,' etc.

"What a mercy that our Heavenly Father has improved your health so much that you are able to fill so honorable a situation. What opportunities of doing and getting good! I know you have a taste

for reading. I trust your reading matter will be of the right stamp—something to raise the mind above the transitory things of this world. O, W——, live for heaven. You did not mention what place of worship you attended, or anything about a minister of any denomination. But you will give me all this information in your NEXT, right off, or at Easter, as M—— told me you are going home then. . . .

“Be sure to read a portion of Scripture every day.

“Yours faithfully,

“JOE LITTLE.”

While on the Franktown mission he was going around as usual, visiting and seeking out the back-slidden ones of the township of Montague. He introduced himself as a man “hunting for lost sheep.” One good sister assured him that there were none at her place, for the bars had not been down. He was not satisfied with her explanation, and so led her on until her curiosity was fully aroused, and then he told her that it was “the lost sheep of the house of Israel” that he was seeking. She soon admitted that she was one of them, and they had a good time in fellowship and prayer.

He did not find it necessary to “superannuate, or to go west, or to Ireland,” for “elbow room.” He sought and found this nearer home. After the Conference of 1876 he was hard at work at Glen Say, and he gives his own explanation :

" GLEN SAY, Aug. 23rd, 1876.

" _____,

"The 23rd August finds poor me settled on the Glen Say Mission, with Mr. Phillips as my super., at my own request. I saw at the May District Meeting there were settlements in the Township of Oso that had had no preaching for two or three years. They have a church on this mission in Bathurst and Sherbrooke. I took up three appointments in Oso on week days; preached last Thursday to people that did not hear a sermon for years. What do you think of that for Ontario, in the County of Frontenac? I am in the midst of a kind people, but religion at a very low ebb. May the Lord revive His work here. Oh, the numbers of backsliders I meet here. Some of them had been class-leaders and local preachers in bygone days. Not a prayer-meeting on the whole mission, but one, once in three weeks, when I go to the settlement on Saturday evening. How can people live at that poor dying rate? Well, I feel happy. I trust we shall have better times."

The Conference of 1877 sent our devoted itinerant to take charge of the Arundel Mission in the Ottawa District. Here again he found the field very much to his liking. An idea of his work may be gained from a letter written to one of his most intimate friends in the West, the late Mr. D. Williams, of Arkona:

" ARUNDEL, Sept. 24th, 1877.

" BRO. WILLIAMS,

"I had it in my heart for a long time to write to you. I still remember the happy days we spent in old

Warwick, a place dear to me. Well, brother, here I am, far away in Quebec on the Arundel Mission, surrounded by mountains on the top of mountains, happy in the Lord, getting near the pilgrim's home in glory. My mission is about thirty miles long. I shall be

“Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name ;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
‘Behold, behold the Lamb!’”

“I look back and see the way the Lord has led me, and the friends He raises up for me in every circuit or mission I go on. This is the seventh year since I left Warwick. Mr. Jones, who is now at Arkona, was my superintendent on the Garafraxa Mission ; I was sorry to hear that he has got my old complaint, ague. I thought it would be quite cleared out of that section of the country with the large clearances and dry seasons. I will ask you to give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Jones when you see them. I was much pleased with the account you gave of your little girl praying the trees might not fall on her papa ; very good for one of her years. Oh, that the directions given in the 11th chapter of Deuteronomy were carried out by Christian parents ; what a happy, beautiful world this would be, would it not ? How much our Heavenly Father has put in our power to make us happy even here. ‘Great peace shall they have that love God’s law, and nothing shall offend them.’ Happy condition ! Yes, ‘My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.’ How many of our old acquaintances have passed home in the past six years since I left Warwick ! Well, the hope of meeting those that we have taken sweet counsel with here is a cheering hope, a blessed hope indeed. ‘Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He

shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure.' What a thought! 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on His throne. Kindest regards to Mrs. Williams and my friends in Arkona. Write soon and give me all the news. My post office address is Arundel, Province of Quebec, about ninety miles from Montreal and the same distance from Ottawa.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOSEPH LITTLE."

In 1878 Mr. Little was sent to the Arden Mission under the superintendency of the Rev. S. B. Phillips (now of Lyn, Ont.).

From Arden he writes, under date of Sept. 7th, 1878, that he is "again monarch of all" he surveyed, and tells in his own way of an accident which befell him in the summer.

"On the 11th of July I fell off Toby and sprained my thumb, wrist and shoulder. Just going to fill my last appointment on the Arundel Mission, going through the bush on a narrow road path. A tree was bent over—I never knew till my nose came smack against it. In the twinkle of a duck's thumb my head was on Toby's tail and down I tumbled. O wasn't I glad my neck was not broke! Was I not glad when I could stir my fingers, to think my left arm was not broke? But did I not suffer just as bad to-day as when it happened? I hurt it nearly every day, and then I pay for it at night. Last Tuesday

night I heard the clock strike 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and then the time between every hour like a long winter's night.

"Now think of the travelling I have done since the 11th of July. In the first place, 200 miles straight along from Arundel, then twice to Kingston and back makes 240 more, then twice to Westport, nearly 200, then running about on my mission."

His next letter is that of a sick man.

"ARDEN, March 19th, 1879.

"_____,

"I have just plucked up a little courage to drop a few lines to you. I did not write to either friend or foe since last year. I had a hard time since July—my thumb, my wrist and my shoulder. I suffered great pain in December;—I had an attack of ague and it still hangs on. I think it is brought on for the want of sleep. Night after night I lie awake. Whole nights never get a wink."

His year at Arden was one of unusual physical affliction. In former days he had been troubled with ague and rheumatism, but for many years he had been blessed with singularly good health. Still even his rugged constitution could not stand everything, and the life he was leading began to tell upon him. His sense of duty was such as to lead him oftentimes beyond the bounds of prudence, so that his system gradually yielded to the strain. He never fully recovered from the effects of his accident. Yet he attended faithfully to his work, with the result that he was on horseback or in the pulpit

many times when he should have been in his bed. He was brought very near to death's door, but his faith failed not. His trust was strong in the Eternal Son. In a letter to the Rev. Richard Whiting, written when his year was drawing to a close, he tells of his trials and triumphs.

“ ARDEN, April 29th, 1879.

“ BRO. WHITING,

“It is now past midnight. I cannot sleep, so I thought I would trim my lamp and send your very reverence an epistle, and tell you some things you don't know. You don't know how I have suffered since last July. On the 11th day of July, going to my last appointment on the Arundel mission, I was thrown off my horse and sprained my thumb, my wrist and my shoulder. ‘I am the man that hath seen affliction.’— Never got ease from pain till this month. Night after night I could hear the clock tick, tick, tick. Last October I had a severe bilious attack, then ague set in, but I never missed an appointment but on one Sabbath, when I was bed-fast. I thought many times I would die and go home to glory. Well, it is true I was sick and sore and sorry, yet happy in the Lord. Last November, sick and sore, going to Tamworth on horseback, the snow and rain pelting in my face, I began to feel like Jonah when the gourd withered. All of a sudden the blessed Spirit brought up before my mind the 34th Psalm. I began to repeat it for I can read it with my eyes shut. Just get the book now and look at it; I would not give it for rubies. Why it is better to me than all Cornwall—your whole parish. Look at the 10th verse in the 41st of Isaiah. Didn't that give me a fine lift one day in my weakness? Last Saturday night, when very sick, the 9th and

10th verses of the 12th of Hebrews greatly comforted me. Just read them! That reminds me of the first text I heard you preach from in Pembroke: 'Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.'

“ ‘There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.’

“ Bless the Lord! I know what it is to have songs in the night! Dear me, wasn't I sick two weeks ago—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—and had two appointments on Thursday sure; and I got on Toby's back and he brought me there nicely, and then I had to prop myself up against the desk; but when I gave out the 266th* hymn—

“ ‘Soldiers of Christ arise,
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son.’—

didn't it straighten me up! A grand old hymn it is to me. I hope they will put it in the new book. Personally I don't care, for I can sing it with my eyes shut.

“I hope to see you at Kingston. Kindest regards to Mrs. Whiting. I never cease to pray for you daily, only a few times when very sick. If you are on the Stationing Committee, as candidating is the order of the day, get a fat living for

“Yours faithfully,

“JOE LITTLE.”

*454 in present Hymn Book.

One who knew Mr. Little would be very much surprised to find him among the Conference wire-pullers, and one who did not know him would think that he came very near them in writing as he did about "candidating" and "fat living" to one of the most prominent ministers of the Conference, and that but shortly before the meeting of Conference. It is evident that he kept his eyes open for the "fat living" throughout the sessions, for he was on hand when the opportunity was presented.

That year 1879, the Montreal Conference convened at Kingston on June 18th, with Rev. J. Borland in the chair. Rev. George McRitchie was elected President, but Rev. Dr. Douglas, President of the General Conference, presided at some of the sessions. At this Conference the venerable Doctor again presented the case of the Fox Bay settlers of the Island of Anticosti. It will be remembered that four years previously Mr. Little had volunteered for this work, but the Conference was loth to send so old a man. One by the name of Healey went to the Island and remained till the autumn.

In 1876 provision was made by the appointment of Joseph Pinel, who was then a young man just entering the work. Apparently Mr. Pinel threw himself heartily into the heavy work of his arduous field, for at the close of a three years' term he was very much broken in health, and his case merited the favorable consideration of the Conference. His experience upon the Island did not go very far in advertising this as a desirable field. Certainly it was not num-

bered among the "fat livings," and consequently there were not many candidates for the appointment.

"Who will volunteer to go to Anticosti?" asked the chairman, in his well-remembered deep voice. There was no response. The man who was looking for the "fat living" held back that others might have an opportunity. Perhaps some were "in honor preferring one another."

"Will anyone volunteer to go to Anticosti?" repeated the honored chairman. Immediately the Conference was thrilled as "Happy Joe," as they called him, jumped up and exclaimed: "Here am I! send me."

It was a moment not soon to be forgotten by those who were present. Many questioned the wisdom of appointing the aged volunteer, for it was known that his health had been very poor for a year, and it appeared like thrusting unnecessary hardship upon the willing worker. A young man was again put down for the field, but was afterwards removed and Joseph Little received the appointment.

When the appointment was made he appeared as happy and cheerful as though he had been given the best field in the Conference. As in the old days, he was glad to find work for which the men of the regular ministry were not available. The authorities may have made a great mistake in sending him, even at his own request, to this inhospitable island, but they were not to blame for the fact that he remained there until the time of his death. This appears from a

letter written by Rev. LeRoy Hooker,* and from the following words of Rev. Mr. McRitchie:

"We judged him rather aged for that severe climate, and had no thought of his remaining there over winter. It was just like him to sacrifice himself and forego his own comfort rather than leave the people without service during the winter."

"Wherever the Lord says 'Go,' I'll go," said Uncle Joe, when some of his friends lamented the 'unnecessary hardship.' He visited several of the ministers on his way down, and assisted them in various services. They all speak very highly and kindly of him as one whom they also loved.

He lacked but three months of being sixty-seven years of age when he arrived at Gaspé Basin, on July 25th, 1879, but he looked forward to his island work with all the enthusiastic anticipation of a boy, as we see from the following letter written to Warwick friends on the day of his arrival:

"GASPÉ BASIN, July 25th, 1879.

"DEAR —,

"Here I am on my way to the Island of Anticosti. When I reach my destination, which is Fox Bay, I will be about 1,270 miles from old Warwick, a place dear to me on account of the dear friends there. I think a couple of years here will finish up my work. I had a delightful trip down the old St. Lawrence from Kingston. Gaspé Bay and Basin present the grandest scenery I ever beheld. I think it cannot be surpassed anywhere for beauty. Those lofty mountains, the handiwork of our heavenly Father, their

* See page 221.

tops pointing up to our home beyond the skies. I expect to be a week cruising about the north shore, in fact, all around the island. I will have a sail of over three hundred miles, calling at the different places where there is a post-office. If I stay on the island through the winter, I will have no communication with the mainland for seven months. The people, I hear, are very poor, but very kind. I expect to have a good time. Pray for me. My health is good. I was sorry to hear of — suffering so much from my old companion, rheumatism. For twelve long years I suffered with it. What a mercy it did not return last year. I was afraid it might after the terrible shake I got by the fall last July. I suffered any amount of pain. My thumb is not well yet. I hope the salt water will cure it up. Lots of invalids along this coast. Next week, when I reach my island home, I shall have a fine swim in the briny deep. May grace, mercy and peace be with you all. Amen. Write soon. Love to all.

“Your faithfully,

“JOE LITTLE.”

From this letter it is evident that he expected to proceed to his new work at once on the mail packet, which, in the course of its trip, would call at Fox Bay. But in this he was doomed to disappointment. Rev. J. G. Brick, the minister at Gaspé, was also the superintendent of the work on the island. He thought best to leave Mr. Little in charge of the work at Gaspé while he went over to investigate and arrange the work on Anticosti. While he was away the old missionary did very faithful work, his

capacity for which amazed the people. They also speak of his wonderful memory, as displayed in his quotations, and of his transparent goodness.

Mr. Brick had been away several weeks when the old missionary received a letter from his superintendent, telling him to proceed to the island, and that they would meet at English Bay, a settlement on the west end. He obeyed. Just before embarking for his new home he wrote the following letter to Warwick friends.

“GASPÉ BAY, Sept. 27th, 1879.

“DEAR —,

“My baggage is on board the packet. I received your letter and one from Mrs. Hicks. I replied to Mrs. Hicks, but after this all communication will be at an end till June—if we are spared till that time. However,

“ ‘ Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's hill.’

“Blessed hope! ‘There we shall meet to part no more.’ I have got as far as I can go eastward. Next move, God willing, shall be to the West. I hope to see my dear, dear friends in Warwick once more. I am now about one hundred and twenty miles from my winter quarters, but I may have to sail four hundred to get there. I am expecting the packet every hour to call for me. If I could harness up Toby and had a road, I know when I would get there. I will have but one congregation all winter. It will be a new thing to me. I preached in fourteen places on

the Gaspé mission, thirty-nine times since I came down, so you see I have not been idle. Kindest regards to all and every one.

“ I remain, yours faithfully,

“ JOE LITTLE.”

This appears to have been the faithful old pioneer's last message to his western friends, and it was read at his funeral by the Rev. Jas. Whiting.

The packet, or mail schooner, arrived at length, and the light-hearted missionary embarked for his new island home. The voyage was an unusually stormy one. The crew, fearing that their vessel would not be able to stand the severe strain, began gathering their clothing into bundles that they might be all ready to take to the boats if the worst should come. Then it was that the clear voice of Uncle Joe sounded above the howling of the hurricane :

“ Stop a minute and let us pray. I'll not pray for myself—I do not need it at this time of danger, I am saved—but I'll pray for you, because I know you are not trusting in Jesus.”

The prayer was offered, and it was not without its effect upon the rude men, who were not a little surprised at the unusual proceeding. Some were inclined to believe that the prayer of the man of God had something to do with the fact that the old boat weathered the gale, after they had almost given her up as lost. Certainly they had no inclination to treat him as a Jonah. He was exceedingly sick during the passage, but even this did not depress his buoy-

ant spirits. He entertained his companions with many songs and hymns. He did not forget

“ For we have but the one more river to cross,
And then we'll sing Hosanna.”

When they reached English Bay they found that the unfavorable weather had interfered with Mr. Brick's plans. He returned to Gaspé without touching at the Bay. During his short stay at this place Mr. Little wrote a letter to his superintendent in which he used these words: “ If it is the will of my Heavenly Father that I should finish my course on Anticosti, I say ‘ Amen ’ to it.” When he reached Fox Bay he wrote Mr. Brick again. The opening words of the letter are :

“ Just arrived at half past one. Sick, sick ! ”

He had been told that the people were “ very poor, but very kind,” and he had not been misinformed. It might be well to glance at their history.

The Island of Anticosti is situated in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and has until recently been considered of comparatively little value. During the French rule it was granted by royal charter to one Francois Bissot, and his heirs claim that they have never assigned their rights to any other parties. A Scotch baronet, by the name of Maclean, also claims that his ancestors received the island by royal charter after Canada was ceded to the British, for he holds a Latin charter from King George of England. But in the last century the island was in the hands of the Labrador Company, Limited, which claimed the prop-

erty by virtue of a royal charter granted by the King of France to the Trading Company of New France in 1627. In 1889 this company collapsed financially, and the island was sold at public auction, under an order of the Supreme Court of the District of Saguenay, to Francis W. Stockwell. He organized an English company, under the name of the "Island of Anticosti Company, Limited," which held the island till 1895.

In the meantime, however, other people secured rights upon the island. Some of them state that in the spring of 1873, while living at their homes in Channel, Port au Basque, Newfoundland, they and their parents received from Mr. Forsyth, the then manager of Anticosti, papers signed with his own name, inviting them and other Newfoundland fishermen to go and settle on Anticosti, where, he stated, he had houses, boats and fishing gear for them at four different stations, namely, Ellis Bay, McDonald Cove, South-West Point, and Fox Bay, and that they could settle at whichever of these places they chose, and could build, fish and hunt. As fishing was just then poor on the Newfoundland coast, and the prospects held out by Mr. Forsyth at Anticosti were brighter, they accepted the invitation, and, disposing of their homes and belongings in Newfoundland for whatever they would bring, devoted the proceeds to the purchase of a schooner and two months' provisions, arriving, some thirty persons in all, at Fox Bay on August 23rd, only to find that they had been deceived; that Mr. Forsyth was not there; that there were no houses or provi-

sions awaiting them, nothing but a few fishermen from the South Shore, who had merely erected little huts on the beach for their own convenience. On August 24th a heavy gale sprang up, which drove their schooner ashore, and which left them in a still more hopeless condition, as they were unable to go elsewhere. Some of them made two trips around the island in small boats, but found no aid, while the others sheltered themselves on the beach or in the bush as best they could.

When they realized that no aid could be expected, and that they had to depend altogether upon their own exertions, they set to work to repair their schooner, and got it again afloat in order to go somewhere to look for provisions for the winter. But, owing to the want of necessary tools, this work took till November 22nd before it was finished. On that date, the schooner was again afloat, and, buoyed up with the hopes and the prayers of the women and children, and of the rest of the party who remained behind, four of the men, three husbands and a son, set sail in it to seek for food enough to keep their loved ones during the then rapidly approaching winter. But they were never heard of again. They were swallowed up with the schooner, and went down to their graves in the hungry sea. Then, with heavy hearts, the remainder of the party, with the widows of the lost men, turned to the difficult task of supporting themselves during the winter, which they managed to do in a way with the help of the Government. In the following spring the Government

assisted the widows back to Newfoundland, while the others, having disposed of their homes there, and having nowhere else to go, decided to remain and try to establish new homes for themselves on Anticosti.

This was the people to whom Uncle Joe "hasted, the herald of salvation and truth." He found nearly thirty families at Fox Bay. Prior to 1874 they were almost entirely neglected by the Christian Church. It was then that the Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., visited them and interested the Methodists in their behalf.

When Mr. Little landed as the "supply" in 1879 he was a sick man, but the people received him as an angel of God. He found them in exceedingly humble circumstances. They were strong and hardy, but found it almost impossible to do more than eke out a bare existence in their peculiar line of fishing. Their rough, unpretentious homes were arranged in a crescent along the shore of the bay for about a mile and a half. That year was one of more than usual distress and privation, and, though the people were exceedingly kind, the island was no place for a sick man. His self-sacrificing disposition led him to forego some things which might have strengthened him. The consequence was that he never recovered from the illness contracted upon the packet.

He was not able to hold many public services, but he faithfully preached the Gospel as the people came in touch with him. So well did he do his work under these difficult and discouraging circumstances that every missionary teacher who has followed him

has heard his name spoken with the greatest reverence by the people.

It was nearly ten years before another undertook to do much for the Fox Bay Settlers. Revs. J. G. Brick and G. A. Cropp labored among them. A lady, now Mrs. S. M. Shipman, of Ottawa, spent the summer of 1891 on the island as missionary teacher. She states that the people call him Uncle Joe, and that they always spoke of him as though the name recalled precious, tender memories. Even the children, who had never seen him, would often speak of Uncle Joe.

Part of the path to the mission school led through the brushwood, in which, within easy reach, were some birds' nests, but the scholars did not molest the feathered owners. This surprised the lady, for she thought that such temptation was almost overpowering to the boy-nature. One day, as she and her scholars were returning from school, she commended them for their kindness to the little songsters. Then she asked one of the boys :

"Hugh, who taught you that you should not harm the birds?"

"Uncle Joe said so," was the sufficient reply.

The parents had taught the children the teaching of Mr. Little, that the little bird and its home belonged to God. When this good lady sought to give the people God's truth in its simplicity they would say to her :

"That is just what Uncle Joe told us." Several times they said :

“Why, these experiences of God’s blessing and revelation of Himself to us remind us of ‘old times’ when God visited us with his salvation,” and they always associated them with Uncle Joe.

He taught them several hymns, and these were sung when a special blessing was received, sung in such a way as to become an inspiration to all who heard.

It is quite evident that he did more in his affliction than he was at all aware of. It is seen that his “labor was not in vain in the Lord.” For some time he hoped that he would be able to take up the regular work, but in this he was disappointed. Instead of this he joined in the service about the throne, for he continued to sink until he heard the summons, “Come up higher.” The message was conveyed to his western friends in the following letters, which appeared in the *Christian Guardian* of May 26th and June 16th, 1880:

“JOSEPH LITTLE.

“MR. EDITOR,—It is my melancholy duty to inform you and the readers of the *Guardian*, that a brother known and beloved by us all has passed away to his reward.

“Joseph Little, commonly known as Uncle Joe, was selected at the last Conference as a supply for Anticosti Island, and made his way thither in the month of July of last year. On his way he spent a week with us in Quebec, and his coming and going were like the coming and going of the sun. I cautioned the dear old man against trying to spend the winter on the Island. It seemed to me that it would be

running too great a risk for an old man, upwards of seventy, to undertake that long, rigorous winter in circumstances of such privation as would be his on the Island. But his heart, yet the heart of a young man, was set on going the whole year to the people of his charge, and he went his way singing :

‘ For we have but the one more river to cross.’

“ On the sixth day of January (1880) he crossed that river, and entered into the joy of his Lord. The few particulars I have been able to gather are as follows : In a letter bearing date 10th October, 1879, he says, ‘ I shall try and labor faithfully at Fox Bay. Remember me in your prayers. If my life and health are spared to June, I suppose I will go back (to Gaspé) by the first boat (packet), and if it is the will of my heavenly Father that I should finish my course on Anticosti, I say ‘ Amen ’ to it.

“ ‘ Let others seek a home below,
Where flames devour, and floods o'erflow ;
Be mine a nobler part to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.’

“ The above is an extract from a letter to Bro. Brick, our missionary at Gaspé. The following fragment, the last his pen ever wrote, was also intended for Bro. Brick :

“ ‘ FOX BAY, 28th Dec., 1879.

“ ‘ MY DEAR BRO.,

“ ‘ Two days more will finish up 1879. I have done nothing since I came here. Sick, sick, every day. At first I thought it was caused by the rocking of the packet, as I was sick all the time on board. The people are very kind, and nothing can exceed the kindness

of Mr. and Mrs. Nicolle (with whom he boarded). At present I think I may not recover. The people are very anxious for services and also the school, but show a great deal of sympathy and wish me to keep quiet. I have held only four services up to this date. The weather has been very fine, only a few cold days, and only one Sabbath rough. I feel sorry I cannot attend to the work. I was looking forward to a happy winter, but so far I have not realized it. I suppose the packet will go back in time for Conference so that they may have a report.'

"After a few lines concerning a matter of business, he goes on to say: 'I cannot write any more at present, but wait for a few days.'

"The letter was never finished, but brought over to Gaspé by Mr. Nicolle and delivered to Bro. Brick on the 5th instant. From him Bro. Brick learned the following additional particulars:

"He vomited very much and threw up considerable blood and matter. We thought he must have had an internal abscess. He was able to be about till the Saturday before his death. On that morning he partook of a hearty breakfast and remarked to the family:

"'Isn't it wonderful, the appetite I have? I relish everything I eat, and yet get no strength.'" He then took a short walk. Upon his return he went to his room, and in a little while fell unconscious on the floor. They put him to bed, and in a little time he regained consciousness, but suffered a great deal all day Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday night, or rather, Tuesday morning at one o'clock, he passed away without a struggle or without a groan.'

"This writing is not intended for an obituary notice: for that I have not sufficient data; but every line will be of interest to those who had the honor of knowing him, and they are not a few.

"A rare man was Joseph Little. Kind and pure and brave beyond the ordinary measure of the children of God, it was like him to go without gainsaying, nay with gladness, to that distant and inhospitable Island to minister to a most needy people; and while there is much that is melancholy in the circumstances of his death, there is also much that is sublime. From the place of his duty and from the midst of a people who received him as an angel of God, he passed to that holy and blessed heaven of which he so delighted to sing, full of years and of honors, laboring almost to the latest day of life, taking his departure from a post so distant and difficult and dangerous that few cared to risk themselves on it. I know not that Joseph Little is so much to be pitied after all.

"'Blessed is that servant whom, when his Lord cometh, he shall find so doing.'

"L. HOOKER."

"JOSEPH LITTLE.

"MR. EDITOR,—On the 29th of June last, the Sabbath after Conference, he preached for us in Cornwall, both morning and evening, with uncommon effect, and addressed the Sabbath School in the afternoon, with the vivacity of youth and with the wisdom of a sage. His coming and going, as Bro. Hooker says, was as the coming and going of the sun. He promised to write me from Anticosti, and I have wondered at the long silence, not knowing till last week, through the *Guardian*, that it was the silence of death. We shall miss him here in the church below. No more shall we see his shining head and cheerful face; no more be startled by his bursts of exuberant joy. What a blank there will be in our Conference gatherings from the absence of Uncle Joe! Yes; we shall miss him here below; but up yonder, I fancy, the 'great multi-

tude' have found ere this, in the stranger from the Island of Anticosti, a marvel of attraction as they see him permitted—yea, invited—to sit near the throne of God and the Lamb.

"His many friends in the West, I am sure, will be glad to read the following letter, the last I received from him, and they will easily recognize in it their dear old friend. *

"Thousands in Canada will feel, I am sure, with me, that we have lost a true friend—kind and genial as a sunbeam, transparent as the light of day. A good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

"R. WHITING."

The dying saint appears to have suffered very severely during his last two days upon earth. Shortly before one o'clock on the morning of his death one of the two anxious watchers at his side, perceiving that his end was near, said :

"Mr. Little, you would not wish to be buried here in Anticosti, would you?"

"Why," he replied, "I would as soon be buried here in Anticosti as in the City of Jerusalem. I do not care where they leave my old casket so long as I get inside the New Jerusalem."

Soon after this he inquired :

"What time is it?"

On being told he turned his face from the light, and without a struggle or a groan passed away.

"No earthly clinging,
No lingering gaze,
No strife at parting,
No sore amaze—

*See Letter, page 208.

But sweetly, gently,
He passed away,
From this world's dim twilight,
To endless day."

They buried him in their own little cemetery with every mark of love and respect, and marked the spot with a rude flat stone which they found upon the beach. This was the best they could do, for they had no stately monuments. In 1899 there was only one marble slab in the place. So long as the people remained on the island they remembered the spot where they had laid him to rest.

It is said "so long as the people remained on the island," for after Mrs. Little's death they were forced to leave the homes which they had established under such trying circumstances.

"When the English company (Stockwell's) bought the island"—they stated—"we told them our rights, and they said we should have put in our claim before. We replied that we did not know that the island was to be sold. We were in too poor circumstances to pay for newspapers, and were, moreover, so situated that we only got the mails from the outside five times a year, from June to October. So that we had very little opportunity to know what was going on in the outside world. When the English company wanted us to pay rent and come under their rules, we told them of our rights from Mr. Forsyth, and they could not and did not dispute them."

But it was a different matter when, in 1895, this company sold the island to Mr. H. Menier, the Paris chocolate king. "He seems to have determined on having it as a 'happy hunting ground' for himself and his friends," but found this Methodist community, among others, in his way. These people were represented as "trespassers" and "wreckers," quite "dangerous characters." The Government accepted these misrepresentations, not knowing that the men had been occupants of the land for a quarter of a century, and that their moral probity could be vouched for.

Therefore, in the spring of 1898, Mr. Menier went to Fox Bay, they state, "with a police force from Quebec, and ordered us to get ready to leave the island within twenty-four hours, on board the *Savoy*, which would land us on the north or the south shore, whichever we chose. We told them that we could not leave on such short notice, whereupon they stated that if we did not go they would handcuff us and take us by force; and that if they could not take us alive they would take us dead, burn our houses on the spot, and also handcuff and take the females. Seeing that this threat did not have the desired effect, they surrounded us with police, armed with revolvers, clubs, etc., and compelled us to sign a paper that we would leave at our own expense and of our own free will."

Rev. A. B. Argue, missionary teacher on the island at the time; Rev. Dr. Griffith, Chairman of Quebec District and President of the Montreal Conference; Rev. E. J. Stobo, Secretary of the Evangelical Alli-

ance, and Mr. W. H. Davidson, a lawyer, took an active interest in the case. The Government of Quebec was set right, the document signed under intimidation was declared null and void, and the owner of the island was informed that he must proceed by process of law.

The result was that these unfortunate people lost their homes and all. Various were the schemes suggested for their future, but they accepted a grant of land from the Dominion Government, in the great North-West. They were transferred and established at Government expense. Hopes were entertained for their future. These hopes soon vanished, however. Many of the unfortunates, so hardy upon the coast, weakened and died. But a bare remnant survived to return to Quebec in the summer of 1902. Their story will constitute one of the saddest chapters of Canadian history.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

News reaches Lambton—Public meeting—Body exhumed—Detailed account of funeral—Monument—Tributes by A. Glindinning and "Philos."

"IT is only meet and right that the mortal remains of Mr. Joseph Little should find their last resting-place amidst the scenes of his self-denying labors, and where, even in death, he is not divided from those whom he loved in life." These were the sentiments of the humble settlers who formed the communities about Fox Bay Harbor, but they were also the sentiments of the people of the county of Lambton. The latter had felt that they had been almost defrauded of their own when Uncle Joe was removed from them, and they hoped for the day when the injustice would be rectified. His letters led them to believe that he would yet return to them, but the tidings of his death tolled the knell to their hopes. Those tidings were received with the most profound sorrow, for all who had known him became conscious of great personal loss.

But it was not long before a spontaneous agitation spread throughout the county. The word was circulated that friends were to unite in the erection of a

monument to the memory of Uncle Joe. The movement was popular, but a more popular chord was struck when someone suggested that Mr. Little's expressed desire should even yet be fulfilled, in a sense at least—he would return to Warwick. This just suited the people. The suggestion was caught on a wave of enthusiasm, which gathered weight and strength as it swept over the county.

Therefore, "on the 25th day of May, 1880, a meeting of friends was held in the village of Warwick to consider the advisability of removing the remains of the pioneer preacher from Anticosti to Warwick. This was a very enthusiastic meeting, and those present were unanimously in favor of the proposal. A committee was appointed to arrange the details, and was composed of the following: A. Kingstone, C. Kingstone, John B. Shaw, and Simpson Shepherd.

"Under the supervision of this committee subscription lists were circulated by members of different denominations among all denominations. No one person was permitted to subscribe more than one dollar; but so popular was the undertaking that there was no trouble in collecting sufficient, not only for the removal of the beloved remains, but also for the erection of a beautiful monument over their last resting-place."

Sub-committees were appointed in various sections throughout the county, and announcements made in the local papers. For instance, the following appeared in the *East Lambton Advocate*, of Arkona, on Friday, July 2nd, 1880:

"The committee for Arkona authorized to receive subscriptions for the Joseph Little Memorial Fund is composed of the following gentlemen: W. Vahey (reeve), B. Learn, G. B. Stephenson and G. M. Everest. One dollar is the fixed amount of each subscription."

The people were eager to have a part in this great movement, and the Joseph Little Memorial Fund was an assured success from the very start. It was deemed an honor to have any connection therewith. This unique undertaking was indeed a "labor of love," a loving tribute to the memory of one of God's great ones, for "the good alone are great."

The Executive Committee communicated with the Rev. J. G. Brick, who was still stationed at Gaspe, and his hearty co-operation lessened the difficulties very considerably and added to the success of the movement. He ably and willingly carried out their wishes at the far eastern end of the line. Great were the difficulties to be overcome, but he overcame them.

"The people of Fox Bay were loth to accede to the request of the committee, and when they finally consented it appeared as though they were surrendering some charmed, hallowed, protecting presence." He had been to them the angel of God, and they fain would have had his body rest with their own upon that isolated and ice-bound shore until the dawning of the great morning, that together they might ascend to meet the King. With them, and for them, he had died; with them he should rest, and with them he should rise. At least, so they thought. It was hard for them to realize that others could possibly have a

better claim than theirs ; but, after much persuasion, they finally yielded. Mr. Brick had to resort to extreme measures to gain possession of Mr. Little's personal effects, which had fallen into the hands of a dishonorable islander.

October was drawing to a close when Mr. Brick reopened that lonely grave on the bleak coast of Anticosti. Nearly ten months had elapsed since it had received its prey, and yet, in all that time, it had failed to get in its usual work. "The dear old face," wrote Mr. Brick, "was as natural as life. I could have identified it among ten thousand." Even the rough box bore but little trace of the grave. The beloved remains were prepared for the western trip by being securely encased in zinc. On November 1st they were shipped on board a packet for Quebec and Montreal.

Then the humble people were sorry that they had not put forth some effort to stay the proceedings. Until that time they had not known how great would be their loss. A cloud seemed to settle down upon them, and it was made to appear all the darker by the approach of winter—winter with no Christian worker in their midst. The world looked dark.

Some time afterwards a dying lady requested to be buried in the reopened grave and her request was granted.

When the steamer arrived at Montreal Mr. Alexander Shaw took charge of the casket and its precious contents, and shipped them by rail to his cousin, John B. Shaw, of Warwick. They did not reach Watford

until four o'clock Monday afternoon, the 22nd of November, when they were received by a large number of friends and deposited in the Canada Methodist Church, there to remain until borne forth on the last stage of the journey to Warwick Village.

The funeral was announced to leave Watford at 10 a.m., Friday, Nov. 26th.* Word was sent in every direction throughout the county, and favorable weather was all that was desired to assure a fitting climax to the great undertaking. But the weather was anything but favorable. The morning dawned cold and bleak, and as the bitter wind drifted the cutting snow in genuine wintry fashion it appeared that the very elements had conspired to invite failure. In spite of this, however, at the appointed time the village was crowded with representatives of every section and every creed in Lambton. Hundreds upon hundreds of people gathered in the vicinity of the church which contained the remains of "the Bishop of Warwick."

The conveyances which followed the hearse in this extraordinary funeral formed a procession nearly two miles in length, and the number was greatly increased as they proceeded mile after mile through the storm. At Warwick village another host was waiting, and all proceeded to the great drill-shed, which had been warmed and seated for the impressive memorial service. The commodious building was taxed to its utmost limit by the attentive and sympathetic throng,

* Mr. Whiting gives the 25th.

drawn together, not by curiosity or the love of show, "but, as every face expressed, by the desire to show respect for noble deeds, true character, and devotion and affection for a man who had lived the religion he professed."

"This service partook much of the nature of a fellowship meeting; it was a 'love feast' held on the border-land. Aged veterans, compeers of the departed, related thrilling memories of the past. Hard-working ministers felt their enthusiasm kindled afresh whilst reminding others and themselves of the self-denial and heroic devotion of the grand old pioneer; and hundreds, thrilled with personal recollections of the beaming countenance and inspiring words and loving deeds of 'Uncle Joe,' could scarcely refrain from outbursts of mingled grief and joy."*

Differences of sect and creed were forgotten, as ministers of several denominations occupied seats upon the platform, and one after another offered tributes of love to the memory of an esteemed and God-honored fellow-laborer. Rev. George Fergusson, the Canada Methodist minister in charge of the circuit, presided, and his assistants were many and willing. The suppressed emotion of the great audience did not receive liberty in the singing of the opening hymn, but all who could do so joined in what was then Hymn 664: "Come, let us join our friends above." At the conclusion of the hymn Rev. A. G. Harris, of Forest, offered prayer to the Lord, "who had given and had taken away." During those few

* Rev. Jas. Whiting.

moments many prayers ascended asking the double portion of the spirit of the departed prophet.

Mr. Fergusson briefly outlined the plan upon which the remarkable service was to be conducted. There would be no sermon; there was not time for that; but they proposed to engage in what might be styled an experience meeting. As many would be called upon to give their testimony, only a few moments could be allowed to each. Personally he had met Mr. Little but once, and, therefore, did not know him as well as some of the brethren present. Still he had heard so much of Uncle Joe, on every hand, that he thought it would not be difficult to persuade himself that he had known him very well. The man in whose memory they met was, he was proud to say, a Methodist; but he was not only a Methodist, he was more. He was, in the fullest sense of the term, a Christian, of broad catholic views, a practical and kind-hearted follower of Jesus Christ. It was because he followed the Nazarene so closely that he had been held in such high esteem by all who knew him.

Rev. P. C. Goldie, of Watford, read the 91st Psalm and a chapter from Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, after which Hymn 76 (now 625) was announced, and sung earnestly :

“ Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
FOLLOWERS of the Lamb of God.”

Rev. James Whiting, of Port Stanley, was the first to take part in the experience meeting proper. He had been very well acquainted with Uncle Joe, and was well qualified to speak on such an occasion. He said that while God was burying His workman, He would still continue His work, and find more laborers to take the places of this one and of the others who were falling. Among God's honored workmen none had done a nobler work, or had left a more general impression for good, than the beloved departed brother in whose honor they had met. Eleven years before he had been appointed to the Arkona Circuit, and among the first to give him a hearty welcome was the dear old man, Uncle Joe, who was then a stranger, but whom he and the audience had learned to love. As he became better acquainted with this eccentric man he found that he was a true, genial, staunch friend, and his friendship met a response in thousands of hearts. His departure to another field a few years before had been universally regretted. His departure for the celestial realm had left his friends selfishly sad. Yet "he, being dead, yet speaketh." A man in his position and of his talents was thus beloved because he was a catholic-hearted, true philanthropist, a Christian in the fullest sense of the word.

Mr. Whiting told of Uncle Joe's peculiarly successful preaching, and of the great demand there was for his services at tea-meetings and social gatherings. He related the incident which took place at the Conference in London when Mr. Little decided to go east, and dwelt at some length on the Anticosti experi-

ence, in connection with which he read the letter written just before reaching the island.* Reference was made to his unbounded benevolence and his belief in prayer. After a few words relating his friend's last moments the speaker closed "an address that had been listened to with breathless attention, by paying a tribute to the humanity of the man, as expressed in his kind-hearted and warm affection for his fellow-man."

A note from Rev. D. Hardy was read, expressing his regret that his health would not permit him to be present on such an interesting occasion. He desired, however, to testify to the faithfulness, earnestness, and devotedness of the good laborer who had been his right-hand man while he was stationed at Arkona. Similar communications were read from Revs. P. Hyland and W. C. Henderson.

Rev. Mr. Harris was the next speaker. Sixteen years previously he had preached his trial sermon in what was then the North Street church, London, at the early hour of six in the morning. He was very sensitive at that time, for it was the trial of his life. He was just stepping down out of the pulpit when a ruddy-faced, stout little man walked up and gave him a hearty shake of the hand as he exclaimed :

" You will succeed ; stick to it !"

It was Uncle Joe. Mr. Harris never forgot the sensation, the encouragement of the timely kind action and words. He considered the departed brother the most devoted man he had ever known, a

* See page 214.

man who, without a shadow of doubt, took God at His word every time. Some one had asked why men loved him so, and the answer was simple: "Because he first loved them." One man told him that Uncle Joe never spoke to him without inquiring about his soul. Mr. Harris expressed his surprise, though he had known the man well, at the influence Mr. Little had wielded, as evidenced by the expressions of friends who had joined in memorial services which he had held at Uttoxeter and Forest. He hoped that the remainder of his own life would be characterized by just such deeds as had distinguished Uncle Joe.

Mr. Simpson Shepherd, one of the pioneers, testified that he had known Uncle Joe for nearly half a century. He met him first in 1834 in Warwick village, where the broad-spirited Methodist was acting in the capacity of clerk for the clergyman, and was conducting public worship after the Episcopalian form in the old log tavern. From that time the two had been fast friends, and the aged speaker was considerably affected as he reviewed their friendship, which had been interrupted for a time. He was one of the Memorial Executive Committee and outlined the progress which had been made, especially commending Rev. Mr. Brick for the efficient manner in which he had performed his part of the task. All expenses had been paid to date, and a large balance was available for a monument.

Mr. J. D. Eccles, another pioneer, and also Secretary of the Executive Committee, stated that he had known Uncle Joe since 1835, and always found him

to be a warm friend and a good Christian. In the old days his house had often been opened for the departed preacher's meetings, and he had received great blessing therein. Now that Mr. Little was gone the speaker could not help recalling one of his quaint expressions. "God be praised," he had said, "we have not to live as long nowadays as they did in the antediluvian age. We are nearer heaven now."

Mr. John Shaw, another member of the Executive, was the next to testify, and he said that he had been acquainted with Bro. Little for over thirty-six years, and had looked upon him almost as one of his family for a considerable portion of that time. He expressed his gratitude to God for sending him such a kind friend and his family such a good example. He had never known a man so unselfish as his friend. He was one who could not be measured by the cold measure of the world, but he could stand the test of the Great Exemplar's standard, for truly he loved God with his whole heart and his neighbor as himself. This man was an upright, tender-hearted, true Christian, who fell at his post, but his works live after him. Mr. Shaw gratefully referred to Rev. Mr. Brick, believing him to have been the right man in the right place for the committee's purposes.

Rev. H. J. Colwell was next, and stated that he had not known Mr. Little, but thought that after all he had heard he would have no difficulty in singling him out from among a multitude. He would know him by-and-bye. He commented briefly on Proverbs 10: 7, "The memory of the just is blessed." From

what he had heard he believed that Uncle Joe had loved his God with all his heart and his neighbor *more than* himself. As had already been said, he was more than a Methodist, and everybody loved him because he was what he professed to be—a Christian. Therefore it was that all denominations, Roman Catholics and Protestants, united to sound his praises. He hoped that all would learn the practical lesson so to live that their last end might be like his.

Rev. J. H. Orme, of Arkona, was another who had not been personally intimate with the deceased, but he had come across much of his work, having met many persons who had been led to the Lamb of God by Uncle Joe. The work of this man showed the power of the hearty hand-shake and the smiling countenance in preparing the way for personal Christian effort. He hoped that memorial services, similar to those mentioned by Bro. Harris, would be held throughout the district. Uncle Joe may have been popular at tea-meetings, but his place of special influence was "the love feast."

Rev. Mr. Goldie said that he felt it a hardship to have been a stranger to such a man whom all were so proud to honor. Such a gathering of all ages, classes and denominations, brought together under such peculiar circumstances, was a monument such as few lives merited. There was no necessity of keeping back a part of the departed brother's life-story as is so often the case upon such occasions. It was true that Uncle Joe was eccentric, but his goodness was such that his very eccentricities endeared him to the people.

It was no small thing to say of a man: "His good deeds live after him." Such a man could certainly be called a "great" man.

Rev. M. Griffin, of Parkhill, testified that he had known this "great" man for about eight years, and he was one of the noblest men of his acquaintance. He may not have gained a prominent place in science or philosophy; his reward was higher and greater. His was the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant." The people had done a noble thing in showing their reverence in the way they had, and he prayed that God would so bless the work that good results might follow. Uncle Joe's peculiar nature was nicely adapted to the needs of the pioneer life, and his benevolence was a God-send. This was illustrated by the fact that when food was scarce he could not keep his load of flour from the needy people. He was a practical embodiment of that religion which had made him honored and blessed. He had wonderful control over the people in any kind of a public gathering. His gentle rebuke did not give offence, but it did not fail to restore order. It was the gentle spirit and character of the man that all had learned to love and that ought to have its lesson for all in the audience.

Rev. Dr. Carscadden, of Forest, followed, and stated that he had known the deceased very well. They met first on a very dark night in the early days of the country. He was lost on the road, when he noticed a form approaching, and asked whom he was meeting. "Uncle Joe!" was the response of the figure

looming up before him. He needed no further explanation, though he had never before seen the good man. At one time he took up work at a place where Uncle Joe had been holding services, and the good man said :

“I am glad that you have commenced work there. I will give up the appointment now, for there are plenty of places where the sinners have no one to preach to them.” On the following Sabbath he went to give a farewell service at that place. He opened the Bible, read a few appropriate verses, and, with no other comment, said :

“There! His Lordship the Archbishop of Canterbury could not improve on that.”

The next one to step forward was the grey-haired Charles Smith, of Watford, who had known Uncle Joe from boyhood. The speaker found it difficult to control his feelings as he told that he and the departed one had been as David and Jonathan, living heart to heart. He it was who had taken Joseph to the first class-meeting he had ever attended, and he wished he had made as good use of his opportunities as had his beloved friend. He was Mr. Little's first convert.

Rev. Mr. Fergusson then rose and brought the addresses to a close by declaring that to God was all the glory, for He had formed the man, blessed him with so many excellent traits of character, and guided him, no doubt, “safe within the veil.”

Upon the suggestion of the Executive Committee, a resolution of thanks was voted the Rev. Mr. Brick, of Gaspé, for the valuable assistance, so kindly and faith-

fully rendered, in carrying out the wishes of the people of the vicinity. Another hymn, "Give me the wings of faith," was sung, and this memorable service was over and had become a part of the history of Lambton county.

The day was far advanced when the vast assembly resolved itself, as quickly as possible, into the solemn procession to follow the remains to their last resting-place in "Old Warwick" Cemetery, nearly a mile to the south of the village. The pall-bearers were John B. Shaw, Simpson Shepherd, James Shepherd, Col. Campbell, Charles J. Kingstone, Arthur J. Kingstone, Robert Anderson, Peter Kingston, Daniel Eccles, and Chas. Smith, and there were others who had a hand in lifting the heavy zinc casket. This latter was covered with bouquets when the bearers placed it in the hearse.

At the grave the usual burial service of the Canada Methodist Church was conducted by Rev. Mr. Ferguson, who was assisted by Rev. Messrs. Orme, Harris, and Whiting. When the mortal remains of the emancipated saint were lowered to their narrow cell, the great throng of people seemed to sway as under the influence of a wave of emotion which could be controlled no longer, as, with tender pathos, they joined in singing his own favorite hymn,

" Shall we gather at the river."

Those were moments never to be forgotten, moments of intense feeling. It appeared, for a moment, that the assembled Christians had but gathered to witness

the triumph of the last enemy. The grave, once defrauded of her prey, had again asserted her claim, and apparently none dared to dispute her right. Indeed all, and especially the representatives of the religion of Jesus Christ, seemed to meekly acknowledge her sway, or even to actively assist her conquest. But just at that moment, when her victory appeared to be complete, the words of Christian faith rang forth clearly and distinctly, even triumphantly,

“ Yes, we'll gather at the river.”

As they were poured into the gaping mouth of the grave, they reminded her that the treasure then surrendered to her would be demanded at her hand in the great morning. No ; as that hymn was sung, it appeared that the old enemy had heard the voice of the Master, and had been transformed into a friend. Even the grave had been converted in the presence of Him who shall “subdue all things unto himself.” This friend, then, had opened her arms that the weary, overtaxed pilgrim might rest on her bosom until the morning.

There, in the highest section of the cemetery, the earthly casket of Uncle Joe was left to await a more glorious resurrection than it had received on Anticosti's shore. The pick and the spade would be unnecessary in the morning, when the last trumpet shall sound, “and the dead in Christ shall rise” before the saints are caught up. As the veil of night settled down upon the land, bringing to the close a day which had witnessed remarkable, unparalleled proceedings,

it found hundreds of people hastening in various directions to their more or less distant homes.

The Executive Committee completed its work with the erection of a beautiful marble column, which was secured from the Watford Marble Works. A cedar tree has been planted beside the grave. The entire plot, which is about nine by twelve feet, is enclosed by an iron railing. The monument bears the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF

J O S E P H L I T T L E,

BORN IN LONGFORD COUNTY, IRELAND,
OCTOBER 28TH, 1812 ;

Died in missionary work in connection with
the Methodist Church of Canada,
on the Island of Anticosti,
January 6th, 1880.

His remains were removed here, and
this monument erected by his
numerous friends.

"He rests from his labours and his works do follow him."

L I T T L E

The visitor to Warwick Cemetery will find Uncle Joe's resting-place just on the brow of the hill, a little to the south of the centre. Immediately to the south is the plot where rest the remains of his faithful friends and county-folk, John B. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw (Mary A. Hall), with her sister, Mrs. Daniel Crane (Sarah Hall). Mr. Shaw did not survive his friend very long, for he died January 7th, 1882. To the north of Uncle Joe rests William Kerfoot, who followed the others on April 3rd, 1883.

The following memorial card was circulated at the time of Mr. Little's funeral :

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

UNCLE JO. LITTLE

LAMBTON'S PIONEER PREACHER,

WHO DIED ON JANUARY 3TH, 1880.

Joseph Little was born in Longford County, Ireland, on October 28th, 1812. Died in missionary work on the Island of Anticosti, on January 6th, 1880, aged 68 years.

"He fell at his post."

Many were the tributes which appeared about that time, and amongst them we find the following :

UNCLE JOE LITTLE.

BY ALEX. GLINDINNING.

LAST Monday, at four in the afternoon,
A train from the east arrived in town,
Bringing all that was mortal of Uncle Joe,
The good old man whom we all used to know.
He was one of the early settlers here,
And proved himself a good pioneer ;
He taught the children to read and write,
To shun the wrong and to choose the right.
For his highest aim in the training of youth
Was to guide their feet in the path of truth ;
With genial feelings and fancy bright,
He was jocund and joyful from morn till night.
But his head was clear and his heart was right,
And his Master's work was his whole delight ;
He was ever ready to preach or pray,
On Sunday or on any other day—
It made no difference about the pay,
His motto, " We must work while we may."
He would counsel his friends to obey the truth,
To seek their Creator in the days of youth,
While the sun and the light made their pathway plain,
And the clouds returned not after the rain.
"Time past," he would say, " is forever gone ;

Time future is hid in a world unknown ;
This moment is all we can call our own.
Past, present, future time to you,
Centres all in one emphatic 'Now'—
Now is the accepted day of grace ;
Now you have One to plead your case,
A powerful Advocate on high ;
Turn ye, oh, turn ! why will ye die ? ”
To comfort the sorrowing, soothe the sick,
And a word in season to all to speak,
He would travel far on an Indian trail,
In the sultry breeze or the wintry gale,
Picking his way over quaking bogs,
Or crossing Bear Creek on fallen logs.
His friendly smile and familiar name
Spread sunshine around him where'er he came ;
From first to last he seemed fully bent
In his Master's work to spend and be spent ;
But the end has come—on the barren coast,
On the bleak, lone Island of Anticost—
A faithful soldier, “ he died at his post.”

THE FUNERAL.

TO-DAY, in Warwick's old burial-ground,
Where the turf is marked with many a mound,
We left him to sleep in an iron shell,
'Mid the graves of the friends he had loved so well,
To sleep for a season. There cometh a day
When even the grave shall give up its prey :
When he, the Conquerer of death shall come,

To gather his saints to their final home.
Let the dying Christian take comfort here,
This very dust to a Saviour is dear,
And not one atom shall ever be lost
Of the good old soldier, "who died at his post."

TO THE MEMORY OF UNCLE JOE LITTLE.

BY "PHILOS."*

In the village church-yard they have laid him to rest,
With friends whom he loved in his youth ;
Let his name be revered, let his memory be blest,
For his life was a tribute to truth.

He was genial and kind, tho' eccentric and witty,
True son of Old Erin was he ;
Now sparkling with mirth, and now melting with pity,
Now bursting with innocent glee.

From Warwick as centre, north, south, east and west,
On Toby he rode through the land ;
He preached to the sinners, God's people he blessed,
And strengthened by word, look and hand.

He had not a wife, yet the women received him
As a true friend, who never beguiled ;
He had not a child, yet the children revered him,
And looked in his kind face and smiled.

He had not a home, yet lived he contentedly,
By faith taking God by the hand ;
Tho' corn might be scant, he would say he had plenty,
And "fared on the fat of the land."

*Colin Campbell, Manitoba.

He never had wealth ; if he had it would be thus :
He'd give it to others in want ;
And were he as rich as the famous king Cræsus
By the end of the year he'd be scant.

He had but one coat, for if e'er he had two on,
And met a poor sinner with none ;
Tho' a cold winter day, and that coat a new one,
He'd clothe the poor shivering one.

A long time ago, when these townships were forests,
With only a house here and there,
He preached to the poor, the lonely encouraged
With sweet songs of Zion and prayer.

He never paid a visit you did not wish longer,
The children would ask him to stay ;
There ne'er was a woodsman but swung the axe stronger
For seeing Joe Little that day.

But years passed away, and with them the forests,
The people no longer were poor ;
Fair churches were built, and villages flourished,
And preachers flocked in by the score.

Till Uncle Joe thought he was needed no longer ;
And oft as he pondered it o'er,
He heard from the east a voice calling him yonder,
To preach God's own word to the poor.

So he girded the armor, tho' aged and hoary,
And bravely went forth to the fight ;
And "he died at his post" in the work of his glory
And entered the kingdom of light.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply ;
Angel eyes will watch above it,
You shall find it by-and-bye !
He who in His righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

.
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath ;
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death.
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.